

THE
REBELLION RECORD:

A Diary of American Events.

WITH

DOCUMENTS, NARRATIVES, ILLUSTRATIVE INCIDENTS,
POETRY, ETC.

EDITED BY

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ELEVENTH VOLUME.

WITH FOURTEEN PORTRAITS ON STEEL, AND VARIOUS MAPS AND DIAGRAMS.

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REBELLION RECORD.

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ladies of Washington are adopting practical measures, with a view to remedy at least a portion of the evil. On Monday last, as we learn from the *Star*, nearly three hundred of the most prominent ladies of the city assembled in Dr. Sunderland's church, and formed a society, the object of which is to check the importation and consumption of foreign goods. A constitution was adopted, and the society was named the "Covenant." The constitution, which is to be signed by each member, contains the following pledge: "For three years or the war we pledge ourselves to purchase no foreign article or apparel when American articles can possibly be substituted." This is a good pledge, but might be made better. It will do, however, as a beginning; and if the men and women in all parts of the country will but act on the principle involved in it, much good will be accomplished. Economy should be the watchword in such times as these. There is no family that cannot reduce the consumption of goods now purchased for its use at least one-third, and this with entire regard to the health and comfort of all. Ignore the buttermilk when he demands an exorbitant price for it; reduce the supply of milk; substitute something else for coffee; live on plain food, and discard all luxuries; stop off one fire in the winter; watch the cook, that he or she does not waste; and in a thousand other ways pursue a system of strict and careful economy, and much, very much, will be done towards breaking down the conspirators who are robbing the people and the Government.

Doc. 7.

ENGAGEMENT ON FOUR-MILE CREEK, VA.

COMMANDER E. T. NICHOLS'S REPORT.

UNITED STATES STEAMER MENDOTA, }
JAMES RIVER, July 3, 1864. }

*Acting Rear-Admiral S. P. Lee, commanding
N. A. B. Squadron, James River:*

ADMIRAL: I have the honor to make report of the following proceedings in and about Four-Mile Creek within the past few days: At about seven o'clock A. M., on the thirty-first ultimo, the enemy opened fire on the United States steamer Hunchback, Lieutenant Fyffe commanding, with a battery of five guns, located on Four-Mile Creek, about two thousand yards from the river. Lieutenant Fyffe immediately returned the fire, and kept it up for some time, when the battery was apparently silenced. During the engagement the Hunchback was struck once in port wheel-house, but no damage done. About noon the monitor Saugus, Commander Calhoun, came down and took position and opened fire. The battery fired only two or three shots at the Saugus, but opened rapidly and spitefully whenever any wooden vessels showed in front. A number of vessels were fired on in this manner in the course of the day, notwithstanding the presence of the Saugus, but only one was struck

—an army tug, of which the chief engineer was severely wounded. On the morning of the first instant, in company with the Agawam, this vessel took position to bring a cross-fire on the position of the battery, and both vessels opened without eliciting any reply, neither could any one be seen in the neighborhood. After firing about twenty shell I ceased, and there has been no demonstration in this vicinity since. On the afternoon of the first information was received from a French resident that the enemy had moved some of their guns further down the river, with a view to annoying passing vessels, and to shell the camp of General Foster, below Four-Mile Creek. I therefore directed Lieutenant Fyffe to proceed down the river, below Tilghman's wharf, and if the enemy were about, to remain there. About seven o'clock P. M. Lieutenant Fyffe fired again, which was immediately responded to by the rebels, their shell bursting in the neighborhood of General Foster's camp. Their fire soon ceased, and it was ascertained by Lieutenant Fyffe the next morning that one of his shells fell among the rebels, whereupon they abandoned one of their guns and did not return for it until after ten P. M. Since then everything has been quiet about here.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
ED. T. NICHOLS,
Commander, United States Navy.

JULY 9, 1864.

The engagement and movements referred to in this report of Commander Nichols were in pursuance of immediate instructions from me.

S. P. LEE,
Acting Rear-Admiral, commanding N. A. B. Squadron.

Doc. 8.

SHERMAN IN GEORGIA.

TUNNELL HILL, GEORGIA,
Thursday Afternoon, May 12, 1864. }

General Sherman's grand campaign has reached that point where great events may be looked for at any moment. It is two weeks to-day since he left Nashville, his army then stretching from Decatur to beyond Knoxville, occupying the same lines held during the winter. His arrival at Chattanooga gave every division of the army a mysterious impulse, and, at the moment that Thomas gathered his legions into hand for an active movement, the corps on the flanks showed signs of life, and, by rapid strides, converged towards the centre of operations. Veteran regiments poured in from the North. Outlying detachments were thrown together, and troops guarding important points were reduced to exact fighting weight. In less than ten days a tremendous concentration of troops has taken place, and to-day an immense army—a larger number of effective men than moved upon Corinth, after the battle of Shiloh—is in position

within gunshot of the enemy. The preparations for decisive fighting have been weighty and conclusive. Not an ounce of baggage is carried by the trains. Tents have been discarded, and the ammunition and supply trains are the only ones which have not shrunk to a shadow of their former selves.

Johnston has been occupying a position of immense natural strength, covering Dalton and Atlanta, and presuming the latter place to be the objective point of the campaign, the first aggressive movement promises, and has been found to be, one of great difficulty—one which peculiarly requires delicacy of judgment, combined with vigor of execution. Sherman has the absolute confidence of his men; he is a thorough soldier, a subtle strategist, and a fearless fighter. He will make the campaign a decisive one.

Tuesday, May 3,

was principally passed in concentrating the Fourth army corps, Major-General Howard, which was stretched along the railroad, the left resting at Cleveland, and the right at Ooltawah, ten miles below.

Camps were broken at noon; and amidst the wildest enthusiasm of the troops at the prospect of the opening of the spring campaign, the line of march was taken with the object of centering at Catoosa Springs, three miles north-east of Ringgold.

Wednesday, May 4.

Reveille at five in the morning, just as night is lifting her dark mantle from the earth, and the glimmer of morning is seen in the east. The soldier turns over, rubs his eyes open, crawls from under his blanket, is quickly upon his feet, blowing into life the smouldering embers—the remnant of the previous evening's fire. A few moments later, bright fires burn all around us, the coffee-pots are brought out, filled by canteens, and while the water is warming, the fires are deserted for the creek near by, where the soldiers take their morning's ablutions. Red Clay is left in the rear, and a slow and tedious march is made, with roads blocked up by cavalry upon Catoosa Springs, which was reached about two o'clock in the afternoon. A line of battle was at once formed, with the left (Newton's division) resting near Burke's Mill, three miles east of the Springs, and the right (Wood's division) joining Baird's division of the Fourteenth corps, which had been thrown forward to Catoosa Platform, south of Hooker's Gap. Stanley's division formed the centre. Fortifications of a temporary kind were at once thrown up, heavy lines of pickets thrown out in front, while General Edward McCook's cavalry division guarded our left flank, and General Kilpatrick's our right.

I must not neglect to mention that, as we moved down from Red Clay to Catoosa Springs, a portion of General McCook's division of cavalry took the lead and had a few slight skirmishes with the enemy, driving them from our front upon their reserve. Several of the enemy

were killed and wounded. Our loss was one man killed.

Thursday and Friday, May 5 and 6.

The army, or at least the Fourth, Fourteenth, and Twenty-third corps, which had arrived at advanced positions, remained in its position of Wednesday, awaiting the arrival of General Hooker's and General McPherson's corps, who marched around to our right, preparatory to a flank movement upon the enemy's left, for the purpose of turning it.

General Sherman arrived at the front to-day, and in company with other general officers, rode along the lines, minutely inspecting the country, and familiarizing himself with the position of his command. This morning at an early hour, a small force advanced upon the enemy, who, in small force, held Bald Knob, a small hill about a mile south of Catoosa Platform, and drove them from it without the loss of a man on either side.

This morning Morgan's brigade of Davis' division were on picket, when a squad of rebels, mounted, came up within three hundred yards of our pickets, and called out, "Will you exchange coffee for tobacco?" "Yes," was the reply, "Fort Pillow, d—n you," as the pickets leveled their guns and discharged a volley into them, wounding one man. The rebels not liking leaden coffee retreated, exclaiming as they ran, "Are you niggers or white men, to treat us that way?"

Saturday, May 7.

At five o'clock in the morning the Fourth corps encamped on the hills about Catoosa Springs, moved east, Stanley taking the lead, followed by Generals Newton and Wood, arriving at Lee's House in the valley to the north-west of Rocky Face Ridge. Newton's division halted in line of battle. Stanley, with his invincible division, moved forward about a mile further, on the left of Tunnel Hill, and throwing out a heavy skirmish line, the right of which rested at the base of Tunnel Hill Ridge, where it joined General Davis' skirmishers, under Colonel Dan McCook, whose brigade was on the extreme left of the line of the Fourteenth corps. The left rested on the base of Rocky Face Ridge. It was General Howard's intention to throw Wood's division in on the right centre to support General Stanley, but the enemy presented so weak a front that Stanley was able to accomplish all that was expected—the turning of the enemy's left flank by a movement along Tunnel Hill range to the hill immediately in front of the town.

At ten o'clock the enemy, about three hundred strong, comprising artillery and dismounted cavalry, could be discerned on the ridge commanding the town. Whitaker's brigade of Stanley's division at once moved forward up the moderate slope of the range occupied by the enemy, and with a single line of skirmishers drove the enemy from the hill, assisted by the Fifth Indiana battery, Lieutenant Morrison, one

section of which was located on a commanding hill about a mile north-west of the town.

While the Fourth corps were thus engaged, Johnson's and Davis' divisions moved up from Catoosa Platform, on the centre, and entered Tunnel Hill. Davis' division moved along the main wagon road running parallel with the railroad, and threw his line across the valley. Johnson came up on the right and entered the town by a narrow trail running down from the direction of Nickojack's Gap. Barnett's Illinois battery, attached to Davis' division, opened their guns upon the enemy's position about nine, and a brisk cannonading was kept up for two hours until the enemy was flanked and took flight. The fire of the enemy's artillery was quite accurate, and the cavalry displayed remarkable abandon and contempt for our fire, only retiring when compelled to by overwhelming numbers.

On comparison of notes by brigade commanders, it was found that less than ten wounded was our total loss in the occupation of the town and the surrounding ridges.

Immediately on the retirement of the enemy Stanley threw his column forward along the ridge overlooking the approach to Buzzard Roost, and joined his right to Palmer at the wagon road leading to Dalton. At one p. m., a small brigade of rebel infantry approached within a mile of our advance and formed in an open field, but a few well-directed shots from the Fifth Indiana battery soon dispersed them, and they retired, leaving a small picket force.

Generals Sherman and Thomas were early on Tunnel Hill, and to-night have their headquarters within a mile of our advance line. Both Generals watched every movement of the enemy, and gave their orders with a coolness and confidence that proved them to be equal for any emergency that may arise. The brigades in Stanley's division of the Fourth corps engaged, were commanded by Generals Whitaker and Cruft, and Colonel Gross, and those of the Fourteenth corps by General Morgan and Colonels McCook and Mitchell. The principal skirmishing was performed by McCook's brigade, which lost no men.

Our line to-night is about one mile south of Tunnel Hill, and within three miles of the celebrated Buzzard Roost, near which the Fourteenth corps had the spirited engagement on the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh of February last. Our line extends from Rocky Face Ridge to (report says) the left of General Hooker, who has come up on the enemy's left flank. A large force of cavalry is under General Kilpatrick, scouring the country on our extreme right.

To-day, while Barnett's Illinois battery was playing upon the rebels, who responded vigorously, a shell struck the ground and exploded within three feet of Brigadier-General Davis and Captain Barnett. The General had a narrow escape from death, but he remained in his position and looked on as coolly as though there were no enemy within a hundred miles.

Sunday, May 8.

At 8 a. m. the assembly was sounded in General Johnson's division, and it immediately moved forward and formed line of battle about a mile in advance of its former position. Immediately after General Howard, who, in the absence of General Thomas, had command of the Fourteenth and Twenty-third corps, in addition to his own corps, ordered forward General Stanley's division on the centre to make a demonstration to develop the enemy's strength and position. Simultaneously with this order General Newton was instructed to endeavor to throw a regiment or two up Rocky Face, and to move along it cautiously. General Harker was instructed by Newton to execute the order, and promptly selected the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio, Colonel Opdycke, to perform the task. The response of Colonel Opdycke and his "Ohio Tigers" was prompt, fearless, and steady. The veteran regiment climbed the steep ride, ever and anon stopping to cross some rocky gorge, or scale almost perpendicular bluffs, where to miss a step was certain death. Arriving on the summit of the ridge the regiment immediately encountered the skirmishers of the enemy, who in small force extended across the ridge. The enemy was slowly driven from the ridge toward Dalton, retreating before the unerring fire of the brave regiment that confronted them. So many natural and artificial obstructions were encountered that the regiment did not move more than half a mile per hour. Learning that the rebels were moving to our left against our force in large numbers, General Harker was ordered to throw his whole brigade up the ridge to support the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth. The order was obeyed with alacrity, and the enemy was driven about three miles, when a deep gorge was encountered which checked the advance for the rest of the day.

The regiments that played a conspicuous part in the capture of the hill were the One Hundred and Thirteenth Ohio, and the Seventy-eighth Illinois.

General Cruft held the right of Stanley's line, and when the forward movement was ordered sent the Thirty-first Indiana out as skirmishers. They moved rapidly and in excellent order across the open fields, the enemy retreating from behind their barricades at their approach, and seeking safety in flight.

Halting for a brief moment, and seeking protection behind the rebel barricade, the Thirty-first again moved forward, and the whole line simultaneously pressed forward, and at the close of the skirmishing, at sundown, occupied a position about one mile in the rear of the gaps in which Palmer fought the enemy so stubbornly on the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh of February.

Brigadier-General Wood's skirmishers were engaged during the day on the left of Stanley extending to the base of Rocky Face.

The day has not brought on a regular en

gement, though it has witnessed the repulse of a gallant charge made by two brigades of Geary's division of Hooker's corps.

As I have already said, Schofield's corps is working east of the rebel positions, while Hooker's bears south-west of Dalton, and McPherson, with a large army, is aiming at Resacca, in the rear of the rebel works at Dalton. Geary's division is in front of Dug Gap, in John's Mountain, which is a precipitous elevation four and a half miles south-west of Dalton, covered with forests, some undergrowth, and loose with tumbling boulders.

About three o'clock this afternoon Colonel Buschbeck's and Colonel Candy's brigades, the first consisting of the One Hundred and Nineteenth, One Hundred and Thirty-fourth, One Hundred and Fifty-fourth, New York, Twenty-seventh, Seventy-third, One Hundred and Ninth, Pennsylvania, and Thirty-third New Jersey, and the latter of the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania, and Twenty-ninth, Fifth, and Seventh Ohio, were marshalled for assault. They advanced up the mountain with splendid spirit, meeting with little opposition until they toiled up the crest, where they received a withering and concentrated fire, which, in about twenty minutes, compelled them to fall back to a plateau on the mountain not far from its base. The rebels were commanded by General John H. Morgan, who is now leading a division of rebel infantry: Two of our batteries were at the base of the mountain in a field, but they could not be sufficiently elevated to be effective. At the same time the rebels could not depress their guns to contest our advance up the hillside. They were in heavy rifle-pits, and their concentrated fire was not to be borne by mortal man.

Our troops held their ground for about half an hour at the first assault. A second assault was made about six o'clock by the Thirty-third New Jersey, One Hundred and Thirty-fourth New York, and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Pennsylvania, led by Colonel Mindel, of the former, the object being to flank the rebel right on the crest. Like the first, it failed after a gallant fight.

Our troops withdrew about dark to their position occupied in the morning, and went into bivouac. The loss during both assaults will not exceed two hundred and fifty killed and wounded.

It must be remembered that large bodies of troops are working around the rebel left flank. Kilpatrick occupies our right with his cavalry. Stoneman is on the left. The failure of one or two storming parties is expected before Johnston can be expelled. His attention will soon be called to other localities than Dalton.

General Schofield, with his corps, to-day reached Newton's left, and this afternoon moved up Crow Valley, to the left of Rocky Face Ridge. He will possibly strike the enemy on his right flank, simultaneously with an attack on his left by a column now moving forward for that purpose. Should these flank movements succeed,

Johnston must of necessity vacate his almost impregnable position, and move back on Atlanta or Rome, or fight us this side at Resacca, in a less strong position. I shall not attempt to speculate upon the probable work of to-morrow, but record the movements as they occur.

The rebel sharpshooters seem to be the possessors of excellent guns, which are completely under their control. To-day General Howard rode out to meet General Stanley, and in conversation, about a mile from the front, received a bullet through his coat. The same ball passed through the hat of Captain Kniffin, commissary of Stanley's division.

Monday, May 9.

At six o'clock Davis' division opened the ball on the right by throwing forward his whole line towards the base of Rocky Face Creek into the gaps where the engagement took place in February last. Much difficulty was experienced in crossing the creek, which the rebels had inundated since our last visit to Buzzard Roost; yet the difficulty was overcome by wading the stream, an attack was at once made up the knolls and hills on the left of the railroad, which were gallantly carried by our skirmishers, the One Hundred and Thirteenth Ohio, Lieutenant Colonel Warner, occupying the hill on the immediate left of the railroad, while Morgan's brigade, which occupied the centre, carried the hill to the left, or immediately to the right of Rocky Face Ridge. Morgan's brigade was immediately thrown round on the left of the hill, carried by it, and pushed rapidly forward through a gap separating it from Rocky Face. In his attack the fire was quite brisk, and his loss in wounded was about thirty.

At six in the morning brisk skirmish fire was heard on Rocky Face, near the position held by Newton's division, the balance of which was thrown up at an early hour. Musketry and artillery firing from Newton was kept up for half an hour, when a wild cheer was heard, and it was supposed that Newton had carried the fortified gorge which impeded Harker's advance yesterday. This, however, proved unfounded, for to-night his line is but a few hundred yards in advance of where it was last night. During the afternoon Wood's and Stanley's divisions of the Fourth corps made an assault upon the base of Rocky Face from the valley with the view of making a demonstration in favor of Newton. Very heavy skirmishing ensued, in which the line took part for a few moments, but so rugged was the slope that the jutting rocks and steep gorges rendered an assault and capture of the ridge impossible. In the operations of the day Wood lost about seventy wounded and six killed.

At eleven o'clock, and previous to the assault by Wood and Stanley, the enemy opened upon Johnson's division from a mountain howitzer, planted on the summit of a commanding hill, which forms a link in the chain of hills known as the Chattanooga Mountains. Johnson promptly ordered one section of Houghtalling's Illinois

battery into position, and shelled the rebel battery, the third shot taking effect in the howitzer, and silencing it until in the afternoon, when Wood and Stanley made their demonstration, and called out a vigorous artillery and musketry fire along the whole line.

At four o'clock, General Howard ordered the divisions of Stanley and Wood forward into the gaps facing the enemy's breastworks and fortifications to the right of Dalton. The movement had the desired effect, compelling the enemy to open his artillery, and expose the position of his batteries. From five until after dark a heavy fire was kept up, and when it ceased Stanley was far in advance of Davis' position of the morning, and extended his line some distance up the slope of Rocky Face, supported by General Wood's division. With the exception of Davis' division, the Fourteenth corps was not engaged.

General Schofield, with his corps, succeeded about one o'clock in getting up and confronting the enemy's fortifications on the left of Dalton. Brisk firing was heard in the direction of his position, and I learn to-night that he holds, like the centre and right wings of the army, every foot gained during the day.

A despatch was received at noon from General McPherson, who had occupied Snake Gap, near Resacca, in Chattanooga Mountains, with his force, on Sunday night, which was within six miles of Resacca at that time. The General is directly on the enemy's flank, and it is very strange that he was permitted to occupy so vital a defile without great opposition. His present position is about thirty miles in the rear of Dalton, and in all probability the enemy, in finding his flanks and rear exposed, will fall back from the gap in front of Dalton, and give McPherson battle, or retreat hastily without offering fight.

The loss of Newton's division (chiefly in Harker's brigade) on Rocky Face Ridge, was, up to last evening, one field and one line officer and fifteen men killed, and three line officers and thirty men wounded.

Our casualties, I have just learned, include Colonel McIlvaine of the Sixty-fourth Ohio, and Lieutenant Ehler, same regiment, killed; Colonel Buckner, Seventy-ninth Illinois, wounded in the body; the gallant Major Boyd, Eighty-fourth Indiana, shot through both thighs; Captain Chamberlin and Lieutenant Hall, Sixty-fourth Ohio, slightly, and Lieutenant-Colonel Bullett, Third Kentucky, slightly. The Sixty-fourth was in the hottest of the desperate conflict for the possession of Rocky Face Ridge, and, led by the dauntless McIlvaine, it won the encomiums of all who witnessed its daring and intrepidity.

Tuesday, May 10.

The weather to-day was exceedingly unpropitious for active operations. Heavy showers of rain fell during the entire day, with short intermissions. But, notwithstanding this, the eagerness of our troops to advance was unabated, I might say increased, for at an early

hour the news of General Grant's splendid victory over Lee spread from camp to camp, and along the whole line the shout of joy was carried until the valley rang with loud huzzas, to which frowning Rocky Face, that sternly gazed down upon us, gave back its echo. Never was more joy and enthusiasm manifested by an army, who momentarily expected to be led against the enemy's frowning fortifications and bristling guns, around which, with the aid of a glass, their cannoneers could be easily discerned.

Had the command been given to assault the works at that moment, when the spirits of the whole army were elated, no one can doubt the result. We would have had a repetition of Mission Ridge upon a larger scale, with, I fear, however, a very heavy loss. Generals Sherman and Thomas are slow to sacrifice life by direct assault, when the same results can be worked out by strategy.

At half-past seven, in the midst of a heavy rain shower, brisk skirmish fire was heard on Rocky Face, between Hooker's advance and the enemy. It lasted only fifteen minutes, when a lull of an hour followed.

At half-past eight, Davis's artillery awoke the enemy from their meditations upon Lee's discomfitures, by vigorous shelling, which drew forth no response for some time. Late in the afternoon a few guns opened from a point on Rocky Face, when Brydges's Illinois battery was moved into position, and opened upon the battery on the ridge. The third shot was effective, and was placed among the rebel guns, which were silenced for an hour.

At one o'clock it again opened upon Stanley's line of battle, exposed in the fields in the valleys. The Fifth Indiana battery took position, and, in conjunction with Brydges's, promptly silenced the fire from Rocky Face. For some time all was quiet; the rain poured down in torrents, as though Heaven had opened its flood-gates to deluge the earth. For half an hour together not a sound was heard, except the occasional witticism from a mirth-provoking soldier, and the *reperte* of his companions, interrupted by an occasional report of a rifle or cannon. Thus the skirmishing waged all day, and night found us still in our former position, with our front well protected by hastily constructed fortifications.

Battery C, First Ohio artillery, and Hough-talling's battery, of the Fourteenth corps, were ordered into an advanced position, early in the morning, by General Thomas, who personally went out under a brisk sharpshooters' fire, and pointed out the position to be taken, and the point upon which to direct their fire. These batteries did excellent work, and spread terror in the enemy's lines, the men comprising which could be distinctly seen, at each discharge of our guns, running in all directions.

The very faint responses to our fire to-day is unaccountable. Some are of the opinion that the enemy is retiring a large portion of his

force to confront and drive back McPherson. Others believe that the quiet was owing to the dispirited condition of the army over news from the Rapidan and Richmond. That the enemy cannot spare many troops from the front is evident, inasmuch as they have but two corps in our front.

The Twenty-third corps, which had been developing the enemy on the left of Rocky Face, this morning met the enemy in very heavy force, and retired to his position of yesterday, about one mile in the rear, where he held the enemy in check.

Yesterday a brigade of McCook's cavalry division, which has been making demonstrations for some days on Schofield's left, engaged two rebel brigades of infantry. The charge was led by Colonel La Grange, of the First Wisconsin cavalry, who, everybody agrees, is one of the bravest of the brave brigade commanders of cavalry. After frequent assaults upon the wall of rebel infantry, our cavalry was repulsed, Colonel La Grange captured, after two horses were shot under him, and a large portion of the command wounded or captured, including Captain Starr, of the Second Indiana, who escaped from his captors, and came in.

Wednesday, May 11.

Wednesday broke damp and chilly, but the rain cleared off before it had deluged the roads sufficiently to retard operations. The army was now in position—that is, in its first position. It coiled round the Chattanooga or Buzzard Roost Mountains like a huge snake, and was pushed so close to the enemy's intrenchments that a few yards, more or less, became a matter of infinite importance to life and limb.

No movement is visible anywhere this afternoon. The smoke drifts off lazily and the skirmishers chaff at each other at their grim, favorite occupation. The verdant, but treacherous ridges of Buzzard Roost, are dim and gloomy through the cold and clouded atmosphere, and in the shady forests confronting us are long lines of shivering blue coats resolutely, nay, indifferently waiting for orders. I cannot but name a wish that God grant that the order for assault may not be given. My heart beats faster at the bare thought of standing near and gazing on it, convinced as I am that all the armies ever marshalled could not successfully storm the position, if occupied by thirty thousand determined men.

No movement up to dark had been made by the troops. The camp-fires shone brightly—nothing in the enemy's range of vision had been moved. The night was dark, and by the time it had fairly overspread nature, a sudden, stealthy life was infused into the hitherto recumbent troops. Hooker moves his corps to the right, and being near at hand, reports before daylight to McPherson. Schofield comes drifting in the same direction from his fruitless position east of Rocky Face. Other corps follow; perhaps, when daylight comes, the enemy

will discover that he has permission, if he chooses, to mass on the division or two in his front, which being done and their lines broken, he may pass through to Chattanooga—all this if he pleases. But there is an ominous drift towards Resacca. The price of his looking at Chattanooga would be Atlanta and liberty. Sherman, at last, has indicated the point where he intends to thrust, and if Dalton is not in our possession by the day after to-morrow morning, there are no warnings in history for rebel generalship.

The strength of Johnston's army is estimated by the best judges with whom I have conversed to be about fifty thousand, exclusive of Georgia militia, of whom probably fifteen thousand are bearing arms, and distributed at Rome and Resacca. Their journals estimate the strength of our army at sixty thousand. They will be astonished after they annihilate that number of Sherman's Yankees to find their work signally incomplete.

General Sherman has been constantly in the saddle, and has displayed himself in front of Buzzard Roost, directing operations at points where the rebels could hardly fail to identify him. In company with General Thomas he has just moved to the right—the current that way being strong enough to carry along the heads of the army.

One of McPherson's couriers has just dropped the intelligence that Kilpatrick, under orders from McPherson, cut the enemy's rear last night, a few miles south of Resacca. We are evidently moving to cut off their supplies, and so compel them to come out and attack us or beat a precipitate retreat. The army will be closed up to-night, and to-morrow will make history. If Johnston retreats he must not be long in doing it; and with the railroad in his rear severed, he must probably lose or destroy some of his heavy munitions.

General Sherman is pointedly hostile to correspondents, and the pursuit of their avocation at this time is under severe, and, to the anxious relatives and friends of his brave army, almost cruel restrictions. The General, perhaps, has adequate reason for his course; but as the news of all engagements must drift to the rear sooner or later, it seems plausible that a trustworthy correspondent can send it with less injury to the service than when borne by demoralized stragglers, or by wounded men, whose observations can hardly go beyond their brigades. Mr. Benjamin F. Taylor, whose contributions to the press from this army will fill some of the most delightful pages of its history, has gone North under the ban of the commanding General, for saying in one of his letters, "our lines now extend from Nashville to Huntsville." It is reported that General Sherman, upon reading this item, wrote an order to his Provost Marshal-General, directing the immediate arrest of a spy, one Benjamin F. Taylor, his trial by drum-head court-martial, and execution. This order resulted in the withdrawal of Mr.

Taylor, and the abrupt termination of his series of delicious letters.

Our losses to date, foot up about eight hundred. The wounded have all been removed to Chattanooga, and are well cared for. We have lost a few prisoners and captured about twenty.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

RESACCA, GA., May 17, 1864.

Notwithstanding the defiant boast of the haughty Georgians, while yet their valleys resounded with the war tocsin's first appeal, that her mountains should be "slaughter pens" for presumptuous invaders, and their rugged heights should smoke with the sacrifice of Federal troops, should their footsteps ever press her sod, one of the mightiest armies that ever trod the earth now sleeps upon her fairest fields, feeds from her granaries, lays waste her harvests, strolls through and occupies her groves, or reclines in her choicest mansions. Ten days of incessant rattle and roll have passed, intermingled with privations, dangers, and death, and I sit me down to jot you the particulars and the results. I briefly alluded, in a short note a few days since, which you saw fit to publish, to the operations of the first few days, which brought our army *front-a-front* with that of the enemy at Buzzard Roost. There is so much of interest connected with the introductory or incipient movements of an army, when one desires to study and understand the routes and aims from the time tents are struck to the very moment that marks the termination of the bloody struggle, that without fear of eliciting censure or of adding that which might be termed superfluous, I take up the story from the day the army moved, and hurrying past a multitude of interesting incidents of the march, the dark encounters, the daring deeds, and "hair-breadth 'scapes" related partially before, plunge boldly in *medias res*.

Palmer's corps, of the immortal old "Army of the Cumberland," lay in and about Ringgold or Hooker's Gap. General Howard, having moved from Cleveland simultaneously with the marching of Palmer's corps, halted his column and encamped on the hills and in the rapturously elegant groves about Catoosa Springs. The picturesqueness of the landscape, assisted by the comforts that art lavished with bounteous hand to contribute to man's enjoyments, made, no doubt, a lovely resort for the *élite* and chivalry of the sunny South during the oppressive summer months.

Scarcely had the object of the General to encamp here been known, and the troops relieved from the restraint of a mathematical alignment after a tiresome march, than, forgetting fatigue in their unbridled curiosity, they emptied the bath-houses of their tubs and pans, and floated them out upon the placid little lakes, where we left them sailing about like the painted hulls of miniature ships. In humbling the *dignitas* the soldier is not careful to span that which evi-

denced the *otium*. At and near Red Clay, prepared to co-operate and guard Howard's left, lay the Twenty-third army corps, under Major-General Schofield, whose flank in turn was closely guarded by the vigilant Edward McCook, commanding a division of cavalry. Hooker lay far to the right of Palmer, ready at the signal to move through Nickojack Gap; and holding towards Rocky Face, protect Palmer's right. McPherson with Logan's Fifteenth army corps, and Dodge's division of the Sixteenth, passing to the rear of Hooker, headed towards Snake Creek Gap, supported on the flank by Garrard's magnificent division of cavalry and mounted infantry. His communication with Hooker was maintained by General Kilpatrick's dashing little division of cavalry.

The grand battle line proper extended, therefore, from the Red Clay to some point a short distance this side of Snake Creek, the corps in the following order: Schofield, Howard, Palmer, Hooker, and McPherson, the latter holding the extreme right.

At daybreak great columns of dust began to float upward in long gray lines. A tropical sun poured over all its suffocating heat, and the troops, overburdened with heavy knapsacks, threw aside blankets, drawers, pants, shirts, and even knapsacks—any thing calculated to weary or impede them.

Johnson's column filed through Hooker's Gap just after daybreak, and ere long was driving the enemy's skirmishers before him. Nearing Tunnel Hill he veered from the main road, and screened by the forest threw his troops into the open fields around the ridge running parallel with the Tunnel range, and separated from it by a valley about a mile in width. Some artillery practice was indulged in by both sides, with, I apprehend, no loss to either.

Simultaneously, Howard broke camp, and moving more directly towards Rocky Face, with Stanley in front, Wood and Newton rather in reserve, soon joined Davis' left, and the whole line pushed not only up Tunnel Hill proper, but occupied and passed through the valley between Rocky Face and it. At night of the seventh our troops lay in exactly the position designated above.

It is exceedingly dangerous to-day to move out in open view on the road leading to Buzzard Roost. All the morning, from the earliest dawn to noon, the valley has reverberated with the clang of the vicious rifles, the exultant shout, and the roll of wheels. It is determined finally to storm the hills in front, and Colonel John G. Mitchell, commanding brigade in General Davis' division, is to have the honor.

His line for the assault is drawn up in the following order: two companies of the Seventy-eighth Illinois, as skirmishers on the right, are thrown forward for action, immediately preceding the Ninety-eighth Ohio; to the left of the Ninety-eighth lay the Thirty-fourth and One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Ohio, just in rear of and supporting the One Hundred and Thirteenth

Ohio and Seventy-eighth Illinois, who have in turn their skirmishers in front. At fifteen minutes after four o'clock the artillery rouses the hoarsest echoes of the glens and valleys, and heralds the coming of the assaulting column. Hazen, of Wood's division, then joins Davis' left, and he too throws forward by way of diversion a heavy line of skirmishers. The first few shells dislodged the rebels from their barricades of boulders, and the rapidity with which they measured ground *en retraite* elicits a shout of merriment that accelerates, if such were possible, their speed.

There is at least one thing in which the rebels cannot be easily excelled, and that is the accuracy of aim displayed by their sharpshooters. It was actually unsafe to show one's self within three-quarters of a mile of Rocky Face or of the little spurs that guard the entrance to the gap.

The fire of the rebel sharpshooters slackens. The skirmishers are quiet, and all along the line the stillness is so intense that one intuitively feels a storm is coming.

Looking to the woods below, which is but one dense mass of foliage, I catch glimpses of troops in motion and change my point of observation. The line moves on as I supposed, and now, as I see it quit the works, the regular sway of that long, calm line assures me all will be well.

A quarter before five and my eyes had the long watched-for confirmation. Like the tiger from his lair, flushed with the ardor of confidence that knows no failure when the will commands, cheering lustily as throats e'er cheered, the men seem borne forward by some supernatural impetus. The hill is very steep, and the enemy has circled the point with a heavy line of rifle-pits. Firing almost ceases. Naught is heard to break the taxing stillness save an occasional exchange of shots between our daring skirmishers and the sharpshooters on the slope. Officers may be brave, *brilliant*, even in recklessness; and yet genuine fearlessness, the lion hearts, the dispassionate characters that love scenes where men pit their lives against the lives of other men merely for the novelty, for the satisfaction that follows a safe return, are oftener found in the ranks than elsewhere.

There were no cowards here. If the national cause could have been personated and could have witnessed the ascent as I did, the "well done" would have hailed the flag that Mitchell's gallant fellows planted on the rebel parapet that day.

While the rebel forces on the centre are employed in vigilantly preparing to oppose successful resistance to Davis and to such forces as we might hurl against the Gap, Willich, taking advantage of the diversion, ascends to the summit of Rocky Face, and asks that he be permitted to march steadily forward toward the Gap. The Fifteenth Wisconsin regiment—the original old Norwegians—ascended to the summit of the ridge and held it firmly until re-

lieved by General Newton under proper orders. Whether an opportunity was lost or not I do not presume to say publicly, for such criticism would seem to impugn the judgment of our leaders and lead to no good results. We shall see the result.

General Wood's division was taken from the left of Davis and placed in the centre, communicating with Newton, who still holds the summit of the mountain unable to advance against such superior numbers. Now it seems that the possession of the summit by sweeping its whole length if possible seems feasible, and Wood is ordered to demonstrate in front to attract the enemy, while Newton sallies out to press forward his lines. At half-past eight o'clock in the morning the firing opened with great severity, and Wood pushes his skirmishers to the very base of that lofty *façade* of solid rock, which, in the language of the General, "not even a cat could ascend."

The rebels, secure comparatively on their rocky eyry, hurled down upon our troops huge rocks and clubs and logs. The Thirty-fifth Illinois, of Willich's brigade, lost in this sham effort to scale an impassable barrier, over thirty men killed and wounded. The loss of the division in this demonstration numbered not less than eighty men. Arriving at the base of the towering cliffs from which the enemy's sharpshooters were picking off our men at a murderous rate and with a malicious pleasure, General Ward so reported, and the main force retired from easy range, leaving a line of skirmishers to answer the enemy's shots.

At ten minutes before nine o'clock the Ninety-sixth Illinois and Fifty-first Indiana regiments, of Whitaker's brigade, enter the forest on the slope of Rocky Face, just on the left of Davis, and at once engage the rebel skirmishers. Ten minutes later the firing becomes brisk. The enemy, holding a gorge, seems to have made a sally, and is determined to push our forces to the base again. The bugle sounds the "forward," and a portion of Cruft's brigade, that had up to this time been in reserve, moves across the open field and enters the fight.

Major Simonson trots out a section of the Fifth Indiana battery, which takes position just in front of General Stanley's headquarters in the open field, and, with the usual precision that marks the practice of this famous battery, a plentiful supply of shells is pitched among the jubilant Johnnies on the mountain, which is found wonderfully efficient in assisting them to the adoption of a lower pitch of voice and a loftier and securer perch among their rugged fastnesses.

Two guns of the Second Pennsylvania battery, planted to the left and rear of the former battery to command the enemy's position in the gorge, industriously hurl their iron missiles against the mountain, and so vigorously ply the work that no further effort on the enemy's part is made to affect our lodgment on the slope.

As I toiled along the rugged, rocky slope,

climbing to get a view of the cliffs and of the enemy's position, an excellent brass band, attached to General Beatty's brigade, strikes up a stirring national air. The rebels on the mountain, as if lacerated and provoked beyond sufferance by the melody that filled the forest, stirred the sweetest echoes of the caverns, and, when an inequality in their rocky battlement softened and flushed it again, sending up in the blue expanse trilling as sweetly as an angel choir, and thrilling the hearts of the loyal and true, answered back the enchanting strains with a volley of bullets that crashed through the tree-tops and fell as harmless as pebbles around. Failing in that, they threw against the freighted air curses that could not but have been fresh coined in hell. The skirmishing grew brisker, and as I toiled along I could not but mark that as distance mellowed the strains of music the vicious crackle of the musketry lent, after all, an accompaniment that smacked of the musical.

Colonel La Grange, whose short experience has already won for him in the army a distinction that few enjoy, for cool calculating judgment in the hour of danger, and brilliant dashing valor in the hour of battle, I regret very much to say encountered an overwhelming force to-day near Poplar Spring, on the main road from Cleveland to Dalton, and was captured. His officers and men in referring to his personal intrepidity as displayed in the effort to-day to retrieve his fortunes after others had almost ceased to hope, pay the highest tribute to his character that could be tendered.

The Colonel has for a long time been commanding a brigade of cavalry in Colonel Ed. McCook's division, which I have referred to before as operating on Schofield's left. The particulars are not fully given as yet, and perhaps will not be accurately known until the official report is forwarded. From what I can gather, however, it seems that Colonel La Grange, isolated and acting somewhat independently of the main force, encountered a force of rebel skirmishers near Poplar Spring, and drove them to the shelter of a little fort. From all appearances and from such information as he could obtain from the citizens, the rebels had no force of consequence at the fort, and he determined to charge and take it.

The enemy, it appears, had concealed two regiments of infantry, that rose and poured in such a destructive fire that the line was forced to withdraw. In this encounter Colonel La Grange's horse was shot under him, and he received some painful bruises. On either flank, in addition to the infantry that lay in ambush, a force of cavalry, much superior in numbers to the brigade under La Grange, had been concealed up to this time, and now bore down upon his little force to crush it at a blow.

Equal to any emergency where personal bravery is required, the Colonel prepared to resist, and did fight manfully until overpowered. His horse falling caused his capture. He

lost, I am informed, over a hundred men, killed, wounded, and missing.

Leaving the left for the time to visit the right and centre, we leave Schofield in his old position, Newton on the mountain, Wood and Stanley on the slope, and Davis confronting the Gap from the sentinel hills at its entrance.

Rocky Face Ridge suffers an abrupt depression at Buzzard Roost, and, curving to the east in the shape of a horse-shoe, rises again to the same lofty altitude and courses toward the south. The railroad that crosses the ridge to Dalton, just here passes between the two hills Davis carried, touching the one on the right. Between the road and hill on the left, which is bisected by a gorge, runs a tortuous little water course, which, at every crossing between our lines and the rebel works, was so firmly dammed with logs, stones, and earth, that the valley around was flooded to such a depth as to make an assault impracticable. Along the slope of the continuation of Rocky Face, on the right of the gap looking eastward along the road, and on the slope to the left, it was determined to make a simultaneous advance this afternoon, and Colonel Scribner's brigade of Johnson's division, and Morgan's brigade of Davis' division, were the attacking forces. It was late in the afternoon when the fighting began. The rebels on the loftiest pinnacle of the Chattanooga Range had planted a battery of four or five guns, and they used them with good effect.

Colonel Scribner's charge was characterized, as far as the troops are concerned, by the same tireless energy and fearless will to accomplish whatever task is set before them that has ever earned for them the confidence of commanders and the gratitude of the people. To say that Colonel Scribner himself bore his part unflinchingly, and evinced a clearness of judgment that fits him for the command of even more than a brigade, would be saying that which is so well known that it might be censured as a superfluity. I did not learn his loss. I saw the fighting, and when I commend him and his brigade I speak "that which I do know" he well deserves.

Colonel Hambright accompanied the brigade while charging, under command of Colonel Scribner, and was struck by a piece of shell in the head. There was universal regret in the army over his misfortune, for few men are more highly esteemed for his multitude of shining qualities of heart and head than Colonel Hambright.

The mill on the left slope was a kind of partnership affair; and, as in matters so amicably conducted by the Generals, where one of the party steps in and gets pummelled awhile and *kindly* retires, to let his neighbor at his elbow feel a few stunning counters, no one with prudence will interfere without common consent, I prefer not to dispense the honors, according to my judgment, least I should drop the wreath

where it does not properly belong. There may have been an object in that outlandish medley of musketry, artillery, shouts, cheers, commands, etc., etc., but not knowing the object, of course I can't properly gauge the success.

Geary's struggle for Dug Gap was perhaps one of the stubbornest conflicts of the campaign, and certainly in boldness is surpassed by none. During the afternoon of to-day General Geary, with two brigades (Buschbeck's and Candy's), made an effort to carry one of the most rugged and scraggy heights along the Chattoogata range. Dug Gap is in what the citizens call John's Mountain. I learn from a deserter, who, by the way, was exceedingly intelligent, that the rebels regarded that gap as of great importance, and yet, from the impregnable character of the place, up to the time Geary suffered his first repulse, and until *after* that, the place was held by but one brigade (once the famous McNair's), now commanded by the rebel General Reynolds.

The brigade consists of the First and Second Arkansas regiments and the Eighth Mississippi. It was feared that Geary would renew the assault, and Cleburne's brigade reinforced the enemy. Not possessed of the gift of ubiquity, I cannot be at every point along the line, the right and left of which are fourteen miles apart, and hence I was unable to witness what is pictured to me as one of the boldest and most pertinacious struggles for the numbers engaged during the war. The story of the ascent—how coolly they bared their breasts to the rebel volleys that swept the rugged steep—how long and gallantly they clung to the hazardous and almost hopeless effort to gain the top, and how at last the stalwart little band retired but to return again, and again to return unsuccessful—is only a repetition of what has occurred and been read of a hundred times since the war began. I will not weary you with the details, but return to Buzzard Roost.

This was the entertainment to which I was treated an hour or so before retiring to-night. Morgan, the common, unassuming, old farmer-warrior, was still fighting under the dark foliage of the mountain slope on Davis' left.

Our artillerymen are a set of tireless fellows who want no better fun than what they call "plugging the rebels," and would, if they had ammunition enough, begin at the top of Rocky Face and shoot the whole mountain away in a very few days. The rebels from their cloud battery were plugging shells through what seemed a cloud in our direction until long into dark. Not a breeze was stirring. Camp fires blazed all through the valley, and as the mountain battery would discharge its missile a long bright sheet of sparks would shoot down the rocks as if some one had thrown out into the darkness a crucible of molten iron.

There is poetry in war, but isn't it more enjoyable in a book on a sofa in a neat, cozy room? What do the drafted men say?

Operations on the tenth.

A heavy, beating rain fell to-day, and refused to even the sharpshooters an opportunity to spoil each other's physiognomies.

Yesterday our pioneers and artillerymen were busily employed in dragging artillery up the precipitous sides of the little hills at the entrance to the gap, for the purpose of silencing the enemy's guns on the points of the mountains on either hand.

Just after daybreak an order embodying the news of General Grant's victories in the East was read to the troops, and then all through the numberless valleys and ravines echoed and re-echoed the glad and hearty shouts of the joyous soldiery.

The rebels swarmed on the very top of their parapets, and in sullen wonderment looked on, guessing what news, and no doubt cursing that any should come that would elicit a shout from the Yankees.

Enemy opened out this morning more heavily than ever with artillery, evidently to learn where our newly planted batteries were. All the forenoon busily toiled the men, digging, tugging, hauling, and cutting, and just after noon displayed, much I apprehend to rebel chagrin, the number and calibre of our guns, and the superb manner in which they may be handled.

Operations on the eleventh.

Clouds were still sailing overhead portending another storm. All day the musketry rattles as before. The artillery now and then bellows and answers back. Misty, drizzling showers succeed each other, and through the fog the flame that shouts from the rebel mountain guns, glares fiercely over us.

General Dodge, in command of all the troops of the Sixteenth army corps available in the present contingency, is ordered to pass through Snake Creek Gap, hurry forward to Resacca, and if possible cut the railroad and hold the works. General Sweeney, with the Second division, led the advance. From the moment the movement began, the enemy's skirmishers displayed a determination to oppose all the resistance possible against so superior a force, and succeeded in wounding numbers of good men during the advance.

Colonel Phillips' Ninth Illinois mounted infantry was skirmishing in front. The Colonel's horse was killed under him, and he himself was too badly wounded to support himself in the saddle. Covered in front by a light force of cavalry the division continued to move toward Resacca. Passing the junction of the Dalton and Resacca roads the column was greeted, much to its surprise, with a shower of shell from a rebel battery on the ridge directly in front, afterwards occupied by batteries of the Fifteenth corps.

The advance force consisted of the Sixty-sixth Illinois sharpshooters, the Eighty-first Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel Bob Adams command-

ing, and the Seventh Iowa. They moved straight up to the ridge from which the rebels opened on us in the advance. The enemy, unsupported by infantry of any number or importance, hurriedly vacated the summit, and carried with them the little howitzers.

Sweeping around the Resacca road, the column moved forward toward the gap, through which leads the wagon road to the town. Just to the left of the road stands a bald knob, from which the rebel artillery again opened, but which the industry and skill of our sharpshooters compelled the enemy to leave. The knob was then possessed, and the enemy, with a few pieces from the forts near the town, thundered away until nightfall.

General Dodge did not regard his flanks as sufficiently protected to warrant an attempt to possess the town, or even to remain and hold the heights, and he retired under cover of the night to the main force at Snake Creek Gap, where, by this time, Logan's Fifteenth corps was rapidly arriving.

To whose account must be credited a woful failure I shall not determine. That some one is censurable for our failure to cut the railroad at and hold Resacca there seems to me to be no manner of doubt.

Operations on the twelfth.

In obedience to orders from the General commanding, this morning, cool and pleasant, with excellent roads, the Fourteenth corps moves from Buzzard Roost, and following the Twentieth, hurries forward to Snake Creek Gap.

While this concentration of the armies is going on, Kilpatrick determines to reconnoitre in the direction of Dalton, which is now almost eighteen miles north of us.

Leaving the Third Kentucky, under command of Major Wolfley, to picket and hold the Resacca road, the General, with Colonel Murray's brigade, leaves our outer barricade, and bears towards the enemy. He is soon engaged, but lightly, however, and the Ninety-third Illinois, Colonel Atkins' mounted infantry, drives the rebels rapidly before it. The losses were light on both sides, and the boys professed themselves highly disappointed.

Operations on the thirteenth.

At six o'clock the cavalry left camp, and took the advance toward Resacca, General Kilpatrick leading the van. Skirmishers were deployed at the picket line, and, though the enemy fought stubbornly, he was pushed persistently back. The country here on either hand is very hilly, rough, and broken, and is covered with pine jungles and brush thickets, through which it is almost impossible to penetrate on horseback. Through this dense undergrowth, however, our cavalry pushed the enemy foot by foot, Kilpatrick busily riding the lines, superintending the work, and cheering the boys.

I admire, and so does the world, the man who,

fearless when duty calls, steps forward to his place, and holds ever a dauntless front to his enemy. But in all candor, and that candor springs from my esteem and admiration for the man, I cannot see the good to be accomplished by General Kilpatrick's constantly galloping up and down the skirmish line in full view of the enemy, who want nothing better than an opportunity now and then to send a bullet through one of our general officers. His commands might just as readily be carried front in the usual manner, and he remain somewhat retired. However, in my regret for the General's fall, I find myself turning critic.

General Kilpatrick, accompanied by his faithful staff officer, Captain H. E. Stansbury, was endeavoring to find through the pine thickets the direction of his skirmish line, when they came suddenly upon a party of rebels lying in wait for him. So near were the rebels that, in rising, one of them struck Captain Stansbury's horse with his gun. The escape of the couple with their lives is certainly miraculous.

General Logan, with Osterhaus and Harrow, of the Fifteenth, is seen arriving, and soon begins to form his line just at the intersection of the Dalton and Resacca roads.

Troops are manoeuvred with great difficulty in a densely wooded and rolling country, and hence we leave the infantry to form its line of battle.

Colonel Murray assumed command of the division, and upon Colonel Atkins, of the Ninety-third Illinois, devolved the command of Colonel Murray's brigade. A force of cavalry is at once ordered out on the main Dalton road, and our outpost is at Holcomb's, three miles from Resacca.

At 2:30 p. m. General Osterhaus is ordered forward toward Resacca. General M. L. Smith's division climbs to the summit of the ridge in front, and Harrow is held in reserve on the left.

The skirmishers of General Osterhaus' division are soon engaged, but the line scarcely halts. The firing is desultory along the entire front, and with but very little difficulty we gain the curve of the road, just where it sweeps around the point of the ridge and passes through the gap. To the left of the road on the bald knob taken by Dodge, on the eleventh, the enemy had two guns, and opened viciously as our skirmishers, moving from the cover of the ridge, exposed themselves in the open fields.

The line was halted, and a few minutes after three o'clock Griffith's First Iowa battery was answering the iron compliments of our malicious brothers in kind. The artillery "mill" continues for a half hour, when the bugle sounds the advance for the skirmishers, and the line steadily, coolly, bravely goes forward.

The Twenty-seventh Missouri, Colonel Curly, of General Wood's brigade, rises the bald knob, and drags up its delictivous sides the First Indiana battery. Scarcely have the guns been placed in position when a terrible concentrated fire of artillery from the forts near the town

sweeps the hill. Never, during all my experience, have I witnessed such a storm of shell and shot of every character as on that day tore the earth and shivered the trees on the little knob held by the Twenty-seventh Missouri. No musician extant could allot to its proper place in any diapason known the perfectly incredible and inconceivable variations in sound that on that day floated through the valleys of Oostanaula. Ear never before heard, I am sure, such a perfectly hideous transfusion and jumble of noises, such a perfect salmagundi of screeches, hisses, howls, rolls, yells, thugs, and even whispers, as was heard on that occasion.

Shortly after three o'clock Colonel Williams' brigade of Harrison's division emerges from the wooded hill to the left of the road, and swinging round to the left of the bald knob, enters the fight. His right is in an open field, but his left is somewhat sheltered by the forest. From the time the brigade entered into action until five o'clock in the evening it battles and bleeds, and at nightfall bearing with it five wounded officers, one killed, eighty-two wounded soldiers, and fourteen killed.

The figures speak for the gallantry of the brigade, and every regiment of which fought with all the bravery and tenacity that the occasion demanded. To this brigade the famous Irish regiment (the Ninetieth Illinois) belongs. It is indeed a proud spectacle to see America's adopted sons from the Emerald Isle baring their breasts in battle with the colors of the Union and the green flag of Ireland floating side by side.

As I looked upon the bronzed and bloody faces of the heroes borne upon litters from the field, I could not but regret that the monuments that Irish bravery had reared on every soil the sun of heaven shines upon should not be planted on their native soil, among a people united in heart and hand as when Erin's bards sang of Ireland's independence, and told in song the story of brave deeds wrought by her brave sons.

Evening came on; thousands of camp-fires shot their bright beams through the darkness from every knoll and depression in the plain; long, thin, spiral columns creep upward through the twilight, and all around, far as the eye can reach, busy thousands, just returned from battle, are preparing their frugal meals; wagons and artillery and horses and men are moving over the plain, their voices and noises commingling to make one continuous din. What a change!

"But yester eve, so motionless around,
So mute was this wide plain, that not a sound
But the far torrent, or the forest bird,
Hunting among the thickets, could be heard."

The line to-night was as follows: General M. L. Smith held the ridge to the right of the road. Two pieces of the Fourth Ohio battery occupied the hill immediately next in order to Bald Knob, on the opposite side of the road, and the First Indiana still held Bald Knob.

Supporting the First Indiana, lay along the foot of the hill General Ward's brigade of Harrison's division. Colonel Walcott, of the Forty-sixth Ohio, with his brigade, relieved Colonel Williams. A gap between General Johnson and the Fifteenth corps was supplied for the night by throwing into it General Daniel Butterfield's division of the Twentieth corps, and so let us look into the operations on the fourteenth.

Johnson's left was too far out of line, and he determined to swing around and align with Butterfield, pushing up further towards the brink of the ridge, which at this point is very precipitous. The line was early in motion, and the progress, though disputed, was steady.

Before I refer to the charge made by Judah, and gloriously supported by Turchin, of Baird's division, let us, after the shifting and manœuvres of the few past hours, look again at the line, and notice the position of the forces.

We have already seen that Johnson was successful in rectifying or straightening his line. His left, then held by King, touched Baird's right, held by Van Derveer. Turchin, on Baird's left, joined Hascall, the right of General Judah's line, and Este, of Baird's division, lay in reserve.

Take, for instance, the letter L. Let the longer stroke represent a ridge about five miles in length, the shorter one the ridge occupied by the Fifteenth army corps, and running a distance of two and a half or three miles, to the Oostanaula. Place the letter so that the longer ridge inclines a little to the northwest. Now grasp the shortest stroke and pull it back so as to add to the angle it makes with the longer at least fifteen degrees. Now imagine enough of the ridges at the angle cut away to measure two hundred yards, and you have our line of battle at Resacca. In this open space of the angle is where Colonel Williams' brigade fought so long and lost so heavily.

The rebel line of works run along the summit of a ridge of almost equal altitude, and as nearly parallel to the one occupied by the Federal forces as two ridges ever were. They are separated by a narrow valley not more than six hundred yards in width, measuring from base to base. Two water courses traverse the valley. One hugs the base of the Union ridge, venturing out only now and then, and then only apparently to water some little willow copse. The other is a serpentine little stream, winding about in more contortions than a reptile could display in a lifetime, and finally joins the other at the farther extremity of the valley.

The rebel ridge is unbroken save at the extreme right, where a gap admits the Dalton road. Ours is broken in two places, at the angle and about half way down the line. Just where the ridge is broken in the centre, terminated Baird's line on the terminus of the part next the angle. Judah's line began just on the point of the continuation. The opening here is perhaps two hundred yards in width.

Standing in an open wheat field near the cut in the ridge, and looking towards the long white serrated parapets on the heights opposite, screened by a thicket of young pines and a clump of tall forest trees, is a battery, which, from the conformation of the hill, has an enfilading fire on a portion of our rifle-pits, and on any force attempting to charge across the valley. It was determined, therefore, to assault, and, if possible, carry this work.

At 1:30 p. m. General Judah was directed to lead a column against the heights, and Turchin descending the precipice in his front was to form in line and move to his support. At the same time, by way of diversion, Johnson was to quit his line and charge the heights immediately opposite.

The forces advanced under a terrific hail of bullets, shells, grape, and deathly missiles of every character, in the following order:

Hascall, of Judah's line, lapped Turchin's left in front. The right of Turchin and the left of Judah were somewhat screened, while the flanks lapping were exposed to a seething fire. There was no lagging. The colors of every regiment went right along to the base of the stronghold, and until the men were sheltered by the front from the artillery, which could not be sufficiently depressed to do them harm. Now from every angle along the line within range of the stormers poured down the merciless sleet of bullets. Artillery opens on both sides, and the whole valley is filled with the dun, sulphurous smoke, through which the steady assailants move more like churchyard ghouls or gnomes than human beings, braving the terrors of our modern Mars.

A half hour later, and the quick, sharp volleys, further to the right, announce that Johnson is on the move. He, too, with banners flying, and covered by the plunging shell and canister, is fighting his way across the valley with the object of assaulting the enemy's works. As the line left the slope on the perilous charge, Captain Irvine McDowell, of the Fifteenth Kentucky, than whom, for bravery and exemplary qualities of heart, no man in the division was more highly esteemed, dropped from the line a bloody corpse. Here, too, in this charge, memorable ever as connected with that bloody assault of Judah and Turchin, fell Captain Fotrel and Lieutenant Higby, the latter of the Thirty-third Ohio.

Johnson, unable to scale the hill, retires, and the enemy, pouring over his works, form in line to charge him. Facing about the thrilling "forward" rings again along the line, and Johnson's men have again scattered, as the wind scatters the straws before it, the presumptuous graycoats that thought to follow him.

Let us return again to the assailants under Judah and Turchin. Still persistently the column clings to the slope, and seems determined to have the fort if fighting will suffice to capture it. Now and then the sulphur cloak that obscures and at times hides them from view

floats off on the breeze, and clear and bright above the line that sways first to the right then to the left, now advances, now retires, but still bleeds on, floats, and flaps our flag so plainly that I half imagine I can hear the rustle of its silken folds.

For one long hour this contest raged, and these sturdy heroes that would not waver labored and struggled to gain the top. The odds was too great, however, and the column, torn and mangled, fell back to our works on the ridge.

A party of officers, among whom were General Schofield, Palmer, Thomas, Elliott, and Whipple, were standing in the open field to which I have referred, just in front of the gap in the ridge; a rebel gunner discovering the group trained his gun and sent a round shot whizzing within a few feet of the knarled and knotty old war horse, on whose countenance and gray hairs I never look but in reverence, for there is sound, tried, genuine military ability. The effect of the shot after deigning first to spare the head of Captain Snodgrass, that it actually endangered, was to cause what the boys call a "scatterment."

Captain Ingalls, who was serving on General Schofield's staff, was torn to pieces by a shell, a short distance from the spot just referred to.

Stanley, who is being hard pressed, sends hastily for aid, declaring that the enemy is massing with the aim of turning our left. Hooker is called on, and prompt and eager as though not half the years that his gray locks denote had passed over him, he is in the saddle and shortly leads reinforcements to the left.

Anxious to witness the struggle, should any come, I accompanied Lieutenant Shaw, of General Elliott's staff, towards the left. On the way we meet General Stanley and staff, their horses all afoam, galloping toward the left to bring up the reinforcements. He soon meets Hooker and his troops, and proposes to lead them down a dark and narrow gorge, by a nearer route, to join and assist the left.

The mingled sound of cheers and musketry is distinctly heard, darkness is fast approaching, and, descending the slope as rapidly as the nature of the ground would permit, we are soon in an open field. This field contains about ten acres, is rectangular in shape, and in the centre, on a knoll, Major Simonson has planted the Fifth Indiana battery, better known as the "Old Simonson battery." In front, after passing over the open ground, runs a succession of very high hills. One of these is called "Round Hill." Stanley pushed his division up this and occupied it all the afternoon. The enemy, finding our left weak, determined to mass against it, and, if possible, crush it before nightfall.

Their onslaught had been boldly met and once or twice repulsed. Numbers, however, will at times prevail over tenacity and courage, and so it was with Stanley. The forces that were broken were defeated by force of numbers, and once disordered, that portion of

it was impossible to rally to effective resistance.

The condition was indeed critical. Our troops came out of the woods in confusion and poured over the barricade and towards the guns. The enemy's skirmishers appeared at the edge of the forest and then the batteries' thunders spoke. Shell and shot whistled so keenly about the rebels' ears that they did not care to expose themselves in the open field. Marching by right flank Stewart led his forces under cover of the ridge, the rebels' lines started and reformed in line of battle, and determinedly pushed forward to take the battery. The rebel command to charge rang out on the evening air; as I anticipated, the remnants of the flight that were gathered behind the barricade to support the guns, fled without firing a gun. Fled did I say? No; there was one who did not flee, and his name should be treasured in the reports among those of the *hero boys* who at times of sorest need have shown by their unflinching firmness, amid dangers that appal the hearts of *men*, that they are worthy the honors that *men* wear.

Jonas Perkins, Company D, of the One Hundred and Eighth Ohio, performed an act of heroism on that occasion that entitles him to an acknowledgment from the General commanding, and to whatever mark of confidence and esteem he in the exercise of his influence can secure for him.

Huddled, not *aligned* behind the rails near the battery, were at least a hundred men who had been driven there by the officers on duty after having been demoralized in fight. When the rebel line a second time started on a charge—this time to take a battery and destroy the last hope for holding the left—they gave way and ran.

Jonas Perkins, a boy about seventeen years of age in appearance, but a *full-grown man* in action, stood alone and at his post. The cannoneer at post No. 3 was struck by a Minié ball and disabled. Young Perkins leaned his gun against the barricade, and there amid the thunders of six guns when stout hearts were failing and all seemed lost, when that little cove darkened by the smoke of battle was ringing with the lusty cheers of the enemy, he stepped up and asked the Captain if he might take the post of the fallen man, and throughout the action bore himself as nobly as the noblest. Simonson, the very embodiment of bravery, stood firmly at his guns and hurled across the plain his double-shotted canister. A cheer is heard at last, and down the gorge comes Robinson's brigade of Williams' division, who, on hurrying to the barricade, soon thrust back the eager assailants and closed the contest.

At five and a half o'clock in the evening, General M. L. Smith, with one brigade on the right, and General Osterhaus, with Wood's brigade on the left, descended from the hills, and charging across the undulating country in his front, carried the first line of the enemy's

rifle-pits between us and his main works around Resacca. The rebels retiring to their main line, are reinforced, and returning with cheers, charge up to the very ditch, but are repulsed. At nightfall, finding that the enemy's guns, from a fort to the left of the town, enfiladed the lines, it was determined to add to the depth of the pits and throw up traverses.

So determined had been the charge of the rebel line to retake their works, that one fell with his head actually hanging over the edge of the ditch. In deepening them the dirt thrown up buried him, save his feet, and to-day his shoes may be seen sticking from the breast-works, in attempting to storm which he became a part.

About ten o'clock at night French's rebel division stole stealthily towards our line, and advancing by column, attempted to turn our left. A fresh brigade from the heights was hurried across the rolling ground below, and succeeded after a desperate conflict in driving the enemy back.

The struggle seen from the hills was grand beyond description. Lifted above a line of battle the musketry seems like hammers, and the sea of sparks that fall from the flame as it leaps from the muzzle like so many sparks from an anvil. To see a whole line firing, not by volley, but as rapidly as the men may load, and at night the line of flame looks like glowing chain-work that artisans are welding at the forge. Listen to it attentively and one would say that there are anvils employed of different weights. Some have a tinkling treble, and others have a hoarse dull bass. Mingle with this now the bellowsings of the artillery, and the chime makes real music.

With the object of throwing Garrard's cavalry across the Oostanaula, the second division of the Sixteenth was ordered down to lay pontoons. The enemy was found on the opposite bank, and a sharp fight ensued. Artillery was brought up, the enemy was dispersed, and at four o'clock the pontoons were down, and the cavalry was crossing.

The cavalry once across, General Sweeney crossed with his infantry, and threw up good works to protect the boats.

Thus closed the fighting on the sixteenth.

As I pass around the camp, even among those who have come out from the fiery ordeal unsinged, are not a few making the hours speed in hilarity as though Momus were indeed holding court instead of Mars.

Operations on the fifteenth.

Musketry begins at daylight again. I hear it last when I go to sleep and first when I waken. There is a haze floating through the atmosphere, and the sun this morning is the blood-red orb that rose on Chickamauga. May its setting leave to rest and night our troops victorious, was said more than once that morning, for we all knew there would be fighting—hard, bloody fighting, done that day.

Where? Was the question every one asked and no one replied, except to guess. No troops were stirring. It was a quiet morning indeed.

General Sherman was seen going to the left, and General Thomas, the staid old adviser of Rosecrans, and who is the most intimate and respected adviser of General Sherman, was seen jogging quietly in the same direction. It was determined at last by General Sherman that a high knob, the slope of which was covered with a dense growth of underbrush, should be carried by assault.

Brigadier-General Ward, the rough, stern old Kentuckian, who commands a brigade in Butterfield's division, was chosen to perform the work, and it delighted him. The assaulting force was formed in column of battalion, the Seventieth Indiana taking the lead, followed in turn by the other regiments of the brigade. General Coburn's brigade was to have been held in reserve, but afterwards participated. Colonel Wood's brigade participated also in the grand assault. General Ward moved his brigade, which he had formed under cover of the woods, out into the open field, and prepared to move towards the knob. On the very summit of this almost inaccessible knob the enemy had constructed a redoubt for four guns. No sooner had Ward's troops emerged into the open ground beyond the works, when the little redoubt belched forth a torrent of missiles that overshot the column and failed to injure a man. From the rebel rifle-pits on the right flank, however, and from the rebel infantry on the knoll, came a sleet of bullets, in which it seemed almost, if not quite miraculous that anything could live. Through all this the column pressed, the Seventieth Indiana rising the slope, entering the thicket, and pushing towards the redoubt. The artillerists apply their matches to no effect; up go the men; they enter embrasures, shoot the gunners at their work, and the flag floats from the parapet.

General Ward is severely wounded in the charge, and upon the young and gallant Harrison devolves the command of the brigade.

Just in rear of the redoubt runs a splendid line of rifle-pits, rising from behind, from which the rebels pour in such withering volleys that we were forced to retire from the work. Through the interstices, now and then, as the breeze carries off the sulphur cloud, the flag is seen waved by the faithful color-bearer.

Finding that the brigade was not strong enough to carry the rifle-pits, Colonel Harrison determined to withdraw the troops under cover of the fort and hill.

As we were leaving, the rebels, thinking we had been repulsed, cheered lustily. This stung the gallant color-bearer Hess, of the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Illinois, and springing back to the embrasure again stood and floated the colors defiantly at the enemy. Brave fellow, his death atoned his rashness. A rebel, levelling his musket, shot him through his heart. There were other hands to grasp the flag, and it came

back only to return and wave from the very spot where its former bearer fell.

The boys were determined not to let the guns slip from their grasp, and about three hundred huddled under cover of the redoubt, and picked off every enemy that made an effort to take them out. Was ever battery in such an anomalous position? Within grasp almost of two parties, and yet it would be almost death to either to attempt their seizure. There with straining eyes lay the disputants hour after hour, killing and maiming each other, and yet both determinedly clinging to the trophy. After dark the rebels made a charge for the battery, but the staunch three hundred drove them back and retained possession.

About eleven o'clock at night the three hundred men were released by a detail, which with spades widened the embrasures and dragged out the guns.

The loss of the brigade in this brilliant affair was almost four hundred men.

General Harrison, grandson of the old President, in whose veins courses the same patriotic ardor that so distinguished his grandfather, made application in conjunction with General Ward for permission to charge the enemy's main line in rear of the redoubt, but the General regarded the sacrifice as unnecessary, and the request was not granted.

Colonels Coburn and Wood, each of whom fought brigades on the left of Ward, suffered heavy losses, and reaped honors that will not soon fade.

General Geary, who attacked the enemy, was in turn attacked further to the left, also suffered heavy losses, but he has the satisfaction of knowing by the best evidence in the world, the bodies of the slain that were strewn over the ground in the morning, that he wreaked terrible vengeance for the blood he lost.

Of all the fearful things in the world a night attack, I truly believe, is most dreaded by the soldier. Between eleven and twelve o'clock to-night our whole line was roused to arms by volleys of musketry and the deafening cheers of the charging enemy. The most exciting and most demoralizing rumors imaginable took wing at once, and the uproar was indescribably bewildering. Were you ever thrown under the influences of a night assault? Well, if you were not you don't know what a "skeer" is, then, at all. Did you ever put on boots, vest, coat, and hat, wrap up your blankets, run a mile in a circle in search of your horse, find him, strap on the saddle, and mount in less than four minutes and a half? Well, I think I did on the night of the grand sham assault. All night the rebels worked like beavers, chopping and swearing (especially the latter), and apparently rolling logs.

The morning of the sixteenth my ears were greeted by the same sounds of musketry, but they were from our skirmishers who were endeavoring "to wake the Johnnies up," as they expressed it. The Johnnies were all gone, however, safe over the Oostanaula. They had

burned the bridge as they left, and we were behind holding the bag. If I was familiar with Johnson, I'd say: "Pretty sharp. Joe, and I'd carry the joke no further."

Here along the road on the slopes, in the redoubt, and through the thickets, lay the dead and mangled. In one house not far distant from the scene of conflict the rebels had huddled at least twenty ambulance loads of wounded. But to the hill. Here in front of Ward and Coburn, and Wood and Geary, the dead were numerous. We found one dead Colonel, but on his person no marks or papers by which to recognize him.

A short distance from the battle-field lived a family that had members in the rebel army, and it was supposed they were in this battle. The mother and sisters were searching the thickets and looking into the faces of the dead in feverish anxiety to know whether their dear ones were among the number who should never wake again to earth's *reveille*.

At the foot of the hill, near a long row of dead men laid out for burial, stood the four guns, to capture or retain which all these lives were paid. The boys of the brigade felt and examined every piece of mechanism, point, or clasp, or ring. A soldier was astraddle every piece, and some supported two. They would step about, and scrutinize and talk about them fully as proud of them as an affianced bride would be of a charming trousseau.

In front of Logan's line even more ghastly sights were seen than on the enemy's right. The dead that lay here had lain for two days, and were badly swollen. They were lying in the ditches, on the knolls near the works, in the ravines, in every conceivable place, and in every possible shape. As I travelled among the corpses on the night of the sixteenth instant, just above me on a knoll a party of church members were singing a hymn. A few feet from them lay the corpse of an old bald-headed man. There was a strange contrast between the mellow sweetness of their voices chanting a hymn, and the cold, rigid features and the glassy glare of the eyeballs, as the moonbeams fell upon them. There was too much food for solemn thought. Death, to which we all must come at last, and they who were preparing for it.

On a little knoll we found three bodies. Wild flowers of every hue were blooming here as though nature had decked these rolling green swards for a gala day. To descend from the knolls into the thickets to hunt dead men was the straw too much for my curiosity, and I returned to camp to revisit the field in dreams.

Lieutenant Shaw, on the staff of General Elliott, Chief of Cavalry of the Department of the Cumberland, was very conspicuous on the field bearing orders, and in making and reporting observations. Always cool amidst danger, and remarkably concise, he is worthy of the many compliments that were paid him during the four memorable days before Resacca.

Mr. C. F. Wagner of New York, for a long

time connected with the army as Sutler of the Nineteenth regular infantry, performed praiseworthy service as a volunteer aid on the staff of General R. W. Johnson. He flinched from no duty, encountered danger, and performed every task with satisfaction to the General.

Major Connolly, of General Baird's staff, is equally deserving of commendation for his attention to duty and unflinching bravery.

Our losses from the seventh up to the sixteenth, will amount to at least four thousand men.

The enemy's loss will, I apprehend, not exceed in killed, wounded, and missing, twenty-five hundred, as he fought mostly behind breast-works.

A. J. DAUGHERTY.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

RESACCA, GA., May 17.

The preliminary operations of General Sherman's campaign are already known to the public—the massing of General Thomas' army at Chattanooga; the advance to Ringgold, and the passage of Taylor's Ridge; the march of McPherson from Huntsville, Decatur, and other places, towards the great theatre of operations in North Georgia; the descent of Schofield from East Tennessee to form part of the left of the grand army—all these things are known.

Equally well understood are the next series of movements—the march from the eastern foot of Taylor's Ridge to the western base of the Chattanooga Mountain; the occupation of the town of Tunnel by a portion of Palmer's corps; the retreat of the enemy, after some insignificant skirmishing, from the Tunnel Hill range of eminences; the movement of Schofield and Newton along the east side of Rocky Face, a part of Chattanooga Mountain; the ascent of the northern slope of the ridge by Harker, until stopped by an almost impassable ravine, across which the enemy opened a fierce fire; the splendid achievement of Colonel John G. Mitchell, in driving the rebels from the mouth of Buzzard Roost Gap, taking possession of three hills at its western entrance, thus closing it as effectually against the rebels, should they attempt to assail our rear through it, as they had closed it against any direct advance of ours upon Dalton; the fearless charge of Colonel B. F. Scribner across some open fields to the right of the gap, by which he cleared everything except the ridge itself of the rebel sharpshooters, and then retired with his troops orderly as if on parade, although exposed to a plunging fire from six pieces of artillery on the summit of Rocky Face; the brave but unavailing effort of General Geary to penetrate the enemy's strong barrier by way of Dug Gap. I cannot now pause to dwell upon any of these. Hereafter, even the hurried correspondent, grasping at events as they pass, may find time and opportunity to notice some of them at greater length.

But no one of these achievements, nor all of

them combined, had or could put us in possession of Rocky Face Ridge, the impregnable rampart upon and behind which the rebels lay, and which we must either penetrate or turn ere we could ever hope to see Dalton. Boldly and abruptly the ridge rises out of the valley, covered to its summit with a thick growth of pines, and traversed by innumerable ravines. Two-thirds of the way up the individual seeking to ascend is met by a stupendous cliff, rising perpendicularly to a height ranging from twenty to sixty feet, according to locality. Could we hope to storm this ridge? A line of skirmishers could defend it against a host. Could we hope to pass through Buzzard Roost Gap, lined as it was with rifle-pits and cannon? Annihilation awaited the force that should attempt it. Could Schofield proceed down the valley, along the east side of the ridge, and effect an entrance into Dalton in that way? By so doing he would cut himself off from support by the rest of the army, and probably be crushed by the enemy massing his forces against him. Besides, before going far upon his way, he would find another gorge almost as easily defensible as that of Buzzard Roost.

All this we had discovered last February, when Palmer, under the direction of Thomas, reconnoitred that stronghold of the enemy; but it is sometimes well to learn a lesson a second time. Four days we lay at the foot of Rocky Face, engaged in almost incessant skirmishing with the enemy's sharpshooters, effecting little or nothing toward the accomplishment of our object, and losing about eight hundred men.

But a blow was about being struck in another direction. Twelve or fifteen miles south of Buzzard Roost is a long oblique cut in Chattanooga Mountain, called Snake Creek Gap, from a small stream which, running through the cut in a south-east direction, finds its way into the Oostenaule below Resacca. Thither McPherson, with parts of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth corps, wended his way, after passing through Ship Gap in Taylor's Ridge, and marching by the town of Villanow. It was on Monday, the ninth of May, when he reached the western entrance of Snake Creek Gap, and prepared to wrest it from the enemy. Singularly enough, it had been left both unfortified and unguarded by the rebels; a brigade which was hurried forward to dispute McPherson's passage, came too late; and ere the day was closed, that General found himself in full possession of this important pass, with scarcely the firing of a gun. On Tuesday, the tenth, General Dodge, with two divisions of the Sixteenth corps, closely supported by General Logan, with the Fifteenth, moved from the mouth of the gap, passed the Sugar Valley Post Office, drove in some small bodies of rebel skirmishers, and actually advanced to the range of hills which, in this direction, overlook Resacca. There were the enemy's formidable lines of works in open view; not so strong, indeed, as they were afterwards made, but formidable nevertheless even at that

time. Had General Dodge thought best to do so, or had General McPherson deemed it prudent, we might then have occupied these works; for they were defended by only a couple of the enemy's brigades. The reason we did not then take possession of Resacca, is probably because it was not at that time determined by the commanding General to make his principal attack upon the enemy's left wing.

A portion of Hooker's corps went down to the gap on the eleventh, and passed through.

On the morning of the twelfth, the Fourteenth corps, General Palmer, began its march for the same locality, Geary's division, of Hooker's corps, preceded; Schofield's corps and Newton's division, of Howard's, followed. Stanley relieved Davis at the mouth of Buzzard Roost Gap, and Wood shifted down toward the right to support Stanley, ready to carry these two divisions into Dalton as soon as the attack upon the rebel left should compel them to withdraw from Buzzard Roost. As long as the great movement toward Snake Creek Gap was going on, it was Howard's business to keep up as much noise as possible at Buzzard's Roost, in order to deceive the enemy as to what was taking place, and make him believe as long as possible that the assault was to be made directly in front. Accordingly, long after we had left Buzzard Roost, on the morning of the twelfth, we could hear Howard's cannon pounding away lively as ever.

All along the road to Snake Creek Gap I found the country deserted, as usual, when our army first passes through; and the members of the only family I saw in the entire fifteen miles' ride to Snake Creek Gap, gave me in answer to my question, "Where are the people gone?" the invariable answer "Down below!" meaning, of course, further South. The head of this family was a villainous looking fellow, with rebel, *rebel*, depicted in unmistakable lineaments all over his countenance. It is very silly for any of the people to run away from their homes on the approach of the Union army, but I could not avoid thinking that this fellow remained behind from pure impudence. "I don't see," said he to me, "what all you folks are going to do down thar. I reckon if all that have passed here in the last two days are thar now, they must be piled on top of one another!" "I reckon," said I, a little nettled, "that when they get ready they'll go through the Gap to the other side." "If they do they'll get hurt!" was his cool rejoinder, and I could not prevent a smile as I found myself unable to add anything more.

I passed on through the famous gap, which is some four or five miles in length, and found the idea of the rebel citizen almost realized. Infantry, cavalry, and artillery covered the earth wherever the eye was directed; the gap throughout its whole extent literally swarming with living men. It called forcibly to my mind the mighty hosts of which we read in ancient history, sacred and profane. As I passed on,

the immense masses everywhere confronted me. Surely no nobler body of men, in all that constitutes genuine nobility, was ever collected together upon this continent. Here was a force much larger than that with which Napoleon, when a mere boy, won a score of pitched battles, destroyed four mighty armies, conquered all Italy, and sent the Austrian eagles screaming with terror back over the Noric Alps. The pride, the flower, the chivalry, the strength of the whole vast West was here. In able hands, how effective it might be made for the suppression of treason and the advancement of our glorious cause! Was it in such hands? The ardent enthusiast might answer unhesitatingly in the affirmative; the thoughtful patriot would only hope and pray.

All this day the army was employed in coming through the gap, and getting into position on the eastern side. Strange that the enemy never once attempted to interfere with our arrangements! Had he thrown himself with determined valor upon the heads of our columns as they were debouching into the plain, he might have inflicted upon us a heavy loss, and given us a world of trouble. But he was busy strengthening his defences at Resacca. All the operations of our army were covered with consummate skill by the cavalry, and it may be the enemy did not even know our infantry was through the gap, until a corps or two was in line of battle upon the eastern side.

Early on the morning of Friday, the thirteenth of May, preparations were made to advance towards Resacca. General Kilpatrick galloped forth to beat up the enemy's pickets. While he and members of his staff were in advance of his men, he fell into an ambushade laid by a small party of the enemy, and received a painful, although not dangerous wound. Both he and his staff escaped with some difficulty from the rebels. The command of General Kilpatrick's division now devolved upon Colonel Murray, Third Kentucky cavalry, heretofore commanding a brigade in the division. It could not have fallen into better hands, for Colonel Murray is a young man who truly as any with whom I am acquainted, represents the chivalry of Kentucky. The command of Colonel Murray's brigade devolved upon Colonel Atkins, Ninety-second Illinois; and this, too, was fortunate, for the army contains no better man than he. The cavalry operations were conducted to general satisfaction all through the day.

At one o'clock p. m. news arrived that General Howard had passed through Buzzard Roost Gap and entered Dalton, finding the place entirely evacuated by the enemy. Shortly after the announcement of this intelligence, Osterhaus' and Harrow's divisions, of the Fifteenth corps, Logan's, began to advance towards Resacca. The rebels retreated rapidly until they came to a point where the Sugar Valley road, which so far runs nearly south, bends suddenly round some steep hills to the east, and passing through a ravine between two hills, continues

its course to Resacca. Here a heavy skirmish commenced, and at three p. m. the enemy opened a battery of twelve-pounders upon our troops, and shelled them most viciously. Our own batteries replied with spirit and effect, and a charge being sounded, a part of Osterhaus' division rushed forward and carried the hill upon which the rebel batteries had been planted. The rebels withdrew precipitately into their works, and this initial success encouraged our men greatly. It exasperated the rebels, however, for, concentrating the fire from a dozen cannon upon the summit of the hill, they hurled round shot and shell upon it so furiously, that it seemed impossible anything could continue there alive. But Foelkner's and De Gress' batteries were not to be intimidated, any more than were the Twenty-seventh Missouri infantry, which occupied the hill. The former returned fire for fire, and the latter crouching close to the side of the eminence, held fast to their position. The firing at last ceased, and just as the sun was about to go down, Sherman, Thomas, Elliott, and other Generals came up to the summit of the height, and through their glasses viewed long and attentively the rebel works around Resacca.

The sun had not risen on the morning of the fourteenth, Saturday, when the skirmishing recommenced; and until two p. m. there was not a single minute in which the dropping sound of musketry could not have been heard. It was half-past twelve, perhaps, when the rebels opened a severe fire of both small arms and artillery upon the left of the Fifteenth corps. At the same time the noise of battle could be distinctly heard away to the left. This last was readily understood.

After entering Dalton the day before, and finding nothing there save a ruined and deserted town, Howard, with Wood and Stanley's divisions, had moved rapidly southward, to effect a junction with the remainder of the army. The rebels were making a feeble effort to prevent this, and hence the firing upon the left. By noon the pickets of Howard communicated with those of Schofield or rather with Newton's division of his own corps, which had marched down the western side of Rocky Face, and passed through Snake Creek Gap in company with Schofield. Half an hour later the lines communicated, and thus the entire army was again united and in order of battle surrounding the enemy's works; Howard being upon the extreme left, Schofield next in order. Hooker next, Palmer next, Logan next, and Dodge on the right.

Whoever would form a general idea of the field of battle, has only to conceive of a river, the Oostenaula, with a great bend; at the middle of the semicircle thus formed, is the town of Resacca, through which runs the Western and Atlanta Railroad.

The rebel works extend generally north and south in front of the town, bending east and west at the extremities, so as to rest both flanks upon the river. Outside of this arc, and in a

manner surrounding it, extend our lines. A little stream called Camp Creek flows through a narrow valley with precipitous bluffs on each side. For more than a mile our lines extend on one side of this valley, and the rebel lines on the other. The opposing armies shoot at each other across this valley! A country abounding in steep hills thickly wooded, with almost impassable ravines, and with here and there a cleared patch of ground, makes up the remainder of this great theatre of warfare where two mighty armies were about to enact another tragedy.

The rebel army was divided into three great corps: Hardee's on the right, Hood in the centre, and Polk on the left. All the reinforcements brought up from Mobile, Savannah, and other parts, were distributed among these three.

About one o'clock it was determined to attack the enemy's lines, partly for the purpose of directing his attention from the left of the Fifteenth corps, where, as I have said, he had commenced a fierce fire, but mainly to test his strength and determination, and if possible to drive him from his works upon this part of the field.

The attack was commenced by Schofield, who, with Newton, advanced gradually up to the enemy's work, Wood and Stanley pressing closely the extreme rebel right. Further to our right, Carlin's and King's brigades of Johnson's division assailed the enemy's lines in front of them with great vigor and determination. Never was field more stubbornly contested. Officers vied with the men in acts of daring. Judah's division, of Schofield's corps, blazed like a volcano all round a low hill upon which were the rebel works they designed to storm. But every instant their ranks were thinned by showers of bullets and grapeshot hurled among them by the rebels, who fought with comparative security inside their rifle-pits.

Our line wavered. Turchin's brigade of Baird's division was ordered to the rescue. As a portion of Johnson's men had done, they hurled themselves down the almost perpendicular bluffs of which I have spoken; waded through Camp Creek, waist deep at the foot; and attempted to charge across the valley under a most murderous fire. The charge was unsuccessful—the bulk of the brigade withdrew; but a couple of regiments crossed the valley, and taking shelter under the very bluffs upon which the enemy's works were constructed, lay there in comparative security until the friendly night came on, when they quietly withdrew.

Colonel John G. Mitchell's brigade, of Davis' division, was now sent to the assistance of Turchin. It came gallantly into the fight, as does any body of troops with Colonel Mitchell for a leader. But the relentless storm from the enemy's works fell upon it also; the Colonel himself narrowly escaped death, a shell exploding at the feet of his horse, a huge fragment knocking to flinders the field glass which hung at his side, and which alone saved his life.

The order was finally given for the whole line to withdraw, which it did in good order. The enemy had been driven from a portion of his outer line of works, and although we did not occupy them at that time, the fire of our artillery was so effective that the rebels never reoccupied them.

Joe Johnston now determined to assume the offensive in earnest, and began massing his troops upon his right, with the design of turning our left. The movement would probably have been successful had it not been discovered in time and prevented. To Lieutenant W. L. Shaw, of General Elliott's staff, the honor of the discovery belongs. From a hill upon the right of our lines his keen eye detected the rebel columns moving towards our left. Hooker was instantly despatched to breast the coming storm, but before he could arrive it burst upon a portion of our line. Cruft's brigade of Stanley's division occupied an advanced position to the east of the Tilton and Resacca road, which Stanley had been ordered to hold. Upon this brigade the rebels fell in immense numbers, and after a gallant resistance it was broken and pushed back. As it emerged from the woods near the road, and came across some open fields west of the same, the enemy pressed after it with terrific yells. It seemed as if the left was really about to be turned, but Simonson's old battery, the Fifth Indiana, was posted at the western edge of the field, and as the rebels advanced, it poured into them so destructive a fire of grape and canister, that notwithstanding they rushed with determined bravery to within one hundred feet of the battery, they were finally driven back in great disorder. A brigade of Hooker's men, which had arrived at the nick of time, contributed greatly to this result, and manfully supported the battery.

Just as the battle ended upon the left a terrible conflict broke out upon the right. During the afternoon portions of Logan's corps, and Sprague's brigade of the Sixteenth corps, had dislodged the enemy from a line of works almost exactly in front of the town. Just after dark the rebels made a desperate effort to regain them. With long lines of infantry, whose fixed bayonets glittered in the moonlight, they charged up the hill upon which the works were situated, and forced their way to the very foot of the bulwarks. But a deadly fire from the Union lines mowed them down, until at last they gave up the fruitless contest and fled with precipitation and terror down the heights. It was nearly ten o'clock before the storm of battle ceased to rage.

Early on Sunday morning the skirmishing recommenced, but it was not until about half-past one that anything of importance took place.

It should be observed here, that in order to fill up the gap occasioned by Hooker's withdrawal the day before, the whole of Palmer's corps was shifted to the right, or rather was expanded so as to cover twice as much ground as it did the day before.

Hooker was now upon the extreme left, and about one P. M. commenced a general assault upon the works immediately in front. With dauntless bravery his men advanced to the attack, and Ward's brigade, of Butterfield's division, stormed a small fort, and captured four pieces of artillery. A tremendous fire from a long line of rebel rifle-pits, behind and around the fort, compelled the greater portion to retire; but enough remained to hold the cannon and prevent the rebels from recapturing the works. In this fight, Colonel Harrison, of the Seventieth Indiana, who assumed command of Ward's brigade upon the latter being wounded, particularly distinguished himself.

Our plan of battle for the coming day was to mass the bulk of our forces upon the wings of our army, assailing the rebels on both flanks at once, while our centre was held by a single line. Had this design been known to the enemy, he might have attempted to break our centre during the night. Consequently, the utmost vigilance was exercised after dark, and some rapid firing which took place in front of Johnson's division about midnight, caused the whole army to stand to its guns. But at that very hour the rear guard of the rebel forces was evacuating Resacca. The firing precipitated its movements, because the rebels in the town supposed we had discovered the retreat and were about attacking in force in the middle of the night.

When morning dawned, not a rebel, save some stragglers, was in or around Resacca. McPherson immediately started in pursuit. Ere this, his advance must have reached Calhoun; and while I am warned that the sixteenth of May has passed away, and the seventeenth is about to dawn, I see the Army of the Cumberland filing out from Resacca to join in the chase.

KINGSTON, GA., May 20.

General Sherman's advance occupied this place yesterday, before noon. The rebel rear guard had left after daylight. The day before, eleven engines with trains, lay here, and moved south before the rear of the army; this morning, before daylight, a Yankee engineer pulled the whistle that sounded the arrival of the first engine under Federal direction. As the roar of the whistle resounded through these mountains, it received an answering echo from the thousands of Union soldiers who literally swarmed all over the ground. The "boys" facetiously remark that General Johnston is on the train just in advance of Sherman, and keeps his train flagged in order to avoid being run into. Now (ten A. M.) it is reported that the train is eight miles further down, the next two bridges below being uninjured. The pursuit was so close that no attempt was made to burn the first bridge. At the second, our cavalry arrived in time to capture the squad which was attempting to fire the bridge, and with the prisoners' greasy haversacks, put the fire out.

The Etowah River is fourteen miles from

Kingston. There a stand will certainly be made, or it may be that a gap in the Altoona Mountains, at Altoona, six miles from the Etowah, may be chosen. The Etowah—improperly called the Hightower and Highflower—unites with the Oostenaula at Rome, forming the Coosa. A railroad unites Kingston with Rome, the distance being about thirty miles in a western direction.

My last letter gave an account of operations in McPherson's command on the right, up to Saturday night, the fourteenth. That day and evening, heavy fighting near Resacca was going on, in part of which one brigade of Dodge's command participated—Colonel Sprague's, of General Veatch's division. General Fuller's brigade was held in reserve. I regret being unable, on account of the steady moving of troops, to obtain particulars of their engagement. The Sixty-third and Forty-third Ohio are in Colonel Sprague's brigade. Their loss is not great. I am informed that this brigade had the honor of first entering Resacca.

Resacca being evacuated, and the enemy in full retreat, early Sunday morning General Dodge's second division was ordered to lay a pontoon bridge, and cross the Oostenaula at Lay's Ferry, in order to throw a column on the Rome road below Calhoun, and thus harass the enemy as much as possible. The first brigade, Colonel Rice, advanced a line of skirmishers, supported by artillery and infantry, and in a short time cleared the opposite bank of the force stationed there. The Sixty-sixth Indiana lost a number in killed and wounded, by supposing the enemy to be gone, and by marching by flank into range, where a volley taught them to form in line of battle in short order. Under cover of artillery, the pontoon wagons were brought to the river bank, and by ten o'clock the first brigade of infantry was over the river. The remainder of the troops were immediately forwarded, and all the infantry of two brigades—the First and Second—thrown across.

A skirmish line was thrown out, which soon developed a considerable force in plain view.

The Seventh Iowa, of the First brigade, and the Sixty-sixth Indiana, were thrown forward on the right of the road, under cover of the woods towards a brick house, behind which the main rebel force was formed. The artillery got excellent range, and literally perforated the house and outhouses with round shot and shell. The skirmish line was all that was visible in the open field, and when all was ready, a staff officer rode forward with the order for it to advance. Away went the blue line like so many moving dots, exploding into puffs of smoke at intervals, and again collecting into their original form. They had proceeded but a little way, until from the woods beyond emerged a dirty gray and brown line of big monsters bearing bright guns at a "right shoulder shift," and threatening to swallow up the little sprinkling of Yankees before them. Alas! they could not see the compact line of blue waiting to fall upon their left and crush it. Like sheep to the slaughter, they came

on until they had passed the crest of the little elevation, when a storm of shell from our battery, and a blinding shower of bullets from the First brigade, brought terror into their ranks. Their line halted—then wavered—rallied—wavered again, and then melted away, leaving traces of its position by the blood of the wounded and the bodies of the slain.

During this little affair—as pretty an engagement as you ever saw depicted on paper—the Second brigade, Colonel Burke, was in line along the river bank, and, although only skirmishers were actually engaged, yet many of the men could not repress their desire to “have a pop,” and consequently a considerable little volley was sent. The rebel lines were near enough for some of the balls to reach us. One man, of the Sixty-sixth Illinois, was killed here, and Color Sergeant John A. Wilson, Eighty-first Ohio, was wounded while defiantly waving his flag in the face of the foe.

With this the enemy withdrew, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. Among them was Captain Whitaker, commanding a battery of artillery.

Battle of Rome Cross Roads.

The remainder of General Dodge's command was immediately ordered up, but could not arrive until some time the next day; consequently, the Second division built temporary works to guard against surprise in the night, and waited. It was ten o'clock of Monday when General Sweeney's division started towards Calhoun. General Veatch's division was considerably in the rear. At the distance of a mile or two a strong defensive position was found evacuated, showing that retreat was in progress. About one o'clock our advance became engaged. At the same time General Dodge arrived, having ridden all the way from Resacca, and immediately set about putting his command in position. The First brigade was formed on the left of the road, facing eastwardly, the Third brigade on the right of the First, forming the centre, facing north-east, and on the right of the Third was the Second, facing nearly north. Thus disposed, a heavy line of skirmishers was sent out to ascertain the position of the enemy. It was soon found that their line was formed to protect a road a little in the rear of what is known as the Rome road, which crossed the Calhoun road a little in advance of the right of the Second brigade. Along this back road a heavy train of wagons was passing, and it was important that it should be well guarded. Cleburne's and Walker's divisions, the best of Johnston's army, were detailed for this duty, and were strongly posted.

Of course, General McPherson, who was also present, did not desire to engage these troops until the remainder or a portion of the rest of his command should come up. General Veatch's division and the Fifteenth corps were coming; consequently orders were given to not press

an engagement. Firing all along the skirmish line was quite brisk, but especially on the right of the entire line, which was bent back so as to cover the flank and also conform to the enemy's line in front of the Rome road. Two hours of skirmishing ensued, with an occasional shot from our batteries, when our boys on the right, becoming impatient, advanced and drove the rebel line beyond the Rome road. This portion of our skirmish line was composed of three companies of the Sixty-sixth Illinois, under command of Captain George A. Taylor, of Lima, Ohio. Brave as the bravest, and always impetuous, this officer, on reaching the Rome road and perceiving a party of rebels retreating in that direction, took four or five men with him and started in pursuit. Reckless of life, he followed until suddenly a volley from a strong line in ambush burst upon him, and he fell dead—shot through the brain. His men could not bear off his body, and it was left to rebel magnanimity. When found next morning, his boots, pants, hat, money, watch, and ring, were gone, and the buttons were cut from his coat. He was decently interred by the men of his regiment, as soon as possible next day.

The death of Captain Taylor had such a disheartening effect on his men that they began to yield gradually the ground they had gained. Almost the entire regiment of sharpshooters (One Hundred and Sixty-sixth Illinois) was deployed as skirmishers, and several companies of the Eighty-first Ohio were sent out to support. Still, the Fourth division did not come up, and we could not attack. Perceiving this, and perhaps thinking we were weak, the enemy began to press our lines. Stronger and stronger came the firing on the right, until it became evident their attack would be there.

Colonel Burke went forward to learn, as well as possible, the ground and the position of the enemy. It was almost all a dense forest, thickly covered with pine brush, and it was impossible to learn anything except by hearing. Both General McPherson and General Dodge now came to the right, and the former ordered the right to fall back. Although the enemy was hidden from view and the balls striking among the trees, General Dodge rode forward to the advanced line and gave directions in person as to its position. The attack was coming on the right flank of the Second brigade. The Sixty-sixth Illinois was scattered along a mile of skirmish line; the Eighty-first Ohio was divided into three battalions, under Lieutenant-Colonel Adams, Major Evans, and Captain Hill, and each battalion separated from the others. The Twelfth Illinois, still on the left of the Eighty-first, was almost entire, only one or two companies out skirmishing. A change of front by the battalions of the Eighty-first Ohio, was ordered so as to face towards the Rome road. Hardly was this done when the rebels advanced in force on the right battalion of the Eighty-first Ohio, under Captain Hill, and were pressing it hard when the centre battalion, under Lieutenant-Colonel

Adams, joined it and checked the advance. The Twelfth Illinois was hurried forward to fill the gap now made between Colonel Adams and Major Evans, who, with the left battalion of the Eighty-first, was ordered to hold that valley until further orders. Before the Twelfth got into position, the rebel line had so overlapped the right of the Eighty-first Ohio, that it was compelled to fall back a short distance, which was done in good order, and a position taken. But by this time Major Evans perceived a line advancing upon him, and relying on the tried gallantry of his command, without stopping to think how many were in his front, he ordered a charge. With a cheer which I wish might ring in every disloyal ear in the North, the line moved forward like one man, stopping for no obstacles. Volley after volley went rattling and thundering through the rebel ranks as the line kept still advancing. By this time, too, the Twelfth got in position on the right, and a volley from them told the rebel Generals that our commanders understood their business. Back, back, fell the rebels, and on sped the gallant Second brigade. Even when the rebel line was passed, and their right overlapped our left, there was no pause; but two companies, quickly changing front and having advantage of position, drove them like sheep before them.

In the meantime the Third brigade, commanded by Colonel Bane, was menaced. A party of sharpshooters attempted to capture one of his batteries, which was well forward. The battery had to be withdrawn. A few shells were thrown directly upon or near the house where General McPherson and General Dodge and staff were stopping, doing no more damage than causing a little sensation among the glittering officers, and cutting off a horse's tail.

As it was now late, and the Second brigade had driven the enemy in confusion, the order was given to withdraw it, and relieve the whole division with the Fourth division, which had just come up. The withdrawal was made in excellent order, and so confused was the enemy that not a shot was fired as the brigade retired.

Colonel Burke was in the front from the beginning. Early in the engagement a ball struck his left leg below the knee, and shattered the bone, then penetrated through his horse. The horse was not killed instantly, and the Colonel rode up to Lieutenant-Colonel Adams, Eighty-first Ohio, and quietly remarking that he was wounded, turned over the command to him and rode away. His leg had to be amputated. During the short time that Colonel Burke has been in command of the brigade, he has endeared himself to his entire command by his gentlemanly courtesy and uniform kindness. By his bearing in the field, every soldier who knew him was constrained to place the fullest confidence in him. An important and responsible command (that of the Second brigade) devolves by this casualty upon Lieutenant-Colonel R. N. Adams, Eighty-first Ohio.

It was a matter of wonder, after the engage-

ment, to ascertain that the loss in action did not exceed seventy-five. It could only be accounted for by the fact that the rebels fired too high, their balls striking always above our heads. The rebel loss in killed was much greater than ours, though it was impossible to ascertain it correctly.

I could not imagine a more gallant charge made with more fearful courage and confidence than that made by Colonel Burke's brigade through that dense forest. Heedless alike of dangers seen and unseen, every man felt himself a host, and pressed forward with as much confidence of success as if the battle was over and the victory already won. Nothing short of annihilation could resist them. When they learned afterwards that they had fought the flower of the rebel army, their victory grew the brighter, and they felt certain of the result when the final contest shall come.

Retreat and Pursuit.

That heading tells the rest of my story. No man can tell you now where General Sherman's army has been since Monday last, unless the General himself. Every road, every field, every by-path, day and night, has been thronged and crowded by the hot pursuit of this great army. It has been a grand charge forward of men, horses, artillery, and trains—the earth has trembled with the vast movement. All the wonderful energy and restlessness of its great leader seem to be instilled into every part of the army, and with one mind and one purpose everything goes forward. Nobody doubts the result; every one knows it will be glorious.

With the exception of here and there a rich plateau or valley, the country from Calhoun to Kingston is a barren pine-covered wilderness. At Adairsville there is a long, fertile strip of country. Here the soil is good in some places, but covered with broken stone. Only here and there, at long intervals, do we see a good farmhouse or country residence. Citizens are more scarce than houses. Everybody is gone. I have seen but one slave man in the State of Georgia.

In the operations so far, General Dodge's command has taken one hundred prisoners. Of these thirty-two were captured by Colonel Burke's brigade, twenty-two of whom were taken by a party of not more than fifty, at the first crossing of the Oostenaule, on the fourteenth. After the battle of the sixteenth, one rebel found two or three of our men lost, and volunteered to show them back to our camp. They trusted him, and he was faithful. He gave himself up as a deserter.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

THE FRONT MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
May 21, 1864.

On Monday, immediately after the rebel army had evacuated its position at Sugar Grove, the Union army was mobilized, and at noon was on the move in pursuit of the retreating rebels.

Our force moved in three grand columns, sweeping the country for twenty miles. The rebel wounded and dead were scattered along the road and in the edges of the woods, where temporary hospitals had been established. Our surgeons had the rebel wounded conveyed to our own hospitals in the rear and cared for. At Resacca the rebel commissary left behind in his flight a considerable quantity of corn and meal, which was turned over to the hospitals, or given to the soldiers.

While the fight was progressing on Saturday and Sunday at Sugar Creek, McPherson was engaged in shelling Resacca, to interrupt the passage of the rebel army, which, late in the day, was observed to be moving in long and unbroken trains. The houses, stores, depot buildings, telegraph office, were riddled by the exploding shells and round shot, and the place rendered very uncomfortable. The inhabitants, like most of the people from Dalton and Tilton, took the train with their household effects, provisions, etc., and went South. The few who remained stated that a massacre and destruction of the people was expected, from the statements of the rebel officers and men. The order for the army to fall back was captured from the rebel courier on his way from Johnston's headquarters, and the whole programme thus revealed to us.

Taking the main road to Resacca, the enemy's rear passed the Coosawatchee on Sunday forenoon, and burned the railroad bridge. They also attempted, but failed, to destroy the trestle-bridge near it, which, with our pontoon, served an admirable purpose for crossing our artillery and ambulance train.

Resacca was strongly fortified by earthworks commanding the road, which passes through a line of irregular hills, so as to enfilade the approach. Being in the bend of the river, which protects it on three sides, and with forts crowning all the prominent hills on each side of the road, as well as long lines of rifle-pits running zig-zag along the sides and bases of the undulating ground, it would have been next to impossible to have carried the place by assault without the greatest destruction to the attacking force. It might have been taken by overcoming, first, any force stationed on the south side, and then by laying siege to the place, and driving out the enemy by artillery at long range. It was evidently no part of the rebel programme to make a stand at Resacca. There was some necessary detention in crossing the river by the limited means provided, but before sunset the large portion of the forces, with the immense wagon train, were winding over the hills beyond Resacca, while the left wing was crossing the river at Field's Ferry, and going by the way of Newtown. Stragglers and deserters were picked up at every mile of the march; many of them purposely stopping behind and giving themselves up. The road was lined and thickly strewn with broken muskets, blankets, and clothing,

which the retreating forces had thrown away to facilitate their flight.

On Monday evening the rear-guard skirmished lightly with our advance, but as they were not pushed very hard, the fight was not a serious one. On Tuesday the centre column, which the rebels chiefly pursued, came up to and passed Calhoun, a quiet country town of about four hundred inhabitants, which possesses many attractions for a country residence. The houses indicated to some extent wealth and thrift; there were handsome gardens, shade trees, an abundance of flowers, and other evidences of refinement and comfort. The people had mostly followed the army South. Three miles beyond, at the "Graves House," the rebels made a determined stand, and our skirmishers, assisted by artillery, were engaged for over two hours in a spirited contest with the enemy, whose sharpshooters occupied the octagon cement house, which served them quite well for a fort. The Union skirmishers of General Howard's Fourth corps, Newton's division, occupied rail barricades and trees, behind which they had partial shelter while peppering away at the enemy. An accident occurred here from the premature bursting of a shell fired from the Sixth Ohio battery, which killed six of our own men and wounded several others.

There is too much of this defective ammunition among our ordnance stores. Who is in fault? We had but few casualties, and went into camp on the ground, the heavens being lighted up by the flames of burning buildings on the Saxton estate, where the fight had occurred.

General Thomas' and General Howard's headquarters were at the front.

Early Wednesday morning the army was again in motion, the Fourth corps leading the way. The estate where the rebels had made their stand, and which the rebel Generals had occupied for their headquarters, was a fine cotton farm, with all the buildings, presses, gins, etc., attached. The dwelling was also a good one, of quite large dimensions. The soldiers were permitted to rifle it of the old rags and rubbish left by the occupants, and then to set it on fire, with all the other buildings on the estate—a bad use to make of an enemy's property, and a very foolish one, if it were not our own by the treasonable act of the owner. How far this vandalism is to be tolerated remains to be seen. The owners were undoubtedly rebels, as shown by the letters found upon the premises, but has the army of the Union come into Georgia to burn all rebel property, and to lay waste the country? and if not, why this incendiary beginning?

The country becomes more open as we advance. There are finely cultivated fields of corn and wheat. Some of the houses are large, with ample shaded grounds, with cotton-presses, barns, and other evidences of wealth. We have passed through the poor North Georgia

border of sandy, hilly soil, and are trenching upon the more fertile wheat and cotton lands of Middle Georgia. We have already passed through three counties, and will soon be in the fourth.

The centre passed through Adairsville this forenoon; a small, but heretofore a thriving town of two or three hundred inhabitants, with a hotel, a dozen stores, railroad depot, and an extensive machine shop and arsenal, where there was formerly a large manufactory of arms. All the people have run away, all the goods have been taken—they had light loads to carry I reckon—another machine shop and foundry were long since dismantled, and the work removed to Atlanta.

Here Cheatham had a hospital, in the loft of a brick store, where he left behind the amputated leg of an unfortunate rebel soldier, and there were other limbs in different places left behind as evidence of the bloody character of the previous day's fight. One or two dead lay in deserted buildings in the town. Some few families remained here, and, with one or two exceptions, were not disturbed. I heard some complaints that the meat and flour saved for families' use had been taken by our soldiers. These actions were unnecessary, and were to be attributed solely to the thieving dispositions of some of the men generally, "buzzards" who are always straggling behind the army, that they may plunder with the greater impunity. Not satisfied with taking articles of food, and, in some cases, all that they can lay hands on, they break and destroy furniture, looms, and farming implements, in the most wanton spirit. The commander of the Twenty-third army corps, I am glad to observe, has a stringent order against this indiscriminate pillaging. Officials of this corps, to my certain knowledge, have set their faces as a flint against these outrages, and have done all they could to prevent them. Colonel Bull, commanding the pioneer corps, is also entitled to the thanks of all who value the good name of the army. He allows no soldiers to enter a house upon any pretext, and when obliged to stop for water at a well, upon any person's premises, personally sees that they commit no depredations, and that they "move along." Such officers redeem the character of the army.

On Friday morning Rome was occupied by McPherson, who came upon the place suddenly, and prevented the destruction of the machine-shop, which the rebels attempted to burn. I understand that a considerable number of prisoners were also captured.

The bridge across the Resacca having been repaired by the pioneer corps in an incredibly short time, the trains are now running to Kingston with supplies for the army. A train was also run up to Rome on Friday. The railroads have all been left intact by the retreating army. They undoubtedly expect to return and have use for them hereafter.

The Twentieth and Twenty-third corps, oc-

cupying the left, pushed the enemy rapidly back, skirmishing heavily on the roads beyond Kingston. At Cassville, a handsome village six miles beyond Kingston, the enemy had constructed earthworks, and after occupying for a time the brick college-buildings, lately used for hospitals, they fell back through the town, taking shelter behind barricades of rails, and finally going to the rifle-pits on the range of high ground back of the village.

General Johnston ordered all the people away, and the rebels took their turn in pillaging as they passed through the place. The work which was begun by the rebel soldiers, was finished by our own. Not one house escaped. Every house was rifled of the few articles left behind, and the clothing and furniture wantonly broken up and destroyed. Some poor families, who only left their houses for a few hours to avoid danger, lost all they possessed, and your correspondent witnessed several cases of the greatest distress growing out of these cases of brigandage. Women and children were frequently seen weeping and mourning in the midst of the wreck which war had made. They had not a shred of personal or of bed-clothing to cover them. Their houses had been emptied of everything except the fragments of torn garments and broken furniture, which lay in a pile about the floor, and every morsel of food had been taken away. These people will have to be fed out of army rations or perish.

The enemy fell back doggedly towards High Tower, on the Etowah River, crossed over and burned the bridge, closely pursued by General Schofield's corps. The day was extremely hot, and the roads filled a foot deep with impalpable dust, which whirled and eddied in suffocating clouds, enveloping the army, and partially shutting all objects from sight. It will take several days to construct the bridge across the Etowah, which will have to be done under the enemy's fire, or we shall have to cross by some other route, and push them further back. The army is soon to go marching on. The officers and men are in good spirits.

Johnston's army drew rations here for seventy-nine thousand men—so says an escaped officer. General Polk holds their right, corresponding to our left, General Hood the centre, and General Hardee the left. We have taken some three or four hundred prisoners during the past two days.

Sunday, May 22, 1864.

The enemy still have a small party of skirmishers on this side of the Etowah or High Tower, in their earthworks, and we have had some skirmishing with them. Preparations are making for another grand advance, when these rear-guards of the rebel army will probably get up the dust. We shall have some show of a fight, probably, before getting across the river.

General Judah has been relieved of the command of the Second division, Twenty-third army

corps, and General M. S. Hascall appointed in his place. The latter commander has steadily progressed in the confidence and esteem of the army since he came to the Department of the Ohio.

I have just seen a copy of the *Confederacy*, published at Atlanta, May fifteen, which contains an editorial article copied from the *Chicago Times* of April thirty, giving the exact strength of General Steele's army in Louisiana, the position of his forces, and the exact distance of his army from his base of supplies; also hinting that small reinforcements of Price would be able to overwhelm and capture his whole command. Here is "liberty of the press" with a vengeance.

Battle of Sugar Valley, or Resacca.

The heaviest fighting of the campaign has taken place to-day, and though it was indecisive, we have cause to be thankful at the results.

Our line, as formed last night, was in the form of a semicircle, to the north-west of Sugar Valley, while the Oostenaula River completes the circle on the south-east. Sugar Valley is a fertile little plain of about ten square miles in size, much broken by hills, which at this season of the year are covered by a dense undergrowth of small trees and vines, rendering them very difficult to penetrate. It was in this valley, between the projected Rome and Dalton Railroad and the river that encircles Resacca and Tilton, that the enemy made a stand after being closely pressed on his retreat from Dalton. From our centre to the river, the distance this morning was about seven miles. Our line extends completely around the valley, McPherson's right resting on the river near its junction with the Oothkalaga Creek, or Calhoun, while the left strikes the river north of Tilton, near the junction of the river with Swamp Creek, that takes its rise in the hills of Sugar Valley. Lick and Camp creeks also burst out from the hills in the valley and empty their waters into the Oostenaula River, which is very broad and deep, but can be forded, when the water is low, at six points. The above is as intelligible a description of the field as can be given without the aid of a map; and now for the opening of the ball.

As I have already said, our line was formed in a half circle, extending from the river on the left to a point on the river near Calhoun. The corps occupied positions in the line as follows, extending from right to left: first, McPherson; second, Hooker; third, Palmer; fourth, Schofield; fifth, Howard.

Skirmishing commenced early in the morning, and many prisoners were brought in as the result, although the attack made by us was but faintly responded to. Skirmishing continued, with occasional truces, lasting from ten to thirty minutes, all the morning. Meantime our General officers were not idle. Generals Sherman and Thomas, with their indefatigable corps com-

manders, rode along the line with their staffs, personally superintending the parking of ambulances and ammunition trains, and assigning batteries to positions where they could be of the most service in the event of a general engagement.

At nine o'clock General Schofield was ordered to withdraw his corps from the part of the line between Palmer and Hooker, and take a new position on the left of Newton's division of the Fourth corps. Palmer closed up the gap between his left and Newton, and Judah's and Cox's divisions of Schofield's corps came up in the place assigned to them. Hovey's brigade of the Second corps was left in reserve, and did not participate in the battle of to-day. By some mistake in the giving or reception of the order, General Cox's division failed to get up in time, and Judah and the force on his right advanced upon the enemy, thus leaving a gap of half a mile between Judah's left and Stanley's right, which was promptly filled by cavalry. Considerable confusion followed the announcement of the existence of this gap, and staff officers in vain rode for hours in search of Cox's division through the thick underbrush in which our line was formed. It was lost, and staff officers reported that General Schofield could obtain no intelligence from it.

General Judah, just before noon, received an order from General Schofield to open the attack, and though his left flank was liable at any moment to be turned, he informed General Schofield of the fact, and at once moved forward upon the enemy's skirmishers. The boys moved rapidly through the vines and shrubbery, down the valley, drove the enemy before them, and with a cheer crossed the deep gorge near which the enemy had thrown up strong breastworks commanding the valley. The enemy opened a very destructive fire, and for half an hour the battle was a bloody one, the main lines being within a few yards of each other. The enemy at once opened a destructive fire from their artillery, which the brave division stood for some time, vainly striving by superhuman efforts to carry the breastworks. It was repulsed after a gallant effort, and retired into the valley in disorder. We had not yet got up on the left, and no artillery support was at hand. Nevertheless, General Judah resolved not to retire without one more effort. Collecting together the fragments of his broken but not discouraged regiments, a new line was hastily formed, and the whole division was just in the act of advancing in a charge which all felt would have put it in possession of the enemy's line of works, when the division was relieved by General Newton's division of the Eleventh corps. In the meantime the gap in the line was filled, Cox took his position, and for an hour the incessant roll of the musketry, as volley after volley was poured into the ranks of the enemy, and as vigorously returned, told that the conflict was a desperate one. Artillery fire was delivered into the enemy's ranks rapidly, and with excel-

lent effect. Their artillery did not do much injury, as Palmer had silenced eight guns with his regiments, who under cover acted as sharpshooters, and picked off the cannoneers as often as they advanced to work their pieces. No better evidence can be given of the desperate nature of the conflict between Judah's division and the enemy, than the loss in McLean's brigade, which went into the fight with one thousand three hundred and eighty-eight men, and lost five hundred and ninety-five in the short time it was engaged. General Newton's division pressed the enemy strongly, and inflicted serious injury upon him. Every man, with the exception of half a dozen stragglers, stood up to the work like veterans. A piece of a shell struck Generals Hooker and Manson, but both escaped without serious injury, General Hooker remaining on the field for some time, while General Manson is rapidly recovering from the effects of the shock. About two o'clock the firing on the centre in front of Newton subsided into a slight skirmish fire.

The division of General Cox, which finally turned up on Judah's left, fought with great pluck and obstinacy, driving the skirmishers back upon their main line and the line into their breastworks, from which they poured into his ranks an incessant fire of shell and ball; across valleys, up hills, through gorges, and ravines, they were driven, until they gained their first line of rifle-pits. Cox soon dislodged them and sent them back howling to their more formidable breastworks. At this moment Cox found that he was out of ammunition, and by some stupid blunder on the part of somebody, the trains were too far in the rear from which to replenish his cartridge-boxes. Yet he was determined not to be foiled, and gathering together all his strength, he advanced his line. A cheer went up from his boys, and resounded through the hills as his serried line advanced upon the enemy's works, which they carried at the point of the bayonet in splendid style; but not without the loss of many brave men.

The heaviest fighting of the day was on the centre. Palmer's corps, on the right of Newton's division, had heavy skirmishing along the whole line, lasting from half-past twelve until one o'clock, when Carlin's brigade, of Johnson's division, advanced down a slope of a hill, and drove the enemy into their breastworks on the south side of a hill, rising out of the valley on the south. An assault on the breastworks was not ordered. The brigade at once sought cover in a ditch, formed by a dried up stream, and until night covered them, acted as sharpshooters and did good execution in silencing batteries engaged in enflading Judah and Newton. Mitchell's brigade, of Davis' division, got into a similar position and picked off every rebel whose head protruded above the breastworks.

Turchin's brigade, of Baird's division, joined Judah on the left of Palmer's corps and fought desperately, but were compelled to fall back with Judah's division. The loss in the corps,

outside of Turchin's brigade, was light. Captain McDowell, a promising young officer of the Fifteenth Kentucky, was killed during the engagement. Captain Sheridan, of the Sixth Ohio, well-known in Cincinnati as an actor of some ability, is among the wounded, and will probably be compelled to submit to the amputation of his right arm.

The Fourth corps, under command of Major-General Howard, the "one armed veteran," as he is styled in the corps, played a very conspicuous part in the tragedy of war enacted to-day. All the corps, with the exception of Beatty's fighting brigade, for which room could not be found, as the circle was gradually compressed as we advanced, was engaged and covered itself with imperishable glory. Wood's division was ordered into position on the right of General Stanley just before noon, and was soon hotly engaged with Hazen's and Willich's brigades driving the enemy. For some time a destructive infantry and artillery fire was kept up, and ere long his main line advanced in overwhelming strength upon the enemy, who fled, at his approach, to his rifle-pits, from which the energetic Wood soon dislodged him and compelled him to seek shelter under cover of their breastworks, from which he was driven later in the day. Hazen and Willich's losses were severe, but nothing in comparison with those in the Twenty-third corps, which, to-day, bore the brunt of the battle.

After three o'clock the resistance offered by the enemy on the centre, through which he had vainly striven to force a passage, grew more lax, and very little firing other than skirmishing was heard. Foiled at every point in his efforts to break our walls of iron that environed him, Johnston, early in the afternoon, commenced massing heavily on our left, where Stanley, with as brave a division as ever marched to the music of the Union, had been skirmishing and feeling the enemy while awaiting the developments of the enemy's attempt to break the centre. Generals Sherman and Thomas were not slow to detect the enemy's design, and preparations to resist it were at once commenced. Joe Hooker's gallant Potomac veterans were selected at once, and immediately retired from the line and commenced moving to the left of Stanley, whose flank was covered by McCook's cavalry, in front of which Johnston was massing his columns for the desperate effort. Hooker arrived none too soon.

At seven o'clock, when quiet reigned along the whole line, with an occasional interruption from a sharpshooter's rifle, the expected attack came. Down upon Stanley's exposed flank came the enemy in overwhelming numbers. For a few minutes the line nobly resisted the terrific shock; but as it was renewed with ten-fold fury by the enemy, who fought with a desperation equal to anything ever performed by our own soldiery, the line wavered, and the regiments on the left were giving back in confusion and disorder, when, above the roar of the artillery

and musketry that seemed to make the old hills tremble and quake, a cheer was heard, and into the deadly breach, over the dead bodies of the fallen, came on the double-quick Robinson's brigade, who advanced to the assault with desperate determination to drive back the solid columns of the enemy, and save the army from disaster. Nobly they met the enemy, and when the shock came, reeling like drunken men, the line of the enemy was broken and sent back, smarting under the shock. The contest was of short duration, but, while it lasted, the roar of artillery and the roll of musketry told that this was one of the most critical moments of the day—a period when the heart of the listener seemed to stand still in suspense. The Fourth corps will never forget Hooker and the noble brigade which, at a moment when the fate of the army, and perhaps of the nation, hung upon a slender thread, which the enemy would have severed, came up and turned the tide of battle. A nation's thanks are due to Joe Hooker, and may it never forget Robinson's brave brigade, whose gallantry to-night is on every tongue.

In summing up the results of the day, I am pained to say that, while we have driven the enemy at every point where he presented himself in force, our losses are heavy. Probably two thousand will not cover the killed, wounded, and missing. Nearly all of the killed and wounded are in our hands, as we were not driven a foot, except in those instances already recorded. Our line on the left centre and centre has advanced over a mile from its position of the morning. We have made heavy slaughter in the enemy's ranks—whose loss must be larger than ours. We have lost but a few prisoners, and taken about two hundred, among whom is the Colonel of the Nineteenth Alabama regiment, a very intelligent officer, who estimates the rebel forces, including Polk, who is here, at fifty-five thousand. He informs me that their only loss in General officers is Brigadier-General Tucker, slightly wounded. So far, all goes well. The enemy is hemmed in between our lines and the river, which is not now fordable, and will hardly get off without giving us a general engagement. When the student of military strategy takes up a map and examines the country of this region of Georgia, he cannot but feel impressed with the masterly movements of Sherman, which have placed us in so favorable a position.

Sunday, May 16.

During last night quiet reigned along the whole line, the enemy being very quiet and rarely firing a shot. The falling of trees and the sound of axmen, however, convinced our commanders that the rebels were erecting stronger fortifications upon the innumerable hills that rise out of the valley. At half-past seven in the morning our skirmishers opened fire upon the rebel line, which was as vigorously returned upon the left and left centre. The enemy, however, did not seem disposed

to attack with their main line, after the fearful slaughter and repulse that Hooker administered to them last night. It was not until nine or ten o'clock in the morning that the Twentieth corps arrived from the right, and got into position on Stanley's left. The Twenty-third corps was immediately withdrawn from the right of the line and thrown in on the left. As our line was nearly fourteen miles long, these necessary changes occupied nearly the entire morning, so that mid-day arrived ere we were ready to make the assault on the enemy's works.

Hooker threw forward Butterfield's division against the enemy's strongest position, supported by Williams' and Geary's divisions, and the battle opened vigorously on both sides. Hooker fought for three or four hours and made steady headway, carrying line after line of rifle-pits, until Butterfield's division encountered a lunette of formidable size. Several attempts were made to carry it, and capture its four guns, which were pouring a destructive fire into our lines, but the attempt was futile. The troops fought with great desperation, but as often as they advanced upon the lunette the terrific volleys of musketry from the enemy in the fortification hurled them back in confusion. At last Butterfield charged forward and took a position under the protecting works of the fort, so close to the guns within that they could be touched by the men's hands. In the effort to gain this unexposed position, the contest was a bloody one, Geary's division supporting Butterfield. Ward's brigade, which were participating in their first battle, fought with marked determination, and contributed much to secure the position.

After vain efforts to capture the lunette, from which the enemy poured into our ranks grape, canister, and sharpnel, Hooker's forces gave up the unequal contest, and during the balance of the day lay under the breastworks protected from the enemy's fire, and picking off every rebel who showed himself above the works. Darkness found him in this position, and he at once matured plans for capturing the works by strategy, under cover of the night. The pioneers were brought up; the ends dug out of the works, and the guns drawn out by the aid of ropes, under a destructive fire from the occupants of the works, who were driven out or captured, as our troops swarmed in through the opening in overwhelming numbers. The guns were four twelve-pound brass pieces; a number of battle-flags, including those of the Thirty-eighth and Thirty-fifth Alabama, were captured, with over two hundred prisoners. Prisoners report General Walhall (rebel) killed, and General Tucker wounded.

The losses in Hooker's corps were very heavy, especially in the repeated charges upon the enemy's works. Butterfield lost about five hundred; Geary one hundred; and Williams' division about one hundred and fifty, making Hooker's loss about seven hundred and fifty in the battle of the afternoon. The Twenty-third

corps, which was moved around from the right, as a support for Hooker, lost slightly.

About two o'clock the enemy, learning from prisoners taken from us, that Hovey's Indiana division of "raw recruits" held a position in the line, and smarting under their successive repulses on other portions of the line, hurled a heavy force upon Hovey, convinced that the recruits would run. Not so, however. The rebels held a strong position in a gorge in the hills, and out of their breastworks they swarmed in large numbers and made a furious attack upon the division, which nobly repulsed them after a short and bloody contest of fifteen minutes. The assault was renewed, when the "raw Hoosiers" charged upon them on the double-quick, under heavy fire of grape, and literally mowed them down. They did not assault the Indians the third time. To-night the encomiums of the whole corps are being showered upon Hovey's division, who have written a glorious introductory chapter in their history.

About ten p. m., Hooker's command commenced throwing up breastworks to strengthen their position; and to cover their movements, it was found necessary to advance their skirmish line. In doing so the skirmishers ran against the rebel line. Immediately a heavy artillery and musketry fire opened from both contestants, which lasted until two o'clock in the morning. The night battle was desperate and losses on both sides heavy, probably three hundred killed and wounded. At two the rebels were repulsed along the whole line; a deafening cheer rang out on the night air, and all was still save the piteous moans of the dying, who lay upon the bloody field, awaiting with anxiety the early dawn, when they were gathered into the hospitals, and every care bestowed upon them by our hard-working surgeons.

Monday, May 16.

The morning was very bright, but the whole valley was filled with smoke and fog. At daylight not a gun was heard. Newton immediately advanced to feel the enemy, and discovered that they had disappeared.

The Retreat across the Oostenaule.

Immediately upon being informed of the evacuation of the valley, General Howard informed General Sherman, and our lines at once advanced. It was discovered that the enemy had made good his retreat, carrying off all his artillery, but destroying his wagon trains by fire lest they should fall into our hands. I have just made a tour of the field on the left, and find it covered with rebel dead and wounded, all of whom were left in our hands for burial and treatment. Prisoners, at the hour I write, nine a. m., are being brought in by hundreds. The victory is complete so far, but would have been more so had McPherson's corps been enabled to cross the river and take a position in the rebel rear. McPherson made several at-

tempts to throw down the pontoons and cross his corps, but the enemy poured such a raking fire into his pontoons that the work had to be abandoned. I have no particulars of what was accomplished by McPherson's command, but I learn that the Fifteenth corps, under Logan, lost forty-eight killed and four hundred and forty-eight wounded.

Our total losses are estimated at from four thousand to five thousand, of whom fully two thousand are so slightly wounded in the hands and feet that they will be fit for duty in two or three weeks. The killed will amount to about eight hundred, among whom are many brave officers who have left behind them brilliant records. Ohio has lost her full proportion. Indiana, too, will mourn the loss of many of her brave sons.

The enemy's losses are fully as large as ours, if not larger. In every assault upon our lines their loss was very heavy, and they were driven back, leaving hundreds of their killed and wounded in our hands each day.

We have taken nearly four thousand prisoners and deserters, including many Colonels, Lieutenant-Colonels, Majors, and line and staff officers. Many of them were willing prisoners, who remained in the rebel works and surrendered when we advanced in pursuit.

On the evacuation of the valley, the enemy crossed all his cars and locomotives and burned five span of the railway bridge, which can be repaired, however, in one or two days. At nine this (Monday) morning, Hooker's corps threw down pontoons and crossed near Resacca, while Schofield is crossing on the left near Pelton. The cavalry, under Stoneman and McCook, commenced the pursuit early in the morning, and at the present writing they are engaging the enemy with artillery. Brisk firing can be heard, and the rebel rear-guard are evidently meeting with a warm parting salute from our cavalry, which this season is in excellent trim and superior to that of former seasons. McCook, Stoneman, and Kilpatrick, are dashing officers, who never refuse a fight, and invariably whip their antagonists when the forces engaged are at all equal.

Two battles, two defeats, and two retreats, have so dispirited the enemy that it is almost idle to speculate upon what he will probably do, or where he will make his next stand. Sherman is too much for Johnston, especially on the flanking process, and it is not unlikely that the rebel chieftain will retreat until he reaches the Altoona range of mountains, where he can better protect his flanks than he could at Buzzard Roost and Sugar Valley. Citizens and deserters say that the Altoona Mountains are filled with very powerful fortifications capable of great resistance, and that the enemy will make a stand there and give us battle. Be that as it may, the country may rely upon Sherman and Thomas, and the invincible force they command, for working out a more glorious victory than the one just achieved.

For the benefit of those croakers who are never satisfied with the results of our movements upon the enemy, I will briefly state wherein our victory consists. We have driven the enemy over forty miles, compelled him to evacuate a position at Buzzard Roost that may be justly styled the stronghold of the Confederacy, recovered a large amount of territory, repulsed Johnston in every attack upon our lines, taken four thousand prisoners, compelled him to abandon his fortifications near Resacca, and destroy his whole ammunition and supply trains, inflicted heavy losses upon him, and demoralized his army to a great extent. As an offset, the enemy has taken but one hundred or one hundred and fifty prisoners, inflicted a loss upon us equal to their own, and by their precipitate retreat stimulated our troops to greater efforts when they again meet Johnston and his followers upon the field of battle.

To show that Sherman, on his advance into the heart of Georgia, is strongly in earnest and determined to conquer, I may state that he keeps the railroad communication with his army complete. Three hours after the evacuation of Dalton, heavy trains loaded with supplies arrived from Ringgold, and before night the town presented quite a business aspect. The rear-guard of the enemy had not vacated Resacca two hours, ere the familiar whistle of Sherman's train was heard by the retreating army. The telegraph line was kept up well by Captain Van Duzen, who followed in the rear of our advancing columns, and repaired it thoroughly. Resacca is now the advanced depot for supplying the army, which is well provisioned with bacon, hard-tack, coffee, and all the *et ceteras* of the Commissary department.

The strength of the enemy is variously estimated at from fifty-five thousand to seventy thousand by prisoners and deserters. The better informed, however, place their numbers at fifty-five to sixty thousand, which corresponds with estimates furnished by our scouts. We have in front Hood's and Hardee's corps, with about twenty thousand of Polk's army commanded by the Parson in person. Among the General officers holding commands, are Johnston, Hardee, Hood, Stevenson, Pat Cleburne and Gibson, Bates and Polk.

MAJOR LANDGRAEBER'S REPORT.

Report of the battalion of artillery of the First division, Fifteenth army corps, under command of Major C. Landgraeber, Second Missouri artillery and Chief of Artillery, of the part taken in the battle of Resacca, Georgia:

The First division of the Fifteenth army corps marched on the morning of the thirteenth of May, 1864, from Snake Creek Gap, with a line of skirmishers in front, in the direction of Resacca. Battery F, Second regiment artillery, Missouri volunteers, the two twelve-pound field howitzers leading, marched behind the First brigade, and the Fourth Independent Ohio battery, the four Napoleon guns leading, behind

the Second brigade. After a lively skirmish the enemy made a stand about one mile from Resacca, Georgia, having posted his artillery on a hill. I brought the howitzer section of battery F forward, and it took position on the left side of the main road, next to a plantation, having for support a company of sharpshooters of the First division. The enemy was deploying his cavalry about seven hundred yards in front, but after a few rounds he was compelled to give way. The enemy was firing shells and spherical case shot at our infantry and artillery, and after being hardly pressed by our skirmishers, had to withdraw their pieces.

Our forces then took possession of the hills, and I posted three-inch Rodman guns of battery F, Second Missouri artillery, on a steep hill, about four hundred yards on the left of the main road, and opened fire with shells on the enemy's works, where he was busily engaged with working parties to finish his breastworks. The two twenty-pound Parrott guns of the Fourth Independent Ohio battery I brought into position on the right of the road on a hill and opened fire with them, first on the enemy's works, and then at the railroad, where troops and trains of the enemy were passing.

At dark the firing ceased, and during the night I brought the section of howitzers of battery F, forward to a position on the left of the road, in advance of the Rodman guns, and posted also the four twelve-pound Napoleon guns of the Fourth Ohio battery in a position on the hill on the left of the road, some distance to the right and rear of the howitzer section.

On the morning of the fourteenth of May, the howitzers of battery F, Second Missouri artillery, fired on a line of rifle-pits in front with shells, nearly enflading them, and the twelve-pound Napoleon guns of the Fourth Ohio opened on a piece of timber which was occupied by the enemy in force. Our skirmishers advanced then, and the Napoleons were obliged to cease firing, the left wing of our infantry having advanced in front of these pieces.

The three-inch Rodman guns of battery F held their old position of the day before, and maintained a very annoying fire on the enemy. The twenty-pound Parrott guns of the Fourth Ohio battery did also very good execution during the day. In the afternoon all the artillery was ordered to open a severe fire on all points occupied by the enemy, after which the infantry of the First division made a brilliant bayonet charge, crossing a deep ravine and a creek, taking possession of the hills in front of them. After sundown the firing ceased.

During the night I built a breastwork in the ravine on the right of the main road, for the two twelve-pounder howitzers which were brought to this point at five o'clock A.M. on the fifteenth of May. The twelve-pound Napoleon guns were also brought forward to the position held the day previous by the howitzers of battery F, Second Missouri artillery. The two twenty-pound Parrott guns, of the Fourth Ohio

battery, I brought forward to the left of the main road, next to the Rodman guns, and opened fire on the enemy's fortifications. The Napoleon guns and the twelve-pound howitzers fired in the morning in the rifle-pits of the enemy, and in the afternoon the four twelve-pound Napoleon guns were removed to a position in front of Brigadier-General Lightburn's brigade of the Second division Fifteenth army corps. The section of twenty-pound Parrott guns were also removed to a position on the right of the First division Fifteenth army corps, and directed their fire at the railroad bridge.

On the sixteenth of May, early in the morning, the sections of howitzers advanced at a trot through Resacca, and unlimbered several times to fire on the retreating rebels.

Loss—One man, Corporal H. White, battery F, Second Missouri artillery, and one man wounded; seven horses killed.

The Fourth Independent Ohio battery fired two hundred and twenty-seven rounds; battery F, Third Missouri artillery, fired five hundred and sixty rounds.

CLEM LANDGRAEBER,
Major and Chief of Artillery.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

IN THE FIELD NEAR RESACCA, }
MAY 16, 1864.

At the close of my last letter the grand army was in position, confronting the rebel army, which had been in occupation of Northern Georgia. The flanking movement had been well and skilfully made, a road secured for supplies and the movement of troops. Johnston had been compelled to withdraw from Dalton—Sherman had followed with his main army, and was ready to give battle to the rebel army concentrated in his front.

The Federal army was in a novel position. Its front was North. The country in which the battle was fought is rolling, and generally densely wooded, with a growth of timber and underwood. There are occasional openings and good roads; but it was very difficult, at most points along the line of battle, to see anything beyond our immediate vicinity.

The advance commenced early in the morning of the thirteenth. The troops were mainly on the road through Snake Creek Gap to Resacca, the right resting at its intersection with the Dalton road, six miles from Resacca, the rebel left. The rebel pickets were well up to our front. The Third cavalry division, General Kilpatrick, had the advance, and soon drove in the enemy's pickets. Kilpatrick's command was followed by the Army of the Tennessee, the Fifteenth corps leading. These troops keeping the main road, the Twentieth corps moved to the left, at its intersection with the Calhoun road, and the remainder of the centre and left, the Fourteenth and Fourth corps, taking the same direction at the intersection with the Dalton road. Kilpatrick's cavalry had moved forward, driving in the enemy's pickets on the Re-

sacca road, nearly to a cross road about two miles from Resacca, when General Kilpatrick was wounded in the leg and compelled to leave the field, the command devolving upon Colonel Murray, of the Fifth Kentucky cavalry.

When the head of the Fifteenth corps reached the cross road to Calhoun Ferry, it moved to the right and went into position on each side of the Resacca road, the Sixteenth moving down to its right. By one o'clock the different corps were all in position, the enemy was found, and the picket firing was quite lively.

Resacca is situated on the right bank of the Oostenaula River, a stream running in a south-westerly direction, and not fordable. The object of the afternoon's work seemed to be to advance the right so that the Sixteenth corps should rest its right on the river, and that the Fifteenth should secure possession of the hills in front of Resacca.

About two o'clock, General Logan rode up from Sherman's headquarters of this corps—an old tree in the road—"Where is my staff? Broke up? There is work." Staff officers and orderlies were off with orders, and matters speedily began to assume the serious, lively appearance of preparation for battle.

General Sherman's headquarters were near those of General Logan, on a patch of open timber. The scene there was characteristic and suggestive. Sherman was seated on the ground, leaning against a tree, his feet drawn up to him, and a map on his knees, his coat unbuttoned, his hat anti-regulation and sans cord. Cigar in mouth, he looked no older, and not much worse than when he saved the first day's field at Shiloh, and footed it above Stubbs' Bayou. Around him stood a large amount of rank—Thomas, Hooker, Palmer, Logan, Elliott, Sickles, Butterfield, and a small host of Major and Brigadier Generals. They were receiving their final instructions for the afternoon's field.

Logan moved first and drew the first fire. In front of his second division was an open field, in it were the enemy's skirmishers—across in the woods his line of battle. At the bugle, the division fell into line of battle, deployed skirmishers, and swept across the field, driving the enemy in splendid style. General Logan accompanied the line. At the same time Herron, who had fallen back of the main road to allow Hooker to move to the right, moved on the double-quick to the left of Osterhaus, the two divisions pushing into the thick wood on the left of the Second; Dodge moved his command from the Ferry road down through the forest to fill up the space between the Fifteenth and the Oostenaula, his Fourth division, General Hatch, having the advance. After crossing the field, General Morgan L. Smith entered the wood, and pushed rapidly for the hills in his front.

As the right of the Fifteenth corps came up on the rising ground beyond the open hill, it was found to be uncovered, Dodge's left not being up. The rebels opened a severe flanking fire, from which Lightburn's brigade suffered

considerably. General Smith brought up battery H, and with a few shots from his twenty-pounder Parrott's, De Grasse upset and scattered the rebels and their barricades. The Fifteenth moved steadily forward, driving the enemy for a mile and a half, until the corps were in possession of the hills which they had been ordered to take. Their loss was comparatively light. The Sixteenth made its connection to the river, but with a considerable loss to the Fourth division. The Thirty-fifth New Jersey and Twenty-fifth Wisconsin received a fire from the opposite side of the river, while marching by the flank, from which they suffered severely. I send the list of their casualties—the skirmishing regiments, One Hundred and Eleventh Illinois, Fifty-seventh Ohio, Sixth Missouri, of Giles A. Smith's brigade, losing nine killed and twenty-four wounded, and the Fifty-third and Thirtieth Ohio, of Lightburn's brigade, losing fifty-four killed and wounded.

The positions having been successfully and brilliantly carried, the remainder of the afternoon was occupied in straightening the lines and bringing up the batteries, a work of great labor, and requiring much care, on account of the great number of hills and ravines, and the thick growth of timber. The rattle of musketry was kept up by the skirmishing lines, the batteries occasionally putting in their heavy notes, so that there was much of the noise of battle until dark. Occasionally a man would come back wounded from the skirmish line, but no serious work was done after the right wing occupied its lines.

In this afternoon's work, the One Hundred and Eleventh Illinois, Colonel Martin, were for the first time under fire. It behaved well, losing eight killed and sixteen wounded.

The left and centre moved into the positions ordered without serious opposition.

Lieutenant John Rumsey, of Battery A, was wounded late in the afternoon by a fragment of shell. Captain Wood had been compelled, by severe illness, to leave the field on the seventh, and Lieutenant Rumsey was in command of the battery. The wound was severe, tearing off the flesh and denuding the bone of the right shoulder. He was a brave, intelligent officer, very highly esteemed by his men and his superior officers.

On the morning of the fourteenth, the skirmishers commenced firing as soon as it was light. The musketry extended along the fronts of both armies, and at intervals the different batteries opened. In the immediate front of Resacca, the Fourth Ohio, Landgraber's, and Batteries A, B, and H, of Chicago, tried their guns upon the town, the enemy's redoubts, and the bridge. Their practice was most excellent; the school of artillery at the siege of Vicksburg exhibiting its training in every shot that was fired. During the forenoon nothing of any importance transpired.

Soon after noon the dance commenced in the centre and left-centre. First came the rattle of

the skirmishers' musketry as they advanced; the batteries followed, their heavy voices echoing and re-echoing through the ravine, among the hills and back to the mountains, until the earth shook and the air was full of vibrations, and every breath seemed a wave of sound. The heavy music of artillery ceased, and was succeeded by the long roll of musketry. Volley after volley was fired; then rose the cheers of the men, and the battle was opened. In plain language, the army of the Cumberland was assaulting the rebel position on Camp Creek, intrenched by rifle-pits in their front. The first fire of musketry was when the skirmishers were advanced. Under the fire of our batteries the assaulting columns were moved into their places so soon as the troops were deployed into line of battle. The artillery ceased, the advance commenced, with wild cheers from the men, on the double-quick. The first terrible volley of musketry came from the enemy in his rifle-pits; our line returned it in kind, and the struggle was commenced. A few minutes and the rifle-pits were carried; a few minutes more and with a terrific yell another line of rebels came over the hill and assaulted our men. Artillery could not be used, it would kill alike friend and foe. The struggle was brief, and we were driven out. This line was carried three different times within two hours, and each time lost. The casualties were heavy on both sides. Johnston had evidently massed at that point, and it would seem for the purpose of himself making an attack upon the centre along the Dalton road. The next morning the line was carried by General Thomas and held.

During this terrible engagement on the left the right wing was quiet. Towards its close General Morgan L. Smith opened his batteries upon Resacca and its fortifications to detain the rebels in his front from moving to the centre.

About five in the afternoon General Logan received orders to make an assault upon the rebel lines in his front. On the right of the bridge, on a commanding elevation, the rebels had a redoubt mounting three twenty-four pounders on the face towards Logan. Still further back, and on higher ground, there was another redoubt. Between the first redoubt and the line occupied by the Fifteenth corps were two ridges with a slight depression between them. The space between them and the rebel redoubts afforded an excellent cover to the troops which were massed in it, and was made safer and stronger by three lines of well-constructed rifle-pits. Between the ridge and the line of the Fifteenth corps the ground was an open field, sloping to the south-west, affording but little cover. Near the woods in which our troops lay was a creek not fordable.

General Logan directed the assault to be made by one brigade from each of the First and Second divisions. General Chas. R. Wood's brigade, of the First division, and General Giles A. Smith's brigade of the Second division, were selected. The important and perilous charge

could not have been intrusted to better men. The remainder of the divisions were put in position to give such immediate support to the brigades as circumstances might require, while the whole of the right wing that was in front acted as the principal reserve.

Generals Logan and Morgan L. Smith were in front, busy along the line. It being very difficult to cross the creek, the troops were passed over singly to the opposite bank on logs, and in any way they best could, under the cover of a heavy fire from the batteries.

The brigade of General Giles A. Smith consisted at the time of the Sixth Missouri, Colonel Van Duzen, One Hundred and Eleventh Illinois, Colonel Martin, One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Illinois, Colonel Curtis, Fifty-seventh Ohio, Colonel Rice, and One Hundred and Sixteenth Illinois, Colonel Froman.

At six the line of skirmishers was advanced to the foot of the hill, driving the rebels. At the order the brigades sprang up from the bank under which they were covered, deployed and marched forward at double-quick. The rebel main line occupied a rifle-pit along the crest of the hill, at the foot of which ran a sluggish creek some three or four feet in depth. Across this creek and up the hill into the rifle-pit they had been driven by the skirmishers. The distance from the lines where the two brigades deployed to the rifle-pit of the enemy was two hundred and fifty yards. Across this space, exposed to a severe fire of musketry, our line advanced with trailed arms, forded the creek, and reached and carried the rebel rifle-pit without a shot from their main line. It was well and magnificently done. The shouts of the men were answered by the cheers of their comrades of the corps that were heard for miles. The position had been carried; the problem now was to hold it. General Wood's brigade was on the left and General Giles A. Smith on the right. Under a heavy fire from the redoubts the rebels formed a column to retake the hill. Very soon a strong force, displaying seven regimental colors, was discovered moving to the attack in column, by regiments. From the hill, where Generals McPherson and Logan stood, the attacking column looked formidable. The whole force of the two brigades was deployed in front. The rebel column would strike in a few minutes. If it broke our line the position was gone and the brigades lost. Logan hurried along the front. It seemed but an instant when the whole rebel force made its assault upon the right of Giles A. Smith's brigade. The One Hundred and Sixteenth Illinois, which was deployed as skirmishers, fell back, forming on the right and left of the Fifty-seventh Ohio. Colonel Froman had been wounded in crossing the creek. The rebel column, a portion of Hardee's corps, came boldly and steadily on. Colonel Rice reserved his fire until the rebels were within sixty yards, when he delivered a terrible fire straight in their faces. At the same time the One Hundred and Elev-

enth Illinois and the right of General Wood's brigade changed front a little towards the right, and the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Illinois on the extreme right, changed direction to the left, and both wings poured in a terrific oblique fire on both sides of the rebel column. It staggered and fell back, but instantly re-formed and renewed the assault and was again repulsed. They massed and assaulted Wood's brigade on the left, and were terribly repulsed. Failing in their direct assaults, they attempted to turn the right of our line. In their last assault the oblique fire on the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh was increased by a part of our Lightburn's brigade. The assaults were rapidly and boldly made. Reinforcements were on their way to the front before the aids asking them ever reached General Logan. But still the main heavy blows of the rebel assaults were received and repulsed by Wood's and Giles A. Smith's brigades before they reached them. The last effort of the enemy was an attempt to turn each flank. In this they were met by the supporting brigades, and repulsed with severe loss; our loss was less than three hundred. The rebel loss of course was very much greater. They admitted a loss of two thousand during the day, on their left. This charge and the engagement which ensued lasted until after dark, and was one of the best fights ever made within my experience by Federal troops. They were led by Generals Wood and Giles A. Smith, two of the ablest brigade commanders in the field. The men behaved with the greatest coolness and courage while receiving the assaults of the rebel columns. The Fifty-seventh Ohio, against which the attack was directed, fired and loaded by front and rear rank at the command. The One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Illinois loaded and fired at the word.

The rebel Colonel Stanton was killed, an Aide-de-Camp to Hardee was killed, and General Hardee's horse killed under him. I have seen an *Atlanta Intelligencer* of the eighteenth, which claims a victory in the battle on the centre, and states that the battle in the evening with Logan was terribly severe—their losses heavy, but claims that they finally repulsed the "Yankee charge."

It would be unjust to omit to make record of the universal testimony of officers and men to the conduct of Colonel Rice. With the utmost intrepidity and coolness he remained assisting the assault and handling his men as steadily and with the precision of a dress parade.

During the afternoon a force with a pontoon train had been moved to the ferry across the Oostenaula on the Calhoun road, for the purpose of crossing and making lodgment on the south side of the river. The enemy was found there in force and intrenched. The position of the Federal army after a hard day's work was this: The left and centre was substantially as in the morning. They had fought against positions and a superior force, and had suffered severely. A portion of the right, two divisions of the

Fifteenth, had taken and held an important position in front of the enemy's works at Resacca, while a division of the Sixteenth corps was at the ferry intrenching. Howard had moved along the railroad within eight miles of Resacca. The particulars of the engagement on the centre your correspondent with the army of the Cumberland will furnish. During the night the advance position of the Fifteenth corps was thoroughly intrenched.

On the fifteenth, the position at which the Fourteenth corps had the battle of the day previous was carried without great loss. On the right, Sweeney's division of the Sixteenth corps, with a portion of the Third cavalry division, after a sharp engagement, crossed the Oostenaula at Calhoun Ferry. The passage was effected late in the afternoon.

The fifteenth was comparatively quiet until after midnight. Occasional shots were exchanged by the pickets. But the evening was the most quiet since the armies were engaged. About two in the morning a most tremendous artillery fire was opened by the batteries of the left, in consequence of the discovery of a movement of the enemy. A short time before day the railroad bridge was discovered to be on fire. The pickets of the brigades of Osterhaus and Morgan L. Smith were advanced, and the colors of the Fifty-seventh Ohio were placed on the abandoned redoubt. Resacca was destitute of rebels and rebel property for purposes of war. We captured three guns, three forges, some caissons, and a small quantity of salt and corn.

A rebel regiment was captured by Howard, and a few vagabond pickets were picked up in various places. On the whole, Johnston had gone, and to a great extent had taken his army with him. Twenty-four hours later and he could not have moved off so well and clearly. As to the rebel strength, judging from the length of the line that Johnston held, and the battle which he made on the fifteenth, at different points, it could not have been less than forty thousand. Prisoners claim that it was sixty thousand.

A SOUTHERN ACCOUNT.

IN THE FIELD NEAR CALHOUN, GA., }
Monday afternoon, May 18, 1864. }

The army having settled down for a while, I avail myself of the opportunity offered to give a full account of the battle of Oostenaula, between the entire Yankee army and the divisions of Hindman, Stevenson, and Stewart, of Hood's corps—these troops composing the right wing of our army. The enemy's force was reported to be the corps of Hovey, Howard, and Palmer, composing between thirty-five and forty thousand men, evidently the flower of the Yankee army, as they were composed almost entirely of Western troops, who, for fighting, rank only second to our own, as has been proven on many battle-fields during this war.

In the morning our forces left their works, and took position about one mile further, and immediately erected new breastworks on the ground they had captured the night previous, and which the enemy had not reoccupied. The object of this advance was to prevent an enfilading fire which had been obtained on our line the day previous, and to find room for our artillery to play upon the enemy with effect. As soon as our men, composed of Stevenson's and Stewart's divisions, advanced, a brisk fire ensued between our skirmishers and those of the Yankees, but it ceased on the arrival of our column. The new works were promptly erected, and before ten o'clock everything was prepared for the anticipated aggressive movement of the enemy, whose manoeuvres the night previous, after they were driven from the ridges, indicated that some plan was contemplated by them for the regaining of the lost ground.

About twelve o'clock the Yankee skirmishers opened a heavy fire on our pickets, compelling them to fall back behind the intrenchments, and at the same time heavy columns were seen forming on the right of Hindman's, Stevenson's, and Stewart's divisions. There were four lines of battle in depth, and appeared to number, about eight thousand men, and from the number massed in front of Stevenson's line it became apparent that his division would have to stand the brunt of the engagement. One hour passed off slowly to the gallant men who were gazing over the works in anxious expectation for the advance of the enemy, when at about four o'clock the Yankee line of battle moved slowly forward in fine order. As soon as they crossed a ravine which divided the ridges held by our forces from those occupied by them, Captain Corbett's battery of Georgia artillery was ordered to advance outside of our lines, and about fifty yards from them, and take up a position, which would have given us an enfilading fire on the approaching column. The battery, consisting of four twelve-pounder Napoleons, moved out of the line and took up position as ordered, but before they could fire a gun, or their infantry support could come up, the charge was made along the whole line. The Yankees had crossed the ravine, and with a loud cheer rushed on our works. Hindman quickly repulsed them, but the fighting on Brown's line, of Stevenson's and Stewart's divisions, was long and desperate. Captain Corbett's battery being subjected to a fearful fire, the men left their guns, but not before they had lost thirty of their number in killed and wounded, and entered our line. No sooner did the Yankees perceive this than a fresh column of their troops was thrown rapidly forward, and uniting with that which had gone before, rushed on the abandoned guns with the hope of capturing them and carrying our line.

Their anticipations were, however, foiled by the gallantry of the Third and Twentieth Tennessee, Colonels Walker and Saffell commanding. These noble men perceiving the intention of the enemy, withheld their fire until the Yankee

column had approached to almost an arm's length of the guns, when a volley, steady and accurate, was poured into the ranks of the foremost column. It broke and ran, having been fearfully cut up. The second column advanced over the bodies of their comrades, and endeavored to achieve what they failed to do. A second volley from the gallant Tennesseans filled the ground with dead and wounded, and imitating the example of those before them, they fled, but not before two fresh regiments had been thrown forward under cover of their fire, and made to lie behind the four guns of Corbett's battery, at the same time planting their colors on the parapet of the redoubt.

In the meantime the Yankees had advanced on Stewart's line, and made a desperate attempt to take it by storm. Clayton's and Baker's brigades of Alabamians, aided by Stovall's and Gibson's, received them with great gallantry, and poured a terrible fire into the Yankee advance. They, however, continued to move forward, and approached very near the line, when Clayton's brigade gave them another well-directed fire, and they fell down the slope of the hill until out of range of our guns. This charge was desperately made, and the masses of the enemy's dead that lay piled up before Stewart's line attested the courage and determination of our foes.

A pause of nearly three-quarters of an hour elapsed, broken only by the incessant fire of the Yankee sharpshooters, who, mounted on trees and other prominent positions, made it dangerous for any one to walk erect along the line. At the expiration of the time named, a fresh column of Yankees advanced upon our lines, and in a few seconds Hindman's, Stevenson's, and Stewart's men were pouring in a well-directed fire. A second time they broke and ran, but still leaving the two regiments mentioned before, which, being ensconced behind the redoubt, were safe from the volleys poured on their comrades, although they suffered terribly from our sharpshooters.

Two charges had been repulsed, with heavy loss to the enemy, and the ammunition of the Twenty-sixth Tennessee had been half expended, when fresh columns of Yankees were seen forming in line of battle opposite Brown's works. The charges on Hindman and Stewart, who were on the right and left of Stevenson, had become feebler, while the movements of the Yankees notified the last-named officers that his division would have to bear the brunt of the engagement. Reynolds' brigade had been previously ordered up, and were lying on the ground about fifteen yards in the rear of General Brown's line, the officers with difficulty restraining the men from entering the breastworks before they were called for. The Yankee column made the third charge, and was again repulsed with heavy loss. As rapidly as I can relate it, another fresh column was thrown forward and made the fourth charge. Several volleys were thrown into their ranks by the brave Tennes-

seans, and a fourth time they broke and retreated in disorder to the ridge on which their forces were massed.

It was now past three o'clock in the afternoon, and in these two hours of fighting Brown's brigade had expended forty rounds of ammunition, each man. Reynolds' brigade was now ordered to relieve them, and giving a yell, the Fifty-fourth Virginia entered the evacuated works of the Twenty-eighth North Carolina and Sixty-third Virginia. Neither Hindman nor Stewart had need of their reserves, as the charges of the enemy, though made with vigor and gallantly repulsed by these men, were neither as numerous nor determined, and were intended to cover their design on Stevenson, and to prevent the reserves of these divisions from being sent to his support. The three regiments named above took their positions on the line, and General Brown's men retired about two hundred yards to the rear, for the purpose of receiving a fresh supply of ammunition. General Pettus' brigade of Alabamians had been ordered up a few minutes before, General Stevenson perceiving the enemy were determined in their purpose to carry his line. The gallant brigade was formed in two lines of battle, behind the Virginians and North Carolinians, about twenty yards apart, and remained there lying close to the ground, for the moment their services were wanted.

At a quarter from four o'clock a fifth charge was made, the enemy throwing forward fresh troops every time. The charge was very heavy, and was made with spirit. As the long and close column of Yankees moved swiftly through the winding ravine, every face assumed a rigid expression of unyielding determination, while the hearts of those looking on the movements of the enemy almost ceased their vibration with anxiety. It was certain from the large numbers of the enemy that this would be the heaviest charge yet made, and extreme anxiety for success was manifested. At last, with a prolonged cheer, they rushed upon our works. A volley—a terrible, death-dealing volley—was poured into their ranks, and a loud and enthusiastic yell of defiance rang out from the lips of the Virginians and North Carolinians. This was more than the men of Brown's and Pettus' brigades could withstand, and though threatened with death by their officers, numbers of the gallant Tennesseans and Alabamians had entered the pits to assist in repelling the charge. But their services were not needed. Almost as quick as lightning, another volley had been already poured into the enemy's line of battle, and they turned and retreated in disorder to the cover of their ridge, followed by the derisive shouts of their victors.

The fifth charge had now been repulsed, but still the enemy evinced neither the desire nor the intention to abandon their efforts to carry our works. They had almost ceased their attacks on Hindman, but continued to assault Stevenson's and Stewart's lines with the greatest

fury and determination possible. Stewart had already repulsed him three times, and Stevenson five. A fourth time the enemy essayed to carry Stewart's line of battle, and were repulsed with fearful loss. The carnage here was dreadful, for the gallant men of Clayton's brigade withheld their fire until the enemy had approached close to them, when they poured in a terrible volley, breaking them, and forcing their massed columns to retire to their lines, badly scattered.

I said that the enemy evinced neither the desire nor intention to abandon his efforts, and so it was, for within half an hour after his fifth attack and repulse, three lines of battle, closely massed, were seen forming in front of that portion of the line held by the Fifty-eighth North Carolina. As I looked over the works, a feeling of mingled fear and anxiety pervaded me, that if they succeeded in forcing the line, our army would then be cut to pieces, and overwhelmed with disaster and disgrace. There was not much time for reflection, however, for very soon a voice on the right of the regiment exclaimed, "They are coming!" and the first column was seen to advance. "Withhold your fire until they come close to you, and then aim low," ordered the officers. On came the enemy, cheering loudly, and confident that their superior numbers would insure them success. They approached to within fifty yards of the line firing rapidly on our men—a sheet of fire, one deafening roar which sounded like the eruption of a volcano was the answer, and the dead and wounded lie piled up before our works. This was more than human endurance could command, and bewildered by the fierceness of our fire they scattered throughout the woods, and reached their line, our sharpshooters killing and wounding them by dozens in their rout down the ridge.

This was the severest charge of the day. The Yankees advanced well and with spirit, but were forced to succumb to the fierce fire of our troops. To describe the scene would be almost an impossibility, for it beggars description. The Minié balls of the Yankees poured over our line in an unceasing stream, and in such numbers that the air seemed black with them. The sharp and musical whiz they emit was no longer heard; it was an angry and discordant imitation of a peal of thunder rolling along the clouds, while the booming of the artillery and the bursting of the shells as they came flying over our lines, formed a fire, unequalled, perhaps, since nations first made war upon each other. But one thing saved us from a fearful loss of life, and it was that the Yankees fired entirely too high.

The sixth column was repulsed only a few minutes, when the remaining two columns of Yankees marched forward with the hope of reaching our line before our men could fire more than one volley. But their charge was not made with the same firmness which characterized that of the preceding one, and two or

three well-aimed volleys from the Fifty-eighth North Carolina, assisted by a cross fire from the Fifty-fourth Virginia on the one wing, and the Sixty-third on the other, routed the seventh attacking column of the enemy. They also retired to their ridge, and for a few moments only their sharpshooters could be seen, their main body being, no doubt, engaged in re-forming their broken columns.

According to the order, General Stewart advanced to the enemy, but unfortunately obliqued too much to the right, and destroyed all connection with General Reynolds. He attacked the enemy and drove him from his front until he reached his line of battle, when fresh troops reinforced the Yankees; they rallied, and making a stand, opened fire on our men. No sooner had they fired the first volley, than one of the brigades of Stewart's division broke, compelling the others to fall back, which they did in good order, although pressed by the enemy, and regained their works without losing very heavily. In this charge General Clayton's brigade distinguished itself above the balance of the division by its fine conduct. Although these men were subjected to a fearful fire from four lines of battle of Yankees, they received it with praiseworthy firmness, and succeeded in driving the enemy from their front, and regained the works in safety. Baker's brigade, aided by Gibson, also behaved splendidly, and distinguished themselves by their brave conduct; in fact, covered themselves with glory.

It was now past six o'clock in the evening, but though night was fast approaching, the enemy exhibited no disposition to cease from his fruitless efforts to carry the right of General Stevenson's line, and was determined to endeavor to turn his left wing and force him on his right. Accordingly, General Stewart was ordered to leave his works and drive the enemy from his front, sweeping towards his centre, while Reynolds' brigade of Stevenson's division was ordered to advance at the same time, for the purpose of forming a pivot to General Stewart, and changing the line of battle obliquely to the left, thus flanking the enemy, and giving General Hardee an opportunity to advance and cut the enemy off from Snake Creek Gap, while Hood cut him off from the Dalton road.

While Stewart was making his movement a peremptory order reached General Reynolds for him to advance his command as a pivot. The General opposed the movement unless General Stewart's left wing formed a junction with his right, but upon the order being repeated in a more peremptory manner, the Fifty-fourth Virginia regiment was ordered to advance from their line of works and carry the ridge before them, while the other regiments were directed to be ready to move at a moment's notice for the purpose of making the pivot complete and thus performing the work allotted to them. The Fifty-fourth leaped over the works, and

with their gallant Colonel, Robert Trigg, and Lieutenant-Colonel John J. Wade, in front, moved forward. At this moment the enemy was about to make another charge, and were pouring a heavy fire over our works, compelling the regiment to advance under a galling fire. It, however, disregarded the storm of shot and shell poured upon it, and drove the charging column of Yankees through the woods until it reached the open field, when, to the astonishment of the Colonel, it was discovered that Stewart's division was not in sight, and consequently there was no connection with the regiment.

This was most unfortunate, for the enemy perceiving the regiment "solitary and alone" in the open field, commenced pouring a galling fire into their ranks; but nothing daunted by this, Colonels Trigg and Wade, waving their swords, gave the order to charge. On the men marched, until they were not five paces from the enemy's line, when four distinct lines of battle, extending as far as the eye could reach, were seen by this command, and numbered over eight thousand men. The Adjutant of the regiment, with pistol in hand, rushed forward and seized the Yankee colors, and fired into their ranks, when a bullet pierced his brain, and he fell dead across the enemy's works. His name was Hammet, and a braver and nobler man never sacrificed his life on the altar of his country.

Colonel Trigg perceiving that his men were falling fast from an enfilade fire, as well as a fire in front, and observing them giving way in disorder, rallied them under a heavy fire, and in pretty good order brought them back to our lines, when it was discovered that in less than five minutes he had lost over a hundred men out of four hundred and fifty he had led to the charge. His conduct, and that of Lieutenant-Colonel Wade, is deserving of the greatest praise; and I do not flatter when I assert, from my personal experience, being an eye-witness to their behavior, that braver and more gallant officers never existed than Colonel Trigg and his Lieutenant-Colonel.

This engagement was emphatically that of Generals Stevenson's and Stewart's divisions, for although Hindman was engaged, the part borne by the division was insignificant compared with that of the other two. The two Major-Generals behaved with the utmost coolness during the engagement, and proved themselves to be able officers. Generals Brown, Reynolds, Clayton, Baker, Gibson, and Stovall, exhibited the greatest amount of heroism, but were, perhaps, a little too careless of their persons, and exposed themselves without any actual need. General Pettus, although his brigade was not engaged, distinguished himself by the manner he encouraged the troops in the works. General Cumming's brigade of Georgians, on the left of Stevenson's division, were not charged, and had no opportunity of giving the Yankees a lesson in defence of their State. They were, however, ready for any attempt the enemy may have

made, and would, I feel certain, have displayed their usual courage had the Yankees charged their line.

Our total loss in this engagement could not have exceeded two thousand, while that of the Yankees is estimated at nothing less than six thousand, while there are many prominent officers who believe it to reach double that number. One thing is certain, that they were slaughtered by hundreds at every charge, and must have suffered severely.

At ten o'clock last night our entire army left the works and proceeded to cross the Oostenaulla River. Before the rear had proceeded a mile from the works, a sharp fire was opened between our pickets and those of the enemy, ours being driven in. The enemy must then have advanced their column for a night attack, as they opened a terrific fire of musketry on the vacated lines, cheering vociferously at the same time. Our men were then marched rapidly forward through Stewart's division, which had formed in line of battle across the railroad for the purpose of covering the retreat, which was not occasioned from any fear that the Yankees would be able to carry our line of works, as the army felt confident of holding its position an indefinite period of time, but because our stand at Oostenaulla River was only to protect the withdrawal of our large wagon trains.

The Yankees followed our army closely, and pressed us all the day, but Stewart's division has kept him at bay so far. This evening there was sharp firing on our right, but I have not learned what it was caused from.

Our present position is around Calhoun, but the chances are that we will continue our retreat to Adairsville to-morrow. We may fight here, but I do not think it likely. In the meanwhile the Yankees are reported to be massing heavy columns on our left with the view of flanking us. Let them continue; it cannot last forever.

I am glad to say that the wound of Captain W. H. Claiborne is not as severe as was first supposed, and that it is mending rapidly. I trust that the gallant Captain will soon be able to return to duty as Inspector-General of Reynolds' brigade, for his services are very valuable.

Captain Wise, of General Stevenson's staff, was wounded yesterday, while accompanying the Fifty-fourth Virginia in its charge on the enemy. His wound is very painful, but not severe, as the ball injured no bones whatever. He is a nephew of Governor Wise of Virginia, and is a really brave officer.

In my last letter I omitted to mention a gallant son of Georgia. I allude to Captain Jossie, of Macon. This officer behaved with great heroism in the battle of Saturday, and received the thanks and compliments of our General. The Captain is, I regret to state, sick at present, but I trust he will soon recover.

The army is still, in fine spirits, retains un-

bounded confidence in General Johnston, and is eager to meet the enemy. The Confederacy may depend upon the Army of Tennessee.

ANOTHER NATIONAL ACCOUNT.

TWO MILES NORTHEAST OF DALLAS, GA., }
May 28, 1864.

The movements of this army have already been chronicled up to and through the battle of Resacca, and the precipitate retreat of the rebels through Kingston and Cassville, upon Etowah River, and Allatoona Gap. At the two former places they offered a slight opposition to our advance, which was quickly swept away, and the pursuit continued to Cassville. Here the army halted two days to recruit after its late battles and marches, and then its indefatigable leader gave orders to take twenty days' rations and set out on a march, supposed to be a flank movement upon Atlanta. The right of the army went by the way of Rome, the centre crossed the Etowah at Gillum's bridge, about twelve miles west of the railroad, while the left proceeded by parallel (?) roads at supporting distance from the centre. Why the enemy did not anticipate our crossing the river below, and attempt to forestall it, is not clearly shown. They did think of it, but too late. After the army had safely crossed at Gillum's bridge, a rebel bearer of despatches was captured, with an order from Johnston to his cavalry leader to intercept us at the bridge, as we would probably attempt to cross it. General Thomas at once clad one of his spies in rebel uniform, instructed our pickets to fire at him (over his head, of course), and sent him through the lines with a despatch to Joe Johnston that he (Taylor) had done so with a loss to us of two thousand or so, and many prisoners. It was a cruel joke upon the rebel, and procured for the spy, besides, access to valuable information from pretty high rebel sources. The army then marched quietly on towards Dallas.

May 25.

The day passed off without incident or note, till about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the sound of a brisk cannonade in the advance discovered a fight in progress. It proved to be General Hooker's corps, which had held the advance on the march, engaged with the rebel General Hood's corps. Early in the forenoon, while the General and his staff were inspecting the bridge over Pumpkin Vine Creek, about half way between Burnt Hickory and Dallas, he was fired upon by a cavalry picket, which then immediately fled. After proceeding two or three miles beyond the bridge, boldly in front of his entire force, his escort became engaged with a small body calling themselves the Louisiana Sharpshooters, and killed their Major and a few men. At noon the Second division (General Williams), which was leading the way, discovered that they had a considerable body of infantry before them, instead of the few cavalry they

had supposed. Skirmishing immediately began, the Second division driving the enemy steadily from their first line of works about two miles, entirely unsupported. About five o'clock they came upon a stronger line, and, being fatigued, they were relieved by the Third and First divisions (Generals Butterfield and Geary commanding). The Third divided, a brigade and a regiment going to the left, and the remainder to the right, and the First taking the place of the Second. After a short time the Second was brought up at an angle upon the right, and took part in the remainder of the engagement. Advancing steadily under a fire of musketry, which those who witnessed it declare they have seldom seen equalled in severity, they proceeded to within forty yards of a concealed battery, planted by sections, which opened upon them a sudden and murderous discharge of grape and canister. One company of the Fifth Ohio approached as near to suffering absolute annihilation as, perhaps, is ever witnessed. A withering volley of grape from the battery prostrated upon the ground nearly the entire company, every man and file-closer in his place and his face to the front, with almost the regularity of a skirmish line. The rebel firing was rapid and terrific. At this point the gallant Colonel of the Fifth, J. H. Patrick, fell mortally wounded, at the head of his regiment, and expired in a few minutes. He was struck on the leg by a shell, and died before an amputation could be performed. The First division suffered severely, losing near nine hundred men. Some companies of the Second division fired sixty rounds, and the division, as a whole, maintained its position against the entire rebel corps for some time, and till others could be brought to its assistance. The heavy losses of the First division were occasioned by the destructive fire of the central battery, and it is worthy of the greatest praise for the undaunted steadiness with which it bore the fierce fire of the rebel battery, until it was disabled by the loss of all its horses, and many of its gunners, from the close volleys which were poured into it. The One Hundred and Second Illinois, armed with the Spencer rifle, claims the honor of reducing it to silence, though it was most efficiently assisted by others to the right or left. The enemy were driven entirely away from the pieces, yet we could not take them, owing to the proximity of their lines; and thus they remained on neutral ground, claimed by neither, and useless to both. The Sixtieth Illinois played a prominent part in unmanning and unhorsing another section of the battery in the same manner. Their sharpshooters picked off forty of its gunners, who had the temerity to elevate their heads above the breastworks.

But to enumerate the instances of individual heroism and good conduct in this brilliant episode, would be to introduce the name and history of every man and company and regiment in the Twentieth corps. A narrative with so many chapters is impossible. I asked repeat-

edly for special instances of daring and merit, but could find none, so admirable was the behavior of all alike. It was a special pleasure of the officers to speak of the magnificent enthusiasm with which the men "went in," and the steadiness they exhibited under the galling fire which met them. General Thomas publicly declared that he had not at any time seen men bear themselves more bravely than these. Let this verdict suffice for every one who is anxious for the good name of the Twentieth corps.

Few prisoners were taken on either side. The loss on our side was probably greater than that of the enemy, amounting to about one thousand five hundred killed, wounded, and missing. The substantial fruits of the day's work are a gain of two miles of ground, giving us a favorable position, two pieces of artillery, and a better arrangement of the line for subsequent operations.

The fighting was conducted by General Hooker on his favorite plan, and with his wonted dash and audacity. At one time the Second division was exposed alone to the attack of the whole rebel force; but the General, who was, as always, at every right place at the right time, instead of halting for assistance to arrive, or falling back, which would have insured an attack and rout, dashed the division headlong against the rebels, and, what with the belief this inspired in them of a larger force, and the stun and panic of the shock, drove them before him at will. Supreme daring in this case was supreme safety. The General's peculiar and admirable tactics were here clearly shown. Forming the men in several lines of battle, he pushes them rapidly on by a continual sort of a revolution. As the front line becomes exhausted, it is halted, and the extreme rear is hurried to the front, which is thus kept constantly fresh.

Night put an end to the firing, but all night trains and ambulances and artillery were rumbling to and fro, troops were marching into line, and everything gave promise of stern work on the morrow. But it did not come. The woods were thick, the fortifications had all to be built, the lines of troops were immensely long, winding off to the left and right into their places, and so the whole of May twenty-six passed away, and nothing was accomplished save getting into position. But this was much, far more than one who has not seen it with his own eyes can believe. A continuous front of many miles in extent, in dense forests, over creeks and hills and valleys, with only a few rugged and narrow parallel roads, out of which to deliver the huge masses of men and guns, is not the creation of an hour, nor of a day. But during the night a part of the Fourth corps had come up and gone in to the left, and in the morning Gibson's brigade (Willich's old) was thrown out as skirmishers. During the day, the Twenty-third and part of the Fourteenth corps advanced to the extreme left, but General McPherson failed to come up on the right, as was expected. Scattering shots of musketry flew

either way all day, and two or three batteries were planted on a commanding ridge of ground, which failed to elicit any reply from the other side, besides an occasional angry shell. The rebels were chary of their powder, saving it for sterner uses, and anxious to conceal their pieces that they might again employ them at a range of their own choosing, as on the day before. They were very quiet, and concealed themselves in the thick undergrowth to such an extent that our gunners must fire pretty much at random, and seek to discover their whereabouts. Evidently they had not completed their preparations, had not yet received all the reinforcements they expected, and felt that they could afford to bide their time while their skirmishers were harassing ours, and their silence was emptying our caissons to no purpose, till everything was well ready. Some prisoners brought in in the evening, and examined rigorously and apart, disclosed the fact that they had received reinforcements from Florida, and now claimed an effective strength of seventy thousand. As their stories agreed, it was concluded that reinforcements had probably arrived, but not in such numbers as represented. It was accordingly expected that the next day would see a general engagement; but either they or we were not even yet ready. The skirmishing was sharp and continuous, but neither party seemed to advance or retreat. A few of the rebel rifle-pits were carried, and in the evening the lines got afoul of each other, and a small squad of prisoners was brought in. The undergrowth, which covers the whole face of the ground, prevents the lines from seeing each other till very close, consequently many of the wounds are very severe. About a hundred may be set down as the day's losses along a front of three miles.

May 27.

The expectations of the day before were not destined to be realized, for operations on both sides were confined to a desultory artillery practice, fortifying and manœuvring into better positions. McPherson was expected to have closed up the gap on the right, and his failure, for some reason, to do so, postponed still further an active work of any magnitude. A general attack was to have been made early in the day, but with the whole right wing floating loose and detached, it was utterly impossible. General Jeff. C. Davis' division of the Fourteenth corps, however, occupied Dallas, and, late in the evening, intelligence arrived that McPherson had reported himself on Davis' right, and that the latter had "side stepped" to the left, so as to fill up the gap intervening between himself and the Twentieth corps. On the right, then, all was as it should be. On the left, also, connection was made between Schofield and the three infantry divisions under Elliott, commanded by Murray (Kilpatrick's division), Garrard, and Ed. McCook, General McCook connecting with the infantry. General Stoneman had an independent command, also, on the immediate left. At day-

light the monotonous popping of musketry and occasional bellowing of artillery opened again, to continue the whole of another stale day of skirmishing.

Early in the forenoon the monotony was sadly broken by the death of Major J. B. Hampson, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio, and Aid to General Wood. He was struck in the left shoulder by a musket ball, which broke the spine, and ended his life in a few hours. He was a general favorite, and his death produced unfeigned sadness among a wide circle of friends.

The play of the artillery was, for the most part, necessarily aimless, and consequently harmless. One gunner, however, by the felling of trees, at last discovered an inviting target, and succeeded in throwing into it a couple of shells, most handsomely. A house was discovered about two miles distant, in the yard of which the rebels had planted a battery, and whose tall red chimney stood out among the trees too temptingly to be refused. A piece was trained on it, and the first shell went home without bursting, and left no indications except its effects. These were sufficiently obvious. Immediately a prodigious flutter was visible about the premises, men vigorously running away among the trees, and most ludicrous and yet most cruel of all, a woman, in white, fleeing out of the house in the greatest apparent terror. The gun was held a little to the left and a second shell lodged directly in the yard, bursting immediately above the surface of the ground, in a position to do the utmost possible slashing among the rebel gunners, if any were there. Two more accurate deliveries, at that distance, are seldom seen.

Early in the afternoon long lines of dust were seen about four miles away to the rear and left, rising over the tops of the trees, and about five o'clock we received a conclusive and stunning explanation of their import. It was simply a rapid concentration to strike our extreme left, which was still weak and unsteady, from its having been continually shoved out in that direction, and from the distance and the roughness of the way over which supporting artillery must pass. The rebels had evidently discovered this state of affairs, and meant to thrust a heavy column in between Schofield and the cavalry before these could be united in a strong line. They were at their old work. Fortunately the game was detected and our combinations made in time to save the line, but not a minute to spare. The blow was parried, but we staggered under it. Wood's division of the Fourth corps had been relieved from line of battle on Schofield's right in the forenoon by the division of General Stanley, and had rested but a short time when it was hurried over to the point of danger. The ground was very rough and the bushes almost impenetrable, but boldness was here again the safe policy and the division was soon engaged. The ground on which it must fight was peculiarly bad. Two parallel ridges hemmed in its flanks, and directly in front was

another, on all of which the rebels had guns which delivered at once a direct, enfilading, and cross fire. Their volleys were quick and terrible as cross-lightning; grape, canister, shell, and round shot pouring in all at once, and musket balls flying thick as hail. Out of Wood's division, and Scribner's brigade of Johnson's division, which was supporting on the left, four hundred men fell in thirty minutes, when darkness happily intervened. Our lines had held their own stubbornly in the face of this terrible slaughter, but by ten in the evening were drawn back so that they could be supported by batteries which had in the meantime been planted. Here lay four hundred wounded and dead men in need of immediate care, and the ambulances and stretchers were three miles away, and the road between was very bad. Despite the best endeavors of Captain Tousley, Chief of Ambulance corps, who ordered up the whole corps at once, nearly a hundred men lay on the field all night. Those who could dragged themselves wearily along, with the aid of comrades, to the hospital. This number of wounded and killed were found on the field, and others may have been left in the retreat. Among the missing is Colonel Payne, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio, who is either a prisoner or killed, and fallen into the hands of the rebels. Another painful loss was that of Captain Harry Stinson, of General Howard's staff, who was shot early in the day through the lungs, and will not probably survive. He is but twenty years of age, and had just been appointed Major by the General, though not yet commissioned. The General himself exposed his person recklessly, and came sufficiently near being a one-legged, as he is already a one-armed veteran. A ragged piece of shell contused his foot severely while he was riding coolly *outside the skirmish line*, and another piece slightly bruised his forehead. The General's remark that he has already made sufficient sacrifices to the rebels, and must, therefore, be entitled to immunity at their hands, would weigh lightly with the bloody-minded traitors, if any opportunity against him should be presented, and will lack much of dispelling the anxiety of his friends.

The heaviest sufferers by the evening's attack was, probably, Hazen's brigade. Forming the centre of the attacking column, and driving upon the foe in the form of a wedge, it courted the enemy's fiercest, and, as it came, braced itself up stoutly against it, and stood.

Here again the conduct of the troops was all that could be desired. Though melting fast, under the double fire of cannon and musketry, and unsupported by artillery, they remained steadfast. They load and fire until the ammunition is nearly gone, and when there are no more cartridges in the boxes, they stand fast till more is brought. The glorious earnestness of American citizens contending in a just cause is nowhere more nobly evinced than here to-day in the army of General Sherman. The patience, too, with which the men bear wounds and

suffering, is worthy of all praise. Cheerily, and even merrily, those who can do so, hop away to the rear on poles and sticks, or leaning on the shoulder of a comrade, and those who have fallen await the coming of the stretcher, and, in the hospital, their turn under the lance and the saw, quietly and without complaint. One poor fellow, whose life was swiftly running out in a great red stream, from a ghastly shell-wound which severed his leg, uttered no groan, nor did his check blanch, though he knew too well that death was but a few hours off.

FOUR MILES NORTHEAST OF DALTON, GA., }
May 28, 1864. }

In my last letter I gave you a brief account of the operations of this army up to the twenty-seventh, including the affairs of Generals Hooker and Wood—battles they would have been in the younger days of the war, but not now—and will now continue it to date.

At the time of General Wood's fight with the enemy, the lines of battle had been completed, though since modified, and were after the following order: The right resting on, and extending a mile beyond Dallas, under McPherson, was composed of the commands of Generals Logan, Dodge, and Jeff. C. Davis. Its flank was protected by Garrard's cavalry. Next in order, to the left, were Generals Hooker, Howard, and Johnson, forming the centre, with General Schofield on the left, and the flank covered by the cavalry of Generals Stoneman, McCook, and Kilpatrick. These forces were drawn out in an irregular line, running north-east and south-west, and presenting a front of twelve or fourteen miles. The location was on the southern spurs of the Allatoona range of hills, across a continuous succession of hills and valleys, forming a very broken surface, and the whole—except now and then a cleared field—covered with heavy pine and oak forests. Through this range, down into the open country beyond, pass several roads which we wish to pass over, and which the rebels intend to dispute by planting artillery on the flanking hills. Military men say they occupy a strong position; one which it will be wasteful of human life to attempt to carry by straight work. Such, then, being the position, and the rebels having felt our strength in the centre, in resisting General Hooker's advance, and having found that our line was not easily to be broken at that point, next made an attempt to break over the lines on the left, which attempt it cost the unfortunate division of Wood so many men to resist. The exact loss, so far as ascertained, of the division, and Scribner's brigade, which assisted on the left, was one thousand six hundred and ten. But many were wounded who fell into the possession of the rebels, as did nearly all the dead, so hard were our forces pressed. Some of the stretcher-bearers, even, were captured as they attempted to push too far out in the prosecution of their humane work. Batteries were at length planted which replied to the enemy's fire, and

occasional shells were pitched into our camp all night, though the enemy has not attempted anything since upon the left. This affair, it will be remembered, occurred on the evening of the twenty-seventh of May. On the evening of the next day they made a similar attempt to turn our right flank, under McPherson. About half-past four in the afternoon, after having vigorously shelled our position for three-quarters of an hour, they made a simultaneous assault upon the works of the Fifteenth corps and the left wing of the Sixteenth, forming an unbroken front of more than a mile in extent. The Fifteenth corps, under command of General John A. Logan, formed the right of the line, and the left wing of the Sixteenth corps, under command of General Dodge, was posted on the left. The assault was one of the most furious and persistent yet made in the campaign. It was made by the corps of Hardee, supposed to be about twenty-three thousand strong, all of them seasoned veterans, and fighting with the utmost obstinacy. They rushed impetuously forward under a withering fire from our musketry, until many of them were within twenty feet of our breastworks. Five of their color-bearers were found dead in their places at that distance from our front. Fifty-four dead rebels were counted lying on the ground directly in front of one regiment, the Sixty-sixth Indiana. After they had withdrawn from the bloody field, our forces had buried three hundred of their dead, and there were yet many more, when they were ordered by the rebels, with curses, to desist, and our stretcher-bearers were at once fired upon. What better evidences than the above of the bravery, and at the same time of the barbarity of the rebels, could be asked? Yet it was all unavailing. Our forces stood like a wall, and it was to the audacious rebels a wall of devouring fire. General Logan depended almost entirely on musketry for repelling the attack, since he had few pieces in position, and fewer still (four) were enabled, from the nature of the ground, to play on the enemy. He had not yet completed the breastworks, even, but only got them in readiness on the summits of the hills, and extended a little way down the sides, so that on a good portion of the front the men fought face to face, with only their good muskets for a defence. But Logan himself was a host. Riding along the entire line, with an electric word for each brave regiment, swinging his hat and cheering where the bullets were thickest, his strong voice rising high above the roar of the fight, the splendid enthusiasm of the man inspired the troops with like temper, if such inspiration were needed, and insured their invincibility, which was never for a moment doubtful. "They were more than we," said the General, "but we can whip them every time—every fifteen minutes a day." And he is right, so long as himself is included in the number. With such a leader, the men who compose the Army of the West can accomplish almost miracles.

The rebel loss is estimated at headquarters at about two thousand five hundred or three thousand, and the estimate can well be accepted when the fact I have given above is recalled. One hundred and fifty prisoners were taken, and none lost. Our loss is set down at about four hundred and eighty, in the two commands of Logan and Dodge; the exact number in the Fifteenth corps was two hundred and thirty-eight. The figures given above include, on both sides, the killed and wounded and captured, and on our side also, the trivial losses by skirmishing on the two subsequent days. Among the commissioned officers killed on our side were Colonel Dickerman, of the One Hundred and Third Illinois, Major Geisy, of the Forty-sixth Ohio, and Lieutenant Lovell, of the Twenty-seventh Ohio. The body of Major Geisy has been embalmed, and sent home to his friends. Captain Congers, of the Sixty-fourth Illinois, and Captain McRae, Sixty-sixth Indiana, were severely wounded. On the morning of the thirtieth, also, a stray shot from a skirmisher slightly grazed General Logan on the left arm, and entered the right breast of Colonel Taylor, chief of artillery to General McPherson, inflicting a very painful wound, though it is thought he will recover.

There have thus occurred, since the opening of the campaign south of the Etowah River, up to the evening of the twenty-eighth, three separate affairs which approached almost to the dignity of battles. On the afternoon of the twenty-fifth the enemy attempted to resist the advance of Hooker in the centre; on the twenty-seventh they attempted to turn the left flank, under General Wood, and on the twenty-eighth, to turn the right, under McPherson. An honest statement of the facts compels the acknowledgment, that in the first they succeeded substantially, though the affair wore a sufficiently brilliant aspect from our having carried the first slight line of works, and carried on the pursuit with so much *elan*, till we were rudely halted by the artillery and heavier forces of the second. Our losses, too, here, being the attacking party, and encountering a severe discharge of canister, with none to answer it, was, doubtless, heavier than that of the enemy. So in the second. Here we had little available artillery, and met a formidable fire from every species of arms. It cost us a heavy loss, but it was imperatively necessary to stop the enemy's advance. But in the action on the right it was better. The results were equally good, while the losses were far lighter, and the enemy suffered in an inverse ratio. Not that the troops were any braver on the right, or the fighting any better, for they were not, nor could they be, but they fought on the defensive.

May 29.

After having remained in position before the enemy three days, and tested pretty thoroughly his strength and disposition, and ascertained that the passes were too strongly fortified to be

carried without an unnecessary loss of life, the determination seems to have been formed to march the whole line of battle by the left flank, and then, by a sudden massing of troops, to effect a passage by certain roads in that quarter, yet undefined. This plan was to have been carried out quietly and secretly during the night of this day. But, in some way, the rebels were informed of the design, or at least strongly suspected it, and succeeded in postponing its execution. This they did by noisy and buncombe attacks with artillery and musketry upon the right centre and right, which they made at frequent intervals during the night, and with so much apparent fury and purpose that our Generals deemed it unwise to attempt the movement. It is an axiom of war that a flank march in front of the enemy is the most dangerous that a commander is called upon to make, and should always be covered with the utmost secrecy. Though the enemy's fire was necessarily aimless and vain in the darkness of the dense forests, still it was not known to what it might lead; and as it showed that our plan was discovered, the men lay quiet in their works, and allowed the skirmishers and the cannon to make reply. And reply they did, with a mighty emphasis. Five or six batteries of thunderers gave forth into the still midnight air of Georgia such sounds as they were little wont to hear, and as their deep voices reverberated, far and wide, through the forests, they admonished the impudent rebels, in tones which were not to be mistaken, of the potency of the monster they had awakened from his slumbers. As we lay that night, on our sleepless beds of leaves, while an occasional Minié sputtered through the leaves overhead, and the loud bellowing of the cannon made the whole air quake, we had a slight earnest of "the pride, the pomp, the circumstance of glorious war." The result of all this noise and fury was, as might have been expected, very slight, twenty men wounded on our side, and probably a greater number on the other. The attack on McPherson's line was equally impudent and empty. It was repeated three several times, and caused a loss equally trivial with our own.

May 30.

The last night's work had disarranged the plans for this day, and there must be new consultations, new drawing of lines on the maps, new calculations of chances and balancing of probabilities; and, meantime, the great army lies quiet, and the day is distinguished for nothing, except the endless skirmishing and picket-firing. Will they never have done with that popping and peppering of guns? Are our ears made of leather, and our nerves of tanned leather? Besides all that, there is great danger that somebody will get hit.

To-morrow will, no doubt, "usher in great events." They can not long be delayed.

A CAVALRY AFFAIR ON SHERMAN'S REAR.

KINGSTON, GA., May 30, 1864.

We had an ugly little affair on the twenty-fifth instant, that cost the Eleventh Kentucky cavalry pretty dearly. The First and Eleventh Kentucky cavalry, commanded by Colonel Holman, a brave and daring officer, had advanced some ten miles beyond this place, which is a small county town on the Dalton and Atlanta railroad, thirty-eight miles from the former and about sixty from the latter place. Some of the enemy's cavalry had been discovered on our left flank, and had succeeded in capturing a few horses of the Eleventh Kentucky, who were out foraging.

On the morning of the twenty-third, our brigade, composed of said regiments, the former commanded by Colonel Adams, and the latter by Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander, and the whole under command of Colonel Holman, was ordered back to Cassville Station (a depot on said railroad about eight miles beyond this place, and about two miles south of Cassville, from which the station takes its name), to aid in protecting a train of wagons at that station. We reached that place towards noon, and in the afternoon we went into camp. On the next morning we were ordered to saddle up and be prepared to move at a moment's warning. In a short time our pickets came in, and reported they had been driven in by a superior force of the enemy's cavalry. Major Boyle, a brave young officer, took a few companies of the Eleventh Kentucky, and went in search of the enemy, but returned without succeeding in finding him. In a short time we heard brisk firing in front, and were ordered immediately to mount and advance towards the scene of action. We hastened forward, and soon learned that the enemy had attacked and burned our wagon train. The train comprised some thirty or forty wagons, which had been ordered back to this place.

The force to protect them, as I have been informed by some of the soldiers, was the Fourteenth Kentucky infantry, nine hundred and eighty-eight strong, and some two hundred of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Indiana infantry, with said brigade of cavalry, composed of six or seven hundred men. The wagons are said to have been ordered by General Schofield to move out in front. The infantry in their rear, and the cavalry again in the rear of them, General Schofield supposing that if any attack were made upon the train, it would come from the rear. And if the rebels had been accommodating enough to make the attack just at that point all would have been well, and they would have been handsomely repulsed, but the ill-bred, cowardly scamps waited until the head of the train had advanced about a mile and a half, and then attacked them about the centre, where there were no ugly guns to confront them, and succeeded in burning the greater portion of the train. The presumption is, when General Schofield gave such orders, he was not

aware that the enemy's cavalry had been for some days hovering about our left flank, though in what numbers it was impossible to conjecture. Fortunately, our mule train containing our ammunition was in the rear of the wagons, and was all safe.

Had one regiment of the cavalry advanced in front, and the other in the rear, with the infantry on each side of the wagons, with skirmishers thrown out at some distance in every direction, to guard against a surprise, the result would have, doubtless, been very different. The loss of property, however, was very trifling.

After this disaster the small amount of forage at Cassville Station was burned, and our whole force, with the mule trains, advanced a short distance, when the trains and infantry were halted, and the cavalry advanced across a small stream, near to which was a heavy line of breastworks and rifle-pits, made by Johnston on his retreat, and thence across an open field, and attacked the enemy in a dense oak and pine forest, entirely beyond supporting distance of the infantry. The fire from the enemy concealed in the bush was so heavy and murderous that our brave boys were immediately driven back and hotly pursued by a heavy line of the enemy across the open field, nobly contesting the ground, as they retreated before a superior force; and to increase the difficulty, our brave fellows had to file away to the right to get round said breastworks and rifle-pits. The Eleventh Kentucky cavalry had five killed on the spot, one mortally wounded, who died the ensuing night, one slightly, and two badly, though not dangerously, wounded. The names of the killed are E. Colvin, Company D; James Kallaher, Company B; Alex. Knight, Company I; Samuel Kidwell, Company D; John Smithy, Company H, and John Martin, mortally wounded and since died, of Company K. Brave fellows, they died in a noble cause. All honor to their memories. They are buried near the hospital in the vicinity of Kingston. Boards, with their names rudely carved upon them, mark the places where they sleep their last sleep. Samson Braydon, of the Sixth Tennessee infantry, a wagoner, was also mortally wounded, and died on Wednesday night, the twenty-fifth instant. A board with his name carved upon it marks his resting-place beside the others.

The names of our wounded are, Francis Lewis and Valentine Her, Company K, and Augustus Foldon, Company H, Eleventh Kentucky cavalry. There are also missing upwards of thirty, one of whom, Captain Linthark, is known to have been taken prisoner. The others are doubtless prisoners. The First Kentucky cavalry had two men wounded: Timothy Lake, badly though not dangerously, of Company C, and Lewis Huddleston, slightly. They are all doing well. These are all the casualties in our brigade so far as I can learn.

The enemy did not accomplish all this mischief with impunity. The gallant Lieutenant Hall emptied one saddle, and the brave Lieu-

tenant Harris another. Lieutenant Harris also disabled one of the rebels by a blow on his head with a saber, and captured him. There was also a rebel Sergeant-Major taken prisoner. Whether the enemy sustained any further loss or not, I don't know.

Our boys state that they saw some of our men shot and others knocked upon the head after they surrendered, and three of the men that we buried have marks of having been knocked on the head; two of them had fatal gunshot wounds. The other had the side of his forehead crushed in, apparently by a blow with a clubbed gun; there were no other marks of violence upon his person.

The rebels were led by the savage Wheeler, so I am informed by the wounded rebel prisoner we have in charge. I asked him how many men Wheeler had. He replied he did not know, but that he did not think that he could have had more than seven or eight hundred.

As our force was probably double that of the enemy, had there been a combined attack by our cavalry and infantry, it might have succeeded in entirely discomfiting him.

In a little skirmish which we had with the enemy on the twelfth inst., the morning we reached our lines near Dalton, we had one man killed, James Self, a brave fellow, greatly beloved by all the boys who knew him.

JOHN TAFEE,
Chaplain Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry.

THE LEFT WING OF THE ARMY,
NEAR DALTON, May 31, 1864. }

The chief transactions of the past three days, forming episodes in the daily and nightly skirmish firing, shelling, and assaults by the enemy on various parts of our extended and impregnable line, have been the attack upon McPherson on the extreme right, on Saturday, the twenty-eighth. Three divisions were moved to the attack at a time when he was supposed to be about to move by the flank, to close up the gap between his left and the right wing of Thomas. But, though about to move, he was found still in position, and prepared to inflict a severe chastisement upon the enemy. The fight was a severe one, lasting about one hour, during which our men are said to have behaved with consummate coolness and courage. The enemy was repulsed with a very heavy loss. The field was covered with their dead and wounded. General McPherson reports that he buried three hundred, and had about fifty mortal cases of rebel wounded in his hospitals. The loss of the enemy cannot, he thinks, fall short of twenty-five hundred.

On Monday night there was an attempt to drive in our skirmishers in front of the Twenty-third corps; but the Second and Third divisions sent them to the right about, inflicting considerable loss upon the attacking party. Our loss was not large.

On Tuesday morning, Polk's corps lying in

front of the Twenty-third corps, made a dash at the Second and Third divisions with two heavy lines of skirmishers. Our advance line was obliged to fall back upon the second line, and they in turn upon the reserve, when the enemy met with such a hot reception, they fell back in disorder, leaving many dead and wounded on the field. Our loss was ten or twelve killed, and some forty wounded, in the two divisions. We brought eight rebel dead within our lines, from the immediate vicinity of our works, which were only a small part of those who fell under the steady fire of our troops. Our lines were again established in the same positions, and have not since been disturbed, except by the perpetual attention of the sharpshooters, who occasionally pick off a man. The wounded have been sent to the rear, under the arrangements of Dr. Shippen.

Killed.—John Coffelt, I, One Hundred and Seventh Illinois; William Peer, B, Fiftieth Ohio; W. R. Hagel, I, Fiftieth Ohio; John Franklin, B, Fiftieth Ohio; William Wiley, A, Fiftieth Ohio; John Clotter, K, Fiftieth Ohio; Joseph Smith, F, One Hundred and Fourth Ohio; Samuel F. Totten, F, One Hundred and Fourth Ohio; Thomas E. Williams, G, One Hundred and Fourth Ohio; Daniel Hager, K, Fourth Kentucky.

June 1.

The enemy have been very active in shelling our line to-day, under the impression, possibly, that some change is occurring in the disposition of our lines—which may prove correct. I refrain at present from indicating what the nature of the movement is, as it may fall into rebel hands, and afford the enemy some clue to our future plans.

Everything is working well. McPherson is closing up upon our right, and the army will now be ready to make the next move on the chess-board at once.

Writing evidently under a total misunderstanding of the facts, your correspondent did the greatest injustice to General Cox's division, in the account he gave of the battle of Resacca. Your fairness will, I am sure, lead you to correct the mistake.

The division was not "last," as the correspondent states, but was on the extreme left, and was the first to encounter the enemy on Saturday morning, the fourteenth of May. The column had moved through woods impassable for artillery, and the skirmishing had commenced before any battery had come up. The artillery of General Cox's division cut their own road through the woods, bridged ravines, and were on the enemy's right in position, and had opened on them about nine o'clock A. M. The Fifteenth Indiana battery, and Battery D, of the First Ohio Light Artillery, dismounted two rebel guns in a work situated to the enemy's right and rear. They also set fire to a building containing ammunition, which was burned towards eleven o'clock. The infantry of the division were the only troops that charged and actually carried the enemy's lines on that day. This was accomplished be-

tween twelve and one P. M. They afterwards kept the enemy from loading and firing their guns by a sharp fire upon their cannoniers. The One Hundred and Third Ohio volunteer infantry carried the division standard a hundred yards to the rear of the enemy's chief rifle-pits, where it was maintained until the regiment was relieved, after dark. This gallant act cost the regiment two ranking captains, who were successively in command, the whole color-guard, and one hundred men. The division held its position, not retiring an inch, until relieved about dark, and when every round of ammunition had been expended.

These statements I know, from personal observation, and from information obtained from the most credible sources, are entirely true. The statement that General Cox acted independently of orders, or in violation of them, it were hardly worth while to contradict for the information of any persons at all acquainted with that officer.

Doc. 9.

FIGHT AT ROUND MOUNTAIN, TENN.

COLONEL GROSE'S REPORT.

MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE,
August 30, 1862. }

General J. Ammon, McMinnville, Tennessee:

I arrived here this morning at six o'clock. The forces under my command had an engagement with General Forrest between three and four o'clock P. M., on the twenty-seventh instant, at "Round Mountain," two and a half miles from Woodbury. He made the attack upon our rear, and, as *he* supposed, upon our train. But instead of my train, his heavy force came in contact with the Twenty-third Kentucky, under Colonel Mundy. The enemy were handsomely repulsed, and with a portion of Captain Mendenhall's battery, the right wing of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, and Colonel Mundy's regiment, we pursued and drove them over two miles, scattering them in every direction. Our loss is four of the Twenty-third Kentucky, and one of Lieutenant-Colonel Cochran's cavalry wounded. The loss of the enemy is much larger.

Your obedient servant,

W. GROSE,
Colonel, commanding Tenth Brigade.

J. E. HOLLAND,
A. A. A. G.

Doc. 10.

BATTLE OF PITTSBURGH LANDING, TENNESSEE.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTY-SIXTH REGIMENT INDIANA
VOLUNTEERS, NEAR PITTSBURGH LANDING,
TENNESSEE, April 8, 1862. }

Colonel Jacob Ammon, commanding Tenth Brigade, Fourth Division:

SIR: In discharge of my duty, I make the following report of the part the Thirty-sixth

Indiana volunteers took in the general engagement at this place on the evening of the sixth and day of the seventh instant. On the march from Savannah on the sixth, my regiment had the advance of the column of General Buell's army, and I sent four companies forward as an advance guard, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Cary, leaving four with me at the head of the column (two companies having been left behind on other duty). On reaching the river, with the four companies at the head of the column, they were immediately ferried over to join those under Lieutenant-Colonel Cary, that had passed over before my arrival. On arriving on the south side of the river, under circumstances that looked discouraging to new troops, my regiment, eight companies, about four hundred strong, was formed amid great commotion and excitement. While forming the regiment one of my men was killed by a ball from the enemy's artillery. As soon as formed, I was ordered by General Buell, in person, to advance to support Captain Stone's battery, about one hundred and fifty yards distant from my place of forming, which was done in tolerable order. and as soon as the regiment was in place the firing commenced, and continued until near dusk. I there lost another man killed and one wounded, repulsed the enemy and saved the battery, which was the only part taken by General Buell's army that day. During the fore part of the night, with the brigade we took an advance position of about two hundred yards, and took our position on the left of the brigade and extreme left of the line of battle, which seemed to have been formed during the night, and lay on our arms until five and a half the next morning, when we were ordered and moved forward with the brigade in line of battle, in the front line, with two companies thrown forward and to the left as skirmishers. We advanced forward, to the left of the Corinth road, about one-half mile, when our skirmishers engaged the enemy, we advancing steadily, and the enemy falling back for a distance of about one mile from where we lay in the morning, when the engagement became general, in strong force on both sides. Seeing the enemy making continuous efforts to turn our left, I threw out a third company as skirmishers, which, with the assistance of the skirmishers from the Twenty-fourth Ohio on my right, succeeded in saving our left from being turned. We slowly advanced, our skirmishers maintaining their positions, driving the enemy's cavalry, infantry, and artillery before them, over the same ground fought over the previous day. About eleven o'clock my remaining five companies not on skirmish to our left, were ordered forward in conjunction with the Twenty-fourth Ohio, and a part of the Fifteenth Illinois, that had been sent to me and placed on my left, into the general fight, and engaged the enemy in strong force, they with a heavy battery, cavalry, and infantry in our front and to our left. My regiment advanced to a fence mostly thrown down, where a desperate contest ensued, during