Doc. 39.

SHERMAN'S ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

IN THE FIELD, NEAR DALLAS, GEORGIA, June 3.

Thirty-five days of active campaigning under Sherman; thirty-five nights of march, picket, skirmish, battle, or of uneasy slumber on beds of grass, leaves, rails, rocks, or mother earth, with the blue heavens for a canopy; and to-day, a seat beside a mountain stream a mile from camp, with no sign of man's handiwork visible save the few rails that form my seat, can not be expected to fit your correspondent well for the task of giving a graphic account of military operations for the last ten days. Right well pleased am I to know, however, that the tardiness of my pen will work no disadvantage to the readers of the Gazette, since a "relief" in the form of another of the knights of the quill has arrived, and made this portion of the army his particular field. Yet, I know that there are some of the events that transpire among us, unimportant, perhaps, historically, but of much interest to many, which I may tell without repeating what may be better written by another.*

To make a little *resume* of the whole ten days, let us go back to Kingston, May twenty-second—the date of my last letter. On that day portions of the army had advanced some miles beyond Kingston, and were skirmishing with the enemy; while Sherman's energy had completed the railroad to his army and had thrown forward twenty days' rations, ready for a move without a base to begin next morning. But never perhaps was the saying that "large bodies move slowly," more fully verified than to the troops which formed the rear guard of McPherson's command that day. Early in the morning orders to be ready at a moment's notice were given, but the morning wore away and left the troops lying as the sunrise found them. Gladly, at noon, was the sound to fall in heard. Let the weather be as it may, there is nothing so perplexing and so troublesome as a night march; no soldiers likes to have it in prospect. Appearances, however, all deceive in a soldier's life. Doomed to a night march, it was of no avail that orders came early. It required just so many hours to get the immense wagon train in line, and the rear guard could not go until that was done. It was actually sunset when the last of the troops filed out of Kingston. A night march of course followed, and one of the most unpleasant imaginable. Following the trains would certainly wear the patience of the most patient. A movement forward of ten feet, then a halt of two minutes, another move, and another halt *ad infinitum* made up the order of march. Plunging into gutters, tumbling over rocks and stumps, and irregularities that could not be distinguished for the darkness, is it any wonder that the poor soldier dreads a night march? Then, on this particular occasion, the dust was inches in depth; penetrating every crevice and fold, and covering the whole man with its dirty gray mist, it is the most disagreeable element, save gunpowder, with which the soldier has to contend.

This is the history of the first night's march of six miles or eight across the Etowah river, on the Van Wert road.

As it had been at Dalton, so it was to be at the Etowah. McPherson, Sherman's right-hand man, was to take the right and flank the position, not only of Etowah but of Altoona. Hence his movement by the Van Wert road, crossing the Etowah at a bridge a few miles from Kingston, which the rebels did not destroy. On the twenty-fourth his command encamped at Van Wert, a little village twenty miles southwest of Kingston, and apparently far away from any military operations. From this place the line of march was changed to the southeast, pointing towards Dallas. On the twenty-sixth, at four P. M., after slight skirmishing, McPherson's command and Jefferson C. Davis' division of the Fourteenth corps, marched by different roads simultaneously into Dallas, the county seat of Paulding county. This is some thirty miles northwest of Atlanta, and nearly twenty miles west of Marietta, the nearest point on the railroad. It was, to many, a source of considerable surprise to find next morning the whole rebel army confronting us, that is confronting Sherman, who was now about ready to form line.

All day of the twenty-seventh was most busily occupied in getting into position. General Fuller's, Colonel Rice's, and Colonel Sprague's brigades, were fiercely engaged all day in as heavy and severe a skirmish as I ever witnessed. Night found them, however, in good position, a half a mile further advanced than they were in the morning. In this skirmish the Twenty-seventh Ohio lost Captain Sawyer, killed, and Lieutenant De Bote, wounded. The Sixty-sixth Indiana lost Captain H. S. McRae, wounded, besides a number of enlisted men. The Sixty-sixth Illinois, formerly known as Birge's sharpshooters, were at the front, and lost quite heavily. The Fifteenth corps, which took position on the right of the Sixteenth, also lost heavily. A portion of the Ninth Iowa was surprised and captured at breakfast.

At night the whole line threw up slight works, and, as well as it could be done, amid a continual popping of skirmishers' guns, the men rested.

All day of the twenty-eighth there had been a continuous rattle of musketry, interspersed with an occasional shot from artillery, which kept a slow procession of ambulances passing to and from the lines to convey the wounded to hospital. Toward evening an unusual activity among the rebels in front of Logan, who was on Dodge's right, appeared. Suddenly a force of infantry was seen hastening toward the rebel

* See Document 8, page 24, *ante*.

left, as if to turn Logan's right. Scarcely had they passed the point where they were visible to us, when a larger force returned at the same rate. Then came volleys along Logan's front, from right to left. A wonderful animation was suddenly infused into the apparently dead mass of wagons and artillery that lay all day in the great open field behind the Fifteenth Corps. A storm was gathering—where should it break? The question was not long unanswered. Minor attempts were made along almost the whole of Logan's line, but in front of General Sweeny's division was the main force. Bates' division of Hardee's corpse was hurled against Sweeny's division, which at that time presented a front of two regiments and one portion of a battery. The immortal Second Iowa, and the younger, but not less gallant Sixty-sixth Indiana, with two sections of Welker's Battery, (H, First Missouri Light Artillery,) met the shock of the charge. Fierce and hot was the contest—brave men were pitted against brave—but it was impossible to advance before the withering fire of that portion of Colonel Rice's brigade. In half an hour from the first volley, the shout of victory rang on the evening air, and was taken up by regiment after regiment, until the woods rang again. A few prisoners were captured, from whom it was ascertained that the rebel Second Kentucky Regiment was engaged. One of that regiment, Badger, of Columbus, Kentucky, who was captured, has friends in Cincinnati. Another from Covington, Kentucky, named Jones, belonging to the same regiment, was also captured. The loss of the Sixty-sixth and Second Iowa, was very slight. The next day the Sixty-sixth Indiana found sixty-three dead rebels in their front.

On the twenty-ninth Colonel Mersey's brigade relieved Colonel Rice's, and still the skirmishing continued. Company B, of the Eighty-first Ohio, was deployed as skirmishers, and Private James Anderson, of Company D, volunteered to go also. Very soon he was borne back mortally wounded. All day the heavy skirmishing was kept up. The lines were so close that rebel balls reached even beyond the headquarters of Generals Sweeny and Dodge. No general attack was made, however.

It was after eleven o'clock at night, of the twenty-ninth, when as some of us were listening to the dull, heavy booming of Hooker's guns to the left, a bright flash of a musket to the right, and in front of our line, told of approaching danger. Almost instantly the whole picket line in front of Mersey's brigade was ablaze, and retiring before our advancing column. Scarcely had the pickets reached the works, until every man of the long, sinuous line, which a moment before seemed wrapped in slumber, was up to his place, and the next moment the Eighty-first Ohio and Twelfth Illinois poured a volley of death into the approaching column. A flash and a whiz was the reply, but now loading and firing as rapidly as possible, while Welker poured an almost ceaseless fire from his four guns, the scene became grand beyond description. Never before have I witnessed such a scene of terrible grandeur! The night was dark, and a heavy air seemed to weigh down the sulphurous smoke until the darkness was changed to gray, in which the dark figures of the men became visible—a sort of demon-looking set, engaged in a ghastly play with death. But it could not last long. The earthworks, together with the wild aiming of the rebels, gave us complete protection, while they were without any shield. Soon they renewed the attack at another place, then on Mersey again, and again to the right, until at three o'clock, when they recoiled from their last attack, they had made seven attempts to break our lines! The occasion of this desperation, it is thought, was that they had detected a movement commenced in the morning by the Fifteenth Corps toward our left, and thought to break through our lines while moving. The movement had commenced, and if they had waited a few hours later, their attack might have resulted in a different manner. Our loss was comparatively nothing, and was confined almost exclusively to the men deployed as skirmishers in front of the works. Lieutenant Ulrick, of the Sixty-sixth Illinois, was mortally wounded. Lieutenant Williamson, same regiment, was wounded.

Hardly had the first half hour's fighting ended, until General Dodge made his appearance at Welker's battery, carrying before him on his horse a box of canister! He had heard that their canister was gone, and unable to find the proper officer in such a melee, he went himself and carried all he could. He also seized two wagon loads of infantry ammunition from the Fifteenth Corps, which were passing, and sent boxes up to the front line, so that although at the beginning there was but forty rounds to the man, these were not gone until a beautiful supply was at hand.

The eager Sixty-sixth Indiana, who had built those works, and repulsed the attack there on the twenty-eighth could not be held in reserve. When Colonel Adams sent word that his ammunition was nearly gone, Colonel Rice ordered out the Sixty-sixth to relieve the Eighty-first. With a cheer they responded, and were soon in readiness. But here arose a question; the ammunition was now abundant, and the Eighty-first Ohio did not want to be relieved! General Dodge upon application allowed the Eighty-first to retain its position, and the gallant boys of the Sixty-sixth Indiana retired disappointed.

The loss of the enemy could not be ascertained; the intervening ground being contraband. A deserter who came in to-day, says that Bates' division was terribly cut up in that night attack, which, he says, was made under a misunderstanding of orders.

For some reason, it was determined to change the position of McPherson and Davis' divisions of the Fourteenth Corps. The orders were issued for this on the twenty-eighth, but were countermanded by the attack made by the enemy. On the twenty-ninth, the movement

was in progress, and was arrested by the night attack I have mentioned; but on the night of the thirty-first, the movement was successfully begun, and by five P. M. of June first his entire command had changed position in the face of the enemy, some two or three miles, with scarcely the loss of a man.

Early in the night of the thirty-first, Colonel Mersey's brigade was moved to the left, to relieve Jefferson C. Davis' division, which immediately moved to the left. The next day, all the line to the right was withdrawn toward the left, leaving Mersey as rear guard for McPherson's whole command. About noon the rebels had discovered the movement, and had moved into Dallas. Coming on without opposition, their cavalry had actually gained position in Mersey's rear, while infantry was closing in upon his right flank and front. Bending back the right, until the Eighty-first Ohio and part of the Sixty-sixth Illinois formed a line of battle facing all points of the compass except the North, and with the Twelfth Illinois deployed on the left as skirmishers, Colonel Mersey safely withdrew his isolated brigade at three o'clock, and received the congratulations of his commander for so skillful a withdrawal from what was a very perilous situation.

For two days there has been a calm. The enemy is apparently nonplused. They are hastily moving to their right, fearing a storm will burst upon them there.

I nearly forgot to chronicle a daring feat which came near being accomplished by Colonel Mersey's brigade on the thirty-first. At noon his brigade was ordered to move forward and assault the enemy's works directly in our front. The plan was to form two miles of skirmishers of the Sixty-sixth Illinois; support them by the Eighty-first Ohio, with a space of forty spaces between its right and left battalions, and it in turn to be followed by the Twelfth Illinois. Everything was ready, and at twelve noon the movement began. The column was formed behind our front line of works, and moved forward. The Sixty-sixth and Eighty-first passed over the breastworks under a brisk fire from the rebel skirmishers, who were close at hand. On went the Sixty-sixth, driving all before them, when they received a check from the main rebel line. The whole column was then halted, and lay there for ten minutes, almost within stone's throw of the rebel lines, yet without firing a shot, except an occasional one from the Sixty sixth's front line. The brigade had no support on either flank, and presented a front little longer than a regiment, while just at its left was a hill from which an enfilading fire could rake the whole brigade. Colonel Adams was getting impatient, and was just about to order "forward!" when the better judgment of somebody whose duty it was to direct affairs, ordered the brigade back.

The movement was begun under an apprehension that the rebels had vacated their works, and was abandoned as soon as it was found they were still there in force.

As soon as the rebels perceived this they poured forth the volleys which they were reserving for the advance, into the retiring column, but fortunately they aimed too high and but little harm was done. Lieutenant Van Lieu, Sixteenth Illinois, was severely wounded in this movement. His mother lives in Butler County, Ohio. The Sixty-sixth lost also Lieutenant Williamson, slightly wounded, besides a number of men killed and wounded.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

TWO MILES SOUTH-WEST OF ACKWORTH, GEORGIA, July 7.

In lack of events more stirring, such as battles and sieges and triumphal marches, I must write you of the incidents of march, the people, the country, etc. The army is no less prolific in interesting phases of human nature, no less characteristic and inimitable when on the march or in the camp, than when on the field of battle, or rushing valliantly into "the imminent deadly breach." The common places of life find no places in history; the army is an institution by itself, isolated from the observation of men, except a few who relate only the graver passages in its history, passing over its comedy, its humor, its trivialities and its domestic doings and sayings, which, after all, occupy so great a portion of its time and form the best possible mirror of its moods and manners, and unless these are chronicled for the perusal of newsreaders, there is great danger that they will fall into the error of regarding the army only as a great host of romantic and impossible heroes, performing always sublime things and making always fine speeches. There are some men here who remain the same queer and crooked geniuses that they were at home, and for aught that I can see, an army of fifty thousand men makes as many false passes at the enemy, hits foul, goes down on all fours, and performs as many erratic gyrations and tumblings as would a brace of trained pugilists pitted against each other on a field so unequal as this. Whole brigades rush headlong through thick woods, where they cannot see ten lengths of a musket in advance, and come suddenly on masked cannon, which are so close that to retreat is sure death, and only a part of them can hope to escape by falling flat on their faces, and remaining in that position for hours, till darkness comes to conceal their movements. While they lie there many of them are discovered by the rebel sharp-shooters and die helpless. Others are slaughtered by a cross fire from other batteries, and when at last the survivors are permitted to steal away under cover of the night, so many of their comrades lie stiff and stark in their places, that they look as if still skirmishing with the enemy—a battle-line of corpses.

Again, on a certain evening, each army is seized with a sudden delusion that the other is

about to attack, or do some other dreadful mischief, and they expend tuns upon tuns of shell and round-shot, which many an unhappy mule had perished by the roadside to drag from Kingston, and with no other effect but to nip in the bud some hundreds of hopeful saplings, splinter a few ancient oaks and hurt a score or so of men. There was one of the panics of the war. The perfect coolness and sang froid with which old soldiers, in some cases, come to regard those matters and occurrences which make the blood of a novice suddenly grow thick in the region of his heart, is one of the most noticeable features of the army. Some instances are related which are decidedly refrigerating. A soldier was carrying to his tent, for domestic use, a plate of flour, which he had very lately confiscated, and from which he was forming pleasing anticipations of being able to make an interregnum in the reign of hard-tack, when a wandering fragment of a shell suddenly descended upon the plate, scattering the flour into dust. The fellow merely looked at the piece of fractured crockery remaining in his hand for a few moments, and then drily observed, "No more of that on *my* plate if you please." Another one of the boys was saluted in the same way by a shell travelling with its peculiar infernal yell a few inches above his head, while he was walking close along the line of battle, when he came to a halt, and without winking an eye, looked in the direction of the flying shell with a quiet "good morning."

Early on the morning of the fifth of June, it was announced at headquarters that the rebels had evacuated their works, and were in retreat. Indeed, on the night before, General Hooker's advance line had occupied their works, and their movement continued through the whole night; and in the morning none were to be seen except a few cavalry scouts lingering to observe our motions. Immediately there was a rush of eager men curious to inspect the rebel fortifications, and see the effect of their firing. The former were found to be of great strength, considering the haste with which they were necessarily erected; the strongest indeed—so our engineers say—that they have seen the rebels make at any time. They are firmly built of logs and stones covered with a heavy embankment of earth and screened by green branches of trees. They evidently cost a heavy expenditure of labor, and it is idle to deny that, in many cases, they are better than our own. Whatever flimsiness the rebels used in the construction of their redoubts early in the war, these at least are creditable to their skill, and equally to their muscle. In many places their sharpshooters had constructed little lunettes for the accommodation of two or three persons, several rods in advance of their outer line of rifle pits. They had been compelled to trench deeply, and even burrow in the ground and build strong roofings of rails to protect themselves from our shells and shot. These latter were accurately put in at a distance of a mile, by the splendid batteries of Bridge and McDowell, and, in return, the sharpshooters made large numbers of our men bite the dust. The enemy could have been forced to abandon fortifications of such strength only by strategic combinations of the most threatening character. The peculiar strength of their position, which I may say our authorities were not at all slow to admit, consisted in this, that they were posted on the summits of a series of high wooded hills, between which ran the roads, practicable for the army, while their fortifications extended in two or three strong lines down the sides of these hills, fronting directly our advance, and then for a considerable distance along the defiles parallel to the roads, and on a sufficient elevation to make it difficult to storm them. The dense thickets of bushes and trees in which they took care to locate themselves, added much to the difficulty of any attempt upon them.

In front of a part of the Fourth Corps lay a large farm, extending through a fertile valley half a mile wide, and limited at either side by slight ridges, occupied by the respective combatants. This open stretch of about a mile in extent gave free play to the gunners at either end, and made it a very injudicious act to cross this space, even some distance in the rear. This farm was checkered with fine fields of green wheat and oats, but, like the apples of Tantalus, they might not be eaten. This, when the animals were limited to four pounds a day of grain (a third ration), with no hay, and all the grass in our country eaten up, and when the four pounds of yesterday weighed but three to-day and two to-morrow, was a great grievance. Accordingly, when the rebel bullets were no longer to be encountered, the orderlies and scullions and such as curry horses, trooped forth innumerable, and forthwith there was such a confiscation of heads of wheat, wheat pulled up by the roots, green oats, and swamp grass, as is not heretofore recorded in these epistles. They then pulled wheat who ne'er pulled wheat before; and the streams of small mules that poured into the fields, and the small mules and large bundles that poured out therefrom, till the supply was exhausted, was a thing strange to behold.

The orders of General Sherman, that the army should be subsisted as far as possible off the country, are very seriously misunderstood by some soldiers, whether accidently or otherwise, I will not say, and there is a considerable amount of indiscriminate appropriation of rebel property in consequence. As the army moves through a new tract of country which is yet untouched, the popping of guns can be heard in the roads and fields to such an extent that it might be mistaken for stray skirmishing, were it not for certain sounds which betray unmistakably a swinish origin, and at the same time bad shooting. The inhabitants of the land have driven off a great part of their stock, including all the horses oxen and cows, but there are still found running at large considerable numbers of sheep, and a species of very elongated and shadowy

hogs, fitted kindly by nature for forcing their way through the thick jungles of bushes. The former are very tempting to stragglers especially when they have eaten only hard salt pork for many days, and it is a very natural thing that many of them should be shot and carried on the march till the time for the evening halt. The sharp eye of the Provost Marshal detected some of these forbidden meats pendent from a pole carried on the shoulders of two men, who in vain sought to avoid observation by making a troublesome march through the fields, and, as a consequence, when the halt was called for the night, certain men were to be seen tramping slowly around a limited circle in the hot sunshine, and close by the roadside, carrying between them the aforesaid mutton and preceded and followed by certain others who had been accomplices thereto, carrying rails on their shoulders, and the whole marching in solemn procession to the music of tremendous volleys of cheers from the troops who were passing by and comprehended the situation. When all things were taken into consideration, both the quality of the meat involved and the crest-fallen faces of the men who carried it, the whole affair was decidedly *sheepish*. The conclusions of the matter was that the men carried off their spoils in triumph, declaring they had earned it, and would eat it accordingly.

General Sherman evidently meant by his order, as every sensible man would at once understand, that the supplies from the country were to be added to the Government stores by the proper authorities, and issued regularly to companies and squads in the usual manner. Every corps has with it its own droves of beeves, which are kept in good condition by foraging, and which have a way of absorbing all that are found by the roadside, so that the men have little to complain of in this particular. All along the lines of battle, when the armies were confronting each other, a few rods in the rear, were little pens of cattle from which the men in the trenches were well reinforced with smoking steaks, added to their coffee and pilot bread; while two or three miles in the rear could be seen large droves, under guard, serenely grazing in the pastures—forming the best possible reserve forces upon which the army could fall back.

Still there is very little danger that this army will suffer any serious demoralization by straggling and pillaging. There is very little of it. The men were thoroughly sorted over before starting, and the feeble and sick were rejected. I had occasion, in following at the rear of the whole army for a day, to observe the truth of this. Scarcely a dozen were overtaken in the whole day, where a regiment might have been expected. A hundred and twenty-eight ambulances were provided for the Fourth corps, and yet the fear of the disgrace of having been carted in the sick wagon, and the general good assurance of the men that they are going on no fools errand, kept the men square up to the regiment. The same good sense which ordered weak, but plucky men to be transferred from the regiments to the hospital, brought out from the latter to the place where they could do some service, a host of lusty cowards. Captain Warnock has but lately returned from a visitation of wholesale purging to the hospitals of the Department, where he has been ousting from their cozy cots all malingerers and skin-deep sick men, without mercy. From the hospitals of the Department, he returned to duty about twelve hundred men, and from those at Nashville alone, nine hundred and sixty. So let it be, more and more.

There is not a superfluity of news afloat at present. Captain Tousley, of the Fourth corps, who came in to-night from our former camping-ground and the scenes of the engagements had about there, from which the corps marched yesterday, reports that the rebels had had a force of cavalry all day to-day attempting to take the hospitals stationed there. General Kimball's brigade (formerly General Little's) were guarding them, and had lost a few wounded during the day. All the wounded will arrive safely at this camp sometime to-night. Some of the wounded were so terrified at the prospect of falling into the hands of the rebels that even poor wretches whose legs were mangled by shells, crawled on the backs of mules and escaped. The damnable villainy which will make such an attack is of a piece with that which orders men to fire upon those (Federals) who are burying their own (rebel) dead.

The army is pretty much massed about here on the railroad and near it, recruiting itself for a new campaign. The cars at present come to the river at Etowah, where there is a large bridge, six hundred feet long, seventy-five feet high, and composed of three branches of trestle-work, which is announced to be completed on the tenth. Heavy wagon trains are already running from that point to the army, supplying the army anew; and as soon as the cars cross the bridge, and the wagons are again filled from them, why, then—yes.

The army extends nearly to Lost Mountain in its outposts, and will probably find no resistance this side the Chattahoochee. General Sherman's headquarters are at present established at Acworth, which is a little village on the railroad, of twenty or thirty houses, and about ten miles below the Etowah River. General Thomas' are within a quarter of a mile of this place.

The whole army has now accomplished the object of flanking the strong position of Allatoona Gap, and, at the same time, transferring itself across the range of hills of the same name, where it was expected we would meet so stout an opposition. The railroad has been brought along at the same time. Thus we have accomplished the third great step in the march to Atlanta—Buzzard Roost, Resaca, and Allatoona. There remains only the fourth—Chattahoochee River. By calculating the time it has

consumed to accomplish the preceding three, the reader may make for himself an estimate of the time it will take to put us in Atlanta. Let him not forget though that a river is hard to be flanked, and that the rebels are now fighting where they will fight best—at their very doors—while we are at the end of a very long tether.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, IN THE FIELD NEAR DALLAS, June 4, 1864.

Special Field Orders, No. 17.

The attention of the General commanding has been called to certain facts which had already attracted his own attention, and concerning which he orders:

1. In case of skirmish or battle, the wounded must be brought off the field by musicians or non-combatants, distinguished by a badge of white cloth on the left arm. In no case, as long as firing continues, should an armed soldier abandon his command in battle to attend the wounded.—*See par.* 784, *Army Regulations.*

2. Hospitals are too far to the rear of their corps or divisions; they should be kept up as close as possible and covered by the shape of ground, and not by distance. The surgeons in charge are responsible that slight wounds and shirking be not the cause of detaining armed men about their hospitals. Each attendant should have at all times about his person the written authority which justifies his presence at the hospital, or in passing to and from the command to which his hospital belongs.

3. Skulking, shirking, and straggling behind in time of danger are such high detestable crimes that the General commanding would hardly presume them possible, were it not for his own observation, and the report that at this moment soldiers are found loafing in the cabins to the rear, as far back as Kingston. The only proper fate of such miscreants is that they be shot as common enemies to their profession and country; and all officers and patrols sent back to arrest them, will shoot them without mercy, on the slightest imprudence or resistance. By thus wandering in the rear they desert their fellows, who expose themselves in battle in the full faith that all on the rolls are present, and they expose themselves to capture and exchange as good soldiers, to which they have no title. It is hereby made the duty of every officer who finds such skulkers, to deliver them to any Provost Guard, regardless of corps, to be employed in menial or hard work, such as repairing roads, digging drains, sinks, &c. Officers, if found skulking, will be subjected to the same penalty as enlisted men, viz: instant death, or the hardest labor and treatment. Absentees not accounted for, should always be mustered as deserters, to deprive them of their pay and bounties, reserved for honest soldiers.

4. All will be styled skulkers who are found to the rear, absent from their proper commands without written authority from their proper commander. Captains can not give orders or passes beyond their regimental limits; Colonels, beyond brigade limits; nor Brigadiers beyond division limits. The commanding Generals of the three departments alone can order officers of detachments with or without wagons, back to Kingston or any other general depot.

5. If unarmed soldiers are found on horses or mules at a distance from their proper command or train, any cavalry escort, or patrol, will make prisoners of the men and appropriate the horse or mule to the use of the cavalry. Orderlies to general officers on duty will be easily recognized by bearing official orders or receipts for the same. But each general officer should provide his orderlies with an official detail, to be carried with him.

Horses or mules sent to forage or to graze, should be sent by detachment, with arms and military organization, when they will always be respected.

6. Brigade and regimental commanders are the proper officers to keep their officers nd men to their places. The Commanding General will, by his inspectors and in person, give this matter full attention, and when the time comes for reports, on which to base claims for reward and promotion, no officer having a loose straggling command need expect any favor.

7. The commanding Generals of the three armies will make this order public, and organize at once guards and patrols to carry it into full effect. By order of Major-General W. T. Sherman.

L. M. DAYTON,
Aide-de-Camp.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT AND ARMY OF TENNESSEE, IN THE FIELD, NEAR NEW HOPE CHURCH, June 4, 1864.

The above order will be read at least three times to every regiment, battery, and detachment of this command. By order of Major-General McPherson.

WILLIAM T. CLARK,
A. A. G.

J. W, BARNES,
A. A. G.

TWO MILES NORTH-WEST OF BIG SHANTY, GEORGIA, July 11, 1864.

After halting two days in the vicinity of Acworth to recruit and await the completion of the bridge at Etowah, the army again took up the line of march southward at six o'clock yesterday morning. They have already found the reluctantly retreating rebels drawn up in one of their usual good positions, and to-night the two armies are again fully deployed and lying in line of battle. The order of the corps had been much modified since the beginning of the campaign, and was as follows: Schofield on the right; next Howard, Palmer, and McPherson, with General Hooker bringing up the rear, for once. McPherson's command extended to the east of the railroad, while the right was several miles to the west of it; all marching on parallel roads toward Marietta. The country be-

tween Allatoona Mountains, which we were now well out of, and the Pine Mountains (or Hills) where the rebels are now posted, is moderately level and occupied by farms, and the march went briskly on till about noon, when the advance had reached a point about seven miles below Ackworth, and discovered a few rebel skirmishers. Cruft's brigade, of Stanley's division, had the advance, and with the Thirty-first Indiana and parts of the Ninetieth Ohio and Twenty-first Illinois thrown out as skirmishers, the division advanced slowly, halting frequently to await the results of the skirmishing. The rebels were evidently few in number, and retired slowly before us, throwing back now and then a shot, as if to lure us into a trap. The experience of the army near Dallas had taught it caution, and they were not to be induced to throw themselves gratuitously upon works which the rebels had constructed at their leisure, and for that very purpose. Accordingly, as soon as we were within three-quarters of a mile of Pine Mountain, on top of which could be seen through the trees a line of rifle pits, and the rebels moving about among them, a final halt was called, and the men proceeded slowly to form themselves into line. The various brigades turned into the thick woods and began scrambling their way out to the right and left of the road. What bad places the rebels select for us to fight in! It is their prerogative, however, to choose their own ground, and they seem disposed to make the most of it. Giving up all hope of a victory over our forces, they are seeking to weary our army out, and thus bring the campaign to naught, by taking advantage of every favorable site for fortifying strongly, thus compelling us to do likewise and consume time. We must defend our point till the flanking can be got well under way, and by that time several days have been consumed, and when they find our forces beginning to come upon their sides, then they quietly withdraw to choose another position. This Pine Mountain is a single range of hills simply, running parrallel to the great mountain chains, north of it, but presents good facilities for impeding a march, being composed of separate summits which command the depths below, and the whole densely wooded.

In the afternoon a section of battery B, of the Second Pennsylvania artillery, was brought up, and threw a few shells wildly among the trees, without any effect whatever. The rebels did not prefer to disclose their lurking places. The only casualties of the day were one man, John F. Hoskins, Company F, Ninetieth Ohio, killed, and a member of the Twenty-first Illinois, slightly wounded. The firing was very scattering, and at long intervals. Early this morning the lines had been completed, and immense numbers of axes were then put in requisition, felling trees for the defences. Though the rebels had guns planted close, as they have shown during the day, and could have made much trouble among the swarming choppers, they remained silent. The day was spent in perfecting and consolidating the lines and completing the works, while the firing has been sparse, and almost entirely from the Union forces. Rain has fallen in torrents, and the wagons drag heavily; but trenches dig easily, and that is the main business on hand for several days. It is pretty safe to predict that there will be little fighting of consequence here—in front, at least.

The army was surprised and gladdened to-day, by the unfamiliar sound of the railway whistle, the first for many days. A train arrived in the afternoon, and pushed clear down to Big Shanty. We have rumors in camp to-night that a train of cars was blown up on the road between Kingston and Resaca, by a torpedo, and two cars shattered to pieces.

Napoleon says: "The frontiers of States are either large rivers, or chains of mountains, or deserts. Of all these obstacles to the march of an army, the most difficult to overcome is the desert; mountains come next, and broad rivers occupy the third place." Although the Allatoona range did not present any serious obstacles in the matter of altitude or abruptness, yet they afforded many great advantages to an army obstinately bent on disputing the passage of another, and the adroitness with which these were overcome or evaded might escape the reader who did not give special attention to the manner of it. General Johnson had had sufficient time after his defeat at Resaca to fortify himself strongly in the naturally very strong position of Allatoona Gap, and, expecting that our forces would follow him up by the line of the railroad, he confidently awaited their approach. You have already been informed of the very simple and obvious expedient by which he was wholly deceived, and the crossing of the Etowah effected without loss. Finding that his opponent was well over the river and marching south by the Dallas Road, he hastily withdrew from the Gap and threw his forces before us as rapidly as possible. Hardee's corps arrived first and in time to throw up fortifications which would prevent us from passing more than two thirds of the way through the mountain range. He then advanced boldly beyond his intrenchments sufficient to threaten the passage of the Pumpkin Vine. General Hooker, who led the way, was able to get over the river but one division of his corps, before he encountered the rebels, but he attacked so impetuously with this that they were driven back, and the remainder of the army allowed to cross undisturbed. Two thirds of the way had thus been accomplished without sacrifice, simply by the flanking movement from Kingston. But a third of the distance yet remained to be passed, before the open country beyond could be reached. Accordingly, as soon as the lines were well formed and the strength of the rebel position had been tested, a slow but steady movement of the entire army to the left and east was begun, by drawing back cautiously, divisions and corps from their places.

on the right, and marching them quietly through the woods to new positions on the left. But as the rebels continually followed this up, it was found that it would accomplish nothing, except a parallel extension of the lines indefinitely; so the movement was made more rapid, and, at the same time, our line, which was enabled to be always a little in advance of that of the rebels, was made to bear hard upon them, thus crowding them slowly back. A few miles passed over in this manner showed the rebels that we would inevitably reach the level ground, where the two armies would stand on an equality, and that they were slowly sliding out from the cover of their works, abandoned their position in despair, and have taken up the one they at present occupy. Thus the whole of the range was gained, and, in doing it, our forces had, at the same time, accomplished another desirable object, the reoccupation of the railroad and the reopening of communication, which, by this time, was highly necessary, in order to procure supplies.

HEADQUARTERS GENERAL OSTERHAUS, NEAR KINESAW MOUNTAIN, June 15, 1864.

The continued rain that has been pouring for the past few days, and made it an absolute impossibility to execute any movement of large bodies of troops, ceased yesterday. Still the time that the clerk of the weather gave the troops for rest, was not unimproved. The men were moved into position, and dispositions were made that any time must be made. The troops, too, had time to become acquainted with the ground; and, speaking of the necessities, I should have been glad to have had some of the fairest of the fair (the late Sanitary) for visitors to the little bark shanties, the homes pro tem of the "brave and the free." There sat the bold warrior, some busy writing, may be to the loved ones at home, or may be his diary, for these soldiers are savage critics, and will think for themselves. "Now, then, Frank," quoth one, as I sat chatting with a brave, who, *sans* trowsers, sat with the before-mentioned article not-be-mentioned, across his knee, darning a rent that seemed large even to a poor slave of the quill, and you know—oh! but I am telling the secrets of Bohemia—"Frank, I says!" Well? What a man Logan is, I've just been writing here about the Dallas fight. Listen. We had just gotten the rebs where we wanted them, and were just making them hop, when along came Logan on horseback calling to us, "give it to 'em, boys, and when they waver, go for them." Now my idea is that the General has just got no right to be doing those scrapes all the time. Say, Mr. Man, what do you think about it? If you are all right and ain't that man that wrote that, what's name, about Dodge doing all the fighting at Dallas? Why here is your coffee and tax (on the boys)."

Enough of this. The men were in splendid trim when they were this morning made to expect a little fight, for a change of position.

General Logan this morning received orders to make a demonstration on the enemy's right. At eleven o'clock Harrow's division was moved into position on the left of our line.

The brigade of Colonel Williams was placed in such a position as to be able to gain the enemy's flank. Walcott, as gallant a soldier as we have, had in his pocket the order to carry the crest of the hill, more than a thousand yards distant, and had for his support as good troops as the country holds, to wear the national blue for three years, or for the war. Those with Harrow were the men who were made to waver at Dallas by some knight of the quill, who was not there. But I go from my story to go at a luckless reporter.

The troops moved forward splendidly, with skirmishers in advance, until the timber that skirted the base of the ridge was reached, when the skirmishers were drawn in, and the charge ordered. Forward they threw themselves, Walcott leading the men, who seemed to feel his determined bravery as a challenge to them to stand up to their work. There, then, seemed no need of fear. The men rushed up the steep hill, with cheer after cheer, carrying the crest, and dashed over the rebel line, heedless of the fire that was poured into their ranks.

Some of our men were burned by the discharge of the rebel muskets. Soon the firing ceased, and the next scene that our eyes were greeted with was the marching of a line of men, clad in dirt colored raiment, towards us, which, when resolved into name, was discovered as portions of the Thirty-first and Fortieth Alabama regiments, to the number of over three hundred men. Our loss was forty-five men killed and wounded.

Just as General Harrow advanced, a gallant charge was made by a portion of General Osterhaus' division, led by the General himself, and the works in his front were carried, after a short but sharp skirmish.

The batteries in General Blair's front were served with good effect, and, the boys say, "made some of the graybacks *git* from the rail piles in a hurry." To-night, as I write, the soldiers about me are, to judge from their conversation, satisfied that if the affair had been an attack instead of a demonstration, they could have carried the "lookouts" in their front, Kinesaw and Brushy Mountains.

BIG SHANTY, COBB CO., GA., June 16, 1864.

At the invitation of a friend, and while in Pulaski on business, the writer sat at meat, not only with republicans and sinners, but also with rebels. A young lady did the honors of the table most gracefully, taking great pains in pouring out the essence of Java into cups of china to display to good advantage the daintiest taper fingers in the world. Withal she was very pretty.

The usual table talk began, when my friend, who well understood her secession proclivities, turned to her, and pleasantly remarked:

"Mr. ———, my friend and our guest, has relatives in the South—two brothers in the rebel army."

"Is that true? *They* are fighting in a good cause" she said spiritedly.

I rejoined, "No doubt they *think* so," and had hoped to avoid a discussion of that most of all unpleasant subject. In this I was doomed to disappointment.

"How can you, Mr. ——, fight against them?" she continued, half angrily.

"I am not fighting or willing to fight against relatives, but for principle, a flag, a Government. Nor am I in the loyal army because I hate the South, for in my opinion that man who cannot rise above sectional animosities, is not equal to the emergency! One can give no greater proof that he loves his whole country than that he is willing to die for its salvation."

A warm discussion ensued, in which the young lady became angry at every body in general, and myself in particular. But I could not wish her any harm, any way. And when a few days afterward, her brother was caught in the act of burning a railroad bridge, and she could be seen, in her despair, imploringly asking "Will the authorities hang him, my poor, dear brother?" I was glad to offer her my heartfelt sympathy.

This same young lady, so warm an advocate of Southern rights, has since married a Yankee officer.

In Huntsville I called upon a lady, and was ushered into the parlor of a large brick mansion, where every thing betokened wealth and luxury. The walls were hung with paintings, the piano was most elaborately ornamented, and the floor was covered with a velvet down of a Brussels carpet. Such a home! Was not it a happy one?

"I'll tell you, Mr. ———," said the lady, and I shall never forget her saddened tone, "Before the war we used to live luxuriously as a family; but since then many a time have we sat down to a breakfast consisting of only corn-bread and water! Meat we could not buy, and coffee was out of the country."

Her experience is but an evidence of what this war has done for Southern aristocracy. Two of her sons are in the Southern army and one of her son-in-laws is a member of the rebel Congress. What must they think of an "Independence" which only affords their mother corn-bread and water.

The effectiveness of our batteries is proverbial. The rebels have a holy horror of them. While advancing on Resaca, when Sweeny's division was on the right and in reserve, Captain Arndt's Michigan battery was wheeled into position.

"Do you see that house?" said the Captain, addressing one of his gunners, and pointing to a building a mile away.

"I do, Captain, was the response."

"Can you hit it?"

"Yes, sir!"

The piece was leveled, the lanyard drawn, and the chimney of the house fell with a crash!

Any of the Sherman's batteries could have done the same thing.

The Sixty-sixth Illinois infantry, or Western Sharpshooters as they call themselves, one of the best regiments in the Sixteenth corps, use the Henry rifle, which, when fully charged, shoots sixteen times. Generally it is employed as a skirmish regiment. Speaking of these guns, some of the rebel prisoners at Dallas remarked:

"What kind of guns do you sharpshooters use? We are forced to believe that they are loaded on Sunday so that they'll shoot all the rest of the week! And"—alluding to the peculiar motion of priming these fire-arms no doubt—"such soldiers! why they are the most polite fellows we ever saw, for every time they kill one of us they come to a present arms!"

If Georgia is noted for anything beyond its tar-makers it is for remorseless wood-ticks. The whole country is full of them. No insect could be more impertinent—none more uncomfortable to one's feelings.

It was an imposing scene. A rebel regiment, their bayonets glistening in the slanting rays of the setting sun, were having a dress parade on the summit of the Kenesaw Mountain. Below were their rifle-pits, and their *comrads de armes* occupying them. The armies of the Republic, flaunting the glorious old stars and stripes, were in the valley making gradual but confident approaches.

A courier dashed up; he hands the Adjutant a document. It is an order from Johnson, announcing that the Southern cavalry had cut the railroad, behind Sherman, and completely severed his communication with the United States. Breathless silence evinces the attention which every word of the order receives, as the Adjutant reads. Cheers are about to be given, when hark! loud whistles from Sherman's cars, at Big Shanty, interrupt them. The number of whistles increase. Altoona, Ackworth, and Big Shanty depots resound with them. The rebel soldiers set up a broad laugh, and the last my informants*—some thirty in all, including four commissioned officers—saw of the Adjutant, he was stalking away, with the order in his hand, ejaculating derisively, "Over the left!" "in a horn!" and "what will come next!"

BIG SHANTY, GEORGIA, June 17, 1864.

Joe Johnson holds steadily on his position, twenty-six miles north of Atlanta, though the heavy skirmishing along his front for the past three days, has compelled him to sharply define his lines. His line is now closely circumscribed by ours. In no place are the hostile parallels more than a musket-shot apart. The rebel right rests on Kenesaw Mountain, on the

* A company of Western Virginians, who deserted the sinking ship of the conspirators, and came into our lines yesterday, tells this story, which is well authenticated by the circumstances.

railroad, four miles north of Marietta, their left on Lost Mountain, some six miles west of Kinesaw. Between these two formidable ridges the rebels have gradually been forced back from a triangle. with the apex toward us, until their line is but a faint crescent, their centre still being slightly advanced. Right, left and centre, their position is closely invested. Our troops have shed parallel after parallel, until the country in their rear is furrowed with rifle-pits and abattis, and scored with a labyrinth of roads.

The country is covered with primitive forests, and in very few places are there cleared spans sufficiently large to display the movements of a brigade. There is an abundance of scrubby undergrowth which hides everything a few yards distant from view, and when one inspects the difficulties, it seems hardly credible —though such is the case—that we have fully developed the enemy's position with two days' skirmish enterprise.

For ten days we have had more or less rain, and toward the end of the period the water descended as it only can come down in a Southern latitude. The June rains that nearly drowned Rosecrans' army, in the advance on Tullahoma, were duplicated, and old campaigners speak of that watery siege with decreasing respect. The bad roads became impassable. Every body was drenched. The trees dropped the intercepted moisture in tears as big as walnuts. The countless mules of the trains looked more than ever like the rodent tribe, which Norway has generaly implanted in every hemisphere, and teamsters became silent, because the dynamics of profanity were exhausted. Skirmishers shot at each other under compulsion. It did seem utterly superfluous to be wasting powder and ball on a melancholy, dripping human effigy, enveloped in pouches, pulling away at an unequal pipe, and despairingly stalking from one tree to another taking an involuntary bath. Skirmishing was not brisk these days. It was perhaps suspended from malice, for few men of average vindictiveness would shoot an enemy, while he was as clammy as a cod, and had a crawling rivulet trained down his back.

It is fortunate that by the time these incessant rains were upon us, we were fully established on the railroad. It would have been simply impossible to transport supplies via Kingston and Dallas. In fair weather that route was difficult and for the supply of an army as large as Sherman's, impracticable under the most propitious circumstances.

Fair weather dawned once more, day before yesterday morning, and with it renewed hostilities on the skirmish lines. Movements have been active ever since, the history of which is subjoined.

July 14 and 15.—On the fourteenth no fighting of importance took place, owing to the almost impassable roads. About noon, however, the Fourteenth and Fourth Corps advanced their lines slightly, which brought on very slight skirmishing, and continued all the afternoon The enemy responded to our fire with very little vigor, and gradually gave back. In front of the Fourth Corps, however, there were brief intervals when the skirmishing was quite spirited on both sides. Our artillery kept up a steady fire all the afternoon from the Fourth Corps, directed upon Pine Knob, a very high hill, which the enemy had heavily frotified, and upon which he had twenty pieces of cannon planted, very few of which opened in response to the vigorous salutes of Simonson's Fifth Indiana battery, attached to General Stanley's division. Simonson's battery, or at least one section of it, under command of Lieutenant Allison, opened at eleven o'clock from a commanding point to the west of the knob upon the enemy. The second shot fired exploded immediately in front of Generals Hardee, Johnston and Polk, who were standing together in consultation, and a fragment entered the breast of General Polk, passed through the body, causing instant death. Of this there is not the slightest doubt, as all prisoners and deserters taken in the afternoon agreed as to the manner in which the Reverend Lieutenant-General met a traitor's death.

Baird's division of the Fourteenth Corps, which was on Howard's left, skirmished all the afternoon with the enemy, whose line was crowded back steadily until dark. Johnson's division (now commanded by Brigadier-General King, during General Johnson's absence, from the effects of a late wound,) and Davis' division advanced their lines, but their efforts to find an enemy in their front failed, as the enemy had deserted that portion of the line entirely. Pine Knob rises out of a valley, and can easily be flanked. General Howard's corps pushed forward on the left toward the Marietta and Burnt Hickory Road, while a demonstration was made on the right by a portion of General Hooker's corps. Night found our line advanced between a half and three fourths of a mile.

On the morning of the fifteenth, it was discovered by General Newton, of the Second division, Fourth Corps, that the enemy had, during the night, evacuated the Knob, and, with his artillery and infantry, fallen back to his main line running nearly parallel with the Marietta and Burnt Hickory Road. This gave us possession of the above road, which was one of the objects of the demonstration, as well as the Knob, from which point an excellent view of the enemy's line could be had. It also afforded an excellent point from which to open signal communication between General Schofield, who was on the extreme right, the town of Big Shanty, where General Sherman's headquarters are situated, and General McPherson's command on the left. At eight A. M., Captain Leonard, Chief Signal Officer of the Fourth corps, established a station on the Knob, and immediately opened with Hooker and Schofield. Subsequently communication was opened with other portions of the line.

Some two hours were consumed in forming our line on the south of, and nearly parallel with the Marietta road. About noon General Schofield advanced in heavy skirmish line, well supported with artillery, upon the rebel left and fought them all the afternoon, losing but few men and gaining many valuable advantages, particulars of which will be furnished you by your correspondent on the right.

The loss on our side in the skirmish of the fourteenth was quite small; while a number of bodies found next morning unburied on and about the Knob, indicated that our artillery, which got a fire upon the Knob from three directions produced its fruits.

At an early hour on the morning of the fifteenth General McPherson's command on the left, which extends from the left of the Fourteenth corps to beyond the railroad, advanced upon the enemy, with very strong lines, supported by artillery; fought them all day very energetically, driving them slowly back upon Kenesaw Mountains. The fire of McPherson's command met with vigorous response. McPherson captured four hundred prisoners during the afternoon. He got an enfiiading artillery fire upon the enemy, who had taken refuge in his first line of breastworks, drove them from it, and to-night McPherson leads the first line at or near the base of Kenesaw Mountains. His loss was trifling.

AN ASSAULT ON THE CENTRE.

About four o'clock P. M., the Fourth and Fifth corps formed and advanced by column in mass, with brigade front and lines of skirmishers thrown out. The demonstration was made chiefly by the Fourth corps, supported by Palmer on the left. Newton's division, of the Fourth corps, led the movement; the Forty-second and Fifty-first Illinois, under Colonel Bradley, acting as skirmishers. The enemy's skirmishers were encountered and driven about half a mile, when they took refuge behind a breastwork, composed of railway ties, about three feet high. The skirmishers of the Fourth corps, with those of Baird on the left, and Stanley on the right, moved forward and carried the breastworks which were upon the crest of a small ridge. Pushing rapidly forward with the Third Kentucky and other regiments thrown in as skirmishers, Colonel Bradley drove the enemy from the second line of ridges, and got within seventy-five or one hundred yards of the enemy's main line, in front of which was another line of works, from which the rebel skirmishers rushed out and charged upon our skirmishers, who promptly drove them back. While these operations were in progress, the enemy opened his artillery and uncovered his position to us. The main attacking column were not sent forward, and night coming on, the skirmishers were withdrawn to a position on the first ridge about two hundred and fifty yards from the enemy's artillery, where to-night strong fortifications were erected, and our artillery placed in position to operate upon the enemy to-morrow. General Wood's division was in supporting distance of Newton, but neither division was engaged, except the regiments who acted as skirmishers, and who behaved most gallantly under the volleys of grape and canister poured into them by the rebel artillery. The skirmishers of Stanley's division were the Ninth Indiana, Fifty-ninth Illinois, and Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, the whole under Major Carter, of the Ninth Indiana.

Hooker's command supported Howard on the right, and did splendid work. No artillery was brought into action in the Fourth or Fourteenth corps. Hooker's artillery shelled the enemy vigorously.

While the skirmishers advanced, an infamous rebel assassin named C. H. Jones, company C, Sixth Florida, fell behind our skirmishers and hid himself. When Captain Towsley's ambulance corps were collecting the wounded, Jones, from his hiding place, fired and wounded one of the stretcher-carriers, and immediately came out and surrendered himself, stating that he was tired of the war and had deserted. One of the ambulance corps saw him fire upon his companion, and to-night great indignation is felt round our headquarters, where the murderer has been provided with quarters.

The assault upon the centre was so well planned and rapidly executed, that the enemy was completely taken by surprise. Our loss is very light, probably not one hundred in the three corps who took part in the assault.

The day has been one of success along the whole line, which has been advanced, some portions a mile, and in other portions two and a half miles, and this with a total loss of probably less than three hundred men. The enemy are just beginning to discover that General Sherman and his troops can storm breastworks and masked batteries as well as execute flank movements.

The Twentieth and Twenty-third corps, the latter on the extreme right, supported by the cavalry division of General Stoneman, moved to their positions on the fifteenth, which had been at an angle to the southwest, with the main line, and their skirmishers soon came upon those of the rebels. The latter fell back slowly before them, exchanging a few shots to draw them on. The division of General Hascall, together with the dismounted cavalry, commanded by Colonel Watson, appeared to extend beyond the enemy's main force; that of General Cox, however, encountered opposition. The Sand Town road formed the dividing line between the Twentieth and Twenty-third corps, and determined the line of advance. That the enemy were in inferior force on our right, is evident from the fact that Lieutenant Reynolds, of the Signal corps, had nearly reached the summit of Lost Mountain, supported by a small squad of cavalry, when he was hailed by three shots from a signal station, which alone occupied the place,

but by their firing put the cavalry-men to rout. The disgust of the Lieutenant was great; as by this means a valuable post for observation was allowed to slip through his fingers. He declared that with four resolute infantrymen he could have carried the heights and established his flag.

About noon the rebel skirmish line in front of General Cox, who was by this time slightly in advance of the Twentieth corps, arrived sufficiently near its supporting reserves who were strongly posted on a ridge and intrenched, to halt and begin to deliver a strong fire. Their fortifications could be seen quite plainly in the edge of the wood, at the opposite side of the cleared interval, and the gentle slope in front was dotted with detached rifle-pits from which sharp-shooters played upon our line with considerable effect. Finding that he had developed their position, General Cox brought up and planted four pieces each of battery D, First Ohio, and battery D, of the Fifteenth Indiana, which poured into them, at a distance of three quarters of a mile, rapid and effective volleys of shells, to which they could not or would not reply. The position of the ground was such as to give admirable effect to our firing. The shells were accurately sent, and literally shaved the summit of the opposing hill, and, following along down parallel with its descent, ploughed through the tents and their inhabitants at will. Prisoners taken soon after, and bloody traces found upon the ground when we took it, testify alike to their havoc. The First and Fifty-seventh Georgia were broken and fled in confusion. Upward of forty prisoners, mainly from these two regiments, were taken by our fellows, and the manner of their capture was as honorable to the firing of our gunners as it was vexatious to the captives. They were advanced, as I have said, a little distance down the side of the hill, and stationed in little temporary works built of rails, and the explosion of our shells on the top of the hill in their rear was so rapid that they dared not retreat, and were forced to lie still, while our boys marched stealthily forward and laid hands upon them. They cursed their leaders beyond measure, because they did not employ artillery in response to ours, when they had it posted so favorably as it was. Other prisoners were taken by having been left on the skirmish line by their reserves, who departed without giving due notice of the fact, and left them to be "flanked" by our boys. The Nineteenth Ohio battery, Captain Shields, also did effective service in shelling the rebel line, preparatory to our advance. This battery was posted on the right of General Cox's division.

A short time before the batteries ceased firing a sad mishap occurred, in the death of Lieutenant William H. Knowles, Sixty-fifth Illinois, acting Inspector-General to Colonel Cameron's brigade. Riding rashly out into the very skirmish line, he was warned repeatedly of his danger, but continued to advance till he was satisfied and turned to withdraw. A whole volley was at that moment poured into him, and he fell fatally pierced by four bullets. He survived but a few hours.

As soon as the batteries ceased playing, the entire division, with the Eighth Tennessee and Sixty-fifth Illinois as skirmishers, advanced rapidly and found the rebel works deserted. They had fallen back in haste to another line stretching from Lost Mountain to Kenesaw Mountain, which their prisoners said, and we afterward discovered, to be their main line—their ultimate reliance. But the first one which we had taken was sufficiently strong, and might have offered much more opposition.

The losses in this advance were slight, owing to the entire absence of artillery firing from the enemy.

The advance of the Twenty-third corps was ended about noon, and at once some of the guns were brought over and planted in the old rebel works to be employed again, perhaps, upon their next one, a mile or two distant. It had moved in such a direction with regard to the main line, that the Second corps began now to be crowded between it and the Fourth on the left. It was accordingly moved by the right flank to give room, and placed *en echelon* while General Hooker prepared to bring up his command even with those on its flanks. Early in the afternoon the Twentieth corps began to move forward, and as the Twenty-third on its right and Fourth on its left had already slightly passed it, and were firing into the rebels in Hooker's front "endways," as they expressed it, the corps met little resistance till they approached this main line, of which I have spoken above, the back-bone of the rebel position at this point. The Third division (General Butterfield's) occupied the right, resting on the Sandtown road, and was drawn up about three o'clock in the afternoon, in a cleared field in the rear of a protecting hill, in five lines. The Second division (Geary's) was next on the left, and the First division, with the exception of General Knipe's brigade, which was sent in on the left of General Butterfield, was held in reserve in rear of the Second. The Second division moved out from its position on the main line, and passing south of Pine Mountain, which was already occupied by the Fourth corps, compelled the rebels to fall back from a line of breastworks a mile in extent, running north and south. This result was brought about by General Geary debouching to the east and coming in their rear.

The Third brigade (Colonel Ireland) was then formed in a continuous line, and pushed forward through a piece of open timber to encounter the enemy, and develop his position. The nature of the ground in the rear and the density of the forests, prevented the employment of any supporting batteries, while the rebels had ten pieces and employed them all. The rebel skirmishers were driven from crest to crest, until they rallied upon their main line of breastworks,

about a mile south of Pine Mountain. Cleburne's division, and a portion of Walker's, were drawn up in line, about a quarter of a mile in advance of their works. The division advanced to the attack in fine style, the lines steady almost as on dress-parade, and the men cool, and about four o'clock, they began to move upon the rebel line, and, despite a stubborn resistance, drove them steadily beyond their works. The rebels opened then with a battery, directed upon the right of the division, but they were only permitted to fire six rounds, when they were silenced by Ireland's brigade. They were discovered moving a column rapidly through an open space, as if intending to turn the left of the division, and orders were at once despatched to General Williams to hurry up his division in support. But it was only a strategem to cover a solid movement upon the right of the division, which had by this time pressed forward considerably in advance of Butterfield's division, and now found itself floating in the air. Here was the real point of danger, but it was promptly met by the One Hundred and Second and part of the Sixtieth New York, which were on the extreme right, and by swinging partly round and presenting a new front, repelled the assault and saved the flank. The division advanced to within eighty yards of the breastworks, and held their ground; but as it was unsupported on both flanks, and the rebel line was their main one, and very strong, it was, of course, impracticable for it to attempt to carry it.

The effect of the rapid discharges of grape and canister at short range upon the division had been very severe, causing a loss of about six hundred. The missing were very few in number, as were also the prisoners taken. Over sixty rounds of ammunition were expended in the attack, and, for lack of roads which were practicable for the ponderous ammunition wagons, a limited supply was hurried up on the backs of team mules.

The division had silenced all the ten guns in its front. One regiment, the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania, unmanning three of them, and the Sixty-sixth Ohio another, and have kept them thus throughout the night and up to this time. If only the rebel line could be broken, on its flanks and driven back, the Second division would be enabled to carry off these, its fairly and hardly-won trophies, in triumph.

About six o'clock, P. M., General Butterfield's division had deployed into position a little in rear of the piece of woods in which the rebels were lurking, and upon advancing a short distance into it the firing became general in front of the two divisions, and continued to be very heavy till night, when it began slowly to slacken. The Third division had been able to advance nearly the entire distance through a cleared field, in which a rebel line could not be posted, and as it reached the woods late and was engaged a shorter time than the Second, its losses were much lighter, not, perhaps, much over one hundred and sixty. The General led the division in column of brigades, the Third brigade, General Ward, being in advance and suffering most severely in consequence, and he had advanced but a little distance into the timber when three batteries opened on them; a heavy fire of grape and canister went smashing through the trees at a rate which, had it continued any great length of time, must have proved very destructive. Their shells, also, raked through the first line and flying high over the heads of the last, lodged in the midst of a promiscuous congregation of camp-followers, correspondents and the like, producing an active stampede among them to the no small amusement of veterans. The division bore the rebels magnificently along ahead of it, over their first rude line of works, till they got within their second, behind which they made a stand. So impetuously did the men advance, that before they were well aware of it, they had left a gap on the right, between themselves and the Twenty-third corps, and were threatened with a flank attack. Two regiments were immediately refused, and swinging back, closed the perilous interval, and rendered the position secure.

General Butterfield and staff emulated the splendid bravery of their regiments, riding to all points where orders were to be executed or delivered, with as little apparent hesitation as if the air was not thick with flying bullets. The General was made the immediate and direct object of sharpshooters' aim for the twenty-fourth time in this short war, and yet escaped with impunity.

Early in the evening, Major Griffin, commanding the Nineteenth Michigan, was mortally wounded through the lungs, and died the next morning. His name was mentioned by the General as that of an officer who had distinguished himself by the display of every quality pertaining to an able leader and fearless soldier. Among others wounded were Major Z. S. Ragan, Seventieth Indiana; Captain McManus, Second Illinois, and Captain Sleeth of the same.

Among the prisoners brought in during the day by the Twenty-third corps, were several from the First Georgia, whose intelligence appeared to be somewhat above the common level, who had come in voluntarily and given themselves up. One, in particular, said he had been long waiting for the opportunity, which had come at last. He lingered in a rifle-pit until he could hang out his handkerchief in front without being discovered by his retreating comrades. He dreaded to have the word conveyed to his friends that he was a deserter. He declared that one half his regiment, and others that he knew, would follow his example were it not for that, and for the fear they have, and which their leaders have sedulously inculcated, that they will be impressed into our armies as soon as they have taken the oath of amnesty. This lying insinuation has been circulated among them, and made to wear some coloring of plausibility from the voluntary enlistments which have, in some

cases taken place among released prisoners, and which the rebels of course, represented to their ignorant followers as involuntary. This prisoner also stated that the rebel authorities were making tremendous prepartions to resist us at the Chattahoochee -- employing constantly four thousand negroes upon the fortifications of the opposite bank.

During the sixteenth the Twenty-third corps was advanced about a half mile beyond the strong works they had constructed the night before, and occupied a position running more nearly north and south than the previous one. The great rebel line of works stretches from Lost Mountain in a northeast direction for about two miles, and it was as opposing this and preparing to uncover its exact locality, that the movement was made. But little skirmishing was kept up during the day, as the rebels were falling back slowly, as usual, upon the main stay of fortifications. General Butterfield also got into position in his front eighteen pieces of artillery, and with a remembrance still lingering in his mind of the rebel cannonade of the previous evening, he ordered them to fire by batteries. A few rounds of this sort of pounding effectually silenced the rebels till night. Pretty severe skirmishing took place along the line, killing and wounding about fifty men, most of whom were struck early in the day. The rebel firing was unusually spiteful and effective. Colonel Smith, of the One Hundred and Second Illinois, went out with an escort of ten men to inspect the ground where the cannons were about to be planted, when they opened a volley upon them, killing one man, and wounding several others beside the Colonel; of the whole party of eleven who had gone out, but two returned unhurt.

June 16.—To day I met a very intelligent staff officer, connected with the Fourth corps, who gave me a very accurate narrative of the operations of the Fourth corps from the time it left Resaca in pursuit of the enemy until its arrival near this point. On starting upon the sixteenth ult., in pursuit of the fleeing enemy from Resaca, the Fourth were given the advance on the line of the railway and the dirt road running parallel to it, which they held all the way to Cassville, and had almost hourly skirmishing with the enemy along the whole route of march. In all these skirmishes the corps fully maintained its well-won name for irresistibility and bravery. On the twentieth it was relieved by the Twentieth corps which took the lead. For ten days and ten nights, a large portion of the corps was under fire, and in all that time were not relieved; yet there was no complaint. The men were cheerful and the officers felt that they were but performing their duty. During the campaign from Ringgold to June first, the whole loss in the corps was three thousand eight hundred and six, in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Only about one hundred and fifteen prisoners were taken from the corps, while the missing is *nil.*

During the spirited skirmish that took place at Adairsville, the artillery fire of the enemy is represented as having been remarkable. One shell dismounted Colonel T. J. Morgan and Lieutenant-Colonel Fullerton of the corps staff, struck the horses of two of the orderlies and one of the escort, carried one of the bars off the shoulder-strap of Captain Bliss, of General Newton's staff, who was standing near, and finished its work by slightly wounding one of the orderlies.

The battle of Pickett's Mill, on the twenty-seventh, in which Wood's division acted so handsomely, was briefly described by one of your correspondents, but I have learned a few additional facts in which the public may be interested. The ground upon which the enemy had made a stand, and it was believed had heavily fortified, was in a thick and almost inaccessible wood, whose hills of various sizes, and ridges, rose out of the valley in which were deep and swampy ravines, so thickly covered with vines, creepers and undergrowth of various kinds, that they presented barriers of no mean sort to an advance. All the hills were strongly fortified by hastily thrown up works, from behind which, as Wood boldly and gallantly advanced his division, desperate volleys of musketry, grape, shrapnel, and canister were delivered into his ranks, yet the line did not break; for a moment after the shock there was a perceptible wavering along the line, when forward with a cheer the men would rush to meet another volley, equally as deadly in its effects. The enemy were driven from one ridge to another, our serried ranks were closed up, and onward moved the veterans of Wood to the charge. At last a ridge was reached where the enemy was intrenched behind very strong works; from which the fire was most destructive. Five regiments who were on the skirmish line, the Nineteenth Ohio, Seventy-ninth Indiana, Ninth and Seventeenth Kentucky, and the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania, while advancing, came upon a rail fence. The order was given to remove the fence and construct a barricade. Seizing a rail, each of the boys charged up the hill to its crest, with a rail in one hand and gun in the other, and under a deadly fire constructed their barricade, behind which they lay returning the enemy's fire until eleven o'clock at night, when they retired. So desperate was the fighting that in two hours Wood lost four hundred and seventy-five men killed, and seven hundred and eighty-two wounded, or a total of one thousand four hundred and fifty-seven. Trees from four to five inches in diameter were cut down by bullets from the enemy's fire. The Forty-ninth Ohio in this bloody engagement lost two hundred and fifty-two men out of four hundred and seventy-five taken into the battle. All authorities agree that the engagement was the severest of the campaign, and the division led by the stubborn Wood have the full credit of a gallant resistance in a position where most commands would have retired and given up the contest, without disgrace. General Howard is justly

proud of the division, and knows that he can depend upon it every time. Indeed, the whole corps, from Ringgold to Big Shanty, have covered themselves with glory.

Colonel Vandeveer, commanding a brigade in the Third division, Fourteenth corps, is quite ill, but is recovering. General Cruft of Stanley's division, is also very ill, and his brigade is now commanded by Colonel Kirby, of the One hundred and First Ohio.

Nothing of any moment was accomplished on the centre, or line of the Fourth and Fourteenth Corps to-day (sixteenth). Slight skirmishing has been progressing all day, with a gradual advance of our lines, but the loss was but fifteen or twenty. The batteries planted on our earthworks, thrown up on the night of the fifteenth, shelled the enemy's works quite vigorously, and inflicted quite a heavy loss upon him. Late in the afternoon, Kimball's brigade, of Newton's division, was thrown forward to an advanced position, and intrenched itself within three hundred yards of the enemy's main line of works, and toward evening the other brigade of Newton advanced and took position on the right and left. Artillery was placed in commanding position early in the evening, and opened upon the enemy, rendering his position quite uncomfortable. Stanley's division has skirmished all day with the enemy, and lost very lightly.

Baird, of the Fourteenth corps, skirmished all day, but had but trifling loss in his division.

Last night, at dark, when firing ceased on the centre, our lines were about four hundred yards in advance of the position of the morning. The enemy betrays unmistakable signs of uneasiness to-night, having been so closely pressed all day.

To-day, Captain Simonson, formerly of the Fifth Indiana battery, and one of the best artillerists in the Fourth corps, who has been acting as Chief of Artillery for General Stanley, finding it impossible to tell where to direct his fire, went out on our advance skirmish line, where he took a position, and forming a chain line of men, passed back from one to another instructions to the batteries where to direct their fire. He was constantly exposed all the afternoon, to meet with instant death. At night, just before dark, while looking through an embrasure, he was struck in the head by a musket ball and instantly expired. No braver man ever sighted a gun; in social life he was universally beloved, not only for his military skill but also for his quiet, unassuming manner. His loss will be much felt in the corps. The Captain had a brother-in-law killed at Dallas, and on Tuesday, when his battery killed General Polk, he remarked that he had avenged his relative's death. Little did the brave Simonson then suppose that his days of usefulness were so nearly numbered. His many friends at home and in the army will have the satisfaction of knowing that Simonson died in harness, nobly battling for the overthrow of treason. May the brave soldier rest in peace. His body goes to Chattanooga to morrow, in charge of a brother officer.

June 17, 5 A. M.—General Howard has just received a despatch from General Stanley, that the enemy had disappeared from the front, and that he entered his works at 3.30 this morning. Hooker also reports that he can find no enemy in his front.

6 53 A. M.—Ten prisoners just brought in from Stanley's front, report that the enemy has withdrawn his centre two miles, but still holds his old position at Kenesaw Mountain on our left, and Lost Mountain on our right. This seems to be confirmed by the fact that heavy firing has been heard all night and this morning in Schofield's front, and while I write, the enemy on the left centre are responding to Palmer's vigorous advance upon him, immediately to the right of Kenesaw.

It is now nine A. M., and firing in the front of Palmer has nearly died away. Nothing is heard but occasional artillery and musketry reports on the extreme left of Palmer's corps, and on McPherson's right. The enemy has not yet been found on the centre, where Howard has been advancing with artillery and infantry through the deserted works of the enemy, which are very formidable in their appearance. Seventy-two prisoners, chiefly taken by Stanley, have been sent in to corps headquarters this morning. Hardee's is the corps that Howard and Palmer have been fighting for two days.

General Loring is reported as General Polk's successor in command of the corps. A few deserters come to us, but it is generally on the retreat, when they fall behind purposely to be captured. At no other time is it safe to attempt to desert, especially as desertion is sure to be followed by a public shooting exhibition.

NEAR KENESAW MOUNTAIN, GA., June 20th, 1864,

Johnston's army is yielding line after line of works. Instead of their bold and defiant front of a week ago, sweeping from Kenesaw to Lost Mountain, with their centre advanced to Pine Knob, three or four miles north of their flanks, they are already circumscribed around their central and last stronghold—Kenesaw. In army parlance, they are losing their grip. First, their centre at Pine Knob, where General Polk fell, was enfiladed, and their heavy works were rendered worse than valueless. Next our lines enveloped theirs on their flanks with such vigorous audacity that they relaxed their hold on Lost Mountain, the citadel on their left flank. Still the pressure continues. No sacrifice they make of position, lessens the terrible momentum of Sherman's army for longer than twenty-four hours. Like the breaking up of a broad, ice-bound river, this great movement progresses. An irresistible superiority in force, pushes the enemy back mile after mile. They have abandoned not less than six or seven parallels, several of them constructed with great labor, and aiming in their general configurations to be elaborately scientific. This is the precise situation. We crowd them day and night—push

them from tree to tree, from ridge to ridge, from earthwork to earthwork, from their first position to their last. A vast skirmish blazes from morning to night, along the ten or twelve miles of infantry lines, and our guns fill the air with round, reverberating oaths, drowning often the spiteful expletives of the musket. The enemy's sharpshooters reply bitterly to ours, but their artillery is very reticent. They seem to be nursing one grand, consuming hope—that we propose to assault. But Sherman seems satisfied with his steady progress, and, to return to our frigid metaphor, prefers to let the ice float down the river in its own good time, instead of expending energy in accelerating the motion of any particular floe. If we continue to make the mile per day which we now notch behind us regularly, we shall be in Atlanta in twenty-five days, by the mile-stones.

Our right wing is now threatening Marietta, four or five miles in rear of the rebel stronghold at Kenesaw. Our left is also working past Kenesaw. Both rebel flanks, especially their left, are bent back, and it would certainly seem that Johnston should be retreating unless he intends fighting with his wings back to back, and by that means get *our* wings to shooting each other. It is believed certain that the rebel army must soon retreat south of the Chattahoochee river, where their prisoners *now* say will be made the last ditch. I cannot but believe, however, after seeing the strength and number of their fortifications, and witnessing the tenacity of their resistance, that they may at some time have intended to make Kenesaw their last ditch. We shall see. This much is certain — they are losing their hold on the strongest position between here and Atlanta.

Our lines are close to Kenesaw Mountain, and within very easy range of the numerous rebel guns planted on that bold feature in the landscape. But we have great difficulty in developing the whereabouts of their guns, as they keep determined silence, in order to slaughter the Yankees by wholesale in case they make the hoped-for assault. The fire of our batteries on the left and right center having failed to provoke a competent answer, a locomotive was brought into action. The railroad is in plain sight of Kenesaw for several miles, and the rebels on that lofty peak observed, with increasing though undefinable apprehension, the fuming iron horse, gliding at a good rate of speed toward their position. The pace of the engine was not lessened until it had passed our skirmish line, and was nearing the base of the mountain, when the rebel artillerists, fearing, it would be hard to tell exactly what, opened their hitherto silent batteries lustily, and cheered furiously as the locomotive speedily crawfished, amid an extensive flight of shells. The engine escaped uninjured, and in a moment our guns opened again, and now being enabled to plant their shells in exactly the right place, they soon enjoined another sort of silence on the enemy's artillery. The batteries developed have since been subjected to a most constant and fierce bombardment.

Blair, on the left, has occupied Bush Mountain, the most important eminence east of Kenesaw. McPherson's corps are, with the other portions of the line, constantly skirmishing and gaining with equal rapidity upon the rebels. The artillery practice on the left is very fine. This arm of the service has, indeed, during the present contest, proven more than usually efficient.

Despite the almost incessant rain of the nineteenth, the right wing maintained a continued activity — steadily advancing the lines by a movement to the right flank, thus gradually drawing the lines of circumvallation closer and closer around Kenesaw Mountain. Hascall's division, the Second, which had been thrown in reserve by the closing in together of the Twentieth and Twenty-third corps, was late in the day thrown in to the extreme right, while Hooker's corps relieved in one of its divisions, was enabled to extend itself in the direction of the general movement. This latter was in a direction nearly north and south and at the same time bearing upon the rebel lines toward the south-east. The lines were advanced during the day about half a mile, abandoning, of course, the works thrown up to meet any demonstration on the part of the rebels, only to construct new ones at night, to be passed by in like manner next day. The rebels opposed to this forward movement only a desultory skirmish fire, aided occasionally by a few shots from a battery when our forces pressed too closely, but which were invariably silenced by a prompt reply from our guns. The losses of the day may have amounted to fifty men put *hors de combat* in the various commands. Among the wounded was Captain Courtois, of the Thirty-third New Jersey, of Geary's division, Twentieth corps. He was in command of a detachment of skirmishers from his own regiment and the One Hundred and Nineteenth New York, and was pressing hard upon the rebel line, when he was struck by a musket ball in the shoulder and severely wounded. The ground was open, and he was compelled to crawl away to the rear, slowly and painfully, a distance of half a mile. Occasionally he would rise and attempt to go forward erect, when the rebels would discharge a volley upon him, and seeing him drop to avoid fire, would cheer lustily. He finally escaped without further injury.

A brigade of General Stoneman's cavalry, under command of Colonel Adams, of the First Kentucky cavalry, penetrated to a point named on the maps as Powder Springs, finding there the rebel outposts, and a division of cavalry under Armstrong. These retired before our advance, without offering opposition, and left the post in our possession. This puts the cavalry forces about nine miles west of Marietta, and at least a mile south of it. The right wing of the infantry is fully down to a line running east and west through Marietta, and is continually swinging so

as finally to enclose it, unless a change is made in the order of march.

Although the campaign in this vicinity has hitherto been lacking in great battles, and those events which, from their momentous importance and tragic interest, claim a notice from the historian and enlist the profoundest sympathies of a whole nation, still there is occasionally one of those touching incidents, known, perhaps, only to the circle of the regiment or brigade, in which patriotism shines out as nobly as in the graver annals of heroism. One of these was narrated to me by a participant in it, and I give it to your readers.

A small detachment of the One Hundred and Nineteenth New York were on the skirmish line on the seventeenth of June, advanced close up to the enemy—so close that they had been compelled to halt for the time and throw up slight breastworks of logs as a defence. By some untoward mistake, a party of twelve or fifteen men were ordered to advance beyond these works on picket duty. Though knowing that it was almost certain death to show their heads above the walls of their little fort, still they obeyed without question or hesitation. They had advanced scarcely more than a rod beyond their comrades when a heavy volley of musketry prostrated to the ground every man save two! Two were killed instantly, and the rest wounded more or less severely. All of the wounded, however, were able to drag themselves back and escape, except one poor fellow, Sergeant Guider, who was so badly wounded that he could not stir from his place. There he lay almost within arm's-length of his comrades, and yet they were powerless to rescue him or give him aid, so galling was the rebel fire. One bolder than the rest made the hazardous attempt, but scarcely had he got over the breastworks when he fell severely wounded. They endeavored to allay his raging thirst by throwing to him canteens of water, and even one of these was pierced by a rebel bullet. Finally, as they could not go over the breastworks, they dug a way under them with no other implements than their bayonets, and through it two men crawled and succeeded in reaching him unhurt. Just as they reached him their comrades in the rear gave an exultant cheer, which elicited from the rebels another volley. A fatal ball pierced the poor fellow's breast for a second time, and he had only time to murmur feebly to his rescuers, "Now I die content; I am in your hands," and expired.

IN FRONT OF KENESAW MOUNTAIN, GEORGIA, June 23, 1864.

THE SITUATION.

The corps on the right and left advanced again yesterday, and the centre maintained its threatening position around and upon the base of Kenesaw Mountain, in the teeth of a very heavy artillery fire from the numerous rebel batteries there, to which our guns returned something more than an indirect reply. Our centre is very close to the heavy rebel works on the mountain, and any further progress there must be achieved by grand assaults; for, though the fire of our batteries is very destructive, it can not, unaided, compel an evacuation. The movements of the wings, especially the corps of Hooker and Schofield on the right (which are now just three miles from Marietta, and feeling their way east rapidly), import the speedy accomplishment of Sherman's design of pushing Johnston south of the Chattahoochee river, without any great sacrifice of life. As our various corps converge toward Kenesaw, room to the right or the left must be yielded in order to get all our troops into position. Ground had been yielded to the right exclusively, and every day the right wing extends further to the south. Our extreme right is now south of the latitude of Marietta, and it is the current belief that it will now be speedily strengthened until it is irresistible—that is, the rebels must withdraw so many troops from Kenesaw to oppose it, that they will prefer to retreat.

There is a very pervasive rumor afloat that Joe Johnston has been superseded by Ewell, but it seems to have no better foundation than a camp rumor. An intelligent rebel Lieutenant with whom I conversed yesterday said that every effective soldier in the Confederacy was in the service of Lee and Johnston, and although he himself was a veteran of three years' standing, he had just had his first experience in the field, having been stationed with his company at Savannah, Georgia, as provost guard. He stated positively that Johnston had ninety thousand men, but I think he may be safely discounted thirty-three per cent.

McPherson advanced slightly yesterday, but skirmishing along his front was very light. Day before yesterday, Colonel Minty's brigade of cavalry on the extreme left was roughly handled by an overpowering force of the enemy's cavalry, before whom it retired slowly, with a loss of about seventy killed, wounded, and missing.

On the morning of the twenty-second everything gave promise of a renewal of activity in this part of the army, which had now rested several days awaiting the action of the other corps. Hospital tents were struck, at least those occupied by men able to move; the Generals early ordered to horse, and were out on the line overseeing the preparations; and not long after came orders to strike tents of headquarters and get on the road. The rebels, as if divining the movement, and seeking to detain as many as possible in front of the centre, opened a vigorous cannonade from the summit of Kenesaw. It was equally probable, also, that this was intended to cover their retreat, as the whistles of their locomotives could be heard rapidly coming and going in the direction of Marietta.

The two corps had been lying for the pre-

vious two days in a line running about north-east and south-west, and reaching within about two miles of the base of Kenesaw. About nine in the morning the Second division (General Hascall's) which was lying in reserve, took up the line of march, passed over Nose Creek, and advancing beyond the Third, soon began to skirmish slightly with the enemy, though they were in small force, and retired slowly as the division advanced. Soon after the Third division (General Cox) left his position and began to follow up the Second to a position on the extreme right, and the Twentieth corps was likewise put in motion. The movement of the two corps was a wheel upon the left of the Twentieth as a pivot, thus tending constantly to hem in the rebels and throw them in a *cul de sac* between our line and the railroad on two sides and Kenesaw at the end. At the same time that the line was thus swinging, it was being extended considerably southward. When it had swung around so as to be on a north and south line, parallel with and about three miles west of the railroad, the skirmish firing began to grow heavier, and it soon became apparent that the enemy had become apprised of the threatening state of affairs and were hurrying up a strong force to check our advance. Accordingly, about two o'clock, the Twentieth corps and the Second division of the Twenty-third halted, and began to throw up breastworks to meet any sudden emergency, while the skirmishers were still advancing slowly, feeling the enemy's position. The Third division had not yet come up. The Fourteenth Kentucky, Strickland's brigade, of the Twenty-third corps, were acting as skirmishers in front of the brigade, and were nearly a mile in advance, when they ran suddenly upon a picket company, which was just being thrown out as skirmishers in front of the rebel General Stevenson's division, and so sudden was the onset and so thick was the undergrowth, that they were taken by surprise. Thirty-five of them were captured, and the remainder killed or dispersed. Most of the prisoners were from a North Carolina regiment, of whom the rebels are wont to say, "All the tar-heels want, anyhow, is just a chance to run away." After running away and gobbling up thus summarily these pickets, the regiment was compelled to fall back hastily before the main body of the enemy, and take up a new position about half a mile in front of our works, which were now being rapidly completed. They stationed themselves on a commanding ridge, and put out two companies as skirmishers. The rebels having ascertained our whereabouts, began also to erect breastworks and prepare to resist any further advance. It was very readily apparent that they had not expected us in that quarter, both from the statements of prisoners and from the entire absence of works of defence. About five o'clock, having secured themselves by their breastworks, they advanced to dislodge the Fourteenth from their position, which, if occupied by us all night and fortified, would render theirs untenable. Three regiments were despatched against it, but as it was a very full one and stood well to its post, they were unable to effect their object. Two more were at once sent, and the whole mass then opened a destructive fire and began to advance rapidly upon them. The two companies on the skirmish line were put speedily to rout, but were nevertheless able to bring away five prisoners who had impetuously rushed right into their midst. The loss in these two companies was very severe, one going out with sixty-five and bringing away only twenty-six. Despite the heavy odds against them, the Fourteenth awaited the approach of the five regiments with steadiness, and made no motion toward retiring till they received positive orders from General Hascall to fall back upon the works. The enemy were then so close, and were pouring in so hot a fire, that the regiment necessarily became disorganized in retreat, and came back in confusion. They were soon reformed within the lines, and it was found that the losses amounted to about fifty men killed, wounded, and missing. So rapidly had they been compelled to retreat, that a few killed and wounded were left on the field to fall into the enemy's hands. As soon as the regiment was in, the fire from the works and a few vigorous rounds from the Nineteenth Ohio battery brought the rebels to a speedy halt, and compelled them to retire with loss.

The rattling fire of musketry, and the whistling of the enemy's bullets about them, produced a disgraceful stampede among certain fragments of regiments not yet fully formed in line, and collected about a house from an idle curiosity. General Hascall, however, soon got his men well in hand and formed in four lines, ready for the worst, should it come. Generals Hooker and Schofield were at the house when the firing opened and both rode away, General Schofield to hurry up the Third division on the right, to meet any possible attempt to turn that wing, while General Hooker hastened back along his line to learn the import of a very heavy artillery firing which had been heard for several minutes. He soon returned, reporting that the rebels had made an advance in heavy masses upon the First division, (General Williams') which occupied the right of the corps, and had been driven back by the fire of artillery alone, without the employment of a musket. Batteries I and M of the First New York had secured positions which gave them a cross-fire on the rebels, as they advanced across an open field, and it proved entirely too hot for them. Again, about six o'clock, they made the same attempt, and were driven back still more rapidly, by a combined fire of artillery and musketry, which must, from the openness of the ground, have proved very destructive. Our losses were slight. They did not probably exceed two hundred killed and wounded during the day, and one quarter of this loss was suffered in the Fourteenth Kentucky.

The operations on the centre to-day were characterized by nothing worthy of special note. After four days of assaults and heavy skirmishing with the Fourth and Fourteenth corps, in which he was invariably badly worsted, the enemy gave up all hope of beating back the centre and recovering his lost ground, and immediately turned his attention to another part of the line, the left of Schofield and Hooker, upon which he, to-day, made a desperate assault.

To cover this assault upon Hooker, at eleven A, M., the enemy opened a rapid but random fire upon our centre with his artillery, placed in our immediate front, on high ridges, and from Big and Little Kenesaw and Bald Gap. Our artillery returned their salutations with great vigor and precision; at every discharge of our guns, the rebels could be seen running in every direction, so accurate was the fire of our cannoneers. The enemy's guns mounted on Kenesaw were twenty-pound Parrotts, capable of very long range. Their fire was principally directed on Whitaker's brigade, which still held the hills taken from the enemy the other night. The shots, however, did little or no damage, as nearly all of them were depressed. * *

The artillery duel continued nearly the whole afternoon, with trifling loss to our troops. Never has artillery achieved greater laurels than to-day. Nearly all our shots were delivered into the enemy s line and his batteries with remarkable accuracy, So wild and inaccurate was the fire of the enemy, that to-day the rear was a much more uninviting location for noncombatants than upon the skirmish line.

On the front of the Fourth and Fourteenth corps it was extremely slight—so little firing indeed, was heard that one almost was constrained to jump at the conclusion that the contestants had mutually agreed to a truce for the day. In front of Whitaker, however, there was a portion of the field upon which were thickly strewn the dead and wounded of the enemy in his seven desperate assaults upon that invincible brigade. There a brisk fire was kept up all day, to prevent the rebels from getting off their wounded. General Whitaker counted one hundred and sixty rebel dead on the ground.

IN FRONT OF KENESAW MOUNTAIN, GEORGIA, June 24, 1864.

The problem here has not yet been solved, though our troops go to sleep every night expecting to find no enemy in their front. Kenesaw Mountain is still in the hands of the enemy, though our right wing has wheeled nearly around it, and threatens directly and imminently their rear. Yesterday morning we were within three miles of Marietta—this morning but two. Our shell go into the pretty and aristocratic town, and the roar of musketry is never out of the ears of the startled inhabitants, ever growing nearer and more ominous, and, what must be peculiarly demoralizing, extending far to the south. Universally the rebels are expected to fall back within the next few days, and their position is now so constricted that no one would be surprised to wake up in the morning and find the enemy across the Chattahoochee.

There has been something of a lull in the tremendous skirmish fire that has been maintained day and night for the last three or four weeks, and in which our troops, by great odds, bore the most active part. An enormous quantity of ammunition has been expended. Some regiments have fired three or four hundred rounds per man, and some batteries had their caissons replenished regularly twice per week. Thanks, however, to the integrity of the great railroad in our rear, belonging to the State of Georgia, there is plenty on hand and to spare, though our batteries should continue to fire by volleys, and our skirmishers with their Minies cut down additional young saplings around the Johnnies' dirt-piles, before breakfast.

The army was never jollier, more determined, or more confident. They complain of one thing only, a want of sleep. They must fight all day, stealthily secure an advanced position (though a point has now been reached where this is no longer possible), and at night fortify. Daylight comes early these mornings, and its initial shade is hailed by the spiteful salute of the watchful outposts. In the first gray of dawn the spade is thrown aside for the musket. The country around Kenesaw is scored with toilsome parallels, thrown up when all in nature, save the soldier, slept. Rest has been said to be simply a substitution of one kind of labor for another; the correctness of which established, our army has been uniformly and comprehensively refreshed.

The fatigue of this campaign since the first day's march from Ringgold has been enormous; indeed beyond computation. The cautious approaches on Dalton, the sleepless, laborious nights and bloody days at Resaca, the fortnight of carnage and vigilant toil near Dallas, and the many even more wearisome and sanguinary days consumed in investing the rebel position at Kenesaw, are without parallel (unless it be Grant's present campaign) during the war. The losses of both these armies in killed and wounded during this period of grand activity fully equal those of one of our great encounters, without the decisiveness that sometimes pertains to a pitched battle of the first class. Men have fallen daily by scores, hundreds, and sometimes by thousands, but the *morale* of neither army is shaken. That Sherman has gained overpowering advantages—advantages that will give him Atlanta—will be nearly conceded. But the army of Johnston has not been destroyed, and until that is done the immense labor performed and blood spilled have no adequate return. We hope to do this when we have forced the enemy from his present formidable position, which has been held, and is held, with more than usual tenacity. That he has suffered equally, to say the least, with ourselves is a matter of certainty. The fact is confirmed in a dozen ways.

No one believes, however, as some mysterious

correspondents have hinted, that Sherman will refrain, on Grant's account, from pushing Johnston to the wall. We have wrested every inch of territory we could from the enemy, and invested his position with the greatest possible celerity. If Johnston retreats to Atlanta, our army will probably halt north of the Chattahoochee river for a season of rest and preparation.

Both are necessary, the former, perhaps, the more imperatively. Another retreat cannot but greatly demoralize the enemy. The rebel rank and file were promised a grand decisive battle here. It was with this explicit understanding that they retreated from Resaca and turned upon us at Kenesaw. But Sherman, the absurd fellow, wouldn't rush upon them in headlong assaults; consequently another retreat, with another congratulatory promissory order from Johnston, may be looked for. Would any body of men in the world, save the ignorant masses in the South, be gulled in this way for the twentieth time?

The left has not advanced to-day, and the skirmishing has been light. There are indications that McPherson's corps will be transferred to the right, as the rebel position can be much more easily flanked on that wing.

To-day we have had one of the briefest and severest engagements that have occurred since the Dallas affair, in which Wood and Johnston lost so heavily in a fatal attack upon a position which was impregnable. During the morning, and in fact up to three o'clock in the afternoon, quietude reigned along the whole line. The sharp music of the rifle was hushed and not a dozen shots per hour were heard upon the line, while the loud booming of the Rodmans, Parrotts, and Napoleons no longer echoed through the hills. "After a calm comes a storm," and in this case it proved too true. Immediately in front of the Fourth Army Corps, was a long ridge on which the enemy had extensive fortifications, upon which were mounted three batteries, the fire of which had become very troublesome. Besides, it was an important position for us to possess. General Thomas ordered General Howard to assault this ridge to-day, and if possible to carry it. The General at once set about preparations to carry out his orders, and as all the details were left to his discretion, the General consulted his division commanders, and arranged the plan of attack. Placing all of his artillery in position where it could be most effective, strengthening the points of the line in front of the ridge, and giving instructions to his subordinate commanders that could not be misunderstood, the General despatched Colonel Fullerton, A. A. G., to give instructions to the commanders of batteries and superintend the execution of the orders. The Colonel placed a bugler in the centre of Newton's division, with others in either division on the right and left. Stanley on the right and Wood on the left. The batteries of the corps were instructed to open simultaneously upon the enemy, and cannonade them for fifteen minutes, at the expiration of which time they were to cease firing, and the line was to advance. At a quarter before four P. M., the batteries opened, and then so vigorous was the cannonading that for fifteen minutes all other noise was swallowed up in the thunders that echoed through the sultry air, while from every hill and knob along the whole line, the volumes of smoke that arose, filled the valleys and shut out all opportunities of viewing the bloody carnage that so soon was to follow.

At four o'clock the batteries quieted down, and instantly the bugle sounded the advance. It was taken up and repeated along the whole line, and in less than two minutes the line was in motion. The ground over which the advance was to be made was covered by large trees and very little undergrowth, so that a good view could be obtained of the line as it moved forward. All the brigades moved off together, with the regularity of veterans, and as they neared the rebel rifle-pits on the slope of the hill, behind which was posted a strong skirmish line, a destructive skirmish fire was opened upon the enemy, who, sheltered by his rifle-pits, suffered but little. On Stanley's front, over four hundred yards were the enemy driven, to these rifle-pits, when regiment after regiment reinforced our skirmishers—the Eighty-fourth Indiana and details—until it had assumed the proportions of a line of battle, when they advanced on the double-quick, drove the enemy from his pits, over some distance of ground, and into his main line of earthworks, where were massed heavy forces of the enemy. So formidable were the rebel works situate on the crest of the hill, and so numerous the guns that were mounted, and poured a raking fire into our line, that to attempt an assault upon it would be sheer madness. Consequently, Stanley held his position, over four hundred yards in advance of the starting-point, and fortified within seventy-five yards of the enemy's main works. Wood's and Heaton's positions, before the line was moved, were much nearer the rebel works than was Stanley's, yet they pushed their divisions forward under the deadly fire, drove the skirmishers from their rifle-pits, and advanced almost up to the rebel reserve, but were forced to fall back to the rifle-pits, where they also fortified, and held their position, within about fifty yards of the enemy's works.

The troops behaved with great gallantry, and in the charge I learn that not a regiment faltered. All are deserving of equal praise for the spirit manifested, and the energy with which they "moved on the enemy's works." That all that was desired by the Commanding General was not accomplished was no fault of the men or the fearless brigade and division commanders who led them. No troops could have accomplished more under the circumstances. The brigades commanded by Whitaker, Kimball, Wagner, Kirby, Hazen, Harker and Gross, deserve honorable mention—that of Whitaker especially, which captured twenty-nine men and two com-

missioned officers before they had time to get out of their rifle-pits.

About seven P. M. the enemy attacked along the whole line, but the heaviest blow was upon Whitaker. Here again our men had an excellent opportunity to display their valor. Lying behind their hastily-thrown up breastworks, they met the assault with shot for shot, and handsomely repulsed them.

Our losses to-day, in wounded alone, will amount to two hundred in the Fourth corps alone. The Fourteenth corps, on the left, supported, but did no heavy fighting. The Twentieth corps was on the right, but only participated with one of Geary's batteries, and experienced little or no loss. Among the killed and wounded are a number of valuable officers, whose loss will be deeply felt. Colonel Bartleson, of the One Hundredth Illinois, as brave an officer as ever marched at the head of a regiment, who lost an arm at Shiloh, was captured and wounded at Chickamauga, and only a few weeks ago released, fell dead while bravely leading the skirmish line on Wagner's front. Captain Eastman, Ninety-third Illinois, another esteemed officer, was mortally wounded, and breathed his last a few hours after. Captain Bierce, late engineer on General Hazen's staff, was slightly wounded while following the General along the lines. The names of other officers killed and wounded have not yet been obtained.

Various and strange as have been the modes suggested to stop guerrilla operations, attacks on railway trains, etc., none seem to have been successful. General Sherman, I believe, deserves the credit of having unravelled the knotty problem of suppressing guerrilla depredations.

On our lines of railway between here and Chattanooga guerrillas have become somewhat troublesome, in the way of placing torpedoes on the track. General Sherman was determined to put an end to this cowardly mode of assisting the rebels, and accordingly arrested a number of prominent secession sympathizers along the route, whom he placed in an old box-car, and daily ran them over those portions of the road where torpedoes are supposed to have been placed. These old traitor rapscallions do not enjoy the boon of free railway transit, but the medicine administered has cured guerrillaism effectually.

The fighting of General Butterfield's division (Third) on the twenty-second, it turns out, was more severe than at first supposed. It was on the left of the corps, and had as its task to carry and hold a difficult and important hill, or rather ridge. The whole division charged right up the hill as usual, under a severe musketry fire, pushed the rebel skirmishers into their works, approached the latter as nearly as could be done, without needless waste of life (which, with the Twentieth corps, means very close), threw up breastworks "right under the rebels' noses," all the while under fire, and planting Smith's and Geary's batteries, and training them upon the rebel works, finally dislodged them, and drove them back entirely off the hill.

The heaviest loss was suffered in Colonel Coburn's brigade (Second). The entire loss in killed and wounded is estimated at one hundred and forty-six. Early in the day Captain William R. Thomas, of the One Hundred and Fifth Illinois, Assistant Adjutant-General to General Ward, received a severe flesh-wound in the right leg. Captain C. E. Graves, of the Twenty-third Massachusetts, was also slightly wounded in the ankle. The losses suffered by the Twenty-third Indiana, Fifty-fifth Ohio and Twenty-sixth Indiana were particularly severe.

The Second division of the Twenty-third corps, moved out a little, on the morning of the twenty-third, from its position of the previous night, sufficiently to pass over the rebel skirmish line, and ascertain the effect of the firing of the Fourteenth Kentucky. In front of this regiment alone, about twenty dead rebels were found unburied. Their own loss, it will be remembered, was but eight in killed.

All the rebel wounded had been carried away. One man was found under a tree dreadfully bruised and crushed, and upon looking into the tree above him, traces of blood were discovered on a limb, where he had evidently posted himself to pick off our men at his leisure.

After the first slight advance in the morning, the corps lay quiet throughout the day, content to forego the perilous sport of picket-firing, and seek in the shade some relief from the scorching rays of the sun. A single battery in General Geary's division was called into requisition to assist the Fourth corps, and with this exception, the right wing maintained a dignified silence. On the extreme right a portion of the Third division was refused, to assist the "dismounted" in repelling any attempt that might be made by guerrillas upon our populous and ponderous trains in that vicinity; but all apprehensions of attack, in that quarter proved groundless.

The extreme of the right wing extends southward to the latitude of Neal Dow, a station on the railroad about three miles below Marietta, and in the morning the sun rises directly on our front. How desperately the rebels cling to Kenesaw, with this long line on their flank, may be seen from this statement. But they can scarcely be blamed. With Kenesaw they abandon the last peak of the great mountain ranges through which they have struggled so long, and where, it was supposed, we would find the key and heart of their strength, and go down into the thick woods of Georgia, where they can no longer see their foe, but must grope in the dark for their *via dolorosa* to the Gulf.

June 25th.—The work of our army to-day amounted to just nothing; during the entire day the contending armies rested in their rifle-pits, and beneath their "pup tents," contenting themselves with an occasional shot to remind each other that they were still there, and had not evacuated their works. No more noise was caused by the entire army than would be pro-

duced by a dozen sportsmen in a forest where game was plenty, Our skirmishers, I understand, were ordered to fire but occasionally, and the enemy manifested no desire to provoke a severe skirmish along the line. Why this order was given I know not, but knowing ones assert that it was to give the enemy an impression that we were short of ammunition, and thereby induce them to come out of their works and attack us. If this was the object, it failed, for no attack was made. At seven P. M., six or eight shots were fired at Kenesaw by McPherson's artillery, but they called forth no response.

During the night, however, the quietude was broken by pretty sharp skirmishing, lasting from ten o'clock until reveille this morning. The loss, however, was very light. The rest today has been fully appreciated by the over-taxed surgeons at the hospitals, who for many days have been on duty night and day, dressing the wounds of, and caring for the sufferers under their charge.

In the absence of skirmishing, both armies have occupied the day in erecting new, and strengthening their old works. The lines are now so close before the Fourth and Fourteenth corps that the skirmishers in their rifle-pits keep up a lively conversation with each other.

The intense heat which begins to prevail at this season of the year in this latitude was, on the twenty-fourth, well-nigh at its maximum. Staff officers lay in their marquees or booths, endeavoring to kill time with such vile "commissary" as could be got, and ancient newspapers, and the pickets only occasionally roused themselves from a comfortable nap in their little trenches, peered out over the small heaps of dirt which lay between their heads and rebel bullets, and fired off a gun at random, to keep up appearances, and again subsided. Has it never occurred to any, one that this campaign is a very slow one? To those who are uninitiated and have not the key to strategies and policies, the reason for this slowness does not appear. The heated term is already inaugurated, and active operations are weekly becoming more tedious by reason of the heat. Rebel prisoners almost unanimously say there is very little to offer a substantial resistance to our march into Atlanta, after getting to the banks of the river, and the men are eager for a battle to end the campaign. Are we waiting for something to turn up?

These have not been taken in any considerable numbers of late, but representatives from all States and regiments are found in the small squads that are picked up now and then. They all present the same general appearance. An observer cannot but be struck with the listless, jaded motions and sallow countenances with which these men come among us, as of those whose spirits are broken, whose hopes are few, and who have no heart for the fight. Prisoners and deserters alike wear the countenances and speak the words of men who have been overworked; of men who have been duped by fair speeches into a service which promised great things and yielded nothing but disappointment; of men whose minds and muscle have been goaded by a lavish use of stimulants to a feverish activity, and who are now suffering the inevitable reaction and languor which follow unnatural elevation They act like men who are thoroughly tired, worn out and disgusted. We have as little to hope from the deserters as the rebels, nor have the latter much to hope from the prisoners we may return to them by exchange, for, in the rough phrase of both alike, "They don't care a cuss, so they can get out of it and get home." A very unpromising confession from those who are looked to as the material out of which to erect new and thriving States.

It is amusing to witness the demonstration with which our boys receive rebel deserters into the lines on certain occasions. When the armies are lying very close together, as they often are, in battle lines, the disaffected rebels contrive to steal out unnoticed for a time, though they are generally discovered and fired on before reaching our lines. As soon as the soldiers see them coming, they appreciate the situation at once, and cannot resist the temptation to jump up from behind their works, though at the imminent risk of their heads, waving their hats and shouting, "Good boy, good boy!" "Come in out of the rain!" "You're our man!" "You're making good time!" etc. The first word of salutation is, "Got any tobacco, reb:" The returned prodigal, just escaped from the husks of the rebellion, is then treated to the fatted calf, the hard-tack and coffee, which latter is to him a luxury indeed.

I lately met Dr. Lucius Culver, of the Sixty-first Ohio, under circumstances so creditable to himself, and so agreeable, in contrast to those investing the case of another member of the profession, which have been heretofore narrated in this correspondence, that I cannot forbear to mention it. The Doctor had been painfully ill for many days—much more fit to go to the hospital than the field—and yet, because his regiment would be left without medical attendance entirely, by his absence, he persisted in staying with it, sharing all the hardships of inclement weather, bad roads, and bad fare, following it in the camp and into the line of battle, and giving personal attention to the wounded men as they were brought in, and before they were taken in the ambulances to the hospital in the rear. Though every one knows how important it is that a surgeon should have a sound mind in a sound body, in order to give the best energies of both to the relief of the patient, and how depressing an effect the clouded face a physician who may be soured with his own ills often has on a sensitive sufferer, still every one who has seen, as I have, men bleed to death while being carried from the field to the hospital, from the lack of a surgeon close at hand to twist a tight bandage round the limb

as soon as possible, will be able to appreciate fully the worthy self-denial spoken of above.

THE ASSAULT ON KENESAW.

Sherman's operations in Georgia, Atlantaward, have just been marked by one of those desperate assaults upon the enemy in an intrenched position, which have been tried so often by both armies, and with such uniform bad success. This one was short, sharp, and bitter, and so far as the objects to be attained were concerned, an unbroken failure. Ten brigades formed into storming columns, assaulted and were repulsed, leaving two thousand men *hors de combat*. Several of the brigades fell back to their works, close at hand, occupied in the morning; the majority retired but a short distance and fortified a line in advance of all others. All displayed supreme gallantry and struggled after struggling was hopeless, and then accepted failure, as all good soldiers do, without loss of determination or cheerfulness.

While the lessons of this war seem to render the expediency of storming heavy earthworks doubtful under all circumstances, there are periods reached in active operations, where the advantages to be gained may well counterbalance the scruples of the most cautious General, or one as careful of the lives of his men as Sherman has proven. It would have been the delirium of folly to assault the works of Johnston previous to the time his lines were enveloped as they now are, for if we had been fortunate enough to secure the slender chance of success, our mangled army would have been confronted by another chain of earthworks equally strong. The guerdon of Malakoff and its sister forts, was Sebastopol; we should only have gained a scarred and narrow belt of forest and field in a Southern wilderness. But we had pushed Johnston from several heavy parallels by the mighty momentum of our army. Long lines of his fortifications, guarded by the science of the engineer against enfilading, were enfiladed and gained. Cross-fires robbed them of the bold hill where their centre first confronted us near Kenesaw. The weight of our army on the left gave us a high mountain on the right. Their flanks were pushed back until Kenesaw Mountain became the apex of their lines, forming almost a right angle. Marietta, in the rear of their centre two or three miles, was threatened from the west and south by our right. Johnston, already constricted, could yield no more ground without placing his centre in deadly peril, and as he seems determined to hold his present position in spite of the dangers which the present circumscribed disposition of his forces entails, he erected the heaviest works we have yet encountered, and settled himself down to see how we would unravel the toils. That his position was cramped before the assault of the twenty-seventh (and became even more so through that, since on some portions of the line we advanced our trenches), his occasional assaults to retake commanding positions clearly evince.

For two or three days preceding the assault, but little firing occurred along the lines. We had forced our way some distance up the eastern slope of Kenesaw, and reached its northern and eastern bases. The rebel wings, posted on advantageous ridges, behind heavy works, with frequent lunettes, and almost impracticable abatis, were closely invested by ours, in trenches quite equal to any attack the enemy could make. The salients of the hostile works were within a few hundred yards of each other in some places, and at such points no skirmisher could advance from his parapet without being pinned, as long as daylight lasted, to the tree or rock behind which he sought refuge. At such a juncture, when the opposing lines confront each other so closely, an advance of any kind must take the shape of an assault. It was necessary, if we wished to advance further directly in front, to pierce the enemy's fortifications at some point, hold it and by enfilading adjacent works, or imperilling some portion of his lines, compel him to retreat, or assault in return for its recapture. As to the practicability of flank movements, that is a question still undecided; and one upon which any speculations would be foolish or harmful—absurd if bungling and on false premises; and dangerous if built upon correct grounds and sanctioned by the conditions of military success.

The assault of the twenty-seventh was intended to cripple Johnston beyond the hope of recovery; and his complete destruction, if it succeeded, was not impossible. If the assault made by the Fourth and Fourteenth corps had succeeded, the troops comprising the centre of the enemy at Kenesaw Mountain would have been cut off from retreat; and a position obtained in the midst of the rebel lines must have wrought fatal confusion among them, and enforced a retreat which a vigorous pursuit would have rendered an overwhelming disaster. If Logan's brigades had carried Little Kenesaw, the precipitate withdrawal of Johnston beyond the Chattahoochee was equally well assured; for, from that knob, Marietta and miles of the rebel intrenchments would be at the mercy of our guns. Such could be the result of a successful assault; and I fancy, few men of military propensities will deny that the game was worth the candle.

Our army was very compactly disposed along the rebel lines, and in such plain view from the towering Kenesaw, that I have a higher regard for the discipline of the rebel gunners since they refrained for so many days from tearing the tompions from the muzzles of their guns, and, in spite of orders, firing every round they could lay hands on. For two or three days, however, preceding the assault, they opened from the crest of the mountain with eight guns, hurling grape and shrapnel in the valley below, filled with our army and its material.

Quiet, pastoral Kenesaw was transformed into

a volcano, the smoke drifting up in a pearl-gray, pendulous volume, and breaking into graceful garlands as it ascended, like the clouds from the lips of a dreamy senorita. Their missiles were not very damaging, the difficulty lying in the fact that the guns could not be depressed sufficiently to play upon our troops at the base of the mountain, while the thousand fields whitened by our wagons, though painfully distinct to their vision, were just beyond the range of their ferruginous bull-dogs. Sometimes their guns would suddenly burst out, after several hours' quietness, with one startling volley, the thunder of the several reports combined in one. Sometimes the lanyards were pulled consecutively, and the throbbing vibrations smote the ear at uniform intervals, and the smoke-clouds from the guns floated up in *echelon*. When the evenings were cloudy the fiery gleam of the guns was caught by the purple nimbus—the drop-curtain of the stars—that hovered behind the crest, and was reflected back to our eyes like a glare of that stealthy, noiseless lightning that often smears the horizon of a sultry night.

The day preceding the assault there was almost an absolute silence along the lines. No armies ever needed rest more than those that lay so near each other, each apparently disdaining to throw away another shot. Skirmishing was no longer a vivacious pastime, because the enemy could no longer be driven by it from field and slope. The strife could no longer swell to the thunderous verge of battle, fall to a lively racket, or dwindle to the measured pattering which this army, after its experience during this eventful and toilsome campaign, would call a silence. The skirmish was out of date; every soldier felt it to be so, and for once his rifle contained the same charge twenty-four hours.

The preparations for the assault were few and simple. Sherman's army is an instrument always carefully tuned for battle. The enemy has found it so, for there is always method in its discord when they fret the strings, and its leaders never strike up a heroic march without drawing forth an eloquent response. Now, however, a rattling bravura was to be played, which would not only test its capacity for brilliant dynamics, but the tenacity of the strings themselves. When Generals transport but a single tent, and line officers carry their effects on their arm; when, in short, an army moves with such few encumbrances as that of Sherman, home is just where it chances to halt, and nothing in the line of duty can take it by surprise, or occassion any delay between the delivery of the order and its execution.

During the few days of almost tacit truce that preceded the twenty-seventh, the strength of the enemy's works, their general configuration, and the probability of their being strongly held, were carefully noted and weighed. The points selected for assault were practicable, and were vitally important to Johnston's safety north of the Chattahoochee. It was decided to assault the rebel right and left centre, and at the same time feel his wings strongly, without, however, resorting to storming columns in the latter enterprise. Logan was called upon to furnish four brigades to carry Little Kenesaw, which he selected from his divisions, and placed under the command of General Morgan L. Smith. Newton's division of the Fourth corps was chosen to assault a ridge on the enemy's left centre, and a short distance further to the left, a salient in the enemy's line was chosen, which Davis should carry. Accordingly, Sunday night, Davis' division, accompanied by Baird's, which was intended to act as a support, left their position at the base of Big Kenesaw, and moved to the right of the Fourth corps, closing up closely on its right flank. There was, in fact, a general extension of the line to the right, every corps moving more or less troops in that direction.

The Fifteenth corps furnished for the assault the brigades of General Giles Smith, General Lightburn, Colonel Walcutt, and detachments commanded by General C. R. Wood, from the three brigades of Osterhaus' division. Lightburn was selected to carry the western slope of the hill; Giles Smith to charge it directly in front; Walcutt to reach the top through the narrow gorge that divides Little from Big Kenesaw, and General Wood to act as an immediate support. At eight o'clock, the hour designated for the assault, the brigades pushed boldly out from their trenches, formed in four lines, and in splendid order, and at a quick step, pushed boldly toward the enemy's works. In a moment our skirmishers engaged those of the enemy, but without pausing save to kill those who refused to surrender (and there were some stubborn fellows who roundly refused to live any longer), they swept on, behind them the serried lines of our lads, colors flying, and the alignments unwavering. The enemy opened fiercely from Big and Little Kenesaw, but the column advanced in superb order until it struck a swampy tract, covered with a clinging thicket of thorny bushes. Through this, in mud knee-deep, the brigades forced their impetuous way, and the necessary disorder of the column was speedily retrieved, when it emerged from this fearful bar to success. Through a tempest of iron the advance was resumed, the troops breaking into a cheer and a run, and dashing over the stony sides of Little Kenesaw without faltering. As the difficulties of the ground increased, the fearful clangor from the enemy's trenches was heightened and became more and more prolonged. Over their yellow rifle-pits the blue tufts of musketry danced wildly, and the whirling spheres of vapor from their masked artillery, curled up as tightly as cocoons, seemed to start out hideously from the foliage of the knob. From right and left, down the slopes of Big Kenesaw and along the ridges to the west of the point of assault, the enemy poured his forces, emptying his adjacent trenches to confront us at the point of danger. The brigades charging the flanks of the mountain, subjected to a most cruel and destructive cross-fire, after repeated and heroic efforts, failed

to reach the crest, and retired in comparative disorder to the best cover they could obtain near the base of the hill. The brigade of Giles Smith, however, dashed ahead, no longer a column but a swarm of men, and poured up to the very crest of the hill, passing over the enemy's first trenches and abatis, where two color-bearers fell; but, alas, to find just as they gained the summit, the enemy in another and stronger line, posted on a slight ridge, not perceptible until the plateau of the mountain was reached. The fresh line opened with a volley, and the blast of death swelled into a hurricane. The brigade slowly fell back, while the enemy, attempting to pursue, was met by a heavy artillery fire from our trenches and hastily driven back. About fifty men of this brigade took refuge behind a ledge of rocks, where during the rest of the day they dare not expose so much as a finger. Occasionally one or two would attempt to dash down the hill and run the gauntlet, but of all who attempted this, not one escaped. At the same time the enemy was unable to come forth and capture them, for every man was covered by a hundred Federal muskets, carefully poised on our trenches for their protection.

Under the cover of our artillery a position several hundred yards in advance was fortified and held by the brigades just repulsed. So little were the troops shaken by the failure, that General Morgan L. Smith proposed to make another assault at two P. M.; but the Commanding General refused to permit it. These were the veterans of Vicksburg, and universally they pronounced the ground charged over infinitely more difficult than that at Vicksburg. The advanced position taken, left the swampy thicket to the rear, and indeed, included portions of the rifle-pits on the enemy's skirmish lines. At noon General Dodge closed upon the left of the brigades, and firing during the afternoon was desultory, the guns on Kenesaw opening occasionally and eliciting a most vigorous reply. In the evening our brass bands played a lively selection of patriotic airs, which must have sounded the least little bit malicious to the Johnnies, who were prone to imagine that we were terribly cut up, in spirits, as well as men.

The Fourth and Fourteenth corps—the stanch centre of the army—were called upon to give fresh proof of their valor. These two corps, though originally in front of Kenesaw, had been pushed by the converging advance of our army to the southward of that frowning peak. The noble Fourth corps, though by heavy odds the heaviest sufferer in the army, was one of the three from which an assault was demanded. The boys were tired of heavy skirmishing—that had grown tedious and lost its excitement—and I believe when they were apprised that their corps were to furnish two or three assaulting columns, they received the intelligence with a quick interest—nothing more. This thing of killing and being killed had become an every day affair; every platoon in the corps had bled freely since the campaign opened. They felt, probably, as all veterans must feel, some apprehension for the result of an assault upon a heavily-fortified enemy—but none for themselves.

Early in the gray of morning the preparations for the assault commenced, the first symptom being an unusually early breakfast. There was no evidence in the movements or bearing of the men that they were soon to essay "the deadly imminent breach," though they must have been conscious that the task laid out for them was one which none but men hoping to meet death would covet. Between seven and eight o'clock the lines were formed—Newton's division, consisting of Generals Wagner's, Kimball's and Harker's brigades, being selected as the storming parties. Kimball's being on the left and somewhat retired, to act as a support to the other two. Wagner held the centre, and Harker the right. Wood's and Stanley's divisions of the Fourth corps furnished supports on the flanks of the assaulting brigades, but they were not engaged, and their loss was trifling.

This splendid brigade, composed of the Fortieth Indiana, Fifty-seventh Indiana, Ninety-seventh Ohio, Twenty-sixth Ohio, One Hundredth Illinois, and Twenty-eighth Kentucky, was thrown into a column of regimental divisions, thus giving the brigade a front of two companies and a depth of thirty lines. The advance regiment was the Fortieth Indiana, commanded by the fearless Blake. The column was formed in good season, and during the brief respite that ensued before the word *charge* was given, the men rested in their places silently, and no one would have guessed from their undisturbed faces, that all the latent gallantry of their natures could be aroused and lashed into a fury of heroism during the next ten minutes. Here was a man carefully relacing his shoe, and tucking away the strings, the proposition that forlorn hopes should be well and tightly shod expressed plainly in his movements. Letters were torn and crumpled, and thrown furtively aside. Doubtless miniatures came from their hiding-places for a moment that morning, but such things are done in the army in profound secrecy. The soldier hates a scene, and none more than the purely sentimental variety.

At half-past eight the men sprang to their feet, the word fraught with death for many, with glory for all, had that instant been given. Thirty consecutive lines of blue leaped forward with impetuous strides, making their way through the scattered trees and undergrowth in splendid order. Before them, on the crest of a ridge, was the silent, and to the sight untenanted convex salient of the enemy's works which they were aiming for. They neared it rapidly, their enthusiasm rising with every step, and their hearts rising high as each indistinct object grew plain, as the slopes of the parapet became a mere furrow, over which it seemed they must go. But the next moment the gates of hell opened in their very faces. A close, concentrated, withering blast of musketry swept over the

front line, leaving it indented but unwavering; with the momentum of a mighty river, the brigade swept on, until but two hundred paces —a mere stone's-cast it looked—divided the assailants and the assailed. The musketry of the enemy died to a mere pattering—muskets must be reloaded, and this fact sometimes loses battles. But palisades and abatis must be passed, and with the next rebel volley, fired as the fearless Fortieth Indiana reached a point within one hundred paces of their works, came a more awful thunder. Squarely in the teeth of the inspired brigade opened a battery of six guns, belching forth grape and canister, every shot ploughing through the devoted ranks, and the thick fumes of their guns enveloping the interval of ground over which our brigade must pass. Every ball from those guns enfiladed sixty men, the column of attack, as I have already said, being thirty lines deep. The front lines shattered to pieces, slackened the furious onset, which brought those in the rear jamming up in one confused mass of men—confused, but still bent on their fearfully grim and bloody task. It was intended, when the head of the assaulting column reached a point within pistol-shot of the enemy's parapet, to deploy into a column of regiments. This was no longer feasible, for organization was lost, and the whole column was a tightly closed, surging mass of men, ragged at the edges—but all moving one way—toward the enemy.

The rebel battery fired a second volley, completely shattering Wagner's column as a column, the cannon blowing aside every animated thing in their front. Masses of men moved to the right and left of the range of the battery, still bent upon one object. Many struggled up within twenty yards of the enemy's works; some penetrated the lines of palisades and abatis at their base, and a devoted few planted the foot of a Winkelreid on the slope of the parapet, but the assault had failed—failed heroically, in less time than I have taken to relate it. For nearly an hour portions of the brigade held points within fifty yards of the enemy's line, but all such were thinned out by the deadly rifleman, who, nearly secure himself, was at liberty to indulge in the uncommon luxury of gloating over a foe, before firing with cool, deliberate, and unerring aim. As the remnants of the brigade started back, long lines of rebels swarmed from their trenches, pursuing rapidly with infernal yells. They soon swarmed back, and faster than they emerged, when our reserves opened on them with a withering fire of small arms and artillery.

The brigade fell back to the line of works vacated in the morning, leaving over two hundred killed and wounded. The proportion of officers lost is larger than the average, and here, as elsewhere during the assault, an unusual number were hit in the head. Wagner's brigade left winter-quarters last spring nearly two thousand strong, but it was reduced to less than half that number, over fifty per cent. having been killed and wounded during the campaign. General Wagner fought, where he always fights, at the head of his brigade, and his escape from hurt is almost miraculous. Two or three hours after the assault his men were bustling around their camps, making their coffee, having already exhausted conversation on the great topic which the morning had furnished. "Damn these assaults in column," I heard one of them remark, as he punched up the blaze under his coffee, "they make a man more afraid of being trampled to death by the rear lines than he is of the enemy. They might do on a marble floor." His comments would offend Jomini or Monteculli; but the speaker, as a member of one of the advance regiments in the assaulting column, had a clear right to speak his mind.

The heaviest loss in the assault of Wagner fell on the noble Fortieth Indiana, which sustained nearly one half the casualties of the brigade. The regiments in the rear suffered but slightly.

It is claimed for Wagner's brigade, and I believe with justice, that it was the last of all to fall back. Yet such, if the fact, can have but little significance. The self-same heroism inspired each of the assaulting brigades; all did their utmost, and all deserve like chaplets for their brilliant and not wholly unavailing outbursts of courage and endurance.

Harker's brigade held the right of Newton's division, the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth, Colonel Opdyke, in advance. Like Wagner's, it was deployed into a column of divisions, the six regiments forming a column just thirty lines deep. When the bugle pealed forth the clarion note for the advance, the brigade sprang into line, and marched boldly from their trenches, sweeping over the enemy's scattered pickets, and gaining the rifle-pits where his skirmishers were posted. The enemy opened a terrible fire of musketry, grape and canister, but our boys poured into the ravine equidistant from the hostile trenches, and began to ascend the slope beyond, fast becoming slippery with blood. At this moment, a battery opened on their right, enfilading the column and disordering its lines, without, however, lessening the impetuosity of the lads. Many swarmed to the rebel works, and after vainly endeavoring to scale the works, took lodgment at their base, fighting desperately within reach of each other over the parapet; so close that several of an advance regiment were dragged over by the hair and captured.

The struggle lasted one hour and twenty minutes; regiment after regiment planting its colors on the ramparts only to be driven back. Harker, the fearless and beloved commander, upon whose shoulder the star had rested but a brief month, fell mortally wounded at the head of his column, and died two hours after. No one who saw his cheerfulness on going into the fight, and his glorious bearing during the action to the moment he was hit, would have dreamed that a few hours before he had quietly handed a packet to a comrade not selected for

the assault, asking him to send it home. "I shall be killed," said he, in conclusion. Stout-hearted, kindly, noble Harker! such souls as yours are the safety of the country. The yawning rent in our forums would have closed when you fell, with an instant and thunderous clang, if a type of the richest treasure of the Republic were the only sacrifice demanded. The noble brigade at last fell back, bringing their dying chief with them, leaving a fifth of their number killed and wounded on the field; and to the eternal infamy of the wretches who fought us at that point, several of the latter were made targets after our troops had retired. Lieutenant Benham, of Harker's brigade, was one of the victims, the infernal devils shooting at him deliberately, as he lay bleeding on the ground between the lines, and hitting him not less than four times. This is the only instance in which I obtained the name, but many who participated in the assault assured me that other wounded officers were similarly butchered.

Kimball's brigade, though it did not endeavor to storm the rebel works, acted efficiently as a support, and being without our trenches and within easy range of the enemy, its loss was scarcely less than that of its fellow brigades. No higher compliment can be paid any body of troops than to say that they endured a heavy fire which they might not return, coolly and without wavering. The loss in the brigade is one hundred and ninety-three, including Lieutenant-Colonel Chandler and other valuable officers.

Your correspondent "Montrose" furnishes the following details of the assault by Davis' division:

At eight o'clock precisely the batteries along our whole line opened almost simultaneously upon the enemy's works, and a terrific cannonading followed, lasting for about two hours, to which the enemy promptly responded from Kenesaw, Bald Top and other points on their lines. Hardly had the batteries awakened the foe from his morning slumbers, when Davis' division of Palmer's corps, who were already in position, with Baird's division of the same corps, and one division of the Twentieth supporting them, moved forward, leaving Morgan's brigade in reserve, to be called upon if it was found necessary to put in another brigade. Colonel Dan. McCook's brigade occupied the left, with the Eighty-fifth Illinois thrown forward as skirmishers, while Colonel Mitchell's brigade, with the Thirty-fourth Illinois, occupied the left. The skirmishers advanced quite rapidly for a few hundred yards, driving everything before them, until they encountered a heavy abatis, behind which the enemy had sought cover. There they were checked temporarily, until regiments from the brigades were thrown forward, and the work was carried with slight loss. Nearly all the venturesome skirmishers who remained behind the abatis were captured and sent to the rear. Retreating rapidly before our triumphant advance, the skirmishers who escaped reached the interior of the fortifications (which at that point were in the form of a horse-shoe, with a hill in the centre which prevented their artillery enfilading our columns), with all possible despatch.

Meanwhile the veteran regiments of McCook and Mitchell never faltered, but under a very destructive musketry fire, and severe volleys of canister and grape, moved upon the enemy's works, which they reached and attempted to scale. At the head of their brigades the loud voices of Mitchell and McCook were heard above the din of battle, urging their brave followers to scale the works. Never did men seem to be possessed of more determination, while they appeared to have acquired superhuman strength. But all their efforts were in vain. Under the cover of the works they were comparatively safe; but to scale the rampart was certain death. Dan. McCook, I am credibly informed, rendered furious by the frequent vain attempts to carry the works, mounted the work at the head of his men, but instantly fell back, badly wounded, in the arms of his men. Lieutenant-Colonel Clancey, of the Fifty-second Ohio, also fell, slightly wounded, under the breastworks, from which he could not be removed.

But while these desperate assaults were being made on the left, Mitchell, brave and determined, was not idle. He, too, was under as heavy a musketry fire as ever rendered a battle-field immortal, and his men never flinched. Up close, almost within bayonetting distance of the enemy, who lined their breastworks with brave and reckless traitors, stood Mitchell's boys, and gave the rebels bullet for bullet. Hardly a man on either side, who mounted the works, now lives to tell the tale of the bloody encounter that has just taken place.

At last Davis, than whom there is no more brave or tenacious division commander in this army, seeing all hope of taking the fortifications futile, retired his command, leaving upon the works and in the intrenchments representatives of nearly every regiment in the two brigades, whose eyes were sealed in the cold embrace of death.

The division at once fell back twenty yards, under a galling and deadly fire, carrying with them nearly all the wounded who had fallen on the exterior of the works. Here they fortified, and now confront the rebels, twenty yards distant.

It is impossible at this writing, two hours after the close of the brief but bloody combat, to correctly state the loss in the division; but members of the division and corps staff, who, by the way, distinguished themselves while under the death-dealing shower of bullets, state that it will fall not far short of six hundred. Probably it may exceed this number. When it is remembered that the principal loss occurred in a period of less than fifteen minutes, the reader can easily judge of the severity of the contest.

The proportion of officers wounded in the

assault is quite unusual. I have briefly collected the following, which are but a small proportion of the total number:

Colonel Dan. McCook, commanding brigade, arm, severe; Colonel Harmon, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Illinois, killed; Lieutenant-Colonel Clancey, Fifty-second Ohio, spent ball, slight; Lieutenant-Colonel Warner, One Hundred and Thirteenth Ohio, arm fractured, severe; Major Yeager, One Hundred and Twenty-first Illinois, severe; Captain Cook, Tenth Michigan, mortal; Captain Clason, One Hundred and Twenty-first Illinois, severe; Captain Neighbor, Fifty-second Ohio, mortal; Captain Durant, One Hundred and Thirteenth Ohio, slight; Lieutenant Walson, One Hundred and Thirteenth Ohio, slight; Lieutenant Bentley, One Hundred and Thirteenth Ohio, slight; Lieutenant Paul, Fifty-second Ohio, slight.

The above names were obtained from staff officers of the division and brigades, and are doubtless correct.

The loss of the enemy, of course, is not known. We can only judge from the position occupied by them—believed impenetrable works—that it is lighter than ours, probably by one fourth. Of one thing there is a certainty, we have many of their dead and wounded, and rarely one escaped who showed his head above the works.

Many instances of gallantry and almost impossible feats are pretty well authenticated, but lest I may lay myself open to the charge of indulging in sensational reports, I will pass them over for the present, promising to do full justice to the brave boys when I can do so without laying myself open to censure. That there should be acts of unusual bravery performed is no more than can be expected, for charging fortifications opens the door to all to win a hero's title. There the private has an equal chance with his Colonel to throw himself into the strife, and win lasting fame in history.

The color-bearer of the Twenty-seventh Illinois, Sergeant Nick Delany, planted his colors on the ramparts, after being wounded, and held them there until again shot, when the colors dropped from his grasp, toppled inside the works, and his body fell into the arms of his comrades, pierced by a rebel bayonet. He died a hero's death.

With this recital the history of the assaults of the twenty-seventh ends. On no other portion of the rebel line was a storming column hurled, though while the events I have related were transpiring, Dodge and Blair on the left, and Hooker and Schofield on the right, were not inactive. At the moment the assaulting columns moved forward, Hooker's corps, on the right of Davis' division, made a strong demonstration; Geary's division moving forward under cover of batteries I and M, First New York, and Knapp's Pennsylvania battery, and carrying, without serious opposition, an important ridge in his front, where he proceeded at once to establish himself. The other divisions of the Twentieth corps pushed forward their skirmishers, gaining several hundred yards; and it must be remembered that every yard gained tells upon the enemy in his circumscribed position.

The Twenty-third corps, on the extreme right, had executed a long and tiresome wheel to the left, including no less than six parallels, in the week preceding the twenty-seventh.

It had pressed the enemy so closely, that it was established within four hundred yards of the main rebel fortifications, leaving no room for skirmishers, and, though on the day of assault, the Second division opened heavily, with musketry and artillery, upon the enemy, they confined their efforts to stout skirmishing, sustaining a loss of seventy-five killed and wounded.

During the preceding night, General Cox's division, of the Twenty-third corps, was pushed boldly south on the Sandtown road, and, crossing Oily creek, reached an important fork in the road, nine miles south of Marietta, and but three from the Chattahoochee river, which, at last advices, he still held, with nothing confronting him but a heavy force of cavalry. Whether cutting into the retreat of the enemy was intended by this movement, in case the assault succeeded, or whether it was simply a diversion in favor of the storming columns, or whether a permanent extension of our right wing to that point was designed, has not yet been developed. The rebel cavalry in Cox's front consisted of two divisions, commanded by Jackson, fifty of whom we captured. Our loss in the movement was not over fifty.

While the assaults were in progress, and long after they were decided, the batteries of Blair, Dodge, and Logan, all in position, maintained a heavy fire on Kenesaw, to which the rebels replied but feebly. Blair and Dodge both made formidable demonstrations, their skirmishers advancing a considerable distance up the eastern slope of Kenesaw, gaining important territory, which they held at nightfall and were fortifying. Their loss was comparatively slight.

By noon both armies were tranquil again, the enemy, on some portions of the line where assaults were made, permitting us to remove our dead and wounded, which was speedily effected. A series of vigorous assaults had been made, accompanied by demonstrations along the whole line, but the repulse of the former, beyond the loss of many as brave men as were ever marshalled, has but little bearing upon the prospects for Sherman's eventual success. We advanced our lines materially, which could not have been done by any feeble effort; we failed to pierce the lines of Johnston's army, to compass its confusion or destruction. The loss of the enemy, compared with ours, is light, for evident reasons. He can not be very joyous that we failed to drive him from a very formidable chain of earthworks, and the comparatively few brigades—ten in all—engaged in

the assault, are not crestfallen, for they achieved all that brave men might. Our lines envelop them more closely than ever before; are better poised for a general assault, if one should be ordered; and, finally, the spirit of the men is unbroken. They are resolute, earnest, heroic, self-sacrificing, and firmly convinced that their mission, sooner or later, is victory complete and overwhelming.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

IN THE FIELD, SEVEN MILES SOUTH-EAST OF BIG SHANTY, GA., June 28, 1864.

After an adventurous and costly experience by rail, in which some scoundrelly, petty thief robbed me of everything valuable, I arrived at Big Shanty and made inquiry for General Logan's headquarters. About one and a half miles out on the wagon road leading toward Kenesaw Mountain, a little to the left, in an open field, and in full view of the heights, about which hung the smoke from the rebel batteries that thundered constantly through the day, and blazed through the night, I found the General at home.

Men *without fear* are seldom met with, if ever. As near an approach, I think, as I have met with to that ideal I find in General Logan. An instance of his unbending will and remarkable courage and coolness I must relate: On the twenty-third, in company with his staff, he rode out to inspect his lines. The batteries on the mountain were bellowing constantly, and sweeping the woods that partially cloaked our earthworks with a perfect tornado of shell and shrapnel. The guns on the summit were not all employed when Logan and party emerged upon an open field in plain view of the enemy. The rebel gunners, thinking doubtless to appease the *manes* of the departed Polk with an offering of Yankee blood from the veins of a Major-General, turned against the party every battery on the mountain, which smoked like a volcano in eruption. Our batteries below replied with vigor, and for a time the very earth trembled with the explosions and reverberations. An open field lay in front, over which the General determined to make his way. A hurricane of missiles screamed across the space; some ploughed up the earth, and others, bursting, filled the air with flying fragments. The commotion and turmoil of war are conditions suited to men of his impetuous, fearless nature. To see this man in action, one would say at once: "He is the counterpart of Murat." And so he is. In addition to that dashing *abandon* which shines out so brilliantly in the character of Murat, he has the aspiring soul that quails before nothing that will and energy and daring can accomplish. He is restless, vigilant, quick-thoughted, and energetic. He is, too, firm and cool in a great crisis where those virtues are demanded, though at times, when foiled in a plan, or disappointed in any way, inclined to be petulant and irascible, or blunt and plain. Add to this a tender sensitiveness, and you have Logan in character. On the occasion to which I refer, accompanied by an Aide, he rode out into that terrible maelstrom that was meant to engulf and swallow him, halted by a few coals at a camp fire, turned coolly around, and asked his Aide for a cigar. Procuring one, he dismounted leisurely, picked up a brand, and, with an air of utterly unapproachable *nonchalance*, proceeded to whiff away as though he were under his own vine and fig tree. All the while the shells and shrapnel were ploughing up the earth around him and screaming wildly overhead. He just as coolly remounted, and by this time left alone by his company to the enjoyments of the occasion, slowly continued his journey along the lines.

Standing at Logan's headquarters and facing southward, between you and Kenesaw Mountain lies first an open rolling strip of country, between which and the mountain lies a wooded plain. Through this latter strip runs our line of works. These, following the course of the mountain, which is east and west, after passing the eastern point, curve to the south-east, and continue in the same general direction to the Sandtown wagon-road. The Dallas and Marietta road crosses our line at about the centre.

On the night of the twenty-fifth Davis was withdrawn from his position on the left of the Fourteenth corps, and Harrow, of Logan's corps, supplied the place. Davis moved over toward the centre, and lay in reserve until the twenty-seventh.

Dodge's and Blair's corps were placed, the former on Logan's left, and the latter on the extreme left of the line, circling the western point of Kenesaw, and menacing the rebel right.

On the night of the twenty-sixth—calm, pleasant Sabbath evening—orders were issued for a series of simultaneous assaults on the morning following along the entire line.

Davis' division, of Palmer's corps, was to form an assaulting column, and Newton, of Howard's, another. I lay that night at General Mitchell's headquarters, near the Marietta road. It was necessary, of course, that brigade commanders should know and comprehend the work allotted to them, and at the headquarters of these divisions ordered to assail the enemy's works, little knots of earnest men in consultation could be seen huddled on camp-stools around maps and diagrams, giving and receiving orders, and investigating plans. Let me introduce you to one group. Just over there in the woods, before a few tents, seated on camp-stools, one of the party holding a lighted candle, sits the flinty-trusted Jeff. C. Davis, whose browned and wrinkled features have been fanned by bullets before they were tanned by the sun and heaven's breezes. Around him in council sit his brigade commanders. The two young men, whom even the dusky light of the candle will not let you mistake for other than bright, intelligent thinkers, who probe the questions before them to their core and comprehend their import as he who planned, are Colonels Daniel McCook

and John G. Mitchell. As though the emotions and impelling principles within worked the character in lineaments not to be mistaken on the facial front, you may read there that they know the work and appreciate its bloody import.

The word is spoken, the plan digested, and to-morrow's sun will wake to life and health for the last time many a noble fellow that slumbers in the forest around.

Morgan, the old weather-beaten farmer General, who is as stern and fearless as he is grim and rough, with his placid features is reassuring. Let what will come to pass, you can but ruffle his equanimity. It is self-adjusting; and when duty and the responsibilities of his position are in one scale, they outweigh every personal consideration that would deter or impede. He thinks and seems a statue in bronze. Give him an order, and you imbue the statue with life and fire and energy such as move a hero. All night the road was alive with troops and trains and horsemen. The clatter and rumble went on. A shimmer of moonlight sifted through the tree-tops, and one involuntarily reverted to the cavalcades of Boabadil's hosts that the Moorish legends describe.

Four men passed my tent moving silently along, bearing something on a litter. As they approached, I saw they were carrying a wounded man. The hospital was just below us in the ravine. I had almost forgotten the occurrence, and was getting drowsy, when his shrieks roused me again. The surgeons were at work. His agonizing cry was the only sound that broke the stillness, and it penetrated and impressed me. I remember the shudder with which I sank to sleep, and, as I recur to it, it comes again.

Blair was to press his lines forward on the west slope of Kenesaw, protect Dodge's flank, and, closing in as cautiously as possible, engage the enemy's attention by menacing his right. Dodge was to have taken the western division or peak of Kenesaw, while Logan was to push a strong column up the eastern. That the operations against Kenesaw may be better understood, and the difficulties to overcome in prosecuting an assault appreciated, let me devote a few lines to Kenesaw and its contour.

Seen from our lines the day of the assault, this solitary mountain, that lifts its bald summit to the clouds, looks a dark, grim sentinel that guards the beautiful little treasure—Marietta—that nestles so closely under its mighty shade. The mountain is elliptical in shape and two miles in length, running east and west, and its average height above the level of the sea is eighteen hundred feet. It terminates at either end in peaks which slope gradually toward the center, presenting a depression that gives it the general appearance, as described against a background of clear blue sky, of a grand natural redoubt. The depression which represents the embrasure apparently divides the mountain into equal parts. The west half we will call the *first* peak, and the east the *second*.

Remember we are facing southward. On the first peak the enemy has well-manned batteries that sweep the valley in which we stand. Through the wooded strip in front our works follow the course of the mountain. In front of the first peak lie Blair and Dodge, the former circling the point, and the latter's right touching Logan's left just where the gorge marks the dividing line I have already mentioned.

Logan is to ascend, therefore, the eastern half or second peak, swinging around the point to the southern slope as far as prudence will permit.

The troops composing the assaulting column are Lightburn's and Giles A. Smith's brigades, of M. L. Smith's division, and Walcutt's, of Harrison's division.

General M. L. Smith, the indomitable old leader, whose name among the troops is a synonym for everything that is true and noble in a soldier, commands the column. A stranger in the army, who never heard of Morgan L. Smith, will learn to hold him in high esteem from what the common soldiers say of him. A better recommendation no man can have.

Eight o'clock on the twenty-seventh, and Logan, prompt to the minute, ordered his column forward. The Forty-sixth Ohio and Fortieth Illinois—the latter commanded by the lamented Colonel Barnhill—were deployed in front as skirmishers. The enemy was never more vigilant. The movement was detected; he threw forward reinforcements to his skirmishers, and the ground was stubbornly disputed. All the while the terrible artillery on the peaks—twelve guns in all—maintained a deadly cross-fire on our troops below, and was answered by our batteries with solid shot, that powdered and crippled their rocky parapets. Emerging into the open fields, the rebel infantry essayed again behind their rifle-pits to check or hurl us back. In front of his line of rifle-pits the enemy had carefully prepared two lines of perplexing abatis. The first consisted of felled saplings, with the limbs and branches sharpened and interwoven. Through these, after some difficulty, delay, and loss, we penetrated and soon again encountered a second abatis, constructed with more care, and of a more formidable nature. Heavy piles were cut for the purpose, pointed and placed the ground, and inclined toward us.

To look at these rude defences when the battle is over and the danger passed, and one might be tempted to say that these sharp sticks are insignificant obstructions that a few men in a short time would render harmless.

When we reflect that a very short distance separates the abatis from the enemy's rifle-pits, that swarm with troops, that character of defence has no mean significance. The check, however, was merely momentary. The abatis was cleared and the enemy's rifle-pits at once assailed.

A brigade of Mississippi and Missouri rebels held the works, and greeted our advance with a galling fire. The abatis once cleared, and the way was clear. A charge was ordered, a cheer rang out full and round and lusty, and the work was done.

The enemy beat a rapid retreat toward the mountain, and plunged into the underbrush of that rugged, uneven slope, hotly pursued by the eager skirmishers.

Logan's troops were worn and jaded by the heat, but victory to the soldier is as an invigorating elixir to the invalid, and in the joy he feels the very flag seems to participate. Still the bullets and missiles are showered incessantly down. The artillery peals out its hoarse, heavy thunders, hurls down its withering hail, and the mountain seems a volcano more than ever.

Success has so invigorated and inspired the men that the heat and fatigue are forgotten, and no obstacle is too difficult to check or dishearten.

The only practicable line of retreat is by the ravine that I have referred to, and toward this the pursued and pursuers tend. Over rocks and through the brush, skirmishing all the way, the race continues along the slope. A party of our troops take possession of the ravine, and about a hundred rebels, who were thus cut off, were made prisoners.

It is found impossible to take a column through the thick-standing undergrowth, and Logan directed that the column be deployed in line of battle. Lightburn holds the right, Giles A. Smith the centre, and Walcutt the left. In this order the men continue their tedious, tiresome ascent, crawling between and over rocks, and pulling themselves up at times by limbs and brush. The rebels loosen huge rocks and logs, that come crashing down the declivity with a noise like thunder. Many of the troops are crushed in this manner; but the line lags not a moment.

Hanging above the foliage of the slope now, sent by an explosion, and curling and twirling aloft in the clear expanse, a light, gauze mantle of sulphur-smoke floats along the mountain side, through which at intervals can be seen glimpses of the colors that some daring fellow has planted on a massive rock, and then the welkin rings again with the glad shouts of the watchers from below. A rumbling noise like thunder floats down the mountain again and again, and now saplings are bending before the shock of a heavy rock that the rebels from their rocky eyrie have hurled at the advancing line. The flag moves again. Upward, onward, is the cry, and as the firing grows in violence the shouts, groans, and cheers lose identity and blend into a din. It was a spectacle that once seen could not be forgotten.

The painter's pencil may portray on canvas the contour of mountain, the mosaic of fields and forests in the valley below; may picture a rocky, abrupt slope, impassable cliffs, inequalities of the surface, a line of earthworks, a cannon, or a fort, but let any one see a battle as it rages, and see it in oil, and I care not what the genius of the artist, he will say, "it lacks the cheers and shouts of the combatants." The action is the life and soul of a battle, the noise, the terrible clamor, the roar, the confusion, are all parts of a drama that loses its interest if it fails in one particular.

Parrhasius wanted for his picture of Prometheus "but a dying groan," and without this he felt that he had failed. Walker, the famous army artist, whose pencil, like a magician's wand, reproduces on canvas scenes around which cluster and cling memories that will be historic, and float down to posterity, to be treasured and revered hundreds of years hence, can put on canvas every other detail of a battle; but without the ringing cheer, the exultant shout, the actual flutter of the flag, the swaying, surging line of battle; in a word, the action, the life, and the din, the conception falls far short of the reality.

Nearing the summit, just such an insurmountable façade of cliffs as opposed us at Rocky Face obstructs our path. The average perpendicular height of the precipice is thirty feet.

Along the verge of this the enemy had drawn a line of battle, and his troops, as we approached, hurled down rocks, clubs, blocks, and every conceivable species of missile that could do us injury, killing and maiming many.

Colonel Barnhill, of the Fortieth Illinois, had been ordered to go toward the summit as far as possible, and he determined to literally obey. At the head of his line along with the skirmishers, a conspicuous mark for the rebel sharpshooters, he shared with his men every danger, and fell dead at the very base of the lofty palisade of rock that barred the way.

Though Logan failed to do what was allotted him, and in that did only what every portion of the line did, he only failed to do what was, from the very nature of things, an utter impossibility.

In one hour and a quarter from the time they marched out from their breastworks, Logan's troops had cleared two lines of abatis; carried a line of earthworks at a charge; followed the routed enemy up his rugged stronghold through a murderous cross-fire of artillery, and a storm of bullets; conquered every obstacle; planted the flag at the foot of an insurmountable array of cliffs—the very furthest approach to the summit; threw up defences of logs and stones, and to-day holds the line despite the stubbornest efforts of the enemy to dislodge him.

The losses of the Fifteenth corps will foot up over sixty prominent and gallant officers and four hundred men killed and wounded. Among the officers who fell in the assault, and whose loss will be deeply deplored, because irreparable, I find the following:

Colonel Rice, Fifty-seventh Ohio, mortally wounded; Colonel Parry, Fifty-fourth Ohio,

severely wounded; Colonel Spooner, Eighty-third Indiana, severely wounded; Colonel Walcutt, slightly wounded; Lieutenant-Colonel Wright, One Hundred and Third Illinois, severely wounded; Colonel Barnhill, Fortieth Illinois, killed; Captain George, Fortieth Illinois, severely wounded; Captain Augustine, commanding Fifty-fifth Illinois, killed.

One regiment of the corps emerged from this ordeal with but five field and line officers for duty. The Eighty-third Indiana lost two color-bearers while ascending the mountain. Both were shot by sharpshooters, and instantly killed.

Among the mangled and lacerated sufferers that drifted from this terrible maelstrom to the rear, bearing themselves as only heroes do, was a young boy about seventeen years of age, who, while nearing the cliffs, was shot through both arms by a Minie ball that fractured the bones of both. Men with stretchers saw him clambering slowly down the rocks with his mangled arms dangling at his side, and asked permission to carry him. He was not walking because no aid was near. He, a sufferer, was sacrificing his interests to those of his fellows. With a look of mingled pain and firmness, he replied—"Go on up the mountain and bring down the boys that can't walk. Don't mind me;" and he staggered on alone and unsupported down the mountain through the hail of shells and bullets to the hospital.

Simultaneously with Logan's advance, Dodge moved from his works with three regiments—Sixty-sixth and Ninth Illinois, of Sweeny's division, and the Sixty-fourth Illinois, of Veatch's—and encountered the enemy's skirmishers directly after quitting the defences. The Fifth Illinois supported the Sixty-sixth. The Sixty-fourth was formed in two lines, one supporting the other. Colonel Murrill, of the Sixty-fourth Illinois, encountered such resistance from the enemy's skirmishers that he was compelled to bring up his reserves at the very outset.

The same obstacles that Logan met with opposed the advance of Dodge. The thickets were almost impenetrable, and it was found impracticable to attempt the ascent in column of assault. It was determined therefore to deploy in line of battle, and the men, crawling cautiously and stealthily forward as skirmishers, through brush and over rocks, sheltering themselves as best they could, pushed up the mountain.

The fighting at times was stubborn, and the losses severe for the numbers engaged. Gresham's, one of Blair's brigades, assisted and supported Dodge to-day in his assault, and won signal praise for his splendid conduct.

Well advanced toward the enemy's line, and believing that an open assault would carry the works, these two regiments boldly charged over the defences and into the enemy's rifle-pits. The admiration their gallant conduct elicited was equalled only by the poignant sorrow all felt at the luckless *denouement*.

So hotly engaged was the Fifty-third Indiana, that a portion of the regiment having entered the enemy's works were environed at once and compelled to surrender or make an effort to cut its way out. The odds were too fearful, and a portion of the party was captured. The brave and devoted Captain White died in the act of planting his foot on the rebel parapet. His First Lieutenant was wounded three times, and cannot recover. Thus crippled and depleted, the regiment was unprepared to renew, alone, the fight. In the mean time the rebels seized an opportune moment to make a counter-charge, and drove the remnant of the regiment back to line from which it started. General Dodge immediately despatched three additional regiments to protect the flanks of his line, and having pushed it to within forty yards of the enemey's main works, threw up rude defences, and still holds the ground.

General Dodge's losses will not much exceed one hundred and fifty in killed, wounded, and missing, at least a third of which loss was suffered by the meritorious old Sixty-fourth Illinois. Among those lost whose places will never appear to the regiment so well filled as when he was there, is the Adjutant of the Sixty-fourth. Few can have it said of them, as it may be truthfully of him; "All who knew him loved and admired while living, and are ready to do honor to his memory when dead."

Blair's orders were to move out on the left, and make such demonstrations as would lead the enemy to believe his purpose to be to pass entirely around their right flank to the rear of Kenesaw. He moved at six A. M., and found the enemy in such force but a short distance out as to prevent a further advance, unless he assaulted a strong line of works, which, with a full knowledge of the plan of operations for the day, he did not deem prudent or consistent with his instructions. The situation was promptly reported to the Commanding General, and, from the absence of further orders to that corps, I presume the judgment of General Blair was fully approved.

The part of the Seventeenth corps for the remainder of the day seems to have been to maintain a threatening attitude, and employ the enemy's attention, for nothing but skirmishing transpired. The losses I have not heard estimated, but presume they will not exceed one hundred. General Liggett's division and the left of Gresham's line appear to have suffered these.

As I have chronicled operations thus far, with reference to corps, I shall describe the action on the centre in the same manner, though Newton's division, of Howard's, and Davis', of Palmer's corps, constituted to all intents and purposes, the same assaulting column. Following the Dallas and Marietta road through the forest to the south-east, at a point where the works barely cover the road, lay Newton's division of Howard's (Fourth corps). Davis passed to the rear of this division early in the morning, and formed in column of assault on the right, under

cover of high ground, and just on the left of the Twentieth corps. From some cause, probably to draw the enemy's attention toward our left, and cause the shifting of his spare force to his right, the attack was delayed until about nine A. M.

The lines at this point bear almost north and south, and continue in that direction until we reach the centre of Hooker's (Twentieth) corps, where they bear to the south-east. The ground in front of Newton is open and rolling. The rebel main works occupy a light ridge covered with timber, and his batteries sweep the whole space between the lines.

Harker's brigade on the right was formed in column of division, left in front, and Wagner in the same order on the left. Kimball's brigade, retired on Wagner's left, with orders to guard the flank and support whichever of the brigades seemed weakest, was formed in column of divisions, right in front.

Harker, debouching from the forest, is met by a withering fire of artillery and musketry, but still holds straightforward toward the rebel works. Finding that Wagner and he are moving in such close proximity as to create confusion should he desire to deploy, Harker obliqued to the right, moved off again slowly under a very destructive fire, and Wagner hastened forward to a depression where his men might be sheltered somewhat from the seething fire of grape and canister that swept through and tore his ranks. Think of columns at the distance of six hundred yards from artillery braving a continuous storm of grape and canister, and you have the ordeal through which these brave fellows passed.

Wagner was still exposed to an enfilading fire from artillery, and soon from a flank fire of infantry, that the enemy pushed out to effect his dislodgment. During the advance Wagner's troops were struck so heavily at the very first shock that a good portion crumbled off and drifted to the rear. Enfiladed, and unused to such formations for battle, it required all the firmness and sternness at command to keep the men to the work.

Now and then a little rift from the line, like the premonitory snow-slides that warn of the avalanche, drifted back, and Kimball was ordered up to Wagner's relief—to pass over him and, if possible, to enter the rebel works. The rebels, perceiving the movement, sallied out, and, forming on Kimball's left, annoyed him very much. An order came to "form in column of battalion," and at once the lines took a shape in which the troops were more readily handled; it was a return to the "good old style," as the boys said, and then the battle raged furiously. Harker, stern, determined, and desperate, hurls his column against the works, only to see it borne back with an impetus equal to the blow, and again he essays a breach. Again his column dashes madly, desperately forward, is cut and mangled by the plunging grape and canister, and returns again, exhausted. Ambitious as he was brave, the thought of failure is unendurable, and, though the broiling heat of midsummer's sun is pouring down upon the fields, and the sweltering troops are dripping with perspiration and gasping for breath, he implores them to follow him once more. With head uncovered and hat in hand, he rides boldly out in front. As he passes Colonel Bradley he acquaints him with his intention. The Colonel answers: "General, don't go up there; we cannot take the works without support." Harker only answers: "I *must have* the works, and, turning to his men, asks: "Who will follow me?" Fifteen brave fellows, kindred spirits all, that have not in their composition a tinge of fear, spring to their rifles and answer, "I!" "I!" and the die is cast. A handful of bravery unalloyed, heroes enough to leaven an army, dauntless martyrs that Hugo's pen alone can laud as they should be lauded, this little band of devoted soldiers move quickly up the slope of a little knoll that, up to this time, has sheltered them. The summit of this knoll is but fifteen yards from the rebel works.

Harker and his little band are under fire, but the enemy, as if loth, in absolute admiration, to slaughter heroes of that stamp, are silent. Hopeless though the effort is, Harker moves on, and his men follow him. He reaches the summit; a line of gray smoke shoots out; hundreds of rifles ring, and, as the hurricane would sweep off the thistle-down, Harker and his brave fellows are swept into eternity.

Kimball and Wagner battle on, essay again and again to advance, and at last push up to the very works, when a terrible volley sweeps through the line cutting down many of their bravest, trustiest officers. Kimball loses the brilliant Chandler, the light of whose intellect seemed to illumine every difficult subject, and adjust it with the wisdom of a sage. Lieutenant-Colonel Kerr, of the Seventy-fourth Illinois, has also fallen, and been left within arm's reach of the rebel earthwork.

Wagner loses heavily, also, in officers and enlisted men. Captain Kirkpatrick and Lieutenant Sharp, of the Fortieth Indiana, are killed while leading their men in a charge. Lieutenant-Colonel Boone, of the Twenty-eighth Kentucky, who never thinks of danger when discharging duty, is disabled, though not dangerously injured. Scores of brave and accomplished officers in those few bloody charges are gone down, and hundreds of our best troops strew the field.

It would be invidious, where men fought so unexceptionably well, to make distinctions between regiments. A volume would hardly record the deeds of heroism performed that day; much less could I, who am limited in time and space.

An hour's bloody work has failed to achieve our object, and, oppressed with that thought, but not disheartened, the main body of the assaulting force withdraws to our main line, leaving a force adequate to the task, to intrench

and hold the little ground we did win. The losses in Newton's division will reach, I presume, at least eight hundred.

We left Davis' division, to which has been allotted a part in this sanguinary effort, sheltered by high ground, awaiting orders. At 9:20 A. M., leaving Morgan as reserve, with McCook on the left, formed in column of regiments, and Mitchell in the same order on the right, he uncovers his column, and moves through into the open fields. His appearance is the signal for the enemy's artillery that now opens from half a dozen points along his line. The troops take the double-quick, and, cheering lustily, sweep boldly across the intervening space. In advance of Mitchell's brigade the Thirty-fourth Illinois is deployed as skirmishers, with four companies in reserve. The rebel skirmishers deliver a volley and rapidly retire. A light abatis is encountered, but it offers slight resistance. Pushing through and on, the two columns descend into a hollow and are partially sheltered.

Here again the formation seemed to have proven defective. That this expedient, resorted to for the purpose of saving men, failed of its object, I have not the shadow of a doubt. The peculiar formation of the rebel lines, and the excellent judgment displayed by the rebels in planting their artillery, conspired to adduce a bloody proof of the futility of the plan. The men saw that the experiment was too costly, and long before they reached the hollow they had begun to deploy.

Here the lines were readjusted and the two columns summoning every energy and bracing every nerve, stood ready to close in a death-grapple for the works. The word is spoken, and, with a yell that has in it the evidence of soul to dare and earnest will to work, the men rush to the assault. A volley tears through our ranks and strews the ground with dead and dying. Over these, careless as to who is trampled, the furious followers rush headlong forward, and they, too, are numbered among the fallen. It was a spectacle full of sublimity. When I knew the fate of that charge my thoughts involuntarily reverted to that passage in Byron's description of Waterloo:

> "When this fiery mass of living valor,
> Rolling on the foe,
> And burning with high hope,
> Shall moulder cold and low."

Colonel Daniel McCook, in the act of mounting the rebel parapet, was pierced by a ball that passed entirely through the left breast, and he was borne from the field. Colonel Harnun, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Illinois, a noble soldier and a popular officer, succeeded to the command. Dashing forward as the line, borne down by a mass of metal that threatened to sweep it from existence, was wavering, he raised his sword and was about to lead another charge, when a bullet struck him lifeless to the earth. Colonel Dilworth, of the Eighty-fifth Illinois was next in rank, and assumed command. Again and again did Dilworth and Mitchell lead their men to the enemy's works. Among the fearless spirits that on that day seemed as impervious to bullets as to fear is Colonel Banning, of the One Hundred and Twenty-first Ohio, a regiment of Colonel Mitchell's brigade. He apparently ignored his own safety, refused shelter when it offered, and busied himself in steadying and holding his line. If troops could be made invincible, I apprehend it could only be under such leaders as he.

To give you some idea of the desperate character of the struggle, the following facts will be ample data:

The One Hundred and Thirteenth Ohio, the regiment that led the column under Mitchell, lost ten officers out of nineteen.

Two men of the Thirty-fourth Illinois were left dead inside the enemy's works. The color-bearer of the Twenty-second Indiana—John Caton, of company F—carried his colors so near the works that a rebel cast a stone at him with such force as to fracture the skull. The same gallant fellow was struck by a bullet before being wounded in the head, and though it carried away his finger, he would not yield the flag, but bore it forward until struck down as I have mentioned. Captain Jack Kennedy, of the Eighty-fifth Illinois, was also dangerously wounded by a stone thrown from the rebel works. One of Colonel Mitchell's men was serously wounded in the leg by a pickaxe hurled by a burly foeman at our line. The bodies of two of Colonel Mitchell's men could be seen, after our withdrawal, hanging across the rebel breastworks. It was a day pregnant with heroic deeds, and the pen of the historian and the poet, the pencil of the painter, and the chisel of the artist, will yet find matter here for thought and labor.

The correspondent only regrets that his time and space are not commensurate with his desires. Hundreds of exemplary soldiers, who have performed deeds that would brighten any historic page, and stir a patriotic pride in the hearts of his loyal countrymen, will go down to death, each of whom deserves a place with him who is

> "Freedom's now and Fame's,
> One of the few—the immortal names
> That were not born to die."

The day of the battle was fearfully hot, and the dead and wounded lay side by side between the lines that were but thirty yards apart, while the vicious bullets whistled over them, from eleven o'clock in the day until early the following morning. The fighting on Davis' front lasted about an hour, during which time he sustained a loss of seven hundred and fifty men. Colonels Dilworth and Mitchell headed their brigades with the wisdom and dexterity of lifelong soldiers, and elicit hearty commendations. Colonel Daniel McCook won laurels to-day that all who love to be honored as a brave man and a competent leader cannot fail to envy.

Davis' division retired only to the shelter of a light knoll, when the men scooped with their hands dirt enough to shield their bodies until

intrenching tools arrived, when stronger defences were thrown up, and the two lines lie now so close, that our men lying on their backs pitch over stones and clubs into the rebel works.

To protect the flank of the assaulting column under Davis, Hooker, with Geary on the left, and Butterfield on the right, leaving Williams in reserve on the centre, moved from his works across the open fields, suffering a slight loss, and rested his line just at the edge of the forest. Just under the rebel works he lay and fortified. The new line he still holds with a light force, having retired his main forces to the original line.

Schofield's operations consisted of an advance by Riley's brigade on the Sandtown road, which resulted in a sharp skirmish, and the driving of the enemy from his works. Regretting that I am not ubiquitous, the fact that I am not, *admitted*. I presume it will only be necessary to say that our line was at least twelve miles long, to secure pardon for not furnishing the particulars.

Hascall's division, I was credibly informed, engaged the enemy and drove him at every point. The enemy's right was weak, and was held partly by cavalry. I heard no estimate of the losses in General Schofield's corps that I deemed reliable, and hence I adopt none.

I estimate the losses resulting from the assault along the line at three thousand, and feel confident that official reports will not vary far from that estimate. Of course, immediately after an engagement of the character of this, before the reports of regimental commanders have been sent in, it is impossible to be exact; but I venture the assertion that the official count will not vary one hundred either way.

The army now is executing another flank movement, and, if successful, as I cannot believe it will fail to be, when you next hear from me it will be from the banks of the Chattahoochee, if not from the objective point of the campaign—Atlanta.

SIX MILES SOUTH OF MARIETTA,
June 30.

The assault upon the centre and left, which was made, having proved a failure, and the rebels still maintaining themselves on Kenesaw with defiance, what next shall be done to dislodge them? It is not for any one to say that it is impossible for large enough bodies of our troops to take the rebel works by direct assault, but the sacrifice of life would be so fearful that the mind cannot contemplate it without horror. To charge upon thick ranks of living men, is a thing our soldiers do with spirit, for they have good hope of success; but to be thrust against dead walls of earth and logs, only to be broken and crushed, without any compensating gain, is hard, is maddening. The flanking policy pursued by General Sherman, up to the time of the assault of the twenty-seventh, is not only the highest philanthropy, but the most successful strategy. It makes armies gain battles by marches instead of charges, with shoe-leather rather than with bayonets; keeps the men in good spirits, and keeps them out of the hospitals and out of the graves. It takes more bread, and meat, and coffee, and is less glorious as the world goes, but it saves men's lives, and that is more than all else. We must meet the rebel army sometime, it is true, face to face, and fight it, fight it hard, and crush it, else the Confederacy will never be broken up.

What this new movement, then, is definitely, of course, I do not know; but it is evidently to be a return to the old strategy of flanking.

Certain corps of the army are being rapidly brought to a marching trim, by being sifted of rheumatics and debilitated men—all, in short, who cannot march fast—and others are making themselves impregnable behind regular forts and earthworks of a formidable character. It may not be that they will make an attempt upon the fortifications on the south bank of the Chattahoochee, and it may be they will.

The question may be asked why Kenesaw Mountain was not flanked at once, and left behind in the forward march, just as Lost Mountain and Pine Mountain were? On the ordinary maps they all appear as detached cones rising out of the surrounding level, and offering the same facilities for the passage of flanking columns at their base. The real mountains are not so. Lost Mountain is almost a perfect cone; so is Pine Mountain; but Kenesaw is composed of two sections, divided by a deep notch on the summit, and the entire length of the two at the base is nearly two miles. Besides that, they slope away gradually in a series of hills, forming approaches to the main peak, and offering great natural advantages for fortifications. Thus the length of the rebel front, which it would be very difficult to carry by assault, was upward of four miles, the east end resting on the railroad. As the army approached this stronghold, and the centre and part of the left began to bear against it, the right wing was gradually swung around parallel to the railroad, apparently with the intention of driving off a sufficient number of the enemy's forces, to enable an assault made upon these approaches to succeed. The difficulties which lay in the way of this assault, both the strength of the defences and the determination of the rebels, seem not to have been fully weighed by any one. It was made on the twenty-seventh, and failed—signally failed. Lost Mountain was so distant from the railroad that the rebel line could barely reach it by being greatly deployed, and, at the same time hold the railroad. Our own superfluity in numbers enabled us to bring a strong line against theirs, and to sweep it away at once. Pine Mountain, though much nearer to the railroad, was so entirely detached that, while a small force was left in its front, the two wings could begin at once to swing around and cause the rebels to vacate it. It required so long a line to hold the railroad and, at the same time keep a strong force all along

the base of the mountain, that there was but a small force left with which to attempt a flank on the right. So small was it that the Commanding General seems to have been deterred from pushing it vigorously eastward toward the railroad in the rear of Marietta, for fear of detaching it altogether from the main army and exposing it to disaster. Nothing further was attempted, therefore, as I have said, than to extend the right on a long line down along the enemy's flank, with the hope that this would weaken his strength in the centre and render the hills on the east and west of Kenesaw pregnable to an assault. The rebels did not allow themselves to be deceived by this lengthened line; from the elevated top of Kenesaw they could see plainly that our main posts still confronted them, and that the flanking movement was not in earnest. They contented themselves with sending a corps to check it partially, which they did in the fight of the twenty-fourth, as will be remembered. What might have been accomplished more than has been, if the force we sent out that day had been made stronger by details from the centre (which could have amply protected itself behind intrenchments), and had pushed vigorously for the railroad, even at the risk of becoming entirely detached from the main body, and had thus fallen upon the enemy's rear, I will not attempt to say. The result might have been better; possibly much worse.

Signalizing, a most interesting and useful arm of the military service is, perhaps, less heard of by the public than any other; and its invaluable labors, as well as its frequent imminent perils, are alike unrecorded, and, therefore, unappreciated. The signal-officer who would bring late and full news to the Commanding General must undergo not a little fatigue and hardship. He must climb high trees to watch the enemy; he must penetrate through tangled thickets and forests, in search of eligible stations; he must climb the sides of steep and rugged mountains, and his bright and showy flag never fails to attract the rebel sharpshooter's fire when he is in reach, which he must often be to secure a good post, or observe the enemy closely. When once a station is established, his flag must never droop by day, nor his torch grow dim by night, till he has orders from his chief to abandon the post for a new one. And yet so great is the mystery with which he must enshroud his art, so profoundly secret must he keep the weighty messages and orders confided to him, and so silent are his operations, that the world, and even the army, know little about him. He alone is proof against the wiles of those "universal walking interrogation-points," the correspondents, though he, above all others, is the man whom they would delight to be permitted to "use." But he has his reward for all this. In the clear, upper air where he dwells he sees, as with a hawk's eye, the whole great drama played out beneath him; he sees the long lines of men deployed through the valleys, and knows where they go and why; his eyes feast upon the field of battle, where the columns of attack rush impetuously down a wooded slope, across an open field, and up into another piece of woods, and all is clear to him and intelligible, while, to others who must grovel on the ground, there is nothing but an exasperating muddle.

Signal stations are of two kinds; reflecting stations and stations of observation: the former for transmitting despatches, the latter for watching the enemy and communicating the results to the commander. Both are constructed on the same principles, and employ the same instruments. The latter are few and simple. The flag is made of different colors, to contrast with the line of the back-ground, white, black, or red. The one usually employed is but four feet square; for the longest distances it is made six feet square, and mounted on a third joint of staff, to give it wider range. The marine glass is used for scanning the horizon rapidly, and making general observations; the telescope for reading signals at a great distance, and observing fixed points minutely. Besides these, there is a certain mysterious pasteboard disc, stamped with a circle of figures, and a sliding interior one of letters corresponding to each. This is the key and clue of the whole matter, and to the uninitiated is, of course, impenetrable.

When a message is about to be sent, the flag-man takes his station upon some elevated object, and "calls" the station with which he desires to communicate, by waving the flag or torch slowly to and fro. The operator, seated at the glass, watches closely the distant flag, and as soon as it responds by dipping he is ready to send his despatch. Holding the written message before him, he calls out to the flag-man certain numbers, each figure or combination of figures standing for a letter. The flag-man indicates each separate figure by an ingenious combination of a few very simple motions. For instance, one stroke of the flag from a perpendicular to a right horizontal indicates one figure; a stroke to the left horizontal, indicates another; a stroke executing a half circle, another, &c. After each motion indicating a figure, the flag returns always to a perpendicular. There are a few syllables which are indicated by a single stroke of the flag; otherwise the word must be spelled out letter by letter. Experienced signal-officers, however, employ many abbreviations by omitting vowels, &c., so that scarcely a single word, unless a very unused one, is spelled out in full.

When a message is being received, the operator sits at the glass, with the flag-man near to record it. This the operator then interprets, for not even the General himself is in the secret, and by supplying the omitted vowels, &c., makes out an intelligible piece of the King's English.

The rapidity with which all this is executed by experienced operators is astonishing. The

flag is kept in such rapid motion that the eye of the inexpert can scarcely follow, and his wonder is increased by being told that the reader, of whom he can not see the slightest indication with his naked eye, is ten or twelve miles away. An ordinary message of a few lines is despatched in ten minutes; a whole page of foolscap occupies about thirty minutes in its transmission. Officers who have long worked together, and are intimately acquainted with each other's abbreviations and peculiar expressions, can improve upon even this speed.

The distance, also, through which signals can be transmitted without an intermediate station is surprising. Last spring, Captain Leonard, chief signal-officer of the Fourth corps, sent despatches regularly from Ringgold to Summerville, on Lookout Mountain, a distance of eighteen miles. Lieutenant William Reynolds, formerly of the Tenth corps, signalled from the deck of a gun-boat twenty miles into Port Royal harbor. N. Daniels was sent by the Secretary of War to Maryland Heights to give information of the enemy's movements, and he succeeded in sending messages rapidly over the extraordinary distance of twenty-four miles—from the Heights to Sugar-loaf Mountain—four miles from Frederick. But these instances require remarkably favorable conditions of the atmosphere, locality, &c. Ordinarily messages are not sent a greater distance than six or eight miles. Last night, a despatch was sent from General Schofield's headquarters to Lost Mountain, a distance of six miles, and returned to General Hooker's quarters, directly over which it had passed going out, and a message returned to General Schofield in twenty minutes from the time the inquiry left him. General Hooker is one mile from General Schofield, and directly between him and the mountain, but an intervening forest prevents direct communication.

Not even the flag-men themselves have the slightest knowledge of the import of the message they are sending; not a General in the army is let into the secret, unless he comes humbly as a student; nor can the signal-officers themselves read the message sent to them unless they have first had the countersign or key, given out daily.

IN THE FIELD, FOUR MILES SOUTH OF MARIETTA,
July 4, 1862.

Marietta is ours; the valiant secesh who boastingly proclaimed that they would continue to hold the city at all hazards, have ignominiously abandoned their works around the Kenesaw, and at the present writing the "detested Yanks" are cooking "sow-belly" in the "Valley City." As predicted in my last, Sherman has again outflanked Johnston, and as a natural consequence *he* has—retreated. On Friday last, Hooker's and Schofield's corps moved to the right some two miles, and the same night Morgan L. Smith's division of the Fifteenth corps was withdrawn from our left and placed in position on our right, which made our right flank about four miles from the Chattahoochee river. Johnston at once saw that he was completely outgeneralled, and on Friday afternoon Hardee's and Polk's corps began their retreat to the river, throwing out a strong skirmish line in our front, to keep up appearances. Notwithstanding their utmost caution, the rumbling of their artillery and the rattling of their wagon-trains was plainly heard by our advanced line of skirmishers and by them reported along our lines.

On Saturday night, about ten o'clock, Hood's corps, which was detailed to cover Johnston's retreat, began the retrogade movement, and, at midnight, our pickets reported that the rebels had evacuated their works, and the only force in occupation was a slight skirmish line. This good news was subsequently verified by our skirmishers along the line, and at 3.30 on Sunday morning, "solitary horsemen" orderlies, were busily engaged in carrying orders to the various corps, division, and brigade commanders, to prepare to move immediately. A little after daylight, the Fourth, Fourteenth, Twentieth and Fifteenth corps took up their march for Marietta, and, after a running skirmish with Wheeler's cavalry and the rebel pickets, of whom it captured about one thousand, including prisoners and deserters, our forces entered the city about nine o'clock A. M. Immediately on arrival, a provost guard, detailed from the First division of the Fifteenth corps, was placed around the city to prevent the soldiers from pillaging; but, with few exceptions, there was little to plunder, for most of the inhabitants had fled in pursuit of that myth—the "last ditch." Marietta, in the language of countrymen living some two or three miles from it, "was a right smart place for an up-country town," and before the breaking out of the rebellion, must have been a place of considerable business. It is prettily situated in a valley in the rear of the Kenesaw Mountain, to which there is a pleasant drive through a series of the most enchanting groves—such as wood-nymphs were wont to sport in, if there is any truth to be placed in the mythological annals of the Romans. In the centre of the town is a small park, at the corners of which are the "town-pumps"—not pumps either, for they are almost unknown in this country—but deep wells, from which the water is raised by means of a rope and windlass. It boasts, or to speak more properly, *did* boast, of a large hotel, on the piazzas of which, I have no doubt, chivalry in days of yore were wont to dilate at length on the beastly Yanks, while smoking cigars and moistening their labial organs with mint juleps. The ancient grandeur of the hotel and mine host have both departed, and in place of the gorgeous furniture there was nothing to be seen but a few old benches and piles of straw, which told too plainly that it had been used as a hospital. Near-by was a carpenter shop, at the door of which was a large pile of unplaned pine coffins, while at a short distance reposed a cemetery, in which

your correspondent noticed some eight hundred or one thousand new-made graves. Adjoining this, and enclosed with a white picket fence, is the city cemetery, in which stand quite a number of elegant marble monuments, *in memoriam* of departed citizens. On one side of the main street stands a large three-story mill—"Kenesaw Mills"—but like the dead organ-grinder, its occupation is gone. The steam engine, boiler, burrs and bolting-cloths have all been removed, and may in all probability be again used in grinding hominy for our oppressed Southern brethren. The stores were all closed; the tape and needle merchants, the green-grocers and the egg and butter venders had all packed up and skedaddled. Only one store was left with any goods in it, and that was a drug store, and from its appearance there did not seem to be much there beyond a few tinctures, some Yankee patent medicines—no doubt never paid for—and a lot of pill and salve boxes. As our troops marched through the city in solid column, their bayonets glistening in the sunshine—orderly and in good marching time—some fair secesh damsel would cautiously draw the curtain and take a peep. Finding they did not prove any attraction, they became more bold, and windows and doors were gradually opened. Little children would run out and inquire if we were Yanks, and gaze on us with childish simplicity.

All day long and far into the night, solid bodies of infantry marched, long trains of artillery rumbled, and the wheels of miles of wagon-trains creaked through the town, and it was not until near daylight that the noise ceased. General Sherman made his headquarters at the big hotel, while the Department of the Cumberland was to be found at an elegant residence—formerly occupied by the chief professor of the Marietta Military Academy. This was, in its palmiest days, quite an institution, and was largely patronized by the scions of the Georgian chivalry. The Academy is a large three-story building, built of brick, and shaped somewhat like the letter E, and is situated on the crest of a hill about a mile to the south-west of the town. In front is a beautiful lawn, on which the students were put through the manual of arms. On either side of the Academy, at a distance of about one hundred feet, are some twenty or thirty small cottages, in which the students board, in a style similar to that in use at West Point. In rear was a gymnasium, but as the gymnasts had all gone, the appliances for getting up muscle have gone also. From the top of the Academy is a splendid view of the surrounding country. Lost and Pine Mountains, the Kenesaws and Bush Mountains, together with the intervening hills and valleys—the *tout ensemble* forming a very beautiful landscape.

In company with several staff officers, your correspondent rode through the rebel fortifications a little to the south-west of the Kenesaw—particularly those which were so unsuccessfully attacked by Newton and Jeff. C. Davis on Monday last. These works were the admiration of all military men, with whom we talked, and it excited no little surprise that Johnston was ever obliged to leave them. It was the universal opinion that they could never have been successfully assaulted, except at an enormous loss, and even then the issue would have been doubtful. The works were in double line, and built in conformity with the most approved style of engineering. They were so well protected by earth as to be impervious to either shot or shell, and the ditching behind is of such character as to afford the best possible protection against shelling. In front of the first line was a *cheveaux de frise*, and immediately behind a double row of *abatis*. The points of the *cheveaux de frise* were splintered almost as fine as broom corn by the terrific shower of leaden hail fired by our men, in the charge made on Monday last, but it was too strong for our brave boys to charge, and so they had to fall back to the rebel skirmish line, where they intrenched themselves. The abatis was very formidable, and consisted of a series of sharpened stakes firmly posted to the earth by means of riders and forks. To give your readers an idea of it, let them imagine a picket fence inclined so near the earth that the points of the pickets would reach to the knees of a man standing immediately in front of it, and in order to make it immovable, suppose the bottom board of the fence to be fastened to the earth by means of crotches. The *cheveaux de frise* resembles a long string of those domestic animals known as "saw-horses," with the ends of the "crosses" sharpened. These cross-pieces are inserted, at a distance of some two feet apart, through holes bored in a log, and make a most formidable defense.

On Tuesday last, the day after the unsuccessful assault on the rebel lines, McCook's brigade, of which the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Illinois, Lieutenant-Colonel Langley commanding, formed the front, determined to advance their line of works in order to mine those of the enemy. As the distance was not more than two hundred feet, it was an extremely hazardous enterprise; but as Yankee ingenuity cannot be baulked, Colonel Langley devised a plan, the like of which has not been seen since the commencement of the war. The Colonel and one volunteer crawled from their line to a tree some twenty yards in advance, and behind it commenced digging a small pit. After digging enough earth to give protection, an empty cracker-box was dragged up from the lines by means of a rope, and filled with earth this was placed in front of the pit and after digging a little more, another cracker-box was brought along, filled and placed in juxtaposition. This was continued with success until finally the whole regiment advanced the twenty yards, and were safely ensconed behind the cracker-box fortifications. Mining was then at once commenced, but the evacuation of the rebels rendered it useless to proceed with the work to its completion. By the way, somehow or another the

rebels became aware of our design, for a prisoner captured yesterday stated that he was stationed where the mine "would have blown him to thunder, had not our'ns left."

The fourth—the day we celebrate, was ushered in this morning in the usual style—music and cannonading. The former was at headquarters, while the latter was at the rebels, who have made a demonstration on a range of hills immediately in our front, and four miles south of Marietta. This is in all likelihood only a feint, in order to give Johnston time to get properly posted at the Chattahoochee—a "grapevine" being in circulation that nearly all his infantry and artillery is across the river, except the rear guard.

On Wednesday morning last, a truce was arranged upon between Colonel Langley of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Illinois, of McCook's brigade, and the rebel Colonel Rice, of the Twenty-eighth Tennessee, to bury the dead killed in the assault made on Monday. Colonel Rice was very anxious that the arms and accoutrements of our soldiers who fell at the rebel breastworks should be given over to the rebels. But to this Colonel Langley objected, and proposed that they should be regarded as neutral property, and not touched by either party until one or the other should occupy the ground. To this Colonel Rice reluctantly consented—knowing that if he did not, it would be equivalent to saying that the rebels were not going to hold their position. The upshot of the matter was just as Colonel Langley expected; the rebels evacuated, and we got all the arms, some two hundred and fifty Enfield rifles.

From the Colonel I gather the following in relation to the *personnel* of Hindman and Cheatham, with whom he had a long conversation; Cheatham's uniform consisted of an old slouched hat, a blue hickory shirt, butternut pants, and a pair of cavalry boots. The supports to his unmentionables were an old leather strap and a piece of web—the *tout ensemble* presenting the appearance of a "Johnny" run to seed. Cheatham was of the opinion that the war would be settled by treaty, as neither party could conquer. He was satisfied that we had so completely revolutionized Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, West Virginia, Maryland and Louisiana, that they would never form part of the Confederacy. He virtually admitted that he was only fighting from principle, and not for the love of the Southern Confederacy. When Tennessee passed the ordinance of secession, he went with it, and as he had cast his lot, he did not feel disposed to "back down." Hindman hails from Arkansas, and has the reputation of being a confirmed gambler and blackleg. He does not command the respect of his own troops, and by his brother-officers is despised. In appearance he is quite dressy. His auburn hair flows in ringlets over his shoulders, and it is said a light mulatto girl dresses it for him every morning.

Great praise is due to the rebel Colonels Rice and House, for the gentlemanly and humane manner in which they assisted our forces to pay the last sad rites to those who fell, bravely fighting in front of the enemy's works, on the twenty-seventh of June.

RUFF'S STATION, SEVEN MILES SOUTH OF MARIETTA, July 6.

After the rebels fell back from Kenesaw, and assumed the second great line of defence I have mentioned before, our army at once followed them up, and with an abundance of artillery firing, made them develop their lines full and distinct. The part played herein by the left will be, doubtless, fully set forth to you by your correspondent in that portion of the forces. The Twentieth corps performed a conspicuous part in the splendid artillery practice, which finally made it too hot for the rebels in their new line, which they evidently had constructed with the fond hope that we would again fling upon it our infantry.

On the morning of the fifth, the Twenty-third corps had been fully put in the rear (in reserve) of the forward movement of the Twentieth corps, which at the same time was advancing to the right, obliquely toward the river, so that it was deployed directly in front of, and about two miles in advance of the Twenty-third. The Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth corps had, meantime, got into position on the right, in the order named, from left to right, and began to advance, skirmishing slightly, and cannonading the enemy wherever the enemy appeared to be in force. The advance of the Fourteenth, Twentieth, and Fourth corps, meantime, toward the river was gradually straightening out the rebel semi-circular lines, which I have alluded to in a former letter as investing the railroad bridge, and causing their forces to lengthen out, and consequently, extend down the river. They had, besides, a good reason for this extension down the river, in the fact that the right of our army was pushing in that direction to strike the river and occupy a sufficient extent of its bank to enable us to effect a crossing. The race was so hotly pushed, however, that we did not succeed in reaching the river until above Howell's Ferry, and then only at an angle, without being able to stretch any considerable force along its immediate bank. The enemy offered what opposition they were able to this movement, by constructing hasty works, but they were unable to draw our forces into an attack. They contented themselves with simply cannonading them at long range, and marching as rapidly as possible for the river.

The task which remains for the right at present, then, is to crowd the enemy so hard against the river that he will be compelled to retire upward along its bank, and allow our forces to cross below a point which they can command with their artillery. This will be a difficult task, as the enemy are said to have constructed several forts, mounting four or five pieces each, that will offer much resistance.

CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER, PACE'S FERRY, July 7, 1864.

The day has passed, and no event of unusual, indeed, I might say, *usual*, importance has transpired. The artillery of the Fourth corps, last evening and this morning, were placed in position, on hastily-erected but substantial works constructed by the "shovel brigade," and at nine o'clock, a number of our "rebel-demoralizers" opened upon the enemy's works upon the southern bank. No response from artillery was elicited; but the musketry fire was quite spirited and harmless for an hour, until our guns again resumed silence. Early in the morning, General Wood received orders to reconnoitre the banks of the stream for a place to lay pontoons, and the firing was, no doubt, to draw the enemy's attention from him. His movements were, no doubt, a feint, with the object of giving the enemy an impression that Sherman was ready for another grand flank movement. Whether the feint was successful is known alone to the enemy, whose sense of fear was not perceptibly affected by it, as no efforts were made by Hardee's corps, which is on this side of the river, strongly intrenched, to retire across upon the pontoons, which are in readiness to be laid.

The troops in Howard's front have been quite active since their arrival here, in erecting fortifications on the river front. They are very strong, and command the enemy's position as well as the crossing at the ferry.

Last night and to-night the enemy has made frequent attempts to save their pontoons, which on their crossing they cut loose from the northern bank, and permitted to float round to the south shore. Every effort, however, was frustrated by Wood, who stationed a sentinel under cover on the bank, and when the enemy sent down a force to accomplish the work, gave a signal to our troops in the fortifications twelve yards in the rear, who opened heavy batteries upon them, with visible effect, compelling them to get back hurriedly.

Our present line is one eminently suited for defence. The river is the dividing line on the left, and when Hardee crosses, a very thin line can easily hold the enemy in check, while a vast force can be centered at some particular point, thrown across, and upon the flank of the enemy, thus rendering a passage of the river a matter of small importance. There Sherman, if so disposed, with a small force, could drive Hardee across the river and occupy his line; but I surmise that Sherman will do no such thing. He and Thomas wrap their intentions in considerable secrecy, which at the present time is very necessary. That their movements for the next two weeks will mystify the ever-watchful Johnston, I am constrained to believe; but when the enemy has the solution, I prophesy that he will have another example of the well-planned strategy of those experienced leaders. Meanwhile, it behooves the people, whose interests at the present moment are centered in the invincible line of bayonets that line the James and Chattahoochee, to patiently await the results when the mantle of the future is lifted, and they can plainly see the grand results that will have been worked out, sending a ray of joy to every loyal heart in the nation. Days and weeks may be consumed in knocking at the doors of Atlanta and Richmond; but there is an overruling Providence, and the day of treason must eventually succumb and fall before the awe-inspiring banner that so long has been trailed in the dust and *débris* of Southern streets, spit upon and insulted by the promoters of would-be slave oligarchy.

Reliable intelligence has been obtained as to the number composing the army in front. The total force, including infantry and artillery, is less than fifty thousand men. With this force behind strongly-built breastworks, our army may be held in check for a few days in crossing the river, but with the force at his command, the troops seem possessed of the idea that Sherman can accomplish everything and anything he attempts.

The prisoners and deserters who have been taken since the campaign opened, will fall not far short of twelve thousand. On the three days, from July second to the fifth, inclusive, between Kenesaw and this place, fully three thousand were taken. As our column marched along the roads from Marietta to Vining's, with flankers out, a very large number were picked up and sent in. Many of these fellows were found asleep in the woods, and when awakened protested against their capture, unavoidable, when the truth was that they had lagged behind the rebel rear for no other purpose than to be captured and get out of the service on taking the oath, which they will respect until they have an opportunity to visit their families, when they will turn bridge-burners and guerrillas. Nobody seems to have any confidence in their professed penitence.

Intelligence from the rear is frequently received, giving particulars of the operations of guerrillas, who lurk about their homes during the daytime, with the oath of allegiance in their pockets, to disappear mysteriously at nightfall, nobody knows where. As all the male residents in the country over which we pass are in the rebel service, excepting those who have deserted the rebel service and got home through the instrumentality of the President's amnesty proclamation, it is fair to presume that the frequent guerrilla outrages upon people, and burning of trains, is their devilish handiwork. Better, by far, lay every house in ashes, send the helpless families north and support them until the close of the war, than permit those unprincipled men to return home and perpetrate their villiany. I think I speak the truth when I say that sufficient Government property has been destroyed on the line of the Atlanta and Chattanooga railway to support the families of all the residents living on the route within twenty miles of the railway. There are those who have heretofore been opposed to injuring the country over

which we pass, who are now strong advocates of the policy of laying everything waste and freeing the country from the operations of those miserable devils, cut-throats, and assassins, who, too cowardly to face the Union troops openly in their trenches, seek the night to perpetrate their hellish work.

The other night a train, loaded with valuable supplies, was burned by one of these gangs near Resaca. Our cavalry got on their track and captured nine of the scoundrels near Adairsville, some of whom had taken the amnesty oath.

When I speak of Federal deserters, I do not refer to men who desert to the enemy's lines. Cases of this kind are rare indeed. But still there are a class of skulkers who come under this title. They are cowardly fellows, who, having enlisted and obtained large bounties, disappear and hide away where they cannot be found, and soldiers who, having fought bravely at the front for many months, return home on furlough and neglect to report at its expiration. Almost daily large squads of the cowards and negligent veterans arrive under guard from the North, and are at once sent to the front, where the formula of a court-martial is usually dispensed with, and the men, indiscriminately, put on extra menial duty, such as burying the putrid remains of dead animals, removing filth from headquarters, and digging "gopher holes," or rifle-pits, in advance of our lines. No discrimination seems to be made by Provost-Marshals, between the "bounty-jumpers" and the heroes of a dozen battles, who from the effect of too much stimulant, allow their furloughs to expire by a few days, and are arrested by the police and reported at the front as deserters. All are sent out under a fire where escape from death is almost an impossibility, with a guard in the rear, to shoot them if they falter in the work.

ISHAM'S FORD, GEORGIA, July 8, 1864.

On the evening of the seventh of July, at eight o'clock, the Fourth corps opened up along its whole line "the most tremendous canonnade of the campaign," expending over four hundred rounds of ammunition in half an hour. All this was directed against the rebels on the opposite side of the river, and was intended to draw their attention from an attempt which, through some misunderstanding, it was supposed General Schofield would make at that hour to cross the river above. All this time the Twenty-third corps lay quietly in camp four miles in reserve, wondering what it all meant, and asking in vain for information. The rebels did not vouchsafe even a single gun in reply; consequently the casualties in our lines were nothing. The next morning the Fourth corps was moved slightly up the river to support the Twenty-third in the operations of to-day.

This morning the Twenty-third corps broke camp at an early hour, and directed its march eastward, aiming to strike the river at Isham's Ford, eight miles above the railroad bridge. Headquarters moved out in advance, and riding at a rapid pace, with an old man, a resident of the country, as a guide, we emerged suddenly from the thick forest out upon the brink of the river bluffs. There lay the Chattahoochee, about one hundred and fifty feet below us, muddy and rapid from recent rains—in every respect an unclassical stream. Right here lives William Ulrich, said to be a good Union men, and a Pennsylvania German, whose honest heart was greatly delighted, perhaps, and perhaps not, at our sudden advent. Immediately the glasses of the Signal Corps were levelled at the opposite bank, but not a discovery could they make except a solitary man wandering in the bushes. Moving a little further down the bluff, a close reconnoissance with the glasses discovered on top of the opposite hill, just in the edge of a newly-harvested wheat-field, a single twelve-pound brass howitzer, with a few gunners walking about it; and close down to the river's edge, half a dozen rebel sharpshooters squatted under a large tree, just opposite the ford. We were about a mile below. The river here is about four hundred feet wide, and from crest to crest of the hills on either side of the river, between which the cannon must play, was about a third of a mile.

After reconnoitering the situation a short time, General Schofield rode away to the ford, which is just at the mouth of Soapes' Creek, to choose positions and make dispositions of the artillery. The Nineteenth Ohio and Twenty-second Indiana Batteries were, with the least possible noise and demonstration, planted so as to cover the ford and cross-fire the rebel gun, while a section of the Sixth Michigan was held in readiness to descend into the valley, a mile further down, at the proper time, and enfilade the sharpshooters on the opposite bank. All these pieces were under strict orders not to fire under any provocation, until they received positive orders. The solitary howitzer on the other side, bestowed upon them, at random, about half a dozen shots during the forenoon, and then remained quiet until the attack was made.

Meantime, and until late in the afternoon, the troops were slowly getting into shape, and the lumbering pontoon trains were coming up and parking on the hill, ready to go down into the valley when needed. A little before four, General Schofield sent orders to General Cox to have his skirmish line in readiness, and at that hour pass it rapidly across a few rods of corn-field which lay between the hill and the river, and if they drew the rebel fire, to open with his cannon and silence it.

As the hour approached, a small party of spectators posted themselves half-way down the hillside, a mile below the ford, and with glasses thrust out from behind convenient trees and fences, eagerly awaited the spectacle. The Captain of the rebel gun could be clearly seen on the distant hill, seeking comfort as best he could (it was the hotest day of the year), and reading a January number of the Chattanooga Rebel. The

gun had been drawn back to conceal it a little, and a sentinel sat on the brink of the hill to observe our movements and give notice to the gunners to bring forward the piece. The sharpshooters also could be seen, glaring intently out of their cover upon the opposite opening in the willows, where the ford was approached.

Our skirmish line was composed of about two hundred men, from several regiments; and a volunteer detachment of two hundred men from the Twenty-third and Twenty-fifth Michigan, One Hundred and Eleventh Ohio, and other regiments which had in their ranks many old Lake Erie sailors, were assigned to the use of the oars in the pontoons which were to carry over the first companies.

At half past four o'clock the little squad of skirmishers issue out of the woods which had concealed them perfectly, rush rapidly across the corn-field, and when they come close in the rear of the willows they begin pouring in a sharp fire upon the rebel gun on the hill, and keep it up without cessation. The sentinel is seen to leap up hastily and run to the rear, the gunners trundle out their gun in plain sight, and the Sergeant stoops to sight it. But it is in vain, the bullets whistle so thick about his ears, that after dodging a few moments from one side to the other, he gives up indespair, the lanyard is pulled, the shot plunges harmless in the middle of the river, and the rebel gunners all incontinently take to their heels and disappear in the woods. Our fellows keep up so hot a fire about it that no one dares to return. The shells from our batteries pour in around it, and the red clouds of Confederate dust that leap up show how fatal was their aim. A shell from one of the guns lands under the tree of sharpshooters; the glasses are quickly turned upon them, and they are discovered lying flat on the ground. The willows completely screen our brave boys, and they cannot fire a shot at them, but must hug the soil for dear life. Suddenly a pontoon boat filled with blue coats is seen nearing the opposite shore, then another, and another. As the first boat touches land, Captain Daniels, whose eye is rivetted to his glass, shouts, "They hold up their hands! they hold up their hands! they drop their guns! they run down the bank!" The shells have cut off their retreat; there is no other resource, and they come running down to the boats with uplifted hands in token of surrender, and yet crouching as if to shun a flying bullet.

The Twelfth Kentucky infantry is first over the river, they run rapidly up the hill, and three men, fully five rods in advance of all others, lay hands upon the gun in the name of the Government. With it they capture a caisson full of ammunition, two horses, two ducks, and the Captain's coat. They had left so hurriedly that they had not even spiked the piece. The gun and the accoutrements were very properly put into possession of these three men. Would I knew their names.

In thirty minutes after the stampede, Captain Daniels had reached the ford, swam his horse over behind a pontoon, and shaken out his flag in triumph on the opposite side of the Chattahoochee, where the rebels had threatened they would make so bloody a resistance.

Soon the pontoons had ferried over several regiments, who formed in line of battle at once on the top of the hill, but found no enemy. The bridge was rapidly laid, and the corps began to cross. It was necessary that all possible expedition should be used, as the enemy might learn of the movement in time to mass heavily upon the small force before others could cross to support it, and inflict much damage. To Colonel Buell, commanding the pontoon train, there is much due for the rapidity and good order with which the bridge was almost literally "flung" over the river.

There was not a man killed during the day, that I can learn of, nor so many as half a dozen wounded. So overwhelming and sudden was our firing that it took the rebels by surprise. They seem to have been entirely disconcerted, and they certainly have not made a more utter failure to carry out their fierce threats in any single case.

Soon after the troops began to cross, the corps below began to open a lively cannonade, doubtless with a view of attracting the enemy's attention away from us. Detached as this corps is, so far away from the others, I am unable to learn whether they have yet crossed over any forces or not; but if I am not greatly mistaken, the Twenty-third corps has crossed the first regiment of the army. True, they did not encounter strong forces in their front; but none could tell what they would find, and the gallantry of the men who rushed forward to man the pontoons in the face of these uncertainties, and those who ran up the hill with no others yet over to support them, when they may be met by a deadly fire from behind some screen, is worthy of all praise. How could they know but all this apparent panic and ridiculous *fiasco* might be but a blind to draw them on to their death? And when men are compelled thus to go upon suspense, and charge, it may be, upon lurking volleys which shall leave no one of them to return, it requires a stouter heart than to dash forward amid the roar and rattle of arms, and to meet a foe whom they can see. I have not known a more dramatic, brilliant, and at the same time bloodless episode, in this whole campaign than was enacted to-day by the command of General Schofield—so entirely successful, and so entirely without loss.

ISHAM'S FORD, GEORGIA,
July 11, 1864.

The names of the three men mentioned as the first to take possession of the rebel gun unmanned by our sharpshooters, on the occasion of crossing the river, on the eighth, are James Vaught, Charles Miller, and James Carter. These all belong to company A, Twelfth Kentucky infantry, Bird's brigade, Cox's division, Twenty-third Army Corps.

The same day on which the Twenty-third corps effected the crossing of the river (the eighth), Colonel Garrard's cavalry also crossed at Roswell, but about an hour later than this corps Having marched rapidly, the day before, upon the large cotton factory at that point, he took it altogether by surprise, destroying a vast quantity of army canvas, which was extensively manufactured there, and taking captive four hundred factory girls. The latter capture was certainly a novel one in the history of wars, and excited not a little discussion as to the disposition which was proper to be made of the fair captives. Giving "aid and comfort to the enemy" they most assuredly were, and much valuable tent-cloth; but in the case of many of them, it was an involuntary service, since they had been confined and compelled to labor there without cessation from the breaking out of the rebellion. Then, too, the cartel makes no provisions touching the exchange of prisoners of this sort; neither would it do to send them across the lines to their former employers, since they would immediately be set to the manufacture of tents again; nor was it at all safe to discharge them unconditionally in the midst of two great armies, many of them far removed from their friends and helpless. Thus red tape was about to become involved in a hopeless entanglement with crinoline, tent-cloth, and cartels, when General Sherman interposed and solved the knotty question by loading them into one hundred and ten wagons, and sending them to Marietta, to be sent north of the Ohio, and set at liberty. Only think of it! Four hundred weeping and terrified Ellens, Susans, and Maggies transported in the springless and seatless army wagons, away from their lovers and brothers of the sunny South, and all for the offence of weaving tent-cloth and spinning stocking-yarn! However, I leave the whole business to be adjudged according to its merits by your readers.

July 9.—The Twenty-third corps having crossed the river the evening before, and thrown up a small semi-circle of such works as they could construct in the darkness and thickets, began with the earliest light to extend the lines of defence to embrace a much wider area, and selected eligible sites for placing the artillery. Every preparation was made to meet the largest force the enemy could bring against them, though no demonstration was made during the day. They were sufficiently occupied watching our right, fourteen miles below, and could spare no force to attempt the dislodgement of the corps.

During the day Colonel Sherman, Chief of Staff to General Howard, was taken prisoner in the following manner: He was riding out entirely unattended except by an orderly, and passed over a portion of the road which our pickets had occupied the day before, but from which they had been withdrawn in the night without the Colonel's knowledge. Expecting to meet them, he rode out on a reconnoissance, and before he was aware of it, was right in the midst of the rebel pickets, who took him without giving a shot. His fate was unknown until the rebel pickets called across the river to ours that they had got "old Sherman." From this it was supposed he was unhurt, and was mistaken by the soldiers for the General.

Just below the infantry forces of the Army of the Ohio is stationed a small body of cavalry, connecting between the Fourth and Twenty third corps, a part of which is Colonel Jim Brownlow's regiment of East Tennesseeans. Opposite this regiment, the river makes a short bend around a narrow point of land, on which the rebels kept a small picket of observation. These fellows had annoyed the Colonel's men in their bathing and foraging operations, and he determined either to dislodge or capture them. Accordingly, he ordered a few men to strip themselves, and with their cartridge-boxes tied about their necks, to ford the river in front of the rebels and attack them. This they did, directly in the face of a galling fire, and while they thus attracted the rebels' attention, the Colonel, at the head of seven men, crossed in a canoe above, came in the rear of the picket, and succeeded in taking three of them. The remaining nine fled into the thickets, and made good their escape.

It will be gratiying to the friends of the Colonel to learn that he has lately been mustered in as the Colonel of the regiment, having previously held the position of Lieutenant-Colonel.

July 10.—The announcement which I made in a previous letter, that the rebels had crossed all their forces over the river in our front, was (to use the words of General Sherman) "premature." They had at the time disappeared entirely in front of the Fourth and Fourteenth corps, but Hood's corps defiantly maintained a hold upon this side, in front of the Twentieth and Fifteenth corps, until the night of the ninth. But the pressure upon them from our artillery gradually became too heavy, and on that night they withdrew finally and fully to the south bank of the Chattahoochee, and in the morning the smoke of the railroad bridge in flames was visible to the entire army. As soon as it was certainly ascertained that they had crossed, orders were issued for the Fourth corps to march at once up the river and take up a position on the north bank, ready to support the Twenty-third corps, in case they should be attacked, as was expected they would be. This morning the corps is in camp at this ford, with the exception of General Newton's division, which marched to Roswell and crossed the river there on the ninth, at two o'clock in the afternoon. One corps also, of the Army of the Tennessee (I cannot learn which), had made a circuitous march to the rear and left, and is probably across the river this morning, at a point about ten miles above here.

Thus, it will be seen that the army is slowly executing another great flanking movement—this time to the left, as the previous two had been to the right. The entire success with

which it has been attended thus far is made the more brilliant and gratifying by the fact that, as yet, not a single life, so far as I can learn, has been lost in crossing the river—that river which was to be made so bloody and fearful to us by the desperation of its defenders. Two of the attempts made by us—that on the right and the one in the centre—have been unsuccessful, though unattended with loss of life, because so cautiously made. The attempt to cross on the right was made first. The entire Army of the Tennessee was massed near the river, above Sweetwater's factory, about five miles below the railroad bridge, and, on the sixth, the pontoon train attached to that army was sent down within a short distance of the river, and a cannonade was opened upon the opposite bank, to ascertain if it were practicable to cross at that point. The enemy were discovered to be in too strong force, and too well strengthened by artillery to allow the crossing without great sacrifice of life. On the sixth of July the pontoon train attached to the Army of the Cumberland, commanded by Colonel Buell, of the Fifty-eighth Indiana, was brought down within three quarters of a mile of the river, in front of the Fourth corps, but here again the enemy were awaiting us, and our cannon elicited such replies as made it plainly evident that the crossing should not be attempted there.

On the evening of the sixth, the train was withdrawn to a position a few miles in rear of this ford, where it remained over the seventh, and arrived here in the afternoon of the eighth, in time for the Twenty-third corps to cross that evening, as has been heretofore narrated. Fortunately, our superiority in numbers enabled us to leave large bodies of men at the points where we had previously attempted to cross, who made such demonstrations there as induced the rebels to believe we still intended to attempt to cross, while we sent others still further up the river, who reached above the rebel line, and crossed without opposition. To me it seems a great mistake on the part of the rebels to cross the river in detail, as they did, instead of making the passage with their entire army simultaneously, and deploying at once to the greatest possible extent along the banks, to oppose all attempts. Still, it was only a question of time, since the Chattahoochee is too narrow and too shallow to form an obstacle to an enterprising General and a great army.

July 17.—This portion of the army has at length entered upon the last stage of its victorious advance from Chattanooga to Atlanta; that between the Chattahoochee river and the city. The progress through this interval will constitute a distinct campaign; it is now fully inaugurated, and there is little to induce the belief that it will consume as much time, or cost as much effort and life, as did the last one, from Kenesaw Mountain to the Chattahoochee.

Early on the morning of the seventeenth, the Army of the Ohio, holding the centre, and the Army of the Tennessee on the left, moved out from the positions they had held for a week, on the south bank of the river; the former at Isham's Ford, and the latter at Roswell, ten miles above. Advancing with a vew to forming a junction as soon as possible, the Twenty-third corps moved out on a road running east, while General McPherson's corps proceeded along the Atlanta road, south. About noon, General Hascall's division debouched to the right, on a road running south-east, and soon after the signal-officers announced that General McPherson was near, and in a short time he opened communication on the left of the Twenty-third. Although it was not expected that we should find any substantial force of the enemy this side of Peach-tree creek, a stream running west about five miles north of Atlanta, still it was necessary to advance with caution for fear of a surprise. The columns moved slowly, with skirmishers deployed on either side of the roads to beat about for ambuscades, and an occasional shell was pitched into suspicious woods and ridges. No response was elicited, however, nor anything seen except flying scouts of cavalry, in bodies of from two to six, until about the middle of the afternoon, when a body of cavalry was discovered in an open field at a distance, drawn up in line of battle. Citizens found along the road and questioned, said three brigades of cavalry had been there the day before, but hearing that General Stoneman was getting in their rear, two of them had left. It was evident, then, that their force was small, though it stretched thinly over an extent of a mile and a half. They had four pieces of artillery in position, and threw a few shells at us, which were replied to by a section on our part. But their cavalry could make no head against the rattling musketry fire of our skirmishers. The range of their carbines was too short, and as soon as our line approached them so that the bullets from our long-range guns began to whistle about them, they were compelled to withdraw, artillery and all. No body of men can stand long against a fire which they are entirely unable to return. These did not, but fled precipitately. What loss we inflicted cannot be told; our own was so slight as scarcely to deserve mention—one man in the Sixth Tennessee slightly wounded.

These operations had consumed the time, so that the line advanced perhaps no more than five miles during the day; headquarters moved about four. The line of march which the two armies had pursued brought General McPherson's line at right-angles with that of General Schofield's, the latter running east and west.

General Hascall's division having pursued a diverging road, had become detached from the remainder, and at night a strong patrol was ordered to be kept up between his division until a junction could be effected along the lines.

The country through which we now advance is a compromise between hilly and rolling; the

soil is sandy and filled with great quantities of sharp fragments of flint and granite, though it appears to be productive. The growth of timber is heavy, and the crops of corn are good and in advanced state of forwardness. The young ears are in some cases within a week's growth of "roasting" ears, and another fortnight of such beautiful combining of sunshine and rain as we are now having will put the army in the way of good living on the best of the country.

All that can be found in the country through which we pass are women and children, with occasionally an old man who skipped their draft, and very rarely one in the prime of life who has eluded it by keeping the woods. Scarcely more than half the houses are occupied by any one, and negroes are as rarely to be met with as in the North. At a house where some of our officers halted a few minutes, the women told them that several of their neighbors had gone to Atlanta to invest all their money in tobacco, intending to return at once and offer their supplies to our soldiers as they came up. They are sure of a good market and good pay, if only they are permitted to return, and the profits they will realize by selling tobacco bought cheap for "whitebacks," at a very high price in "greenbacks," can readily be imagined.

ONE MILE NORTH OF DECATUR,
July 19, 1864.

After the Twenty-third corps effected a junction with the command of General McPherson, on the evening of the seventeenth, the direction of the march was slightly changed, by the Twenty-third taking the main road to Decatur, and the left a parallel road about five miles east of the other. Early in the morning of the eighteenth, the order came to break camp and be on the march. The cavalry of the enemy still hovered about our vanguard, as on the day before, throwing up barricades of fence-rails across the roads, from behind which they offered a feeble resistance to our approach. The history of the day's operations was but a duplicate of the day before—a slow and cautious, but almost uninterrupted march forward, with a regiment or so deployed in front as skirmishers, who, when the rebel cavalry grew too audacious, and presumed to return their fire too long, halted a little, till a shot or two from the artillery could be lodged in the rebel lines, causing them invariably to run away at once. Very few, if any, were wounded, and they but slightly. About noon, the Twenty-third crossed Nance's Creek, at a point twelve miles north-east from Atlanta, and pushed steadily on, over a rather broken and uncultivated tract of country, abounding in pine thickets and scrub-oaks. Soon after noon, Garrard's cavalry, on the left of General McPherson, struck the Atlanta and Charleston Railroad, between Stone Mountain and Decatur, and was immediately followed by the infantry division of General M. L. Smith, which tore up the track so that the down train at three o'clock was obliged to return to Atlanta. General Sherman's, as well as General Schofield's headquarters, were pitched for the night, on a line of railroad which the rebels had begun to construct, from Decatur to Roswell Factory and Merritt's Paper Mills, on Soapes' creek, but had abandoned as soon as our forces gained possession of Marietta.

July 19.—Every thing was again under way at an early hour, moving down the Decatur road. Unless General Joe Johnston made objections, it was intended to push the army through to Decatur that day—nine miles. Still our forces met no serious opposition, nor found any enemy in their front, save a small squad occasionally, as before, of fugacious cavalry. At Peach-tree creek, which afforded in its deep ravines good opportunity for stubborn resistance, it had been confidently expected the enemy would be found at last. But no. They still cling to Atlanta, and continue to look out of its front windows, in the vain hope that we will impale ourselves upon their formidable defences, while they slaughter us at will, and all the while we are marching steadily around for its back door.

The Fifteenth corps led the advance of the Army of the Tennessee down the road, converging gradually toward Decatur, with the Eighth Missouri and Ninth Illinois Mounted Infantry deployed in front as skirmishers; General Hascall's division took the front of the Twenty-third, with Colonel Swayne's brigade as skirmishers. Nothing but cavalry in front still. Rebel papers of the eighteenth were brought in early in the day, announcing the removal of Johnston from command of the rebel army, and his supersedure by Hood. The men are not alarmed at all by the news of this change, but seem rather inclined to regard it as favorable to our progress.

At a house by the road-side, seven miles from Atlanta, a woman was found who had just returned from marketing in Atlanta, and who reported the families as removing their furniture and valuables in great haste. At another house a young man was found who had just succedeed in evading the conscription from under age, and he reported that all heads of families had left the city to remove their negroes and property to a secure place, leaving their families to be brought away at the last hour. He stated also that the entire works around the city consisted of a rifle-pit encircling the city at the distance of a mile from the centre, and four pieces of artillery planted on every road coming into the city.

About a mile above Decatur, the skirmish line was stopped by a rather sharp fire from the dismounted cavalry, and a section of the Nineteenth Ohio battery was brought up to their aid. A considerable group of rebels could be distinctly seen standing just in the edge of a piece of woods, and the gun was carefully sighted and the first shell dropped right in their

midst. We afterward learned that it killed two rebel officers, one of them, a Captain, being left in a house in Decatur. This put them to flight at once, and the artillery rapidly followed up a little distance and lodged a few shells close about the village, and then Colonel Swayne's brigade pushed rapidly forward and entered Decatur close upon the heels of the flying rebels. So impetuous was their onset that the rebel citizens who were disposed to flee had barely time to get themselves off, without carrying away any considerable amount of their goods. Half of the families had gone, and a great portion of those who remained were women and children. A solitary family alone showed signs of approbation by waving handkerchiefs on our arrival; all the rest were impudent and defiant, or sullen and little disposed to answer questions. A provost guard was stationed at once at every principal place where booty could have been procured, and all pillaging and unwarranted license was repressed. The main captures of property were about five hundred coffee-pots, which had accumulated in a small tin-store, as, doubtless, the rebels had little use for them, and a box or two of laces.

Decatur is rather a pretty country village, well shaded with trees, and wearing a somewhat ancient air, as though fashioned according to the idea of a half-century past.

July 20, 4.30 A. M.—The army has lain perfectly quiet during the night. The rebels do not seem at all disposed to come out of Atlanta and throw down the gage of battle on open ground. Headquarters are agog, and the army will doubtless move early. Another day's march will carry us across the second, if not the third, of their three railroads.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

IN THE FIELD, THREE MILES EAST OF ATLANTA, July 21, 1864.

At daylight of the eighteenth, the Army of the Tennessee moved by the road toward Stone Mountain. The Second cavalry division took the advance, followed by the Fifteenth corps, and it by the Seventeenth corps. At Providence Church, a cross-road seven miles from Roswell, the Sixteenth corps took the Decatur road, the Twenty-third corps moving on a road still further to the right. East of Atlanta and between it and Stone Mountain, Peach-tree creek runs in a north-westerly direction emptying into the Chattahoochee. Along Peach-tree the rebels were believed to have a line. The Army of the Cumberland, which now held the right of our line, was in front of the creek. During the operations of the day, General Thomas' command remained substantially quiet. Whatever firing took place along his line was intended to detain the rebels in their position.

The object of the movement was the destruction of the railroad running east from Atlanta, at some point near Stone Mountain. It also had for a secondary object the securing of a position upon the enemy's right. The day was excessively hot, but the men moved forward with alacrity. The cavalry reached the railroad without much opposition, and commenced its destruction. To make the work more effectual and thorough, General Logan ordered General Lightburn forward with the Second brigade of the division. The brigade, upon reaching the road, was deployed along the track, and made an excellent job of destruction by turning over the track, burning the ties, and bending the rails. The troops withdrew by a cross-road and the infantry went into camp near Henderson's Mill.

In the morning the whole army was ordered forward to carry the position at Decatur. The Army of the Tennessee moved in the following order: Eighteenth, Seventeenth, and Sixteenth in reserve; on its right was the Army of the Ohio. The rebel cavalry was pursued and driven easily back to Decatur. At that place a rebel force of a brigade of cavalry and two regiments of infantry was dislodged at once, the advance of the Fifteenth and Twenty-third corps reaching the valley about two P. M., nearly at the same time. In the evening the rebels ran up a battery of rifled guns and opened upon our cavalry in front of the village, killing and wounded several mules and horses, and causing a little excitement. They were speedily dislodged.

About five o'clock yesterday morning the whole army moved, under orders to carry or invest Atlanta. On the left the Army of the Tennessee moved with the Fifteenth in advance, the Seventeenth moving up on its left, ours, the Sixteenth, in reserve. Morgan L. Smith's division had the advance of the Fifteenth corps. The rebel pickets were found about a mile west from Decatur. The rebels were obstinate and contested every available position, but the advance drove them steadily, carrying several strong fortifications with great gallantry. About two o'clock this afternoon the rebels made a stand with artillery and infantry. The Fifteenth corps was then some distance in advance of Blair and Schofield; Logan was therefore ordered to halt until the lines could be completed by bringing up Blair on his left and Schofield on the right. Toward evening the rebels opened with artillery inflicting some injury. The Second division of the Fifteenth corps losing seven and the Fourth twenty-one men; two men of battery A—veterans of battery B—were hit, John Haddock, killed, and J. Delevan mortally wounded. General Gresham, commanding the Fourth division of the Seventeenth corps, was severely wounded in the leg. I believe his leg was amputated. Captain Hoover, of General Logan's staff, had his horse shot, and Adler, sutler at corps headquarters lost an arm. General Logan himself narrowly escaped the rebel shell.

The bringing up and straightening of the lines used up the day. The right and centre advanced across Peach-tree creek and within a short distance of Atlanta. Briefly as I can state it that was the day's work. There was heavy picket

firing all night and as I write at seven A. M., the whole line is firing on the centre; the firing indicates work. Cars are running all night, and every few minutes we hear the whistle of their locomotives. The movement of the Army of the Tennessee completely deceived them. They supposed it to be a cavalry raid, and were surprised to find an army on their right and rear. Brigadier-General Giles A. Smith has been assigned to the command of Gresham's division.

BATTLE OF PEACH-TREE CREEK.

July 22, 1864.

The bloody campaign of Sherman has been marked by a signal proof of the unquenchable valor of his men; of their readiness to give battle at any moment; of their proof against surprise, and their tendency to whip the enemy under all circumstances and against the most discouraging odds. The tremendous rebel attack on our right, on the evening of the twentieth, was one of those rare instances in warfare where the elaborate plans of a commander for the destruction of his adversary succeed in every preliminary, yet fail totally in the fruition. Hood, whose reputation for doing desperate things has elevated him over the shoulders of a man beside whom he is a pigmy in nearly all the essentials of generalship, was to assume the offensive under the guidance of the dangerous Bragg. It was evident from the tone of their newspapers that something new was brewing. Our army was closing around Atlanta, practising, to some extent, one of its delicate flank movements. "We will seduce the Yankee south of that difficult little stream, Peach-tree creek," planned the rebel conclave, "in such a way that his army will be divided. Of course he will intrench—he always does. But on the morning of the day we conclude to fight, we shall make feints on his left wing, and induce him to send several divisions to meet the battle we seem to offer. This done, of course, his right wing advances to close the gap, and to see if there is any impediment to its entry into Atlanta. His right shall advance about a mile, capturing some prisoners, to inform them that we have no body of troops within a mile and a half. At the same time, four fifths of our army shall be massed within a few hundred yards, cleverly under cover. We shall pounce upon the advancing and unprotected fraction of Sherman's Yankees, without a note of warning, cut it off from its bridges, and will roll it back upon the Chattahoochee. Our only fear is, that the enemy will not walk into the trap."

Singular to say, our army, step by step, fell into the rebel foils, without missing a link. They crossed Peach-tree creek at points where the rebels made a suspiciously feeble resistance. The whole army effected the crossing without serious loss, leaving a gap of three miles which the rebels refused to yield. When, on Wednesday morning, Hood made his feints against our left, Wood's and Stanley's divisions of the Fourth corps went to its support. The troops on the right, consisting of Hooker's and Palmer's corps and Newton's division of the Fourth corps alone remained on the right, and they were ordered to advance. With what extreme nicety we involved ourselves in the rebel snare! Newton and Hooker advanced from their trenches, captured some prisoners, and listened to their unanimous story that no considerable body of rebels were within a mile and a half. Could a bait be swallowed with more than this mathematical exactness? The signal was given, and like a storm the rebel host rushed upon our lines to complete their plan. How was miscarriage possible? They poured down in torrent-like columns upon our few devoted columns on the right—and in three or four hours were crushed, humiliated, and on some parts of the line routed. Perhaps, in perusing the details of the fight, your readers will ascertain without difficulty where they made their grand miscalculation.

The attack, in that it was unexpected, was a surprise. But it did not find our troops without muskets in their hands, or beyond easy reach of their arms. I have not seen the time during this campaign when any portion of the army has not been in complete battle trim. It is useless to deny that there was a vast deal of danger in the tremendous attack. If successful, Sherman could no longer with his remaining forces carry on offensive operations with vigor; and if the rebel army, under Hood, could force him for a moment to relax his hold on its throat, it would be the highest victory they have dreamed of.

Your telegrams have fully described the situation at the beginning of the fight. Briefly, McPherson's extreme left lay across the Augusta railroad, Schofield's and other forces joined him on the right. Then occurred an interval of three miles, covered by pickets from Newton's division; then the right wing, composed of troops already enumerated, who sustained the whole weight of the fight. The country in their front was broken and rolling, dense forests, fields of corn, barren ridges, marshy meadows, and deep-washed creeks being well jumbled together in the topography.

Peach-tree creek is a narrow, sluggish stream, with sudden banks, fringed with brier patches and almost impassable undergrowth, and would be, without bridges, a fatal bar to the escape of a routed and pursued army. In the rear of Palmer, Hooker, and Newton, there had been built over ten bridges, rendering speedy retreat feasible, provided access to the bridges was not denied.

Newton's splendid division, which during the campaign has lost more heavily than any other in the army, held the left flank of the corps advancing from the north. The interval along which we had no force was picketed by three or four regiments of Newton's division, thus reducing his force in the trenches to less than —— men. The impression that an attack was

impending on the left, gave Newton more territory to guard than he had troops to cover His slender brigades, eked out never so gingerly, did not furnish one line of men, though holding the most delicate spot in our lines. His troops were shifted from right to left, from left to right, from centre to flanks, and the reverse, to suit the emergency of the moment.

Repeatedly during the morning Newton had received orders to advance to Atlanta, the impression seeming to prevail in high quarters that as the enemy was evidently massing on our left to deliver battle, his lines in front of our right must be vulnerable. But the enemy had reconnoitered our lines with extreme nicety. His movements to our left were a feint; he knew our weak point precisely, and having decided on an attack, he was right in aiming the full force of his formidable blow where it fell. Newton's left covered the bridge across Peach-tree creek, the road on which our trains were gathered, and along which communication was kept up with the heavy masses of our troops on the left. Newton crushed, our trains were open to them, and the army was completely cut in twain, one fragment facing Atlanta on the north, and one on the east. In that case the whole rebel army could be hurled against either fraction, and with Napoleonic vigor Sherman was to be whipped in detail. That part of our army on the north, consisting of Hooker's and Palmer's corps and Newton's division, was to be driven into the river; that done, the left, though too strong perhaps to be overwhelmed, could, nevertheless, be controlled and foiled.

During the morning, as I have already said, Newton received repeated orders to advance, but Hooker had not been able to connect on Newton's right, and the latter, of course, could not safely advance until this was effected. About noon Butterfield's division, commanded by Brigadier-General Ward came up and occupied a ridge on Newton's right. Preparations to advance were made immediately. Newton ordered five regiments to be deployed as skirmishers, and about two P. M., the bugle sounded the "forward." Then broke out the *allegro* of a lively skirmish. A thousand muskets sputtered, and woke the primeval echoes of the forests to the siren song of battle. Up the ridge our men slowly forced their way, driving at every step a wavering line of rebel sharpshooters, turning at bay determinedly one moment, but changing their minds the next, and stealthily gliding further to the rear. In half an hour our skirmishers had forced them from the ridge entirely, with small loss to themselves. With the ruling passion of the campaign, as soon as Kimball's and Blake's brigades occupied the ridge just carried, the men fell to building a barricade of rails and earth. A fresh line of skirmishers was adjusted and ordered forward to relieve the panting heroes who had just taken a military fee-simple of the crest.

This advance gave Newton still more territory to cover, which it was simply impossible for him to do, with his inadequate force. He however made the hasty dispositions in his power to command it, and repel an attack, which, if made, might be disastrous, if not fatal. In taking advantage of the ridges, Newton's lines assumed a singular shape—that of the capital letter T. Bradley's brigade was placed in trenches along the main Atlanta road, forming the perpendicular line of the letter, and facing to the left; Wagner's brigade, commanded by Colonel Blake, of the Fortieth Indiana, was the left half of the horizontal top line; General Kimball's brigade the right half, facing outward. A section of artillery was in position at the bottom of the letter.

Blake's and Kimball's brigades were, it will be remembered, building a rail barricade on the crest just carried—the men with knapsacks unslung, and many of them some distance from their arms, conveying rails and logs to the rising parapet. The fresh skirmish line was just going forward when a growl came from the front. At the same moment a cheer arose—a wild, tumultuous, shrill cry, from thousands of throats—falling on the ear like a sudden and unsuspected clap of thunder. Our skirmishers commenced firing and falling back at the same moment. With lightning-like celerity heavy columns of rebels appeared in front of, or rather tumbled out of the forests, their columns seeming to be endless, and carrying themselves with a certain indescribable *verve* in the onset which made every one who beheld it from our lines tremble. "How will that fearful wave be broken?" was the piercing fear that filled every bosom, which was not allayed by seeing our lines in apparent confusion—the confusion of men grasping their muskets, taking the touch of the elbow and facing to the front. Words cannot describe the crushing suspense of the first five minutes of the charge. Newton's lines were so thin they looked, in some places, like skirmish deployments. They opened, and the section of artillery in position opened, but the momentum of the dust-colored phalanxes was hatefully steady. Their colors snapped saucily and streamed on steadily. Soon every musket in Newton's division was blazing; for at the instant Walker's rebel division attacked Blake's and Kimball's brigades, Bate's rebel division appeared on the flank and confronted Bradley's brigade, aiming for the bridge on Peach-tree creek. They seemed to spring from the ground, and to continue springing.

A stream of non-combatants commenced flowing across the bridge. Pack-mules, imprudently taken close to our lines by fortuitous darkies, came scampering back, the latter turned tawny-brown with fright and reeking with perspiration. Ambulances tumbled over the bridge in demoralized columns. A few armed stragglers stalked sheepishly along, the consciousness that everybody who met them would fathom their meanness imprinted on their faces and in their movements. The curtain of pickets guarding the interval in our lines came rushing along,

bedaubed with mud and bedraggled with water, having barely escaped the rebel rush with their liberty. Orderlies dashed up the road yelling for ammunition-trains, and teamsters climbed trees for lookouts and reported that the Johnnies were charging by the acre; that our troops were in confusion; and finally summed up the first aspect of the situation, announcing it as confounded scaly.

There are some things happen in battles which go to show that Providence does not always favor the largest battalions. Napoleon's own military career disproved his favorite maxim. It falls to the lot of some men to do the lucky things at the lucky moment; and when Captain Goodspeed, Newton's chief of artillery, twenty minutes before the charge, ordered ten guns from the north to the south bank of Peach-tree creek, he probably little thought that he was to contribute so much toward crushing the rebellion—to the repulse of what many think the most reckless charge the enemy has made during the war. It was the work of a moment to hurl the ten guns, already near the destination, to the proper point on Newton's flank, the work of another to unlimber. As the enemy reached a point within seventy-five yards of our lines these ten guns open. What exquisite music was in their crash! How joyous was the whirl of the blue glamour from their throats. How fiercely flew swab and rammer. How ceaselessly the lanyards were jerked. How hotly the cartridge-bearers shot back and forth from their caissons, and how, notwithstanding, the looker-on felt like goading them to efforts still more desperate. There was something satisfying and reassuring in the ear-splitting din. We could tell from the peculiar whistle that our gunners were firing canister, and we breathlessly waited for the smoke to lift for a moment, that we might see its effect. The moment came. With a ragged front line the rebel column had halted, and were firing wild, but tremendous volleys. Colors disappeared and alignments were lost. Colonels rallying their men became tangled up with the swaying and disordered lines, and melted out of view like Edgar of Ravenswood. Riderless horses plunged across the field with a puzzled gallop, swaying from side to side, snuffing the terror of the moment and screaming with fright. Four guns of Smith's First Michigan battery went into action hastily on Newton's right flank, and added theirs to the intermingling detonations. Portions of the assaulting lines made shivering little efforts to advance, and the next instant fell to pieces. In twenty minutes—no more—the rebel columns were routed and flying back to the forests from which they came forth, with an almost complete loss of organization. It was the last seen of them in that portion of the field, and the stirring cheers that went up from Newton's men were the charmed peroration of the history made by the unfaltering lads in blue upon that field.

"Wasn't it dusty?" exclaimed General Newton, as he came riding back, his face aglow with triumph, and his horse laboring for breath. Up and down his division he had ridden during the fight, just as Phil. Sheridan used to ride when he marshalled the same battalions. Whatever of regret there may be in that division for the loss of the little corporal, now at the head of our cavaliers, and whatever of coldness a new commander experiences after replacing a universal favorite, both were dissipated that day by General Newton. Such courage as he displayed is a *carte blanche* to the affections of his command. He may have won it by other means. He bought it that day in good, sterling, martial coin.

For once stragglers were put to some use, and distinguished themselves. General Newton caused all he could find to be placed with his batteries as a support. As such, they contributed materially to break the rebel line when it dashed nearest the guns.

It was in Newton's front that General Stevens, commanding a brigade in Walker's division, Hardee's corps, fell. For every casualty in Newton's division, two dead rebels were picked up in his front the next morning; and it is safe to say that the loss in the two rebel divisions that assaulted his position cannot be less than one thousand five hundred. Among his prisoners is a rebel surgeon, who unsuspectingly drove into General Kimball's lines with an ambulance and a brace of splendid mules. He asked the first Yankee he encountered where he was captured, and could hardly credit his senses when he found the brogan on the other foot.

It is superfluous to say that General Kimball gave fresh instances of his heroism; that Colonel Bradley was cool, inflexible and intrepid, or that Colonel Blake added another leaf to his laurels as a gallant man and a competent leader. Their brigades did not yield an inch; no higher eulogy can be pronounced than that.

General Thomas witnessed the heavy fighting under Newton. He warmly commended Captain Goodspeed for the celerity with which he brought his guns into action. Though General Thomas' face is one in which benevolence and majesty contend, those who were with him during the bloody twenty minutes on that portion of the line—under a heavy fire, be it understood—say that the majesty was a little in excess while it lasted.

Ward, in command of General Butterfield's division, had left his trenches, and was advancing to close upon Newton's right. He had reached the base of a hill along which his column was resting, when he received a message from his skirmish line deployed along the summit of the ridge, that the enemy was approaching in tremendous force. From the crest of the hill the country in front is open, though broken, and in all the panoply of war, streaming banners, and even, swift-stepping ranks, came the enemy, pouring into the fields, filling them densely as he advanced, It was but the work of a moment for General Ward to form his line. The next his skirmishers, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Bloodgood, of the Twenty-second Wiscon-

sin, were hotly engaged, but they stood their ground. No sooner were his brigades in line, than the blunt and warlike old veteran gave the word "*Forward.*"

In superb order his division mounted the hill, and over the crest it swept, taking the skirmishers along. Portions of the hostile lines halted at close quarters and fought for a while, and on the right, so great was the momentum of the counter-charge, several regiments became commingled, the rebels in such cases exhibiting the greatest disorder, and submitting to capture without debate. The rebels opposing Ward, prominent among whom was General Featherston's division, were totally unprepared for the fearful shock which came upon them at the crest of the hill, and to a great extent they were unnerved by it. Our line poured in deadly volleys, and steadily pushed the enemy, now in confusion, across the field. The attack on Ward was virtually over in fifteen minutes, though he had not so much as a piece of artillery to settle the matter with a sharp turn. The rebels came on in double lines originally, but the moment Ward struck them they showed signs of confusion, and both lines became intermingled. Seven battle-flags were wrested from the severely-whipped foe, and are held by Ward as his tangible trophies, He too, had done the lucky thing at the lucky moment; in addition to which his personal bravery during the fight was the theme of enthusiastic comment among his men.

In front of this division the slaughter of the rebels was very great. In riding over the ground next morning, I was astonished to see the long winrows of their dead collected for burial. Many of their severely wounded—of whom one hundred and fifty-four fell into Ward's hands—were still scattered over the field, though the ambulances were all engaged in carrying them to our hospitals. General Ward's own estimate of the rebel loss in his front is from two thousand to two thousand five hundred. He captured over three hundred prisoners. His victory was the most pronounced of any along the line, and his loss, though severe, is probably much less than it would have been had he not met the enemy half way.

At noon on the twentieth, Geary advanced his *tete de pont*, and with the assistance of a section of McGill's battery, succeeded in taking a ridge in his front, to which he advanced his division, formed with Colonel Candy's brigade on the left, Colonel Jones' on the right, and Colonel Ireland's in the centre, and proceeded at once to erect barricades. The Thirty-third New Jersey went forward and occupied another hill, some one hundred yards further south, where they began to erect works. They had just fairly got to work when the fierce shout of the enemy and the confused sound of their myriad tramp struck the startled ear. More than half of Geary's line was in a dense forest filled with underbrush; the remainder faced an open field. Across the latter, it was a brave but terrifying sight. When we remember that the entire rebel attacking column reached along the front of but four of our divisions, it can easily be conceived how massive and deep their formations were. In the forest, the thickets fairly wilted and disappeared under their feet, so closely were they packed, and so irresistible their progress. They came on without skirmishers, and as if by instinct, struck Geary's right flank, where a gap existed, that Williams' division was endeavoring to close. The four regiments forming the right brigade were enveloped on their flank and rear in a moment, and cruelly enfiladed. Subjected to half a dozen cross-fires, the brigade fell back hastily to the trenches it had left in the morning. To remain would have been annihilation.

Portions of Colonel Ireland's brigade were also torn to pieces by the withering cross-fires, and fell back after repeated gallant efforts to re-form their line to return the fire on flank and rear. The moment was a desperate one. The enemy were almost within grasp of Lieutenant Bundy's battery on the right, but he wheeled one section from front to right, and by double-shotting the guns with canister, succeeded in repelling the greedy vermin in dirty gray. His gunners, however, were shot down one after another, until a detail of infantry men from the Sixtieth New York was called for to work them. A sergeant in this battery fell pierced with seven balls. A corporal received nine, seven of which passed through his heart.

So bitter was this enfilading fire to which Geary's position was exposed, that the caissons of the guns that had been taken to the rear for safety were driven back to the front to escape a more deadly fire than was sustained at the ordinary point of danger. But the remainder of Geary's brigade stood firm as a rock. The enemy in vain charged and recharged from front and right flank. Until nightfall the unequal contest was waged, but Geary held his hill inflexibly. The enemy sullenly left his front during the evening, firing spitefully as he retired.

The regiments that had fallen back were reformed and sent into action again on General Williams' left, aiding materially in checking the rebel column that was pouring through the untoward interval and flooding Geary's rear.

I have seen most of the battle-fields in the South-west, but nowhere have I seen traces of more deadly work than is visible in the dense woods in which Geary's right was formed. Thickets were literally cradled by bullets, and on the large trees, for twenty feet on the trunk, hardly a square inch of bark remained. Many were torn and splintered with shell and round-shot, the enemy in their attack on Geary and Williams using artillery, which they did not bring into action on other portions of the line. Knapp's Pennsylvania battery was engaged from beginning to end on Geary's left flank, and contributed vastly to his success in holding to his position, as it were, with his teeth. Captain Elliott, of Geary's staff, was instantly killed during the action. The General's staff has suf-

fered heavily during the campaign, having lost five of its members since the movement against Dallas.

The Thirty-third New Jersey, which was advanced to fortify a hill on the skirmish line, lost more than half its number on the first onset. General Geary was on the hill with it when attacked, and had barely time to reach his main column.

ATTACK ON GENERAL WILLIAMS.

The rebel attack rolled along the left until General Williams' fine division was fully engaged. It had advanced to close up on Geary, General Knipe's brigade in the centre, General Ruger's on the right, and Colonel Robinson's on the left. It fought from four o'clock till long after dark, in a dense forest, without yielding a foot. It was a fair stand up fight, in which Williams' division lost more heavily than any other in the engagement. When they first advanced against Colonel Robinson's brigade, the rebels held up their hands as if to surrender, upon which, seeing our lads hesitate, they instantly poured a volley into them. These wretched and cowardly tactics were practised on other portions of the line.

The brigade of Colonel Ansel McCook, on Palmer's left, was at one time heavily engaged, the One Hundred and Fourth and Tenth Wisconsin losing about fifty men each. The remainder of Palmer's corps was not engaged, and so rapid and conclusive was the fighting that it was not needed to assist Hooker or Newton.

It is estimated that every man in Hooker's corps expended over a hundred rounds of ammunition. At the beginning of the fight the ammunition trains were on the north bank of the creek, but they were rushed over before the troops had generally emptied their boxes.

The enemy retired a mile or more during the night, falling back to his works around Atlanta. Hood's inaugural was not very felicitous. The battle of Peach-tree creek must rank with the most brilliant successes of the war. The failure of the rebels to destroy our right wing was owing to the indominable pluck of the men. They couldn't afford to be whipped, and such being the case, General Hood was unhappy in supposing that he could worst ten thousand of our lads with his whole army, even after (to borrow a phrase from the Confederate classics), "getting them just where he wanted them."

AN OFFICER'S ACCOUNT.

FOUR AND A QUARTER MILES NORTH OF ATLANTA, GEORGIA, July 21.

On yesterday occurred one of the most sanguinary and brilliant conflicts which have befallen this army upon the soil of Georgia. I shall endeavor to write an account of that portion of it engaged in by the First division of the Twentieth corps, and I trust the same may not be unacceptable to your readers.

On the nineteenth instant the army of the Cumberland arrived in position south of the Chattahoochee, and north of Atlanta. The Fourteenth corps occupied the right wing, the Fourth the left, and the Twentieth the centre. The line extended along the north bank of Peach-tree creek, and in a direction perpendicular to the line of rebel works bordering the Chattahoochee. The position thus adopted compelled the enemy to change his front and assume a new line of defence. In the mean time the armies of the Tennessee and the Ohio were expected to shortly sever the Georgia railroad near Stone Mountain, and to march toward Atlanta in a direction threatening the right flank and rear of the rebel army.

On the twentieth instant a general advance in the direction of Atlanta was begun. By ten o'clock A. M. the Twentieth corps had arrived in position on the heights skirting Peach-tree creek on its south bank. The First division joined the Fourteenth corps on the right, the Second division held the centre, and the Third joined Newton's division of the Fourth corps on the extreme left. A heavy picket was thrown out, and was considered a sufficient precaution against any hostile demonstration of the enemy, since nothing was thought of but an advance against his position. The troops were permitted to rest quietly in the shade, and were not troubled with building the usual breastworks deemed necessary at each change of the line of battle. Temporary barricades of rails were thought a sufficient strengthening of the line for all necessary purposes.

Thus the day wore away until two o'clock P. M. Comparatively little firing had followed the movements of the troops—just enough to reveal the presence and position of the enemy. The developments anxiously hoped-for in the movements of McPherson and Schofield seemed to be awaited as the signal for active demonstrations by the Army of the Cumberland. But the enemy, appreciating the desperate condition to which he was being rapidly brought, bethought himself to make one bold, dashing, determined effort to thwart our designs. Accordingly, early in the afternoon a fierce, rapid fire broke out along our picket lines, which quickly grew into a volleying roll of musketry in front of Ward's and Geary's divisions. The storm soon extended along the line toward the right where Williams' division lay grouped along the crest of a rather high and densely-wooded hill. Between Williams' and Geary's divisions lay a deep hollow, down which, masked by the timber, the enemy was now advancing in heavy masses. General Williams, with that sudden inspiration which characterizes true military genius, saw at a glance the arrangement of his troops which, according to the nature of the ground and the unexpected exigencies of the moment, was best adapted

to meet this unlooked-for demonstration of the enemy. He hurried his brigades into position on the double-quick, and though they moved with all possible celerity, was unable to get them in their proper places ere they received a terrific fire from the enemy. Robinson's brigade hastened along the crest of the hill, then facing by the left flank, marched down the slope to receive the swarming masses of the over-confident and defiant foe. The fire of the enemy was so murderous, and his advance so impetuous, that it seemed for a time as if Robinson's line must surely yield. It was an awful moment. The combatants were mingled with each other, and fighting hand to hand. The safety of the corps, and indeed the entire army seemed to depend upon the courage and determination of those devoted men. Should they give way, the enemy would get possession of the hill, command the rear, break the centre, capture hundreds of prisoners, all our artillery, and drive the remnant of our troops back to the creek, and perhaps to the Chattahoochee. But not one inch would those intrepid veterans yield. Though their ranks were fearfully thinned, and the tangled forest became strewn with bleeding forms as with autumn leaves, yet they determinedly maintained their position, and compelled the enemy to withdraw, leaving his dead and wounded mingled with the brave heroes who had fought and fallen beneath the starry folds of the flag of the Union.

While Robinson's brigade was thus contending against fearful odds, Knipe's (First) brigade had formed a line of battle stretching along the crest of the hill, in continuation of Robinson's line, and forming connection with the Fourteenth corps. Knipe had no sooner got into position than the enemy poured down upon him in an onslaught no less fierce and desperate than that made against Robinson. The awful picture of the battle as it raged at this monent no pencil can paint, no pen describe. The noonday air became dark and heavy with the powder-smoke, which hung like a gloomy canopy over the pale, bloody corpses of the slain. Wounded men were borne to the rear by scores, the blood streaming from their lacerated flesh, and presenting a sight which at any other time would sicken the heart with horror. Each instant some patriot heart, some noble form, the treasure and the light of some distant household, fell prone upon the earth and added a new martyr to freedom, a new victim to the causeless crime of southern traitors. The rattling roll of the musketry sounded like the continuous war of a cataract, and was joined by the thunderous chime of the deep-throated cannon, which spouted unceasing volumes of flames and iron into the faces of the foe. But amid all this carnage and confusion, Williams' veteran heroes wavered not, and the red star (the badge of the First division, Twentieth corps) of the First division never gleamed more valiantly than it did in the hour of that dreadful conflict. Too much cannot be said in praise of men who would thus so nobly do and dare for the cause of country, God, and truth.

The enemy, finding it impossible to break the line or drive it from the hill, suddenly withdrew a short distance into the woods; but the fight did not end here. Ever and anon the rebels would surge forward again to the charge, as if goaded by some spirit of madness or fired by a desperate resolution which would not listen to failure. The sanguinary recklessness of Chickamauga was repeated, but with different results. Every effort of the enemy was foiled, every attack repulsed. Evening came on apace, and the battle subsided into the irregular firing of the pickets. The last beams of the declining sun, though they gleamed upon a sad and revolting spectacle, yet seemed to set the bloody field aglow with the almost unearthly light of complete triumph and glorious victory.

Thus terminated the fifth battle in which the First division has participated during this campaign. In each previous instance, as in this last, the enemy has been thoroughly beaten, and in no case has he gained the slightest advantage of General Williams' veterans. Twice at Resaca, once at Dallas, once at Kenesaw, and finally, once, at least, in the great struggle before Atlanta, the enemy has been compelled to eat the bitter fruit of defeat and disaster by this splendid division. Yet comparatively little has been said of its exploits in the public prints, and the credit of much that it has done has been unfairly awarded to other commands. Its intrepid and skilful leader, who has the most unlimited confidence of his entire command, seems to have been also overlooked, both by the public and the Government, and those cheap rewards, so justly due to long and faithful services, seem to have been withheld from him to be bestowed upon others who were less of soldiers and more of politicians. It is well that the Republic can yet boast of men to whom the voice of duty speaks more potently than the insinuations of public ingratitude and personal injustice. History will forever honor the men who have done the real work of this war, while she will utterly ignore the political scramblers who by wire-working have obtained lofty promotion, and on very small capital have managed to obtain a sort of fire-fly reputation.

In the repulse of yesterday, the enemy received a damaging blow, from which he cannot fully recover. It is almost to be hoped, that he will continue to spend his strength in such crazy attempts to destroy this army. By no other means can he more surely bring himself to that just retribution which is the proper reward of his crime against his country and the civilization of the age. Let the rebel legions continue to precipitate themselves against the iron lines that press them toward the Gulf. It may ultimately give relief to their insane hate, and bring them, by the dreadful argument of blood, to the conviction that they are wrong and we are right.

BATTLE NEAR ATLANTA.

TWO MILES EAST OF ATLANTA, July 23, 1864.

The sanguinary assault by the rebels upon our right wing, on the twentieth, so shattered and disorganized their regiments, that they made no further offensive demonstrations during the twenty-first. Our own army, also, on the right wing, had escaped disaster at such cost that it was little disposed to advance, even if it had possessed the requisite strength; they were sufficiently rejoiced to see the rebel columns, beaten and broken, falling back before them. On the twenty-first, however, they advanced their line half a mile or so, and occupied the crest of the slope which descends into the valley of Peach-tree creek, and throwing up strong works of defence, remained quiet during the day. They reported to us of the center and left, certain movements of the enemy during the day, southward through Atlanta toward our left, which betokened another storm. It was not difficult to see that the rebels, goaded into a desperate energy by their continued retreats, and spurred on by the fiery words of their new leader, Hood, were forging another bolt to be hurled against us.

The Twenty-third corps, constituting the centre, having strongly intrenched itself the night before, remained quiet during the twenty-first, though preparations were being made to open upon the rebels, when the time came for united action of the whole army, with all the batteries that the ground would allow to be got into position. Prompt and daring as usual, the Signal Corps had established a station of observation in the top of a tall tree, half a mile from the enemy, from which they could look down into Atlanta, two miles distant, with ease. To try an experiment, one of the pieces of Cockrill's battery, a three-inch Rodman gun, was brought near the tree and Lieutenant Reynolds took his station in the tree with a glass, to direct the gunners in their aim. The piece was heavily charged, and the first shell is supposed to have gone high above the city and fully a mile beyond it. The second was sent lower, and passed within ear-shot of the populace, as a slight commotion could be observed among the crowds on the house-tops. The third was directed much lower, and wrought a decided moral effect at least, as it cleared the tops of the houses of the gazing Atlantians, in a remarkably short space of time. General McPherson's cannons, also, were able to throw shells into the city, as they were planted even closer than those of the Twenty-third corps.

General Blair had pushed forward his corps during the day, so as to bring them sharply in conflict with the enemy, causing pretty severe loss in wounded and captured. I have not been able to obtain full particulars of their movements, but it appears to have been made rather independently of the rest of the army, and to have entailed a loss disproportionate to the gain. The division of General Giles A. Smith was thrust out, so that it occupied three sides of a square, and in advance of its supports on the left and right. In doing so, it encountered strong opposition, but maintained all the ground it had occupied and threw up lines of breast-works.

July 22—2.25 A. M.—It is a splendidly bright moonlight night, such as enables one almost to read, and all about camp, and along the whole battle-line, there is a silence contrasting strangely with the incessant rattle of musketry which lulled us to sleep. What does it mean? "Guard, I say, how goes the night? Have the rebels fallen back from Atlanta? Where's all the noise we heard last evening?"

Morning showed that the rebels had withdrawn from the main line of fortifications at which they had first brought us to a halt, about two and a half miles from Atlanta, and had retired to another, which was about a mile and a half nearer the city. This they had done all along the line from the extreme right of General Thomas to the left of General McPherson, shortening their front, of course, and enabling us to shorten our own. As developed by the subsequent startling movements and events of the day, their reason for this move was obvious, and was the dictate of a daring and resolute mind, such as now appears to be at the head of the rebel armies, and drew us on after them into a pursuit which came near proving unfortunate. It seems to me to have been simply this: They designed, by thus shortening their lines and relieving some portions of their army from their left, to push the relieved corps rapidly and desperately against our left wing early in the forenoon, before our marching column had come in proximity to the rebel works, and were deployed and had thrown up defences. They could rely on our following them up closely as soon as we discovered they had fallen back; and, even if we did so with the men fully deployed in line of battle, they hoped to strike us before any works could be put in our front to break the assault.

That this was their design appears from the testimony of a rebel Colonel who was captured in the assault, and said that the orders delivered to them were to assault our lines early in the morning. Fortunately for us, certain delays which took place in their march postponed the attack till nearly eleven o'clock, at which time our men had moved forward so as to come in sight of the new rebel works, had deployed and partially, and in some places wholly, completed their intrenchments.

The Army of the Tennessee advanced along the main Decatur road in a direction nearly west, and parallel to the railroad, with the Sixteenth corps on the right, next the Twenty-third, the Fifteenth on both sides of the railroad, and the Seventeenth south of it, its extreme left being about two miles below it. The Twenty-third moved along a branch of the Bucktown road, which enters Atlanta in a south-west direction, and in consequence of the convergence of

these roads the Sixteenth corps was early crowded out and thrown in reserve, in which position it was when the assault took place. The Fourth corps moved nearly parallel with the Twenty-third, but no portion of the assault was directed against it.

The rebel force which struck this portion of the line was the corps commanded by Hardee, and evidently expected to find in opposition only a thin line, if it did not count on having gone so far around as to come in altogether below. I am inclined to the latter opinion. About eleven o'clock they debouched from the woods into an open field, in which a good part of the works of the Seventeenth corps were constructed, along a ridge called Leggett's Bald Knob, and rushed upon us with the utmost fierceness, according to their usual manner. The Third division, General Leggett, was on the left of the corps, and that commanded by General Giles A. Smith occupied the right, holding, as I have said, the general position of three sides of a hollow square, though, of course, there were many deviations and breaks from so exact a figure. The men received the onset with steadiness, delivering their fire with all possible rapidity; but the overpowering numbers of the enemy, massed, as usual, in many lines, bore down all opposition at first; and breaking over the works, they drove our men back, some many rods and some less, and appeared likely to crush and scatter them in hopeless confusion and ruin, despite the obstinate valor of the troops and their almost superhuman efforts. The prospect was gloomy indeed, and dismay sat upon every countenance save those of the brave men who contended in the ranks now, if ever, for the very existence of the Army of Tennessee. If they were utterly broken and scattered, then there was little hope for the rest of the gallant army, flanked as it would be, and right well did they know it.

In the rear, fifteen hundred or two thousand ponderous supply wagons and ambulances were greatly endangered, and came streaming back in rear of the Fifteenth corps (which till then was a safe refuge), and extended over far along behind the Twenty-third, crowding and jamming in the narrow roads, in the woods, in the greatest confusion and consternation. A courier arrived at corps headquarters in hot haste, summoning every man who had a gun, or could get one, to mount his horse and come to the fight. Every one bestirred himself; the escort and the Provost Guard saddled, mounted and were off to the scene of peril, and did such service as they were able.

It was an evil hour for the Seventeenth corps, and they were rapidly approaching that point where the endurance of the bravest had reached its limits.

At this critical moment, the Fourth division of the Sixteenth corps and one brigade, Colonel Morrill's, of the Second (the other was at Decatur), arrived on the left wing, and stayed the tide of the rebel onset. Colonel Morrill's brigade had come up a few minutes before the attack commenced, and constructed very slight works somewhat in the rear of the line of the Sixteenth corps; but as soon as the latter began to be pushed back, they at once leaped over their works, and together with the Fourth division, which was just then arriving, rushed boldly into the open field, and met the enemy face to face. They held their ground firmly and, when the rebels at last fell back, carried off their wounded behind their breastworks. The Seventeenth, thus timely reinforced, hastily threw up a slight line in rear of their old one, and held it throughout. All this was transpiring on the left of the corps. It is extremely difficult to give a connected narrative of the various turns of fortune through the whole corps, so great was the confusion and disorganization caused by the partial success of the attempt to flank them. The ground was uneven and sharply furrowed by gulleys, with bushes growing thick along the bottom of them, and shreds and patches of breastworks dotted and streaked the ground in almost every direction. The terrible and confused character of the strife may be conceived when it is related that the Iowa brigade, of General Smith's division, fought successive times during the two dreadful hours of the battle on both sides of their works. They would fire upon the rebels in front of them until they were somewhat repulsed, and by this time they would be attacked by another party, or a part of the same, in their rear, and, facing about, would pour into their antagonists a fire from the other side. I, myself, visited the scene of this dreadful struggle the morning afterward, and received a confirmation of the almost incredible story by seeing the rebel corpses lying plentifully about on both sides of the breastworks, mingled with those of our own men.

About noon, McPherson rode along the front just on the left of the Seventeenth corps, and made some inquiries as to the progress which the Sixteenth Corps was making further to the left. Not being satisfied he rode forward to ascertain for himself. He was accompanied by only two of his staff and a portion of his escort. A fatal impulse carried him into a gap of several hundred yards, between the Seventeenth and Sixteenth, and of which both he and his staff were entirely ignorant, and advancing to the top of a ridge, with his staff somewhat in the rear, he was suddenly confronted by a party of rebels who rose from ambush, and calling on him to halt, at the same time fired a volley which injured none but himself. A ball pierced his right breast, and severing, it is supposed, a large blood-vessel above the heart, caused instant death from suffocation by the discharge of blood about the lungs. The rebels succeeded in rifling his person of a portion of the money he carried with him and his gold watch, though a valuable diamond ring was left on his finger. A party was soon formed, which charged on the rebels and brought off his body. A sergeant of his escort, a mere boy, displayed great bravery in the rescue, and received a severe

wound while carrying him away. The body was placed in an ambulance and slowly conveyed along the rear of the lines to the house where General Sherman, General Schofield and their staff were, where the General commanding, with head reverently uncovered, took a last look at him who had been so conspicuous among his counsellors, and upon whom he had leaned as the right arm of his strength. It was a sad hour for the Army of the Tennessee—sad for the whole Army.

It is quite impossible at this time to arrive at accurate estimates of the loss in killed wounded, and captured, because it is so early after the engagement, when there are yet many men whose wounds are not dressed, and many even unsheltered by tents. Men were carried to such places as could be found, such as were safest; no distinction between divisions and brigades could be preserved in getting them into hospitals; many of the dead were yet unburied, and some not even brought away from under the fire of the rebels, and many are missing, who may yet report themselves to their regiments. All was done for the wounded that could be; the surgeons worked at the tables all night, but in some hospitals the morning saw their task little more than half completed.

The Eleventh Iowa, belonging to the Iowa brigade, which fought so obstinately on both sides of their works, are reported to have lost about two hundred men, killed, wounded, and missing. The Sixty-fourth Illinois lost one hundred and fifty-three. Still it must be remembered that these numbers may be much reduced by the appearance of missing men.

After the violence of the shock upon the Seventeenth had passed by, and the enemy were repulsed, and a degree of quiet again restored upon the left, the enemy massed a second time for an assault upon our left, this time directing it upon the centre of the Fifteenth corps, and eventually on the left of the Twenty-third. About four in the afternoon, Cheatham's corps (Hood's old corps), advanced above the railroad with great rapidity, and charged upon our line with the same impetuosity that they had on the Seventeenth. Written words can scarcely depict the incredible audacity and the seeming total recklessness of life which characterize the rebel charges of this campaign. Here, also, as in the Seventeenth, the men had not been halted a sufficient length of time to complete perfectly their fortifications, as they had been engaged a good part of the day in feeling for the rebel position and strength. The Fifteenth corps lay extending across the railroad. General Wood's division on the right, General M. L. Smith's in the centre and on the railroad, and General Harrow's on the left. Where the line crossed the railroad there was a deep cut, which was left open and uncovered by any cross-fire, and right here was a mistake, and one which cost us much mischief. Two rebel regiments dashed right up this gorge, below the range of our musketry, and passing to the rear, separated, one regiment scaling the bank to the left, and the other to the right. They poured a destructive fire directly on the flanks of the regiments next the road, which, of course, threw them into confusion and caused them rapidly to fall back. Over the breastworks thus cleared other regiments speedily rushed, and, forming a solid column, charged along the inside of our works, literally rooting out our men from their trenches, thinking, no doubt, that when they had once dislodged them from their works they would make no further stand. The Second division, the centre of the corps, had been weakened by detaching half of Colonel Martin's brigade to the assistance of the Sixteenth on the left, and was consequently wholly dislodged from its position. Falling back a short distance into the woods, they halted, reformed, and began to deliver upon the rebels, who rushed on apparently regardless of them until they reached the First division, which occupied the right. This division immediately swung around its left, and secured a cross-fire upon the head of the rebel column, and at the same time the Second division, now fully reformed in the woods, and strengthened by the return of the detached brigade, which had come a mile at the double-quick in a broiling sun, charged upon their flank and drove them quickly over the works in confusion. Just as the rebels, while charging along the works, had reached the First division, they came out in plain view in an open field, on a ridge which confronted another about half a mile distant, on which rested the left of the Twenty-third. Immediately four pieces of Cockrill's battery, one section of the Second Missouri, two twenty-pounder Parrotts, and two twelve-pounder Napoleons, of Captain Froelich's battery, were put in position, and poured into the rebels a terrific enfilading fire of shells at short range. The effect was admirable. The rebels were scattered in the utmost confusion. The charge upon their flank coming about the same time, put them utterly to rout.

Between the two ridges of which I have just spoken there intervenes a slight hollow, and down obliquely along the side of the one on which the rebels had appeared, our forces had constructed a line of works, from which they had just swung around in order to meet the advance of the rebels. Returning to it as the rebels were driven back by the shells, they enjoyed the sight of their discomfiture in safety. But as the rebels ran back, they soon came under cover of a strip of woods running along the ridge, and going around some distance to rear, they emerged at another point, and being half concealed by the tremendous smoke of the batteries, rushed down to the works, thinking to lie under their cover and pick off our gunners. What was their surprise, on arriving at the works, to find our boys lying thick along the other side! They had lain down out of sight, to draw the rebels on. Of course the latter could not run away, as they were exposed both to the shells and a fire in the rear from the infantry.

Our boys then reached over the works at their leisure, and laying hold of the rebels by the collars, hauled them over as prisoners of war.

Below the railroad, the rebel regiment which clambered out of the cut on the south side of the railroad did not prove so completely an entering wedge to clear our men from their works as its companion. That part of the Second division, however, and two brigades of the Fourth division were driven back from there twice, and twice they rallied and repulsed the rebels, and held their ground. It was a desperate struggle, a struggle for life; the men fought over the works hand to hand, with bayonet and with breech, with a determination which knew no yielding. Such was the spirit, in fact, with which they fought everywhere, and such fighting alone it was which saved the Seventeenth corps from being crushed, and the Fifteenth from being hopelessly broken asunder, and bringing irretrievable disaster upon the entire centre and left of the army.

In a terrific charge upon the Second Regular battery, nearly every horse was shot, and all the pieces taken for the moment. The men, however, rendered it impossible for the rebels to draw them off, by a rapid fire from the sharpshooters, and charging in turn they were all retaken. Battery A, First Illinois artillery, was at the railroad, two pieces below it and four above, and all were captured when the rebels charged over the bank upon them. The two below the railroad were retaken, but the remaining four were dragged out through a road-way, and conveyed away to the rebel lines before our columns could re-form. Battery H, First Illinois, commanded by Captain De Grass, twenty-pound Parrotts, were all taken and retaken. The Captain, though a mere beardless boy, clung to his guns to the last extremity, emptying the contents of his revolver upon the rebels, and only leaving them after he had assisted in spiking them with his own hand. All his horses were shot, one whole team, consisting of eight, falling in their traces, just as they had stood in line; and as the Captain looked upon the wreck and slaughter of his battery, he wept like a child. He had made the rebels pay a dear price for their brief possession, as one of the guns was burst by being charged with three loads of canister. As soon as he returned, and could unspike the guns, he gave the rebels a parting salute, which they would, no doubt, have been most willing to omit.

The Seventeenth corps captured three stands of colors; the Sixteenth, four. The Thirteenth Iowa captured the colors of the Forty-fifth Alabama; the Eighty-first Ohio brought off another, and the Thirty-ninth Ohio a third.

The number of prisoners taken I should estimate at about one thousand. The Fifteenth corps captured two regiments entire, and the Sixteenth and Seventeenth captured about four hundred and fifty more. Among these was Colonel Hardee, from which there straightway sprung a rumor that General Hardee was mortally wounded and had fallen into our hands, some even being prepared to say that they had seen his body in one of our hospitals, or, at least, had seen those who had. A Major and several other officers were also taken.

While the attack was raging so furiously on the left, the rebels had despatched a strong body of men by a wide circuit, to surprise and attempt to retake the village of Decatur. This post was held by the Sixty-third Ohio, Thirty-fifth New Jersey, and Twenty-fifth Wisconsin, a brigade of the Sixteenth corps, and appears to have been attacked by twice its own number. Having taken the precaution to station men along the Decatur road, to prevent reinforcements from being sent out from the main army, the rebels assailed the town with great fury and carried it. Our forces were driven entirely out into the woods, but they speedily reformed, and charging in turn, dispossessed the rebels after a hard fight, in which they lost about three hundred men, and held the place against all opposition. There was some artillery employed on both sides, but how much or what sort I cannot learn. Lieutenant-Colonel Brown, of the Sixty-third Ohio, was mortally wounded, and Adjutant Farr killed. The post could not have been considered as of any particular value to the rebels, except as a point for rendezvous for small parties to sally out upon our trains. The design of creating a diversion in our rear, no doubt, formed a principal reason for the attack.

The rebels appear to have preconcerted a series of petty attacks upon our rear during the day, in order to harass and distract attention from the main business in front. A train of one hundred and twenty wagons, loaded with three days' rations for the Army of the Tennessee, was attacked near Decatur, but escaped with the loss of no more than two or three wagons. A regiment, also stationed at the bridge at Roswell, was fired upon by a force of cavalry, but repulsed them and held the bridge.

The right wing of the army was extended so far around toward the west side of Atlanta, that its operations could not be observed, and was so distant that even the sound of its cannon was not to be heard in presence of the uproar in our front, but signal-officers report that during the engagement in the afternoon, they were pouring into the devoted city a heavy fire from cannon, as the smoke could be seen rising up in thick clouds.

TWO MILES NORTH OF ATLANTA, GA.,
August 1, 1864.

There is little occurring in this grand army, at the present time, of particular interest. The Army of the Tennessee now occupies a strong position on our right wing, having been changed from the extreme left on the twenty-sixth. All day yesterday we could hear very distinctly the shrill whistle of the locomotives entering and departing from Atlanta. The cause of this extensive railroading we cannot fathom, although

officers assert that the city is being evacuated, while others insist that strong reinforcements are arriving. Both of these rumors are idle suppositions, neither of which are entertained at General Sherman's headquarters. For the past two days the enemy have been moving large bodies of troops to our left, and at an early hour this morning quite heavy cannonading was heard in that direction, and at the present hour of writing (nine o'clock A. M.), still continues with unabated fury. It is supposed by general officers that Hood has massed large forces to assault Schofield, with the belief that, by some grand *coup de main*, he can succeed in turning our left flank. As General Sherman has full knowledge of the designs of the enemy from scouts and deserters, it is fair to presume that he has taken ample means to guard against any such calamity.

Deserters continue to flock inside our lines, many of whom are men of intelligence and good education. These men report that the greatest dissatisfaction prevails in Johnston's old army at his supersedure, and the appointment of Hood in his place. The troops are amazed at the reckless manner in which Hood has led his troops against the "Yankees." They avow that had Johnston remained he would have abandoned Atlanta after becoming convinced that to hold it would imperil his army. Hood, they believe, will have to surrender Atlanta within a few days, and will also lose a great portion of his army. The change of rebel commanders is not distasteful to our officers, for, though they expect he will fight and risk more than Johnston, yet there is apparent in all his movements thus far a blind desperation that reminds one of the bull butting the locomotive. Since the removal of Johnston his army has been terribly cut up, according to the testimony of rebel officers and surgeons now in our hands. The loyal public need entertain no serious apprehension for the safety and victorious progress of this invincible army. The hour is rapidly drawing nigh when the bugle-notes shall again sound the advance, "On to Atlanta."

Brigadier-General Knipe, commanding Third division, Twentieth corps, performed a very saucy, yet brilliant little "Yankee" trick, yesterday morning. The General had learned from his pickets that the rebel pickets were in the habit of sleeping upon their posts, and were also addicted to late rising. He determined to try his luck at nabbing the napping rebels. Two companies of the Second Massachusetts and Fifth Connecticut were accordingly ordered to proceed cautiously to the enemy's reserve picket post in their front, and if possible surround it. The plan was beautifully executed, and before the drowsy fishes could be made aware of their ludicrous situation they were safely within the strong meshes of a "Yankee" net, from which escape was impossible. This neat little excursion netted a handsome profit, General Knipe making a haul of one hundred and six prisoners, including four commissioned officers.

After the prisoners were safely bagged, one company was sent with them to the rear, while the remaining company took possession of the depleted rebel picket post, determined not to be "relieved" except by "blue coats." Shortly after a company of rebels were leisurely marching down the road to "relieve" their comrades, when a few bullets whistling through their ranks laid two or three low, and so sadly demoralized the balance that they took to the woods in great disorder. In half an hour after a superior force came down boldly, bent upon dislodging the impudent "Yanks" from their picket post, but at last accounts our troops were settling the dispute with leaden messengers, and the prospects of Massachusetts and Connecticut yielding to the insolent demands of South Carolina and Mississippi were not very encouraging. We still hold the position, and it is a very favorable one, commanding a fine view of the rebel line.

NEAR ATLANTA, GEORGIA, August 2, 1864.

The campaign is running to its fourth month, with scarcely a day but a large part of the command is under fire. Our losses in killed or wounded are already over a thousand, but this is no fair proportion of the losses of our army, as the fates have, as usual, put us in warm places.

Will the people keep up their pluck and fight the thing out? It all depends upon their steadfastness of purpose. If Richmond does not fall sooner, the Army of the West will finally make its way to the back door. If none of the Eastern rebel army comes here, we will wear this one out before the close of the season, and it is but a matter of time when the entire force of the enemy must waste away. Will the people hold out?

Johnston's veteran army, by his official report, June twenty-fifth, contained 46,628 arms-bearing men, including 6,631 of Wheeler's cavalry. They have lost since that time 5,000 prisoners, and in their three assaults upon our works since arriving in front of this place, at least 20,000 men. They have received from Mississippi 3,500, and are receiving, from Governor Brown's proclamation, about 8,000 militia. This gives them to-day an army of about 25,000 veterans, and 8,000 militia; 33,000 in all.

These figures are substantially correct. The hope of being reinforced by Kirby Smith is at last given up. After exhausting the militia of Alabama and Eastern Mississippi, which may amount to ten thousand more, if they have the power to force them out, I cannot for my life see how the enemy can make up the wastage of their army.

I know the rebel army, when it was joined by Polk just before the fight at Resaca, was seventy-one thousand strong. This included Polk, and besides the additions before men-

tioned, it has received a brigade (Harding's) of at least three thousand from Mobile. This gives the enormous loss to them, since the campaign, of fifty-two thousand men. What possible chance is there for these thirty-three thousand now before us? These figures may seem exaggerations, but they are not—they are realities; and when it is remembered that we have taken twelve thousand prisoners, have had no less than twelve engagements, where from one to three corps have been in battle, with the ordinary desertions and losses from disease, the fifty-two thousand is readily made up. What will hinder the daily attrition of the next three months from completing the overthrow of the foe before us?

We are losing some good officers, and, of course, some men, but I wish all could understand how vitally this campaign is striking the rebellion. All must read Governor Brown's proclamations calling out the militia and detailed men? There is no blossoming palmetto about that, but a plain and open groan, showing clearly how deep the travel of our army is moving down upon the tender places of the Confederacy.

IN THE FIELD, TWO MILES NORTH OF ATLANTA, GEORGIA, August 3—12 P. M.

At 10:30 o'clock this forenoon, General Logan ordered the Second division, commanded by Brigadier-General Lightburn, and the Fourth division, Brigadier-General Harrow commanding, to advance their lines, in order to support an infantry force which was to move out through an open field, and, if possible, drive the rebel skirmishers from a long line of rifle-pits.

From these ugly pits the treacherous sharpshooters of the enemy controlled our lines, being situated only four hundred yards distant from our main line of works. No sooner was a "Yankee" frontispiece displayed above what is called the "head logs"—logs elevated at each end, so that musketry can be fired from a small aperture without exposing the head—than unceremonious shots whistle in profusion, and in disagreeable proximity to the heads of our men. Fortunately, but few of our soldiers were wounded or killed by these sharpshooters, many of their leaden messengers piercing the heavy logs with a dull heavy "thug," oftentimes imbedding the bullet completely from view.

The object, therefore, of the movement of General Logan was to dislodge these fellows from their apparently snug position, for while they were left unmolested our men were subjected to a great many dead shots. The line having been formed, for the rebel skirmish-line was a very strong one, three batteries, belonging to the Fifteenth Army Corps, were ordered to open upon the rebel rifle-pits. Captain Frank De Grass' celebrated twenty-pound Parrott guns, battery H, Twelfth Illinois artillery, opened the soiree, sending his compliments in iron to Mr. Hindman's men. Then, in rapid succession, Griffin's battery and the Fourth Ohio battery belched out a few shots, in order to keep a spirit of unity, and as far as possible to harmonize the lively proceedings. At a given signal, a few minutes before eleven o'clock, our ears were startled with one of those victorious Yankee shouts, and at the same time the eye was more than gratified to witness the intrepidity of the divisions as they bounded forth nimbly to the enemy's long line of rifle-pits, bent upon capturing them. As our men dashed on, the rebels fled in the wildest confusion, firing random shots at our men, and crawling out of their well-formed pits more like frightened pigeons out of a crowded pigeon-coop than "Southern knights of chivalrous renown." The pits were in full possession of the assaulting party in less than ten minutes, with fifty prisoners, who were at once sent to the rear for safe-keeping, with a rebel flag which has been flung to the breeze for the last time. Our troops were safely ensconced in their new position for two hours, when suddenly an overwhelmingly superior force of the enemy was discovered emerging cautiously from the edge of woods in rear of their strong works, and were likewise advancing through a ravine just in front of the rebel rifle-pits occupied by our soldiers.

It was discovered, fortunately, at the same time, that the enemy were in force on General Lightburn's flank of the Second division. The only alternative then left was for our troops to evacuate the rebel rifle-pits at the last moment, and then retire in good order to our first line of works, where General Logan was fully prepared and very anxious to receive such visitors with the most distinguished consideration. After discharging their last shot, our men quietly and in excellent order took the new position assigned them.

At 4:30 o'clock General Logan had again prepared his lines to advance and retake the same line of rifle-pits which prudence obliged him to abandon temporarily. With cheers the veterans pushed forward, after being thoroughly drenched with a pelting rain which descended in torrents for half an hour, and under a brisk musketry and artillery fire from the enemy's works, the pits were at once wrested from the enemy, together with fifty additional prisoners, including one or two commissioned officers. These rifle-pits were some twelve hundred yards in length, and the capture of them is quite an important item for our future movements.

Our loss was small, not over seventy in killed and wounded. I am unable to forward a complete list of the casualties in season for this letter, but, among the officers killed, was Major Brown, commanding the Seventieth Ohio, one of the most gallant patriots that ever wore the uniform of honor. As an officer he was unexcelled. Always at his post in the hour of danger, his presence inspired his men with renewed

heroism, and so perfect was their confidence in their brave leader, in his energy, ability, firmness, undaunted courage, and stern determination, that he had but to point the way and they would go. His dying words were expressive of the man: "*Tell my folks I died like a soldier at my post, while in the discharge of my solemn duties.*" Those who saw the heroic manner in which he led three regiments from General Harrow's division to carry these rebel rifle-pits unite with General Logan in saying: "He died like a true soldier, with his face to the foe, and he was a gallant fellow." Three or four more officers are reported killed, and as many wounded, the rest of the casualties being non-commissioned officers and privates.

Quite a desperate battle has been fought this afternoon on our left, but no particulars have reached these headquarters up to the present hour of writing. The engagement lasted nearly three hours, and was reported in front of the Fourteenth and Twentieth corps. Very heavy musketry and artillery fire was indulged in, but at dark hostilities appeared to be suspended, as but little firing has been heard in that direction since. Rumor has it that Hardee's corps again assaulted our lines, and were driven back with great loss.

August 6.—About ten o'clock A. M., the First brigade, composed of the One Hundredth Ohio, commanded by Colonel Slevin, One Hundred and Fourth Ohio, by Lieutenant-Colonel Sterling, Eighth Tennessee, by Major Jordan, and the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois by Lieutenant-Colonel Bands. Brigadier-General Riley commanding the brigade, was ordered to make a charge upon the enemy's works.

General Cox, with staff, was on the field, and gave directions to General Riley, during a sweeping fire of the enemy, with a coolness and a precision which is admirable and characteristic of him. The man who can exhibit a moral fearlessness on such an occasion, we feel, has reached the very acme of human greatness.

When the order was given to charge, the brigade moved forward with an unfaltering line, which would do credit to anything on record. Napoleon's veteran troops never exhibited more true courage than did the First brigade of the Third division, in the charge on the sixth. Not with any desire or wish to disparage the tried bravery of the One Hundredth and One Hundred and Fourth Ohio, and One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, whose list of killed and wounded tell in unmistakable language, of the part they took in the conflict, I wish to speak of the Eighth Tennessee, in connection with an incident worthy of note.

This regiment was made up in East Tennessee, of men who have been persecuted to the bitter end by their unrelenting rebel neighbors. They have left their families in a portion of country where they are liable to the spiteful revenge of rebel raiders. But banishment, persecution and death itself have been preferred to enlisting under the accursed banner of treason. The regiment is commanded by Major Jordan of the One Hundred and Fourth Ohio.

No regiment ever charged in better line or went into action and fought more bravely than did this noble little regiment, getting within a few rods, some but a few yards from the enemy's works, in open view, without shelter or protection, yet giving shot for shot, bolding the position, fighting and hoping that relief might come, for nearly two hours, and only falling back when ordered, bringing off nearly all their wounded. The colors were captured. The color-sergeant and corporal were both killed or mortally wounded, having carried the colors within a few feet of the enemy's works. About the time they got the orders to fall back, creeping quietly through the low bushes, a rebel officer, having ordered his men not to shoot unless the Yankees should shoot first, announced that he was going to make the "Yankees" a speech, and that they should not shoot him, jumped over their works and began by saying, "I am going to talk to you, my enemies. You are my men, and I might have you all killed, but I don't want to do it. I intend to capture you; you had better surrender, if you don't wish to be killed. We have ten times your number here, and can shoot you down if you attempt to get away." The "Eighth boys" "reckoned" they "couldn't see it," and having got the signal to begin falling back, those nearest crowded into the low bushes, and so all not wounded worked their way skilfully back, crawling for two hundred yards or more, until they got back to the edge of the woods.

The enemy's works were protected by palisades in front; on top they had large logs which fitted closely down to their works, with barely space enough between to admit their guns and view our men. The charge was unsuccessful, but surely as brave and skilfully managed as any during the campaign.

UTOY CREEK, August 7, 1864.

The Twenty-third corps began to advance with little difficulty. The bloody and unsuccessful assault of the previous day had demonstrated afresh the expensiveness of direct assault, and so, on the morning of the seventh, General Hascall's division pushed boldly out a little further to the right, and began to swing around upon the rebels, toward a north and south line. The division held the extreme right, as on the day before, and was about three miles north of East Point, the junction of the West Point and Macon railroads, and a mile from the south branch of Utoy creek. Overlapping the rebels by just about the half of a brigade, they advanced the right wing boldly through the woods, threatening the rebel flank, and the latter fell back at once with little show of opposition. Falling back on the wing they must also draw back the centre, and thus our advance was secured with very small loss. The Second division soon passed the works from which they had been obliged to retreat the night before, and soon also the Third division was in motion, and

moved through the works where they had been so bloodily repulsed the day before, and recovered and buried their dead left on the field. The loss was small, as might have been expected; so small as to be scarcely worth the naming. The line was completely straightened out, so that the Twenty-third corps formed a prolongation of the line of the Fourteenth, both running north and south. The Second division of the Twenty-third was still more swung around, so that its direction was a little south-east, and its extreme right was retired close along the north bank of the south branch of Utoy creek. The extreme right flank had advanced during the day fully two miles and a half, though, by swinging, it had accomplished but a small part of this distance toward the railroad. About one hundred and seventy-five prisoners were captured by the Twenty-third corps during the day by a rapid advance upon their skirmish line.

UTOY CREEK, August 8, 1864.

The movements of the day were summed up in the occupation, by Colonel Strickland's brigade, of the south bank of Utoy. The passage was effected with little difficulty, and the brigade, forming on the south bank, began to advance through a corn-field, when they encountered two rebel lines of battle, and retired to their works, though the rebels were little disposed to fight, and withdrew without offering battle. The vast importance of the advance which the Twenty-third corps has made for the few days past toward the railroad cannot well be exaggerated. The day when we lay hold upon that, that day the rebels, if they have not already left it, must lay aside their hopes of holding Atlanta. *Garrard's cavalry hold the Augusta railroad in their possession*, and, with this last one in our grasp, we throttle them as inevitably as death. Already our batteries could knock the trains from the track, if only they could find a hillock which would raise them above the interminable trees. This they cannot for the present.

NEAR ATLANTA, August 10, 1864.

The movements of the enemy during the past few days are calculated to impress one with the belief that Hood's policy is to guard the railroad until the last moment, and, when it has been struck by our prolongated lines, suddenly turn upon us, and, by massing upon a weak point, break it and throw us on the defensive. Since Friday last our line has been slowly reaching out parallel with the line of railway, and one division of the Twenty-third corps has swung round upon and struck the enemy's flank, compelling him to fall back. The situation at present is quite favorable, and our line now extends to within seven eighths of a mile of the railroad. As we approached it the enemy threw in brigade after brigade, and regiment after regiment, to cover our line; but they have put in their last regiment, and can extend no further without shortening their line on their right. *Our line is now fully fourteen miles long*, yet we can find troops enough to cover the railroad. When that is accomplished, and the rebel's last railway communication is in our possession, he must either evacuate and march out by the dirt roads on the south-east side, or give us battle. One or two more days will develop more fully Hood's intentions.

General Sherman issued orders to-day for all the batteries of the various corps that had range upon Atlanta to open upon the city with solid shot and shell, expending fifty rounds to each gun during the day. While this artillery demonstration was making, General Schofield was ordered to fully develop the strength and position of the enemy on our right. Lively skirmishing was also to be kept up along our lines, to attract the enemy's attention. At ten o'clock the roar of artillery was terrific, beginning miles away to our left, from the Fourth corps (General Stanley), the echoes of which reverberated like rapid peals of distant thunder, and ere the dull, heavy sound had died away among the hills, the batteries in the centre belched forth their hissing shots and clouds of smoke. Oftentimes our pieces were "fired by battery," that is, by discharging all the guns at one signal or order. It was appalling to hear these fearful iron messengers as they literally tore through the air. Not less than thirty heavy guns have maintained a constant bombardment upon the doomed city, whose shattered walls and chimneys attest the accuracy of our artillery firing. Up to the present hour of writing, midnight, no report has been received from General Schofield concerning his progress to-day. This fact is looked upon as good evidence that every thing has so far progressed favorably.

General Hood, true to his word, is holding on to Atlanta, but he does not seem much in the humor of attacking us. He uses his big guns with a great deal of pertinacity; but he may learn, even to-day, that there are two parties who can handle big guns, and that he has more to damage in the beautiful town of Atlanta than we have out here in the woods. But you are deceived if you think we are asleep or idle. Could you ride over the ten miles along which our line extends and see the lines of earthworks, heavier than any we have ever made before, and notice the fine forts lately erected, you would give us credit for industry, even if you could not believe that it has been well directed. Let it, then, be understood that we are steadily at work, day and night. Do you imagine that all our toil will be unproductive of results?

When such an army as General Sherman's has closed in on three sides of a town fortified with the skill and labor that has been expended on Atlanta, their advance is necessarily slow. We are now on the east and north sides, within easy shelling distance. The extreme right of the army reaches toward the Macon railroad, which we are trying to get in our possession, and the rebels are opposing our endeavor by all means in their power. Day by day we are steadily working our way up. It is done in this way:

On one day, by aid of our artillery, we advance our pickets say three or five hundred yards. They intrench their posts, and the rebels spitefully yield the ground, or make an attempt at night to regain it. But no sooner has night clothed the earth in darkness than the corps of engineers, aided perhaps by a regiment, advance and commence to throw up a line of earthworks in the rear of the pickets, but greatly in advance of the lines of the brigade. In the morning, or whenever the work is done, the whole line advances into the new works, and it is so much permanently gained. This kind of work is not rapid, but safe and sure, and will take us into Atlanta, if no great mishap befalls us. But it would be no wiser to set a particular day for the triumphal entrance than it was for Miller to appoint a day for the world to blow up. There is a singular perverseness in human affairs that has always been very annoying to men of prophetic inclinations.

Marietta is doomed. It is being made a base of supplies, and the site for hospitals. The streets, and houses, and suburbs are crowded with men, and wagons, and trains. Fences and out-houses soon disappear, and no one can tell who was to blame. The trees are barked, shrubbery destroyed, and insensibly, but perceptibly, the beauty and marks of comfort and refinement pass away, and soon the town looks dilapidated, outcast—as the boys say "played out." I have seen this change come over more than one town, and it makes one sad to see the work of destruction commenced upon so beautiful a town as Marietta. But it is inevitable, and a part of the retribution that follows the rebellion, as it withdraws doggedly to its original haunts.

We have had rain, in greater or less amounts, every day for more than a week; and it has happily preserved the purity of the atmosphere and allayed the heat, and been a great blessing to the wounded and sick.

NEAR ATLANTA, August 11, 1864.

We have passed a sleepless night under the ceaseless roar of our artillery that has been firing into Atlanta. The din was the most terrific and unearthly that I have ever heard; shots following each other in such rapid succession that it was impossible to count them. For nearly an hour at a time the discharge from our guns of various calibre was so rapid that one almost imagined that he was listening to a medley of thunders from the clouds. And, only think, every discharge carrying with it to the rebel city a messenger of death. Our guns command the Macon railroad, seven eighths of a mile distant, as I am informed by the topographical engineer of the Fourth Corps, who learns that the rebels have not ventured to use the road for three days.

This portion of the army still continues to be the sole point of interest, but the time seems to have arrived when even here the lively activity and advancing of the past few days must subside, as it has in all the rest of the line, into the monotony of a siege. All the swinging around, of which the Twenty-third corps has accomplished so much of late, was opposed, it would appear, only by the enemy's flank forces—their lines defended by only temporary works—but the advance has at last developed a line of massiveness and strength which defies all assaults.

General Hascall's division was pushed over Utoy creek on the morning of the ninth, in support of the third brigade, which had crossed the day before, and, advancing somewhat, found themselves confronted by a parallel of earthworks, which it were madness to assail. The skirmishers approached them within three hundred yards, but there they must needs make a pause.

The engineers give it as their opinion that this is a part of the great system of defences about Atlanta, and that it will be found to stretch continuously from Atlanta to East Point. By pressing our lines strongly against theirs, we have developed this system of defences from Atlanta down as far as we have yet gone; and as we are but a mile and a half from East Point, and can see these works stretching down a valley in that direction half a mile, it is highly probable that they encircle that important point. Beginning north of Atlanta, they run, circling around, to the west, then nearly southwest to Utoy creek, then south, and finally south-east to East Point. They lose none of their formidable character as they recede from Atlanta. In our front here, only a mile and a half from East Point, there is a regular bastioned fort, not quite completed yet, and lines of abatis and carefully-constructed earthworks, capable of offering the most serious resistance to an assault. The rebels can be seen from our lines still at work completing them, and as they promise to be when finished, there is nothing which will avail against them but a regular siege.

Captain Shields planted his battery (the Nineteenth Ohio), yesterday on a knoll, from which he declares he can shell any thing that runs over the track. There is a large trestle bridge plainly visible from this stand-point, a mile and a quarter distant, and it is believed that our batteries will be able to knock this to fragments. It is devoutly to be hopod that we shall be able to break the railroad above East Point, since, if it is done below, it will be necessary to cut it twice.

Pretty substantial preparations are in progress here for carrying on a vigorous siege. —— heavy guns of —— inches calibre, were brought down a few days ago, and planted near the railroad, and have already given the rebels a taste of their quality. The heaviest artillery yet employed by the rebels against us is a gun of seven and three quarters bore, throwing a shell of sixty-four pounds. Good gunners state that a gun of the size employed by us is every way more effective than such ponderous affairs as those used by the rebels.

The engineer driving the train which brought these large cannon to the army, being a gay

fellow, ran his engine clear up against our line of fortifications, and thrusting the cow-catcher into the breastworks, lay there full ten minutes, while the whistle was shrieking at its topmost. The boys of the corps, who were within hearing distance, gave cheer upon cheer, and the wrathful rebels opened upon the saucy locomotive with showers of shot and shell.

The labors of the past week have been excessive. Within five days the second division of the Twenty-third corps built nine heavy lines of works, besides marching, picketting, and skirmishing almost incessantly. All this was necessary to secure safety, but it was at a fearful cost of nerve and muscle. Besides all that, it was extremely difficult to push the supply wagons on after them, through thick woods and ravines, and there was a lack temporarily of supplies and forage.

TWENTY-THIRD ARMY CORPS, BEFORE ATLANTA, August 11.

Everything is in a state of perfect quietude on this flank—the extreme right of the army. There has been nothing of a warlike nature, except skirmishing and an occasional cannonade, since the sixth, a day long to be remembered by the troops of General Cox's command.

Sherman's troops have advanced, until it seems impossible to gain another foot, and it is equally impossible from the nature of the country, and the *status* of affairs, for the army, or either army, for that matter, to flank to the right. In other words, things are aptly expressed by the term *statu quo*, the rebels are "pushed to the wall," and with manifest increase of strength, have become more saucy and obstinate than ever. The evident policy of Sherman is to hold his present position, feel the enemy's lines, and ascertain their weak points. Nothing decisive need be looked for from this quarter, till one side or the other break over their present boundaries or adopt a new base. Once for all, let me tell the sensation-lovers of the North that they need not expect now, a week hence, or in a month to come, any such news as "the rebels evacuating Atlanta!"

The steady day-by-day skirmishing, to which we are so well used as to scarcely notice, is picking off by degrees this large and heroic army, till our hospital lists embrace not only every regiment, but every day of the month, and yet, even in the aggregate, the figures fail to astonish. Rather do we hear the exclamation, "So few!"

The enemy have become so enraged at our close approach to their works and lines, that they have given vent by turning all their batteries of siege guns and columbiads upon us—a spleen so wildly developed and poorly executed that the damage has been but slight, and mainly consists in throwing up dirt and tearing through the timber. Our guns have either not been able to cope with them, or have lain back awaiting a more favorable opportunity for a display of their gunnery. From present indications I think the thunders of some big guns will be heard from the embrasures of our works ere you get this into print, and that any future demonstration of the enemy's cannonading propensity will receive, for a punishment, the concentrated fire of all the guns that can be brought to bear on the offenders—and that it will be prolonged till they are silenced.

The enemy, with a city at their back, cavalry on their flanks, siege guns on their main lines, and militia and dismounted cavalry on their front, have become much emboldened of late; so much so that we look for nothing else than an early and desperate assault on our lines. This is, of all the things likely to "turn up," the one most desirable, easiest met, and for which we are best prepared. In the language of a predestined martyr, our boys unanimously exclaim: "Let 'em come!"

ON THE BANKS OF UTOY CREEK, August 14.

Thursday passed without anything occurring to break the monotony which has settled down upon us, except a rumor that a movement was to be made upon a certain portion of the line, and a vigorous demonstration along the front of the Fourth corps (Major-General D. S. Stanley's) to support said movement. The demonstration was made; but the movement remained—a rumor. So much cannonading was done that each wing of the army believed the other heavily engaged; but it all ended in huge sounds and—smoke.

Yesterday and last night certain things occurred which would send a thrill of joy to loyal hearts throughout the land. We have recently received the most substantial proofs that in the very army which seems so obstinately to confront us, there is a wide-spread and growing dissatisfaction with the rebellion and the rebel Government, which confines itself no longer to thoughts and words, but takes the form of solemn and significant *deeds*.

We shall have battles still to fight. The leaders of the rebellion will struggle fiercely as long as they can put a legion in the field. Enough will cling obstinately to the falling "Confederacy" to make it necessary to dash their power to pieces by the weight of battalions and artillery. But if we continue the present pressure a little longer,—if we sternly and firmly fill up and push on our columns, three fourths of the strength of the rebellion will melt away, and disappear in a manner of which some of us little dream.

A singular and unfortunate casualty occurred on the evening of the eleventh instant, which will deprive the service of an able officer.

Colonel Carter Van Vleck, Seventy-eighth Illinois, was walking toward his tent, half a mile in rear of our skirmish line, when a chance bullet struck him above the left eye and penetrated his forehead. Although the wound has been probed to the depth of three inches, the ball cannot be found; and yet, incredible as it

may seem, Colonel Van Vleck not only lives, but when I last heard from him yesterday evening, was entirely free from pain, conversed with clearness and ease, and seemed likely to survive! The bullet, however, is unquestionably in his head, and was either diverted downward to the base of the cranium, or penetrating the brain, lodged against the skull on the opposite side. Such is the theory of surgeons whom I have heard discussing this remarkable case.

Colonel Van Vleck is widely known throughout the division to which his regiment is attached, as an officer of more than ordinary intellectual ability, who constantly gave all his attention and energy to the discharge of whatever duties were imposed upon him. While his efficiency gained him the esteem of those with whom he was associated, his modest demeanor and kindness of heart secured their undivided love. He is a citizen of Macomb, Macdonough county, Illinois, and I am reliably informed was accustomed to exhibit in private life, the same qualities which have endeared him to his fellow-soldiers in the field. Many a prayer will go up for his recovery.

As our guns have obtained the range of the rebel pits and batteries, our firing yesterday was more effective, and evidently did the enemy considerable damage. It must be admitted, however, that our fire was vigorously returned, and that the rebel gunners seemed deficient neither in audacity nor accuracy of aim.

The lines of the Twentieth corps were advanced and shortened in the forenoon. The rebel pickets struggled furiously to prevent it; but the Twentieth corps learned under Hooker to make its movements with very little regard to the wishes or efforts of the enemy.

Contrary to the rule which had prevailed for nearly two weeks, no rain fell on the eleventh or twelfth. Last night the atmosphere was clear, the sky cloudless. A flood of mellow moonlight fell upon the earth, softening the harsher features of the landscape, and smoothing even the wrinkles of "grim-visaged war." I rode for the distance of half a dozen miles on a route parallel with, and considerably to the rear of our lines. All was calm, peaceful, and still; and only the drippings of musketry and the occasional deep roar of a cannon reminded us that we were near two mighty armies contending for the mastery. Nature can quiet herself; but she cannot quiet those hostile hosts. She can make peace in the rear—but the musket still blazes and rattles in the front. She can hush the voices of her own children, but the thunder of the cannon reverberates ever and anon among the hills. Have you moonlight away up in Ohio?

We have as yet received no intelligence of the arrival from Richmond of any reinforcements for Hood. The rebel authorities are trying to keep up the spirits of their men by promising them that Kirby Smith will soon come to their assistance. It will be a burning shame to those who have the conduct of our military and naval affairs if these promises are ever verified.

Before Atlanta, August 14, 1864.

Last night Logan's skirmishers attacked the rebels in their line of earthworks, and in a very brief space of time carried them, and captured a large number of prisoners, about one hundred and twenty-five in all. As usual, Logan lost in the skirmish but a very few men, wounded.

The Fourteenth corps yesterday and last night got quite a number of deserters, among whom were a few commissioned officers; these, with Logan's captures, reduced Hood's army over two hundred in one night. The deserters were from the skirmish line, and declared that the reason of their farewell to Dixie was the fall of Mobile, which points to another retreat, and as the present opportunity was a good one to escape, they availed themselves of it.

The anticipated attack of the rebels upon our left was not made last night, although we had a noisy time of it during the whole night. Our artillery opened along the whole line with great vigor, and until daylight was kept up by us, with a feeble response from the enemy. Our shots must have had their effect, for picket officers report hearing bells rung and seeing fires in different parts of the city. We have occasionally glimpses of Atlanta by climbing trees, from which the interior of the city can be distinctly seen—troops moving through the streets, women waving handkerchiefs to them from windows, ambulances moving about the streets, &c. The rebel works can also be seen quite distinctly. Veterans are spread along the skirmish line, militia man the main works, with veteran reserves in the rear of both lines, to keep the raw recruits from retreating.

The army on the right, or rather the right wing—under General Schofield's temporary command—is in *statu quo*, and has been for two or three days. However, it will not be so long, for there are unmistakable evidences about us that "something is going to happen."

It seems almost miraculous that in the frequent skirmishes upon the line more men are not lost. The skirmish lines will get up an impromptu fight, expend several thousand cartridges, artillery will give forth its deep-toned bass, and when the music of the battle is absorbed in air, we not unfrequently find that our loss in the whole corps front is but two or three. In these skirmishes, two or three of which occur per day, I am conscious of being within bounds when I say the average loss is less than twenty daily!

August 15—11 o'clock A. M.—Two heavy attacks upon our pickets were made during the past night, upon the right wing, with what success, of course, we have not yet learned. The first "picket fracas" was about eight P. M., lasting half an hour, the last at two o'clock, lasting about the same period. The artillery must take a hand in, and the moment the pickets get to spitting lead at each other, that moment the loud-mouthed artillery speaks.

BEFORE ATLANTA, August 16.

This is one of the most beautiful days that we have experienced since the feet of "our men in blue" first touched the rugged soil of Georgia. The dark, cloudy sky, the oppressive, damp atmosphere, and the drizzling rain for nearly a week, have disappeared, and we bask once more in the warm sun's rays, while a cool breeze, like the winds of our Northern autumn, stirs the green foliage of the trees and fans the sun-browned cheeks of the veterans who nestle in the trenches, or carelessly loll upon the ground behind the breastworks. All is quiet along the line; the skirmishers in their pits, musket in hand, keep a sharp lookout, but do not fire, as the enemy seems indisposed to break the stillness that all day has existed. Not a musket-crack have I heard to-day, and were it not for an occasional report from our cannon, and the rumbling of a passing army wagon, one would almost think we were at home in some cozy forest of a Sunday afternoon.

No material change has taken place in the line since last writing. Indeed, as far as I can learn, every regiment is in the same position. The Twenty-third corps is across the Sandtown road, and within three fourths of a mile of the railway, but unable to intercept the passage of trains by its artillery. Picket-firing in the daytime has become almost obsolete, and at night the men persist in keeping one another awake, and rendering the night hideous, by their rapid exchange of shots; artillery officers follow suit, and fire at random in the direction of the city—firing a building occasionally, and creating a general alarm among the few women and children who remain.

There has, for several days, been a truce upon the right between the pickets, who are close together, and able to join in conversation. Our soldiers treat them very civilly and the courtesy is returned. Both parties are so honorable that they will never violate the truce, and when the time comes for ending it, both sides seek their holes, and at once a brisk fusilade is begun between men who, perhaps, a moment before were exchanging coffee and tobacco, and clasping each other's hands. Several instances of honor on both sides have been stated to me. One day last week the rebel picket officer came up, and, cursing the pickets, ordered them to keep up the firing. They informed him that they were having a truce. "D—n your truce," said he, "open on the scoundrels." They all hesitated, when the officer seized a gun and fired upon our men. The rebels instantly sprang up, and, holding up both hands, to show their innocence, exclaimed, "Hold on, Yanks, it wasn't us, it was the Major; now get into your pits, as he says we must open fire."

Another of many instances: Three rebels, being assured that they would be permitted to return, came over to exchange or "swap," as they call it, and, while negotiations were pending, a picket officer came down, ordered the truce broken, and would not permit the rebels to return. They were sent to brigade headquarters by a sergeant, who explained the circumstance to the brigade commander, who, while he was no party to the truce, gave them permission to return to their own lines or their choice of remaining. After some consultation, and being assured that they would be treated as deserters from the enemy, they voluntarily elected not to return.

Desertions from the enemy are largely on the increase, notwithstanding the closeness with which the lines are drawn, and the difficulty of passing over under fire from both sides. The men, however, resort to various ingenious devices to get over to us. In my last I stated the circumstance of almost two hundred coming in on Friday night to Johnson's (Fourteenth) corps and Logan's. I have since learned that they were the remnants of the Forty-sixth and —— Georgia regiments, who during a truce had arranged, through a commissioner sent over to our line, the terms of surrender. At a certain signal the two regiments, which composed the rebel pickets, were to open upon our pickets, firing high, and falling back until the rebel pickets were drawn away from their reserve; our men were to flank them and cut them off. The ruse worked to a charm. Our boys carried out the programme faithfully, and all those who were in the secret got in. Only one man in the line, who not having been informed of the scheme, ran back, was injured by our men, who also fired over the rebels. The whole thing was ingeniously planned and cleverly executed by the skilful diplomatists. This is but one of the many ruses resorted to to reach our line without being subject to the fire of their own comrades.

On Sunday, five ladies, whose appearance denoted a higher degree of refinement than the Georgia she-rebels we have been in the habit of encountering, presented themselves in broad daylight in front of Colonel Kirby's brigade, accompanied by a negro, whom they stated they had paid fifty dollars to escort them in. They were received and passed on up, through the usual channels, to headquarters. What disposition was made of them, I have not learned; but the fact that the pickets are so close together that they could not smuggle themselves through unknown to the enemy, looks suspicious. It is an old trick of Johnston's, which Hood may have repeated, to send through soldiers or citizens, with a story of what they have suffered, and schooled to make certain statements, with the view of deceiving us. This is a game that won't work. Thomas is too sharp to be deceived by any of Hood's professed Unionists.

There are floating rumors of raids having been made on our communications in the rear; but as the mail has arrived up regularly, they cannot have done much damage to the road. I believe, however, that there is a small body of rebel cavalry north of the Chattahoochee, operating with the guerrilla banditti, but we have a

force sufficient to successfully cope with them, and keep our communications intact.

Major-General Howard, the late commander of the Fourth corps, who succeeded the revered McPherson, is rapidly growing in favor, by his splendid management of the battle of the twenty-eighth ultimo, and his cordial and unassuming manner, and is winning the confidence and esteem of those who at first felt that injustice had been done the Army of the Tennessee by selecting a commander from another army. A division commander yesterday remarked to me: "General Howard is a man who already has won the esteem and love of this army. He handles his increased command splendidly, and with such renowned soldiers as Logan, Blair, and Dodge, Howard and his army are destined to make a mark second to none on the continent."

The true and tried Brigadier-General Hazen, commanding a brigade under Wood, Fourth corps, has been ordered to report for duty to General Howard, of the Army of the Tennessee. Hazen was justly popular with General Thomas, and it is probable that nothing but the probability of immediate promotion to a division under Howard would cause the Commanding General to consent to the transfer of so efficient an officer, for whose promotion there is no vacancy in the old Army of the Cumberland at present.

August 18.—Two days of very little work have passed, and we are very little nearer the capture of the rebel stronghold. Yesterday and to-day not even a decent picket skirmish was gotten up, for a variation of the programme. Sherman and Thomas were at work, however, preparing for something that is to come. It would be improper to state what will be done in the next few days, should Hood not leave us his naked piles of red mud and logs. The batteries have tried hot shot on the city, with what effect is not known yet; as no fires have been seen, it is probable that the furnaces for heating the shot, or some of the details, are not in smooth running order.

During last night and this morning the rebels were seen moving toward our left; what their object is, of course, is mere conjecture—probably to call our attention from the right, while they attack it, and endeavor to drive it back. Our force is ample to guard against the turning of our flank, and at the same time continue our demonstrations upon the railroad, which, in a few days, must be reached.

The effect of the enemy's shells, as they come tearing through the trees, and over headquarters, is of an exciting tendency, especially among the dusky portion of hangers-on, who indiscriminately seek holes and trees in search of safe quarters. Indeed the sixty-four-pounders are not very welcome visitors to officers and soldiers, who invariably dodge as they pass. One passed over the heads of General Wagner and staff while at dinner yesterday, and continued on its course, blowing its wind upon General Wood's tents, and after boring a hole in a flag large enough to throw a man through, brought up in the rear without injuring any one. Prisoners still persist in asserting that Mobile is in our possession. If so, the capture of the city is going to have an important bearing upon the concluding chapter of the campaign. The opening up of a new base of supplies within short rail and water distance is a result that some think certain to follow.

Ten o'clock P. M.—There are strong indications of trouble to night on the front of the Fourth corps. It is believed Hood is preparing to strike our flank at daybreak, and turn it. Let him come on; Sherman wants nothing better than an assault, and Hood will be sure to get hurt, as he was in all his previous attempts. As I write there is quite a commotion on the Fourth corps' front, by the music of the bands, the braying of mules, and artillery and musketry firing, which commingles in one strange discord, above which the measured booming of the big guns alone is heard. I have heard so much of this in the last hundred days that it is an old song, and I fervently wish they would "dry up," especially Hood's sixty-four-pounders, which at this moment are opening in reply to our long Parrotts.

ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, August 19.

Four days have passed in unusual quiet. The mornings glide easily away, and a portion of the afternoons have scarcely a sound upon the air to make one think of the events which are impending. The picket firing through the nights and an occasional shot from some battery serve to remind us of the foe in front, and them of our presence and purposes. This state of affairs cannot long continue, for a long delay on our part will be the means of inspiring the enemy with hope, and if a movement of the rebels, either upon our works or away from Atlanta, is not soon accomplished, the chances of success become more certain for us and more doubtful for them.

Prisoners and deserters are constantly arriving within our lines. They come singly and in squads, numbering from three or four to ten and twelve. The accounts they furnish do not vary much in the main points of their stories. All tell of suffering, destitution, ill treatment, and a loss of confidence in the success of their cause. Their appearance speaks more distinctly of hunger, weariness and unhappiness. than any language they use can express. It must not be supposed that everything a captnred rebel or disgusted conscript from the south side of the line relates is credited. A great deal of caution is indispensable in accepting and relying upon the information brought in by this class of persons. Experience has taught our officers that rebels, like pickpockets, will lie; though I am willing to favor the presumption that in both cases there are a few honorable exceptions.

Yesterday an innocent-looking fellow, who could not have been older than seventeen years, and whose childish form most emphatically pro-

tested against the profession which he had so lately followed, succeeded in creating quite a sensation for the moment, by informing our boys that the rebels were then, and had been for several days, engaged in evacuating the city of Atlanta; but the response given to our batteries at different points along the line played sad havoc with his smoothly-told story, and caused expressions of unbelief to gather upon the faces where confidence and pleasure had but lately sat secure.

If the rebels should conclude to resign their cherished city to the Federal troops, the opinion prevails that it will be only to make a more desperate and decided stand at the village of Eastport, some six miles south of their present location. At this place the junction is formed between the Mason and Montgomery railroads; and it is supposed much more formidable works, both military and artificial, are located. The city of Atlanta merely is clearly of little importance in the eyes of the Commanding General as a desirable military position. Had the object been solely to take that place, the matter would have been concluded long ago, for there has not been a day in the past four weeks when our army could not have occupied it by one of the most simple movements known to military men. But Sherman does not want Atlanta, unless he can also receive Hood's whole army within his lines as prisoners of war. Hood well understands our commander's main object. He therefore racks his already almost exhausted brain for new plans, which may assist him in warding off the final blow until the latest possible moment; and evidently believes that by presenting a bold front, and assuming a defiant attitude, he will deceive even Sherman, the man who can see so far into and divine the intentions of a wily, subtle foe.

Our losses during the part of the month which has passed, are comparatively small to those which have been inflicted upon the rebels. Our successes during this time, though in each individual instance they might be considered unimportant, yet in the aggregate present sufficient remuneration for the slight exertion put forth.

A few more days must be passed just as the past few days have been spent, and the rebels in our front will be rebels only in name. Warnings have proven useless, and a subject for contempt in the eyes of those for whom they were intended. If their doom should be more signally fearful than that which has enveloped their fellows in the past, it can be truly said they invited it, and apparently rejoiced at the awful prospect.

It is not my purpose to speak of the movements which the past few days have witnessed, for too much injury is, innocently, no doubt, effected by such ill-timed disclosures. The slightest hint which a newspaper correspondent permits himself to disclose is eagerly caught up, and frequently affords the enemy a clue to a movement of eminent importance. We have lost many brave men through the eagerness of writers to impress upon the minds of others the power of their perceptive faculties, while the knowledge of movements and relative positions thus disclosed really benefits, or even interests, no one but those who have a desire to prepare counter-movements for the purpose of opposing and rendering them ineffectual.

The weather in these shady forests is delightful, though in the dusty roads where many are obliged to spend a greater part of their time, it must be anything else than pleasant. The broad leaves of the trees afford an excellent shade, and the soft breezes of the South as they reach us through the innumerable ravines with which the country abounds, fan us gently, and yet effectually. Strange that this favored section could not have filled the hearts and ambition of its people. Stranger still that they would, by their own acts, permit war and its evils to swallow up their lovely homes! But they courted the tempest, and it has brought forth its fruits. They claimed that they were wronged, but they injured themselves permanently, irrecoverably.

The inhabitants in many instances are returning to the homes they deserted on the approach of our forces; though there are a few who remained and were treated well. The country people are very ignorant and stupid, but it can easily be accounted for by the associations to which they have been subjected in the past. I visited a family who live within a mile of our lines. In a conversation with the old lady she informed me that she was the mother of thirteen children, and though living within two miles of Atlanta for twenty years, she could not even approximate toward the size of the place, or the number of its inhabitants. By a reference to her son, a lad of fifteen, I was able to make out that "it was bigger nur Merryet." This family has continued to occupy the old homestead during all the fierce engagements which have occurred in their neighborhood; and, though shot and shell have shattered a part of the roof, and completely ventilate one side of the house, they remain there still, and cannot be prevailed upon to give up their old home. Old memories cling around the hearts of the humblest, and naught but death can separate their minds from the loved object.

ON THE BANKS OF UTOY CREEK, August 20.

A considerable skirmish took place on Thursday along the front of the Army of the Tennessee, and portions of our picket lines were again advanced. This was particularly the case on General Logan's front, where we now have a battery (Griffith's Iowa), sunk in the earth, so as to be perfectly protected, and within seventy-five paces of the principal rebel line. Near this battery, Captain Percy, Fifty-third Ohio, Engineer on General Harrow's staff, was killed.

Yesterday, there was a fearful cannonade along the same portion of our front. It commenced about noon, and lasted nearly an hour. The roar was terrific, and sounded like the con-

tinual bursting of heavy thunder. As the rebel batteries were first silenced, it is fair to presume that our folks did not get the worst of it.

During the day, Major-General Dodge was wounded in the head by a musket-ball. The missile did not penetrate or fracture the skull, and it is sincerely hoped that this able and excellent officer will not long be lost to his command. General Dodge is one of those men who, without much parade, pretension or show, has slowly and steadily worked his way upward to a high position, and an enduring reputation; and, throughout the army it is almost the universal opinion that he has as fairly earned the one as he is eminently worthy of the other.

Until General Dodge is again fit for duty, Brigadier-General Ransom will command the Sixteenth corps. He is a young officer who served with credit in the South-west, was seriously wounded during the Vicksburg campaign, and quite recently joined this army.

There were important movements yesterday by Kilpatrick's and Garrard's cavalry, looking to the occupation of the Montgomery and Macon railroads. Our infantry lines were extended materially toward the right.

CONFRONTING ATLANTA, August 22.

Everything upon the line is unchanged since last writing. No firing by either army to-day, excepting the exchange of a few shells. Logan has sapped up to within four hundred yards of the rebel works, and got a battery in position, with which he seriously annoys the enemy, and keeps him very quiet.

At last we have some intelligence from Kilpatrick. Colonel Kline, of the Third Indiana cavalry, who was detached by Kilpatrick, and ordered to cut the railway below Jonesboro, while the latter, with the main body of his command, fell upon it at Jonesboro, has returned, having reached the road, destroyed a few miles of track (I have not learned how many), and burned a train of cars loaded with supplies.

GENERAL KILPATRICK'S RAID.

CONFRONTING ATLANTA, August 23.

The raider, Kilpatrick, arrived in late last night, having made a complete circuit around the rebel army in the short space of four days, fighting nearly all the time against vastly superior forces.

While all that he was expected to perform was not accomplished, the raid was a great success, so far as fighting is concerned, and the enemy was soundly whipped by half his own number. Officers who have seen long service pronounce the charges among the most brilliant of the war.

From a gentleman familiar with all the details of the raid, I have secured pretty full memoranda of what was accomplished by Kilpatrick and his dashing followers.

The forces which took part, were the Third division of cavalry, about two thousand five hundred, and Minty's and Long's brigades of the Second cavalry division, numbering two thousand five hundred and fifty-four. General Garrard, of the Second division, did not accompany the expedition, consequently Colonel Minty, of the Fourth Michigan, who, at that time, ranked Colonel (now General) Long, took command. At one o'clock on the morning of the eighteenth, the expedition left the cavalry encampment on the left of our line, for the rendezvous of the expedition at Sandtown, where it arrived at six A. M., accompanied by two sections of the Chicago Board of Trade battery, under the immediate command of Lieutenant Robinson. Colonel Minty broke camp and made Sandtown under cover of darkness, the better to prevent the enemy learning of the movement; yet a letter, captured on the twentieth, and dated on the morning of the eighteenth, at Atlanta, shows that at that time the enemy had intelligence, through their spies, not only of the number of Minty's command, but also of the destination of the raiding party; and consequently Hood had ample time to make dispositions of troops to intercept them.

Arriving at Sandtown on the morning of the nineteenth, Minty reported to General Kilpatrick, and received his orders. As soon as darkness had settled over the forest, the whole command, five thousand strong, jumped into their saddles and boldly marched upon the West Point railroad, near Fairburn, the Third division in advance, skirmishing all the way from the right of our infantry lines, until they struck the West Point railroad, when the first rebel assault was made at the moment that the Third division and a part of Long's brigade had crossed. The enemy struck the column on the left flank with artillery and dismounted cavalry, and with so much force that the Seventh Pennsylvania were cut in two, causing some confusion for the moment, but Major Jennings quickly reformed his regiment and, supported by Major May, commanding Fourth Michigan, made a vigorous and irresistible attack upon the enemy, who was driven from the ground in disorder.

At the moment when the artillery and musketry fire was opened, cutting the Seventh Pennsylvania in two, the ambulance-drivers could not withstand the alarm, and rushed their vehicles pell-mell into the woods, and smashed three belonging to Minty's brigade so badly that they were abandoned. The others were recovered by the officers of the brigade, and took their places in the column.

Kilpatrick, learning that the Third division was delayed by the rebel Ross, who, with a large force, was slowly falling back, contesting every inch, ordered Minty and Long to the front, and, with Long's brigade in the advance, followed by Minty's and the Third division, skirmished with, and gradually drove the enemy to Flint river.

Here, the destruction of the bridge, the depth of the stream, and the bad bottom, were serious impediments to our advance; and Ross and

Ferguson's brigades of cavalry presented a bold front on the east bank, and with artillery opened upon our column to dispute its crossing. Kilpatrick promptly ordered all his artillery into position, and in a very few minutes Lieutenant Bennett's section of the Board of Trade battery had "dried up" the rebel artillery most effectually. Quickly dismounting the First, Third and Fourth Ohio, and Fourth Michigan cavalry, by order of Kilpatrick, Minty formed in line of battle, when our artillery discharged four destructive volleys of grape and canister into the rebel rifle-pits, and instantly the men rushed forward upon the double-quick, with a cheer, to the bank of the river, where a deadly fire was poured into the rebels at short range, dislodging their sharpshooters. Our column at once crossed the river on the stringers of the burned bridge.

Leaving the Seventh Pennsylvania, one section of artillery, and all the led horses on the west side of the river, Minty advanced with his brigades on Jonesboro', a town on the Atlanta and Macon railroad, twenty-one miles south of Atlanta—the Fourth Michigan being deployed as skirmishers, with the First Ohio, Colonel Eggleston, and Fourth United States, in line of battle, with one section of artillery in the centre, and the Third Ohio, Colonel Sidell, and Fourth Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel Robie, following in column. With this formation, Minty at once advanced and drove the rebels before him into the town, from the houses of which the rebels opened a sharp but not very destructive fire upon our lines. Not wishing to unnecessarily sacrifice the lives of his men, Minty ordered forward his artillery to the skirmish line by hand, to within a very short distance of the buildings in which the rebels had taken lodgment. While he was preparing to riddle the buildings with his grape and canister, the rebels, deeming "discretion the better part of valor," retreated, mounted their horses, and evacuated in disorder. Our men charged after them into the town. Reporting the possession of the town to Kilpatrick, the Third division was quickly brought up, and then commenced the destruction of the town.

This was just before dark. The men went to work with a will, put the torch to the railway buildings, court-house, and public property; details from the command tore up and burned about three miles of the Macon railway. A brisk wind sprung up, and very soon the flames spread to stores and other buildings, and over two thirds of the town was burned to the ground, together with considerable public property and effects of the citizens.

Ferguson and Ross, while the town was being razed, were reinforced by one infantry brigade, and took position immediately south of our forces, intrenching themselves by felling timber, &c., &c. As Kilpatrick's object was not to whip the enemy, but to destroy the railway, the same night he struck east from the railway about five miles, and then marched direct for Lovejoy's Station, the First brigade being in the advance, and the Second brigade (Long's), bringing up the rear. A few minutes before our rear skirmishers were withdrawn from the town, another infantry force arrived from toward Griffin. Resting for the night some distance from Lovejoy's Station, at daybreak of the following moining, our flight from Jonesboro' was discovered by the enemy, who started in pursuit with their cavalry.

At one and a half miles from Lovejoy's, the dirt road upon which our column moved, forks —one branch leading direct to the station, the other crossing the railroad a quarter of a mile north of it. At this time the Second division had the advance, Minty's brigade leading, followed by Long's. The Fourth Michigan was detached from the command, on the northern branch, and succeeded in gaining and tearing up some distance of the track. About this time the main column that was moving down the direct road to the station, encountered the enemy's mounted pickets, which were driven by the Seventh Pennsylvania in a fine style. Skirmishing with the rebels continued, and when within a quarter of a mile of the station, a report was received that the Fourth Michigan had struck the railroad. Our forces were pushed rapidly forward, and at once received a fire from the enemy, when one battalion of the Fourth United States were dismounted and deployed, and brought up to the support of the Fourth Michigan, swelling the number who were engaged in tearing up the track to one hundred and fifty men. Before their line was fairly formed, a whole rebel infantry brigade, which was lying in ambush, with no skirmishers out, poured into the ranks of the working party, a terrific volley, and with wild yells that made the forests ring, rushed madly over the track-burners, killing, wounding, and taking prisoners nearly the entire detachment, who fought bravely until their arms were wrested from them.

Long's brigade was immediately formed, artillery placed in position, and the rebels were quickly repulsed, with severe loss from the effect of our grape, canister and bullets.

Scarcely had the roar of artillery and the sharp musket's crack died away, as the rebel infantry fell back, broken and demoralized, when a new danger presented itself. With wild yells a whole division of rebel cavalry (Jackson's), five thousand strong, composed of Armstrong's, Ferguson's and Ross' brigades, were seen coming down on the keen run, accompanied by ten pieces of artillery.

Ere Kilpatrick had time to learn what was coming, a spirited attack was made upon the rear, the shells came tearing across the fields, and bursting over our columns. Kilpatrick's keen eye soon comprehended the situation. Minty's brigade was instantly withdrawn and hastily formed on the right (or south) of the road in line of regimental column. The Seventh Pennsylvania, Major Jennings, on the right, Fourth Michigan, Major West, on the centre, and the

Fourth United States, Captain McIntyre, on the left. Long's brigade was formed in the rear of the first. The Third division was ordered to form in the same manner on the left of the road, and to charge simultaneously with Minty's, but it is said for some reason failed to do so.

While the various regiments were being manœuvred into position to meet the onslaught of the rebels, who were sweeping down upon them, the men had time to comprehend the danger that surrounded them—rebels to the right of them, rebels to the left of them, rebels in the rear of them, rebels in front of them—surrounded, there was no salvation but to cut their way out. Visions of Libby Prison and starvation flitted across their minds, and they saw that the deadly conflict could not be avoided. Placing himself at the head of his brigade, the gallant and fearless Minty drew his sabre and his voice rung out clear and loud, "Attention, column—forward, trot—regulate by the centre regiment—march—gallop—march!" and away the brigade went with a yell that echoed far across the valleys.

The ground from which the start was made, and over which they charged, was a plantation of about two square miles, thickly strewn with patches of woods, deep water-cuts, fences ditches, and morasses. At the word, away went the bold dragoons, at the height of their speed. Fences were jumped, ditches were no impediment. The rattle of the sabres mingled with that of the mess-kettles and frying-pans that jingled at the sides of the pack-mule brigade, which was madly pushed forward by the frightened darkies who straddled them. Charging for their lives, and yelling like devils, Minty and his troopers encountered the rebels behind a hastily-erected barricade of rails. Pressing their rowels deep into their horses' flanks, and raising their sabres aloft, on, on, on, nearer and nearer to the rebels, they plunged. The terror-stricken enemy could not withstand the thunderous wave of men and horse that threatened to engulf them. They broke and ran, just as Minty and his troopers were urging their horses for the decisive blow. In an instant, all was confusion. The yells of the horsemen were drowned in the clashing of steel and the groans of the dying. On pressed Minty in pursuit, his men's sabres striking right and left, and cutting down every thing in their path. Tho rebel horsemen were seen to reel and pitch headlong to the earth, while their frightened steeds rushed pell-mell over their bodies. Many of the rebels defended themselves with almost superhuman strength, yet it was all in vain. The charge of Federal steel was irresistible. The heads and limbs of some of the rebels were actually severed from the bodies—the head of the rider falling on one side of the horse, the lifeless trunk upon the other.

The individual instances of heroism were many. Hardly a man flinched, and when the brigade came out more than half the sabres were stained with human blood. Among the cases of daring vouched for are the following:

An orderly of Major Jennings, Samuel Walters, Company F, Seventh Pennsylvania, rode upon a rebel cavalryman, who threw up his hand to guard the blow. The sabre came down, severing the hand from the arm. Another blow followed quickly after upon the neck, and over the rebel rolled out of his saddle, the head only clinging to the body by a thin fibre. Private Douglas and Captain McIntyre, of the Fourth United States, charged side by side, killed four or five with the sabre, captured a captain and lieutenant and thirteen men, who were turned over to Douglas by the Captain, who rushed forward into the fray. After the charge was over Douglas rode up to Colonel Minty, saluted him, turned over his fifteen prisoners, and remarked, "Here Colonel, are fifteen Johnnies, the trophies of Captain McIntyre and Private Douglas, Fourth Regulars."

It was, all admit, one of the finest charges of the war. Fully one hundred men fell under the keen sabres of Minty's brigade. The praises of Minty and his command are upon every tongue. The Fourth United States, Fourth Michigan, First, Third, and Fourth Ohio regiments charged over a rebel battery of three guns on the left of the road; but no sooner had our men passed than the rebels again seized the cannon and, reversing them, poured grape and canister into the charging columns. General Kilpatrick, seeing this, with his staff and others, about thirty in all, moved forward to capture the guns, but found a high staked and ridered fence between him and the battery. Seeing the predicament in which the General was, private William Bailey, Company I, Fourth Michigan, an orderly to Colonel Minty, coolly rode up to the fence, dismounted in the face of a severe fire, tore down the fence, remounted, rode up to the battery, shot the Captain, took possession of the horse and arms, and rode out. He was immediately followed by a party of men who captured the battery and spiked the guns. In the charge, Minty's brigade captured three stands of colors—the Fourth United States taking two, and the Fourth Michigan one.

Long's brigade, being in the rear, were not able to participate generally in the charge; but they fought, when they had an opportunity, like Spartans. The General, who learned of his promotion on his return, was, I regret to say, wounded severely in the leg and arm while gallantly leading the brigade.

Colonel Minty, whose soldierly form was conspicuous in the charge, urging the men to follow him, had his horse shot under him, an orderly was shot by his side, and his Inspector, Captain Thompson, captured. General Kilpatrick is loud in his praise of Long and Minty, and the nameless heroes who fought by them.

Leaving the rebel dead and wounded on the field, preparations were made for the return. The Third division was ordered to move on the

McDonough road, the Second division to cover the movement. Before the leading brigade had moved, Pat Cleburne's division of infantry advanced and attacked Long's brigade, which fought splendidly, and although forced to fall back, they did so so slowly that the Third division had time to move. It was in this engagement that General Long received one of his two wounds. His men fought with splendid pluck, and kept at bay one of the best divisions of rebel infantry. The Seventh Pennsylvania and Fourth Michigan were dismounted to cover the retreat of their gallant comrades of the Second brigade, when the Fourth United States got out of ammunition and were sent back with the Third division. Bennett's section of the Board of Trade battery was put in position with the Seventh Pennsylvania and Fourth Michigan. Cleburne was held in check until our led horses had been moved out upon the road. The artillery had been so busily engaged that one of our guns burst, breaking into a thousand pieces, but fortunately injuring nobody.

The night of the twentieth was consumed in marching through the rain and darkness. At one A. M. of the twenty-first, Cotton river was reached and crossed, and the fatigued men and animals bivouacked until daybreak, when they were moved forward again, encountering no enemy. At six A. M. South river was reached by the advance, but the bridge had been destroyed and the river flooded by the rains. The entire column was compelled to swim the stream—one man and about fifty horses and mules were drowned. General Kilpatrick's ambulance was lost in the rapid current of the river, and two wagons that had carried ammunition were destroyed, as the mules were required to remount the men. These were our only losses in crossing, after which the men were once more in the saddle. Lithonia, on the Georgia railroad, left of our lines, was reached that evening, where the first night's rest was obtained, and yesterday the worn-out men and horses returned to camp in rear of our infantry line.

During the first three days and nights no officer or man had an hour's sleep. From the time the command left the rear of our left, on the eighteenth, until it returned to the same point on the night of the twenty-second (four days), the men partook of but three meals—of coffee and hard bread—nothing more. The horses subsisted on the country.

The results of this raid are not as complete as we should wish. While nearly a thousand prisoners were captured, and quite a number of horses, only about seventy-five of the former were retained while cutting through the heavy force of rebel infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The damage to the railway can be repaired in two or three days. A train of loaded cars was destroyed below Jonesboro', by Colonel Kline's command, which was sent out on a detached raid further south. A vast amount of damage was done at Jonesboro' to public property. Considering that Kilpatrick's five thousand men had, probably, twelve thousand surrounding them, all must admit that this is a brilliant, if not a highly successful raid.

Colonel Minty estimates the rebel killed alone greater than our entire loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Our loss in Minty's and Long's brigades and the battery was two hundred and twenty; that of the Third brigade, about ninety-four; total, three hundred and fourteen. The rebel loss cannot be less than one thousand in all.

THE CLOSING DAYS OF THE SIEGE.

August 25.—The multitudinous preparations for the grand *coup* have been made quickly and thoroughly. Superfluous wagons with baggage have been sent to the rear to be parked at the railroad bridge over the Chattahoochee. Hospital trains conveyed the sick and wounded to the rear. Fifteen days' supplies have been brought up. Rations for three days are placed in the haversacks of the men—the remaining twelve are loaded on the supply trains, and gathered near Vining's Station, on the north bank of the Chattahoochee river. Regiments are cut down to a single baggage wagon. Sixty rounds of ammunition have been issued to each man carrying a musket, and the ammunition wagons are replenished. When the sun goes down on Wednesday, the twenty-fifth of August, everything will be in readiness. What a felicitous moment for a proclamatory General! What a gushing bulletin might have been issued to the troops, asking much in enthusiastic language, promising much in florid periods! Sherman has simply published an order, "You will march at such and such an hour." He asked nothing, promised nothing; but no troops know better than those he commands, how much is asked and how much is to be achieved under his leadership.

In one continuous line, in order of march, the six corps accompanying Sherman, with their trains, will make a line fifty miles long. The wagons alone, over three thousand in number, reach, on the march, for thirty miles. From this may be seen the immense labor required to perfect the details of the movement. Sherman, evidently, will be compelled to move troops and trains by parallel roads, and he must, therefore, know not only every public avenue in the country into which he moves, but be conversant with its minute topography, and able to tell where roads might be cut in localities where none existed. It is almost essential that the army have five parallel roads. It would cover that number for ten miles completely.

The public animals are in fair, not prime, condition. Many teams are cut down from their complement of six mules to five and four. This partial defection in the grand military motor—the mule—will not, however, cripple the transportation. The moiety of an ass is capable of bearing up under much lankiness gracefully.

He becomes attenuated and gaunt, and his hip-bones grow as long and peering as his ears, but he waxes ethereal in flesh alone. He tugs at his chains with redoubled muscularity. True, he dies sometimes (a dead mule is no longer a myth), but he does it quickly. He refuses food, wanders around disconsolately for an hour, lies quietly down and expires.

7 P. M.—The movement has commenced. Several batteries were quietly withdrawn from the trenches this afternoon. The troops on our left are just moving to the rear, so silently that even their equipments seem to have a subdued clank. The enemy is firing briskly on the skirmish line. Were these new troops gliding dimly through the forest, they would feel guilty at every shot, but they have sounded war's every depth, and construe nothing to mean attack until the columns come pouring down upon them. We shall test Hood's sagacity within a week pretty severely.

What a momentous thing a night march seems!

August 26.—At seven o'clock last evening, the Fourth corps, occupying the left of our line, north and north-east of Atlanta, withdrew from their trenches and marched west to the rear of the Army of the Tennessee, leaving their pickets behind until midnight. The Twentieth corps, on the right of the Fourth corps, fell back about nine P. M., to the railroad bridge over the Chattahoochee, which position —a very strong one—they will intrench and defend, while the rest of the army moves around Hood's left flank.

None of the rest of our army left their trenches last night. The Fourteenth corps and Army of the Tennessee were in their old works at daybreak. The Sixteenth corps, now on the extreme left, refused their left flank considerably, and threw up works on the new line.

The enemy discovered our absence on the left early this morning, and he has made demonstrations all day along our front, winding up this evening by a strong one on General Ward's division of the Twentieth corps, now in position at the river. Wherever their skirmishers have become too bold, they have been driven off by well-delivered volleys, and in no instance has their curiosity led them into danger at the same point the second time. They reconnoitered our right in the morning, and found it unchanged.

During the afternoon the rest of the army prepared to move. The Army of the Tennessee will leave its trenches to-night, and the Twenty-third corps will follow. The Fourteenth corps is already on the march.

The columns already in motion have been headed, during the day, for Sandtown, on the Chattahoochee river, fourteen miles below the railroad bridge.

The army is moving, corps by corps, shutting up like a telescope, each corps that withdraws moving to the rear of those on the right, which maintain a bold front. By this means the dangers of a massive attack from the enemy are greatly lessened.

The day has been insufferably warm. Many hundred men, exhausted by marching all night, have fallen by the way, but at this hour, ten P. M., they have all come up. This will be another sleepless night.

The Army of the Tennessee is withdrawing. To-morrow our old trenches around Atlanta will be deserted, save those held by the Twenty-third corps, on the extreme right, near East Point.

August 27.—Every road one crosses to day is filled with troops. Turbid streams of men and wagons pour along their respective roads, and are fed by tributaries from open fields and forests It all looks like endless, inextricable confusion; but let the enemy strike any of the thousand feelers we have out, and how suddenly the columns would be fronted, the lines dressed and the charges rammed home. Even to the most accustomed eye, the motley mingle-mangle of a march like this seems to be without beginning or end. But there is method in it. By midnight, perhaps sooner, every division will be sleeping behind trenches, the turf whereof has never yet felt the footfall of a Yankee soldier.

The Twenty-third corps seems to have been selected to cover the rear during the marches—that is, the rear of the marching columns—we have no base of supplies, no real rear now. Garrard's splendid division of cavalry follows the Twenty-third corps, lingering along after the infantry is in motion, and spreading out like a fan, to protect its left flank when encamped. Kilpatrick's cavalry division covers the right flank, held to-night by the Army of the Tennessee.

The day is warm, but lovely. None have fallen out to-day, from exhaustion. The country grows open and rolling, and, as we near the West Point railroad, excellent foraging-country appears. The roads are excellent—equal, to all intents and purposes, to the best turnpikes.

10 P. M.—The troops are in line, intrenched and asleep. We are within four miles of the West Point railroad. General Sherman's headquarters are at Mount Gilead Church. No enemy yet. Is this silence ominous? Two days have elapsed, and nearly one hundred thousand prophets are wrong in their forecast. Hood lacks either discernment or pugnacity. Not the latter, perhaps. If he permits us to go unmolested for another day, he will have lost his chance, and we shall have gained—but we will not flatter ourselves. Suppose a heavy and persistent rain should set in upon us. *Carrambo!*

I hear to-night of a wagon and a straggler or two picked up in our rear. The enemy's cavalry is following us closely. Perhaps they consider this another cavalry expedition. It will, certainly, require some ingenuity to surround this little raiding party—to place around it what one of our East Tennessee Generals denominates a "ring guard." Brass band in the distance—(why were they brought along, to

eat up our precious rations?)—discourses "Shouldn't wonder, shouldn't wonder."

The Fourteenth corps and the Army of the Tennessee marched past the rear of the Fourth corps last night. The latter is now on the extreme right, the Fourteenth corps on its left, followed by the Fourth and Twenty-third corps successively. It is understood that they will hold this relative position in the line hereafter.

The enemy still hangs on our rear, but to our surprise, very chary of even a brisk skirmish. Has Hood been removed?

The supply trains for the expedition are now all up, and will move hereafter with the troops —that is, on parallel roads, which, though they have no existence now, will be well beaten to-morrow night.

August 28.—The army moved this morning at about eight o'clock. The Army of the Tennessee marched on a northerly road, and before dark struck the Atlanta and West Point railroad near Fairburn, a station eighteen miles from Atlanta. The rebel cavalry—a brigade commanded by General Ross—retreated slowly as we neared the railroad. He was evidently impressed with the notion that we outnumbered him.

The Army of the Cumberland has bivouacked at and near Red Oak, a flag-station on the West Point and Atlanta railroad, twelve miles from Atlanta. The Twenty-third corps has moved with the column, and to-night our whole army has cast loose from its old base, and is operating, as it were, in the air.

This morning a locomotive passed over the West Point railroad, whistling shrilly as it flirted by the stations which we were nearing. It is the last, we hope, that will be driven by a rebel engineer.

We begin to believe that Hood has been outwitted. We can hear nothing of his having sent any troops away from Atlanta; neither have any symptoms of attack been discovered.

The army has bivouacked in line, and thrown up trenches as usual. The wagon trains are coming up, and it will probably be morning before they all arrive.

The troops move light—very light. What a contrast between the steady, pouring columns of veterans, and the unskilled and unsettled marches of '61 and '62? Who, in those years of lumbering marches and still more lumbering battles, saw line officers harnessed up with knapsacks; or dreamed that the day would come when the soldier, in addition to carrying food, shelter, and equipments, would still find room for an intrenching tool—the last feather, though one not endangering his vertebra, for his swing is bold, and, in a martial sense, graceful. Here are spades, and picks, and coffee-pots, and kettles, giving the column a tinkerish aspect, but assuring for the cause that celerity in movement which is one of the first conditions of victory, and for the men themselves the speediest method of obtaining refection and repose, and the grateful contentment that follows.

With all these things—necessities of a light march, and peculiarly the necessities of *this* march—you might not be prepared to find any room left for the transportation of luxuries. I have seen, however, a number of articles that might be safely classed under that head—the most striking one being a cane-bottomed chair, which a captain of infantry carries dangling from his sword thrown across his shoulder. A bystander suggests it would be the height of politeness for him to carry the chair and offer it to a friend during the halts.

The men are hardy and strong. The regiments are not so long as they were when the campaign opened last May, but their experience in what a rebel journal calls the great battles of June, July, and August is, perhaps, rich compensation for the difference in numbers. Every man who passes you has fought in countless skirmishes, strained every nerve in the deadly assault, and coolly rolled back the impetuous attacks of the enemy. He knows better than the statistician how much lead it takes to kill a man; how much harmless bluster there is in a flight of shells, and what chances he has in his favor, if hit at all, of the wound being slight or severe. He has grown familiar with missiles, explodent and non-explodent. He knows, from the sounds that reach him, when, during any given passage at arms, the precise moment arrives when he is justified in pricking up his ears and getting ready to fall into line. The shrill sweep of a whole volley affects him less now than the hateful solitary whistle of a single bullet did before he had passed the ordeal of danger, hardship, and denial that have made up his life during the campaign. Our trust grows stronger and stronger as the column sweeps on, and we become certain that the present critical movement must succeed, or, in failure, inflict such damage upon the enemy, that to foil us just once more would ruin him irremediably.

While I was watching to-day the endless line of troops shifting by, an officer with a modest escort rode up to the fence near which I was standing and dismounted. He was rather tall and slender, and his quick movements denoted good muscle added to absolute leanness—not thinness. His uniform was neither new nor old, but bordering on a hazy mellowness of gloss, while the elbows and knees were a little accented from the continuous agitation of those joints. The face was one I should never rest upon in a crowd, simply because to my eye there was nothing remarkable in it, save the nose, which organ was high, thin, and planted with a curve as vehement as the curl of a Malay cutlass. The face and neck were rough, and covered with reddish hair, the eye light in color and animated, but though restless, and bounding like a ball from one object to another, neither piercing nor brilliant; the mouth well closed but common, the ears large, the hands and feet long and thin, the gait a little rolling, but firm and active. In dress and manner there was not the slightest trace of pretension. He spoke rapidly, and gen-

erally with an inquisitive smile. To this *ensemble* I must add a hat which was the reverse of dignified or distinguished—a simple felt affair, with a round crown and drooping brim, and you have as fair a description of General Sherman's externals as I can pen.

Seating himself on a stick of cord-wood hard-by the fence, he drew a bit of pencil from his pocket and spreading a piece of note paper on his knee, he wrote with great rapidity. Long columns of troops lined the road a few yards in his front, and beyond the road, massed in a series of spreading green fields, a whole division of infantry was awaiting its turn to take up the line of march, the blue ranks clear cut against the uniform verdant background. Those who were near their General looked at him curiously, for in so vast an army the soldier sees his Commander-in-chief but seldom. Page after page was filled by the General's nimble pencil and despatched. For a half hour I watched him, and though I looked for and expected to find them, no symptoms could I detect that the mind of the great leader was taxed by the infinite cares of a terribly hazardous military *coup de main*. Apparently it did not lie upon his mind the weight of a feather. A mail arrived. He tore open the papers and glanced over them hastily, then chatted with some General officers near him, then rode off with characteristic suddenness, but with fresh and smiling countenance, filing down the road beside many thousand men, whose lives were in his keeping.

Here was a movement in progress, which, turn out as it may, will stand out in high relief in history, as an instance of the marvellous daring and ingenuity of Sherman, and the readiness and compactness of his army. Here was a host such as Napoleon led in the maturity of his fame and power; yet we can hardly realize, as we watch the endless river of men, that we are seeing the *event* developing—conning the history as it appeals, fresh and unwritten, to our eyes. The columns whose faces seem to have something in common—to be *uniformed* like their bodies—a brisk squadron of horse—masses of recumbent troops—a cluster of guns, looking stupid with inertia—flankers of the genus camp-African, laden, as to weight, like a Holland emigrant—a General with his staff, a trifle smarter in attire and bearing than the line—and over in valleys, creeping in relief against the hills fused of the emerald and amethyst, and on crests in relief against the pale blue of the sky, the articulated wagon-trains—these are the aggregate—the *movement*.

August 29.—To-day the army has not advanced its lines. The day has been consumed in issuing rations to the men, and tearing up and burning the railroad, thirteen miles of which have been so completely destroyed by Howard, Stanley and Davis, that nothing remains but the embankment. Generals Sherman and Thomas have their headquarters on the railway six miles from East Point.

There has been no fighting amounting to anything during the operation.

Fifteen members of the Ninetieth Ohio foolishly ventured outside the pickets to-day, two or three miles, and were all captured save one.

The operation of tearing up the road has been very interesting, and one over which the men, notwithstanding it is the hardest kind of labor, were quite enthusiastic. A regiment or brigade formed along the track; rails were loosened at their flanks, whereupon the whole line seized the track and flung a stretch corresponding to the length of their line from its bed. The rails were then detached, the ties piled up and covered with fence-rails. The iron was then deposited upon the pyre, the torch applied and the thing was soon consummated. The men, not content with the curve made in the rails by the intense and continued heat, seized many and twisted them until they looked like members of a phonographic alphabet.

The troops to-day were placed on three-quarter rations, to provide against any emergency. They are getting abundance of roasting-ears, so their dinners will have bulk as well as nutrition.

August 30.—We get the direction of Atlanta to-night by looking toward the north star. We are now directly south of the city, between the West Point and Macon railroads, and so near the latter—the last artery of the Gate City—that we must strike it to-morrow.

The Fourteenth corps broke camp at six o'clock this morning, and moved out on the direct road to Rough and Ready Station, on the Macon railroad, eleven miles from Atlanta. The Fourth corps marched at the same hour on a parallel road further north. The advance has had slight skirmishing with a brigade or two of rebel cavalry and infantry.

Learning that the enemy was fortified along the Macon railway, the Army of the Cumberland halted, and intrenched about two miles west of it. The Twenty-third corps closed up and faced north-east, to guard against an attack from the direction of Atlanta. The Army of the Tennessee moved toward Jonesboro' in two columns, Hazen's division, Fifteenth corps, in advance. On reaching the head of Flint river, about a mile from Jonesboro', skirmishers were found on the opposite bank. After a lively skirmish the Fifteenth corps effected a crossing, where it formed and intrenched.

Kilpatrick's cavalry on the right of the Army of the Tennessee, also made a crossing this morning and attempted to push their way to the railroad. While advancing with this object in view, the rebel infantry attacked him, and forced him back after a severe struggle. Infantry supports were sent up, and the enemy checked. Kilpatrick's loss was about one hundred. His assault proved that the enemy were in heavy force around Jonesboro', and intrenched.

We learn that Hardee's and Lee's corps com-

menced arriving at Jonesboro' early this morning, leaving in Atlanta Stewart's corps, and the militia. The merest tyro, by looking at the map, can see the dangers of this disposition.

The country south of Atlanta is the finest surrounding the city. The soil is tolerably productive, and we find many well-to-do farmers, but few large planters. A mania for sorgho seems to be raging. Nine farms in ten have several acres of it growing finely. The crops generally consist exclusively of corn—one stalk in a hill, of course. We find plenty of grazing and forage for horses and cattle-droves, good water and fine roads. Two or three rusty inhabitants have come in our lines, who profess to have been concealed for many months from the conscription officers. These are the only males I have seen on the march. The women and children are totally bewildered. They say that they heard a cavalry raid was coming, and they stare stupidly at the oceans of men who pour by their doors. I deliberately assert that I have never seen in the South a pretty woman among the humbler classes; and the children are sallow, attenuated little imps, with degenerate livers. No wonder they had but two methods of disposing of people who came down here to take notes—one to entertain them at princely mansions, and take up their time so luxuriously that they never escaped from the aristocratic orbit; the other, if they were rebellious—the halter.

August 31—9 P. M.—This day has been big with history. We have cut the rebel communications, divided their army, and repulsed a heavy and determined assault on our right made by Hardee's and Lee's corps—the flower of the rebel army in Georgia. The success of our grand movement is no longer problematical; it is only a question of how complete and crushing the victory will be.

During last night the tramp and rumble of a passing column were heard in front of our left and centre. It was the massing of two rebel corps on our right for assault.

At eight o'clock this morning Newton moved his division into column, and followed Kimball and Wood in an easterly direction. Arriving at the edge of a large field a strong rebel line of works was plainly discerned before us on the west bank of Crooked or Mud creek. Wood, who had the advance, promptly moved up his artillery, and deploying his skirmishers drove the enemy out and took possession. The skirmishers pushed on, crossed the creek and were soon moving right ahead on the double-quick in pursuit of the enemy. Shots were exchanged, but no casualties resulted.

Crossing the creek at Lee's Mill, Schofield's column moved off to the left toward Rough and Ready, where he struck the Macon railroad at two P. M. Stanley struck it with his advance about the same time. Arriving on the railroad, the men of the two corps commenced throwing up works, while details tore up and burned the the track for over four miles.

The men had encountered no opposition after crossing the creek, but skirmishers were thrown out to prevent surprise. By dark strong works had been constructed, facing east and south, and all night the destruction continued.

But to the grand event of the day. At daybreak the Second brigade in Hazen's division, Fifteenth Army Corps, advanced, gallantly driving the enemy from a prominent hill, which gave our artillery command of Jonesboro' and the railroad, now less than one half mile distant. A brigade of Osterhaus' division reinforced the brigade holding the hill, and the troops fell to fortifying the position immediately. The rest of the Fifteenth corps was rapidly brought into position on the new line, Hazen occupying the hill nearest the enemy, the other divisions, Harrow's and Osterhaus', on his flanks and in reserve. General Corse's division of the Sixteenth corps was brought forward across Flint creek and joined Logan, and General Wood's division of the Seventeenth corps also crossed and went into position on the left.

About three P. M., the enemy suddenly poured from the forests in front of Hazen's position, and formed rapidly into line for assault. On Hazen's right ran a strip of wood; in his front over which the enemy advanced, were fields of tall corn; on his left, a thick and sheltering pine grove. Lee's corps, in four lines, advanced gallantly upon Hazen, while Hardee's corps attempted to work around his right, where he was soon engaged with Harrow's division, and in pouring a converging fire on Hazen's and the other troops occupying the hill. The assault was a desperate one. The rebels were playing their last card, and they fought as if, foreseeing failure, they courted death. They swarmed through the waving corn with flaunting banners, and rushed on our works without wavering under the deadly fire pouring into their thinning ranks.

But in spite of their superhuman efforts, not a man of Lee's corps placed foot on our parapet. Major-General Patton Anderson, commanding Hindman's old division in Lee's corps, fell mortally wounded within thirty yards of our works. At the same moment, his horse, a splendid animal, toppled over, with a half dozen bullets dappling his glistening coat with blood. Brigadier-General Cummings, of Stevenson's division, also fell, desperately wounded, in the assault. Two of General Anderson's staff were killed, and lay near where he fell.

The force of the first assault was no sooner broken, than a second line came surging up, to meet with no better fate. Again and again the enemy broke, and again and again they were rallied and led back. The fighting was desperate for two hours, but at no time can there be said to have been any danger in it, for the enemy had struck us where we were strongest. General Howard sent two regiments of General Wood's brigade, and Colonel Bryant's brigade of the Seventeenth corps, to Hazen's assistance, but the gallant Ohioan would have weathered the

storm alone. Hazen captured one hundred and thirty prisoners and two stands of colors, beside many rebel wounded. It is estimated that the enemy in his front lost one thousand men.

On the right of Hazen, Harrow's division was heavily engaged, but the assault was much feebler, though it cost the enemy heavily.

Cleburne's division failing to make any impression on Harrow, marched down to our extreme right and attacked Kilpatrick, holding the bridge over Flint river. Kilpatrick held them at bay until relieved by General Giles B. Smith's division of the Seventeenth corps, which repulsed the pugnacious Hibernian chief without delay.

The loss of the Fifteenth corps during the assault foots up thirty-one killed, one hundred and twenty-six wounded, four missing. Our loss in the whole affair will not exceed two hundred. We played upon the enemy with two batteries.

Lieutenant-Colonel Myers, Tenth Mississippi, fell into our hands badly wounded. The bodies of the rebel Colonel Williams and Major Barton fell into our hands In all, seven rebel field-officers were killed and wounded in Hazen's front. It was remarked that the officers behaved during the fight with perfect recklessness.

Toward evening the Seventeenth corps advanced, and went into position on the left of the Fifteenth. The Sixteenth corps took position on the right of the Fifteenth, and faced to the south-east.

Sixty-eight rebels, all badly wounded, are collected in one of Logan's hospitals.

The two rebel corps at Jonesboro' are commanded by Hardee. Hood remained in Atlanta, laboring under the hallucination that he could hold the city with our whole army in his rear. He, no doubt, instructed Hardee to assault us whenever he came upon us. Such are his tactics. The battles of the twentieth, twenty-second and twenty-eighth of July, and the thirty-first of August, have a distinguished family resemblance. All desperate assaults—all bitter defeats for Hood.

September 1.—Another day of grand, decisive victory. Our whole army turned this morning, like an aroused giant, upon the rebels at Jonesboro', and at the hour I write (nine P. M.), we have them enclosed on three sides. We dare not hope to find them still here when day breaks to-morrow.

The Fourteenth corps, owing to the accidents of position, has not been as heavily engaged during the campaign as some others. To day it struck a balance-sheet by the most successful, if not the most gallant assault of the summer.

At day-break this morning the Army of the Tennessee faced east, opposite Jonesboro, and joined on the left by the Fourteenth corps, facing south-east, and running a short distance across the Macon railroad. The Fourth and Twenty-third corps commenced advancing down the track to take position on the left of the Fourteenth, and envelop the enemy's right flank. "Montrose," who was on that part of the line, gives the following relation of the events on the left and centre, including the noble charge of the Fourteenth corps :

The Fourth corps broke camp at four A. M., and Newton's and Kimball's divisions moved direct upon the Macon railroad, which they reached at five. The men were at once spread along the line fronting the track, and at a given signal the ties and rails were lifted from their beds, and turned over like the sod from a plough, the whole length of a brigade front. In a half hour, over a mile and a half was torn up and destroyed. Another advance took place for a mile and a half, when the operation was repeated. In this manner the two divisions marched, tearing up and burning every rail from Rough and Ready to within two miles of Jonesboro', a distance of ten miles, where they formed a junction with Wood, and advanced to position, Kimball's division joining his right to the First division of the Fourteenth corps, with Newton on his left. Wood's division was in reserve. The Twenty-third corps, which followed the Fourth, came up about this time on the left of the Fourth and went into position. The line thus formed was something in the form of the capital letter A, the Army of the Tennessee on the left, the Fourth and Twenty-third corps on the right, and the Fourteenth corps on the flattened apex of the letter. At four o'clock Davis and Stanley made a simultaneous advance.

Newton's division was formed with Bradley on the left, Opdyke on the centre, and Wagner on the right. Moving through a dense woods of three hundred yards, the whole division encountered the rebel skirmishers who were hurriedly driven back upon a large corn-field, across which the whole division charged in gallant style, driving the enemy from their barricades, and capturing about fifty prisoners.

The advance was in two lines. General Bradley's command captured a rebel hospital, with two hundred wounded, from the division of Major-General Anderson, who was killed the previous day by Howard. Lieutenant Cox and Captain Tinney, of Wagner's staff, captured six prisoners in person.

I have but few particulars of Kimball's division, owing to the fact that it was put in motion very early, and I had no chance to make notes. The division, however, advanced behind Wagner, but as Stanley had to swing round his corps on the left, Kimball, being on the extreme left, did not have to advance far. He drove the enemy's skirmishers, however, in good style, capturing a few prisoners and their skirmish-pits, with slight loss. The total loss in the corps did not exceed fifty men, only five or six of whom were killed.

Davis formed his line with the First division, Brigadier-General Carlin on the left, and the Second division, Brigadier-General Morgan, joining the Fifteenth corps on the right. Baird was in reserve. The line was formed in the

edge of the woods, a half circle, with the two flanks thrown forward, and the centre somewhat retired, facing a large corn-field half a mile wide, at the south-east edge of which, on commanding ridges the enemy's line was formed, covering Jonesboro'. The rebel skirmishers were in the ravines in the centre of the field.

The brigades on the line were as follows: left resting on the railroad, Colonel Moore of the Sixty-ninth Ohio, commanding, with the Seventy-fourth Ohio, reinforced by five companies of the First Wisconsin, as skirmishers; second the regular brigade, Major Eddy commanding, with the Sixteenth infantry, Captain Barry, as skirmishers; third, Colonel Simmes' brigade; fourth, Colonel Mitchell's Ohio brigade, three companies of the Ninety-eighth Ohio, Captain Roach, as skirmishers; fifth, Colonel Dilworth's (late McCook's) brigade, with the Fifty-second Ohio, Major Holmes, as skirmishers.

Davis gave the order to advance, and instantly the long line of skirmishers, stretching for over a mile, commenced moving rapidly forward; at the same instant the two lines of battle followed, driving the rebel skirmishers back upon their main line under a terrific artillery fire. Onward upon the double-quick the regiments rushed, receiving volley after volley that made gaps in their ranks, but as quickly the line was dressed, and they never halted until they had got up within two hundred yards of the works, when volleys of grape and canister made the line tremble. It was a critical moment; some regiments showed signs of halting, but none flinched. Still forward they moved, increasing their speed until they got near the works, when with one unearthly yell the men broke into a run, and forward they went, Mitchell left and Lum right, charging direct upon a rebel battery of four guns that had been dealing death into them, and instantly it was in their possession. While this was transpiring on the left of Mitchell, his right and Dilworth's left charged a six-gun rebel battery, whose canister had cut down Dilworth and many brave officers, and captured it, together with General Govan, commanding a brigade in Cleburne's division, and Captain D. C. Williams, his Assistant Adjutant-General.

General Govan subsequently stated to General Morgan that this was the celebrated Loomis' Michigan battery, captured by him from us at Chickamauga.

I have not time to dwell upon details; suffice it to say that Davis' whole line carried the rebel works, some brigades carrying two and three lines, which were very strong and protected by a difficult abatis, over which the men charged with difficulty.

The regular brigade carried their line quite early, after one regiment had been slightly thrown off its guard by a deadly volley of grape and canister, and got out of ammunition while holding it. They were relieved by Este's brigade of Baird's division, who held the works while they replenished their cartridge-boxes, when they again took their position and hold it to-day.

Our artillery, placed on slightly elevated ground, mowed down the enemy behind their works on the skirmish line in large numbers, and when I rode over the field the following morning, I am certain I saw at least three hundred dead of the enemy in front of the corps.

Our loss is about one half of that of the enemy, who suffered largely in prisoners and killed. Davis took about four hundred prisoners, including the Second Kentucky rebel regiment, and fifty of the Sixth Kentucky and its flag, which are the trophies of Captain Dumfree, of the Tenth Michigan, to whom Colonel Lee, commanding the rebels, surrendered.

The losses in the command are, about: Carlin's division, Moore's brigade, two hundred, including Major Carter, in hip; Captain Jenkins, thigh; Captain Perry, mortally, and Lieutenant Osborne, slight; all of the Thirty-eighth Indiana. Lieutenant Bailey, killed, and Lieutenants Pierson, Murray, and Cunningham, wounded, of the Sixty-ninth Ohio.

Eddy's regular brigade about three hundred, including Captain Kellogg, Eighteenth United States, arm; Lieutenant Powell and Captain Burrows, Eighteenth United States, slight; Lieutenant McConnell, Sixteenth United States, slight; Lieutenant Honey and Lieutenant Knapp, Sixteenth, wounded.

Morgan's division, Lum's brigade, three hundred, including Colonel Grover, Seventeenth New York, severe; Major Barnett, Tenth Michigan, killed; Captain Knox, Tenth Michigan, killed, and Captain Turbis, Tenth Michigan, wounded.

Dilworth's brigade, one hundred and seventy-five, including Colonel Dilworth, serious; Captain E. L. Anderson, Dilworth's Adjutant, arm, slight; Captain Charles, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Illinois, killed; Major Holmes, Fifty-second Ohio, slight; Captain Snodgrass, commanding Twenty-second Indiana, and the following officers of this regiment: Lieutenant Graves, wounded; Lieutenant Neland, wounded; Lieutenant Riggs, wounded; Lieutenant Rennine, wounded; Lieutenant Tinson, killed; Lieutenant Mosier, slight. Major Riker, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Illinois, severe; Captain Young, Fifty-fifth Illinois, slight; Lieutenant Collins, One Hundred and Tenth Illinois, severe.

Mitchell's Ohio brigade, one hundred and fifty, including Adjutant Reeves, Ninety-seventh Ohio, killed; Captain Black, Seventy-eighth Illinois, wounded; Lieutenant Long, Seventy-eighth Illinois, killed; Major Green, Seventy-eighth Illinois, wounded; Lieutenant Fuller, Thirty-fourth Illinois, wounded; Lieutenant Garver, Ninety-eighth Ohio, wounded.

Este's brigade, which relieved the regular brigade, lost a few. Our loss in the Fourteenth corps will, therefore, be about one thousand one hundred and twenty-five, a very small proportion of whom were killed.

Morgan and Carlin handled their commands with consummate skill, and deserve to share with the brave fighter, Davis, a share of the honor of this most decisive and gallant charge. This is Davis' first fight as a corps commander, and as such he has proved himself equal to the task. It is a victory that will hand him and his corps down to posterity.

I have but briefly and inadequately sketched the general charge, and leave details to a more convenient moment when the corps halts, and I can make more complete memoranda.

During the fight, the Army of the Tennessee made strong diversions along their lines. The Seventeenth corps moved to the extreme right, and supported by the Sixteenth corps, made strong demonstrations on the enemy's left, in favor of the Fourteenth corps.

September 2—6 A. M.—The enemy have gone. The toils were drawing around them too closely, and no salvation remained save in precipitate retreat. In the gray of dawn this morning, their withdrawal was discovered. A detachment of the Army of the Tennessee started immediately in pursuit, passing through the dilapidated town of Jonesboro'. What a situation for a General who has vaunted his power to foil any further flanking movements. Two thirds of his army, shattered by battle, is falling back hastily to the south, while the remainder has not only been compelled to leave the defences of Atlanta without a direct blow, but is circuitously marching for dear life to form a junction with the humbled, ruined corps of Lee and Hardee, trembling at every gunshot. The enemy at this moment cannot tell, when a collision at any point occurs, whether we are striking at him with a squad of troopers or with our whole army.

Many stragglers are coming in, mainly from S. D. Lee's corps. They report with unanimity that Hardee retreated south last night as far as the McDonough road. Upon reaching that they marched east to the main road running south from Atlanta through McDonough. S. D. Lee's corps in advance, turned north, and at last accounts were marching in that direction, endeavoring to form a junction with a portion of the army left at Atlanta—which is presumed to be retreating, and is undoubtedly doing so, if Hood has *any* military sagacity.

10 A. M.—In Jonesboro', and watching one of the most imposing sights of the war. Our army is marching through the village, in double columns, corps after corps, all with flags flying, and brass and field bands playing with unwonted nerve. The men cheer joyously. Their burdens of musket, knapsack, and intrenching tools are feathers, evidently. Everything is *allegro* with them this morning. The campaign for Atlanta is at an end, and they are headed southward for the new campaign. For the first time the whole South-west is open to them, bread and meat permitting.

The captured battle-flags are trailed overhead by the regiments who wrested them from the enemy over his trenches.

Jonesboro' contains about forty scattered houses. From several of them white flags are thrust out, and I observe that in all the jeers called out by these unnecessary symbols of submission, the name of Vallandigham is very pervasive. A few dirt-colored inhabitants remain, and have taken their station at front gates to gape at the solid columns of Yankees sweeping down the road. They say that for the last two days the village has been visited by a great many shells, and that the inhabitants took refuge in caves and cellars. They describe the retreat of the enemy, last night, as very confused and hasty. Darkness had barely fallen when it began, the wagons moving first, running hither and thither to escape the rain of shells from our batteries. The infantry passed through in heavy, straggling masses, having every appearance of being thoroughly whipped and disheartened. By three A. M. their rear guard evacuated Jonesboro', and we find them flown—just as we anticipated. As we lay enveloping Jonesboro' last night, girdling their discomfited army, our six corps closed compactly on three sides of the opposing two corps, the thought came to many like an electric thrill: Shall we capture them? Those familiar with war and its chances, thrust the flattering thought aside resolutely, but it insisted on dancing back again seductively. I have heard several say querously, this morning, that we should have bagged the entire rebel command had such and such corps closed up and attacked while daylight lasted. Doubtful, very. But such is human nature. We have divided the rebel army, whipped it in detail, shattered it beyond speedy repair, and probably captured a great city, yet there are to be found those who have their regrets that something *large* has not been accomplished.

11 A. M.—Atlanta has fallen. A few moments since General Thomas received a despatch stating that the Twentieth corps occupies the city. The infinite labor and bloodshed of four long, wearisome, sleepless months has received a reward even richer than we hoped for. The siege of the Gate City is over. We were certain it must fall, but there is something intensely grateful in saying it *has* fallen. Cheering has broken out in the marching columns with redoubled violence—not a battle-cheer, but a round, rich, glorious volume, heroic in intonation, and containing, somehow, a music deeper and grander than the mellowest and most inspiring diapason of a dozen organs, such as they drown discord with in Boston.

Communication with the rear has hitherto been by the way of Sandtown on the Chattahoochee, and it now becomes a question of vast interest to correspondents to know the shortest safe route to the North, where we may spread before a gladdened nation the rich oil and wine that we hope to express from our ripening notebooks. By the road running directly north we are but twenty miles from Atlanta; by the route in use since the movement commenced we are more than double that distance. The first has

never been traversed by an armed Federal soldier—belongs, in fact, to the unexplored region into which literary non-combatants seldom have the curiosity to penetrate. But Mr. D. P. Conyngham, of the New York Herald, and myself propose to be the Speke and Grant of a reconnoissance in that direction, influenced possibly, beside other weighty motives, by a desire to be the first of Sherman's grand army of flankers to enter Atlanta. Our horses are saddled, and with pockets crammed full of notes from which, if we are captured, the enemy may possibly extract a little aid, but not a grain of comfort, we cast loose from Sherman's noble, victorious army, still pouring densely down the road, headed south—due south.

7 P. M.—In Atlanta, after a funny, adventurous ride. Reaching the cavalry on the left of our army, General Garrard's trusty division, we halted to learn if we could pass into Atlanta from the south with safety. Our design seemed fool-hardy when we ascertained that no direct communication with our troops there had yet been established. General Garrard, however, concluded to send out a reconnoitering party over the road, to ascertain if the city could be reached by that route. Captain J. F. Newcomer, commanding General Garrard's escort, and Lieutenant W. C. Rickard, Provost-Marshal on Brevet Brigadier-General Wilder's staff, with forty men, were despatched, and, with the correspondents of the Commercial and the New York Herald, this detachment was the first to reach Atlanta from Sherman's main army, twenty miles distant, operating without a base.

During this ride we were, no doubt, watched from ambuscades by many rebel stragglers, recent traces of whom were plentiful. Armed Yankees had never before been seen on the road, and as the news of the evacuation of Atlanta had not spread through the country, our riding leisurely toward the city was viewed by the few inhabitants of the wayside farmhouses with unfeigned astonishment. At Rough and Ready Station, on the Macon railroad, eleven miles south of Atlanta, we found a few squalid women and children collected around the doorsteps—the desolation broken only by the morose drone of a spinning-wheel. The glamour of despair hung over the hamlet.

A few more miles were passed, when a shot from our vedettes excited our interest. In a moment we found they had captured an ancient negro, mounted on a brisk mule, who was endeavoring to escape, when the shot compelled him to heave-to. I have seen terror in many stages, but never a more undisguised variety than was shown by this fugacious African. His black hide had been bleached in a moment to a smoky canary-color; his dangling legs oscillated dizzily with nervous relaxation, and his eyes were immovably open as those of a plaster bust. If fear ever distilled anything to a jelly, this sable party would have melted into a strange, palpitating mass. In answer to a query as to where he belonged, he managed to gasp:

"Mum—m—m—mum—Mr. Ferguson."

In the course of another five minutes we ascertained that the mule he strode belonged to the same gentlemen.

Taking the African in tow, we reached a fine house beside the road, the entire family being seated upon the verandah. This was Mr. Ferguson and his flock. The negro was requested to dismount. The saddle was thrown from his mule and the animal taken in charge by a trooper, while another impressed the negro's services in getting his girths taut. This done, the blackamoor was requested to deliver our respects to the ladies, in a tone intended possibly to reach them at first hand, which he gurgled he would be "suah" to do, and we rode on.

When within four and a half miles of the city, we halted at an unpretending house for refreshment, and found there an elderly and exceedingly garrulous lady, whose manner led us to fear instantly that she was determined to protest too much.

"God bless you Yankees! why didn't you let me know? should have had a hot meal."

Then dropping her voice mysteriously, she continued:

"I've got two little boys with you-uns—nice little boys—Union boys. Didn't you ever meet any of the McCools?"

We had never met the McCools.

While quaffing a glass of milk, one of the escort noticed that the bed-spread in the next room seemed a little plethoric toward the middle. He turned it down and discovered—not a quivering virgin—but five guns duly loaded and capped. In another bed, concealed in the same manner, were two more guns. We ventured to ask our obsequious hostess why so many small arms were cultivated about her premises. Without a moment's hesitation, and with a voice whose honeyed accents would have been irresistible had they issued from a younger and prettier neighborhood, she replied:

"Oh, dear, now! my youngest—Johnny—did you never meet Johnny McCool?—was *sich* a great hand to hunt. Nay, do now have some more butter."

I fear we ruined young Nimrod's armory, (which we could hardly consider complete without a battery of artillery), by breaking to pieces his seven fowling-pieces, which, by the way, bore a remarkable resemblance to army muskets.

On reaching East Point, we came upon the rebel defences of Atlanta, and upon unfinished works, which showed that they were expecting Sherman to strike at them there. We came within a mile of the city, and still met no trace of our troops. Just as we entered the suburbs, we caught a glimpse of a blue uniform. One of our escort dashed forward with a flag of truce, and in a moment we had grasped each other by the hand, with hearts swelling with something akin to tenderness. Groups closed around us, and drank in the glorious news it was our privilege to be the first to impart, and the en-

thusiasm the relation gave rise to took epigrammatic form in many cases, in the suggestion that it was bad news for the Chicago Convention. Sure enough, there was our flag placidly waving in the twilight. To our loving eyes there seemed something effulgent about it, and as night fell its colors came out, to our excited vision, more and more plainly. A few weeks ago I clambered up a look-out at a signal-station on our left, and gazed upon the bristling trenches of the enemy, their frowning guns, and defiant flags, and wondered as I gazed, how and when I should enter there. Little did I dream that it would be from the south, and threading the road through the forts from whose embrasures deserted guns would look us a lonely, stern, but meaning welcome. Little did I think that the mesh of yawning ditches, towering parapets, tangled abatis, and impracticable *chevaux de frise* would be silently carried by a battle whose thunder should be inaudible in the streets of the city for the mastery of which it was fulminated—by a subtle *idea*, matured in the wonderful brain of the Commanding General, and by the integrity, and courage, and *morale* of the immense army he has marshalled to a victory which must affect the destinies of the country and of the human race itself.

Hood, no doubt, was quickly apprised of the unfavorable issue of Hardee's assault on the thirty-first of August on the Army of the Tennessee. With his rail communications severed, all supplies cut off, and more than half of his army defeated in attack, and impotent for defence against the hosts pushing upon it, it is plain that he was compelled to abandon the town, and endeavor to unite his army once more, now most critically divided and menaced. On the morning of the first orders were issued in Atlanta for an evacuation that night, and though confided at first to the army commanders alone, and to those citizens whose welfare they had especially at heart, it was blown over the city by the afternoon, and fell like a thunder-clap upon the unsuspecting inhabitants, who but a day or two ago had been hilarious over the withdrawal of Sherman. They thought him foiled, and put to a last trump of building railroads and, possibly, digging canals. Every vehicle in the city was brought into requisition by fugacious families. Negroes, free and bond alike, were arrested and started south on foot. Shopkeepers packed up their scanty wares, or found places where they concealed them. The confusion intensified as night came on, and I am told that the scene beggared description. The faces of most of the citizens wore a look of despair as they turned their backs upon their homes, from which they were driven so unexpectedly. The streets were cluttered with wagons, tottering under hasty, ill-adjusted loads; the sidewalks swarmed with two classes —the fugitives and the wreckers. For be it known that in the last hours of the rebel occupation of Atlanta, thousands of the lower classes, who proposed to remain, fell to plundering the abandoned houses and stores as soon as their owners disappeared. Staff officers dashed from point to point with gloomy faces, while drunken soldiers brawled along the banquettes, and cursed alike the citizens they encountered and the patrols that dragged them to their commands. What pen can do justice to the scene of rapine, of anguish, of terror, of stealthy riot and brutality, which had risen through the thin crust, barely hiding the hideous elements that go to make up Southern society in the fourth year of Jefferson Davis.

With railroads cut on all sides, the trains in Atlanta, consisting of eighty-three cars and seven locomotives, could not be saved. The cars were loaded with the ammunition in Atlanta, and divided into four trains. They were taken out on the Augusta railroad, about a mile from the city, where the engines were detached and dashed into each other at the highest speed. The cars were fired, and for about an hour the most appalling explosions ensued, making the very earth tremble. The wreck of these cars has been visited by thousands since our occupation. Fragments of wood and iron were hurled to an immense distance, while the ground in the vicinity is torn up, blackened and scarred for hundreds of yards. Over one thousand bales of cotton, piled up in the southern suburbs of the city, were also given to the torch.

During the afternoon, Hood ordered what army provisions remained after filling his trains to be given to citizens, and considerable quantities were thus distributed. There were but six days' supplies for the army in Atlanta, and we found the report that Hood was subsisting his troops from hand to mouth, so long prevalent in our army, to be true. During the afternoon, specific orders for the withdrawal of Stewart's corps and the militia were issued, and about sunset the latter were withdrawn from the trenches. When they were fairly on the road, Stewart's corps followed, all being *en route* by midnight, except the cavalry, a brigade or two of infantry, and the pickets. These latter remained until the advance of the Twentieth corps neared the city on the morning of the second.

The explosion of ammunition was, of course, heard at the position of the Twentieth corps, but seven miles distant; and though General Slocum had received no intelligence of Sherman's great success, he was not unprepared to find Hood gone any morning, and the explosions convinced him that the withdrawal was taking place. He instantly issued orders to his division commanders, Generals Ward, Williams and Geary, to send out each a heavy reconnoissance at daybreak the morning of the second.

About one thousand men were detailed from each division, and at five A. M. pushed forward on neighboring roads leading into Atlanta, on the north and north-west. Encountering no

opposition, they pushed rapidly forward, and at eight o'clock came in sight of the rebel intrenchments, so lately peopled with enemies, but now silent and deserted.

Advancing rapidly, Colonel Coburn, commanding General Ward's reconnoissance, entered the enemy's works, encountering in the suburbs Mayor Calhoun, of Atlanta, and a deputation of the City Council. The former nervously presented a paper, surrendering the city and asking protection. Colonel Coburn refused to receive the paper for informality, and directed that another should be drawn up. Mayor Calhoun invited several of General Ward's staff to accompany him to the Court-house, where the document should be made *en regle*, promising at the same time to expel the drunken rebel stragglers, who were lingering in the streets, and were disposed to skirmish with our advance. He immediately took measures to effect the last, and accompanied by the officers whose names are offered in attest, he returned to the Court-house, and the following document was drawn up:

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, September 2, 1864.

Brigadier-General Ward, commanding Third Division, Twentieth Corps:

SIR: The fortunes of war have placed the city of Atlanta in your hands, and as Mayor of the city, I ask protection to non-combatants and private property.

JAS. M. CALHOUN,
Mayor of Atlanta.

Attest—H. W. Scott, Captain and A. A. G.; A. W. Tibbetts, Captain and A. D. C.; J. P. Thompson, Lieutenant and Provost-Marshal.

The preliminary formalities thus disposed of, our troops entered the city with music and flags, marching proudly erect. The inhabitants looked on sullenly for the most part, though there were an over-proportion of females who held their smiles, like other favors, at a cheap rate. Some peered timidly from behind blinds; others ate their humble pie morosely and unflinchingly on the street corners; and, no doubt, some innocent old ladies were duly concealed in impracticable places, to avoid a fate which they flattered themselves was imminent. A fine flagstaff was found on the Franklin Printing House where the Memphis Appeal has been printed; the Stripes and Stars were soon flung to the calm, sunny air, amid the cheers of the brave men who had fought for so many weary, consuming days to place it there.

General Slocum established his headquarters at the Trout House, the leading hotel of the city, overlooking the public square.

In the forts around Atlanta eleven heavy guns, mainly sixty-four-pounders, were left by the enemy. They were too heavy for speedy removal, and fell into our hands, still mounted in position and without serious injury. About three thousand muskets, in good order, stored in various parts of the city, were found; also three locomotives in running order, which seem to have been overlooked. Large quantities of manufactured tobacco (which now forms part of the rebel soldier's ration), were discovered, and will, no doubt, be appropriated for the use of the army. Between one and two hundred stragglers, the majority of them very drunk, were fished from their hiding-places and placed under guard at the Court-house. Some of our convalescent wounded, disguised as rebel privates, fell into our hands. The uniforms were furnished by humble Union people in the city, of whom, if we may believe the masqueraders, there are several hundred, whose faith has been well-attested by constant attentions to our wounded prisoners—so constant, in fact, that the authorities grew jealous, and finally denied citizens access to the hospitals.

From first impressions I should say that not more than one eighth of the inhabitants remain, and those almost exclusively of the humbler class. There are a goodly number, however, who have cut the Confederate cause, and who have been long awaiting the opportunity. Nearly all of the local railway employes remain. They are already snuffing the chances of employment under the new *regime*. One thing has struck me in conversation with the citizens. They evidently have not the slightest idea that we shall ever relax our hold upon Atlanta. Our reputation for tenacity is at the highest among these newly-acquired inhabitants of Lincolndom.

The city is larger than I anticipated, its extent indicating that it contained, before the siege, a population of twenty thousand. It has a look of newness indigenous to railway centres; but it is well built, and has more solidity than nine tenths of cities that owe their rise to the reflective habits of the man who thought turned wheels would produce locomotion. Many of the residences, especially as you leave the centre of the city, have the florid ornamentation of the Gothic and Italian villa, and are very fresh and pretty in their uniform white paint and shrubbery surroundings. In the business quarter the buildings are of brick, compact and lofty, and of modern architecture.

The depot is, as it has a right to be, in the centre of the city. It is commodious, and though needing paint, is in good repair, save the ticket offices, which need glazing and refitting. Adjoining the depot is a public square, containing about three acres of ground. It is now encumbered with estray hospital bunks, broken boxes, miscellaneous *débris*, flanked (which is reversing the usual order) by little patches of sward. Several young poplars shoot up slenderly, but their aspiring trunks are so begnawn that I fear the wandering animals around them will complete the work of chewing them down. The "square" is surrounded by an open board fence, strangely intact.

There are several good-looking churches, the most handsome of them being near neighbors in a cluster, a square from the depot. The

Court-house is a fair specimen of the American public building. It has one green block, all to itself, and a handsome cupola. The streets are not regularly laid out, shooting out occasionally at acute angles, and only the leading ones are paved. The others are firm and hard, but I fancy, from the texture of the soil, that mud must be abundant in the rainy season. Save the three or four blocks in the centre of the city, the houses are straggling, with spacious yards and gardens; not straggling enough to render the distances magnificent, but yet not unpretending.

Altogether, Atlanta has an exceedingly brisk and "citified" air. Its business has been large, as one can tell by studying the sign-boards, than which, perhaps, no better method exists of gauging the spirit and enterprise of a town. The stores are well fitted up, and several of the larger ones look distinguished, even in their emptiness. The hotels, three or four in number, are spacious, but decidedly the worse for wear. With the exception of the Trout House, they are nearly empty; and the latter is by no means in thorough running order.

The ruins of several large buildings, by fire, are observable on the principal streets. Some of them are of ancient date, and but one, citizens say, resulted from our firing. The extensive car-shops have not been destroyed, but their machinery was sent, two months ago, to Macon and other points. None of the buildings in the city were fired at the evacuation.

As a point of recuperation to the army sick and wounded, of repair of material, and as a depot of supplies, Atlanta will be of inestimable value in the future military operations in the South.

Hardly a house in Atlanta has escaped damage from the shells which, for over a month, have been hurled at it. I have known a single battery to throw nine hundred shells into the city, between dark and daylight. This was largely in excess of the average; but the shelling has been very heavy throughout. The majority of the roofs in the city are torn, and the walls scarred. About half a dozen fires resulted from the firing. In the room where I slept last evening, the wall was garnished with a ragged orifice, made by a fragment of shell, and in the adjoining apartment was a chair, partially demolished by the same irate messenger. My hostess tells me that she didn't mind the shell a bit; but as she forgot, as she admitted, a moment after, that she had of late cooked breakfast in the cellar, we must perforce take the first assertion *cum grano salis*. The damage to life and limb was confined to women and children—if we may believe report.

The railroads from the east enter the city through a deep cut, which is bridged over at the junction of streets. In the sides of this cut numerous caves are excavated, which bear marks of constant use. Some of them have traverses to protect the entrance, for, in the words of the cockney: "You cawn't most always tell in this blarsted country" in which direction the savage explodent purposes to fly. One must look, however, for the ravages of the shells, as the damage done by them is insignificant. They certainly made the town uncomfortable, but not sufficiently so to induce even partial evacuation by the inhabitants. Our makers of ammunition seem to improve, as report has it that nearly every one of our shells exploded.

The fortifications of Atlanta run just on the verge of the city, excluding in one or two places what might be termed the extreme suburbs. The parapets are heavy, and strengthened at frequent commanding points by regularly-bastioned forts, the ditches of which are from eight to ten feet deep. In front of the parapet are successive lines of abatis and *chevaux de frise*, from three to seven in number. The works on the west run down to East Point, and are built not over fifty yards from the railroad they are designed to cover. Two of the forts on this side are models, and splendidly finished. Near East Point new works were in course of erection. The enemy had evidently been working on them two or three days before the evacuation, showing that Sherman was expected to strike there. It is enough to say that the entire chain of defences to Atlanta is impregnable to any assault less deliberately prearranged than that which carried Sebastopol. The carnage of a determined assault must have been awful, and the result by no means certain.

I noticed on entering the city, some females walking leisurely homeward with armfuls of boxes, containing, doubtless, what might be ungallantly termed plunder. A citizen, on opening his store this morning, discovered eight empty barrels which had, the previous night, contained salt. Many of our soldiers, wandering along the streets, are certainly a little inquisitive as to the *débris* of deserted stores, but I don't believe our men are much given to pilfering the chloride of sodium, of which, under the most unfavorable circumstances they get more than they want, in various guises. One shopkeeper says the confounded women have taken his salt, and his acquaintance with the fair sex of Atlanta not being of recent growth, his opinion is entitled to weight.

The Twentieth corps and its commanders deserve the highest praise for quiet, orderly, and soldierlike conduct since the occupation. The Second Massachusetts has been detailed for provost duty in the city, and its Colonel, Cogswell, is the Provost-Marshal. I observed a lot of soldiers this morning, endeavoring to force an entrance into a store for tobacco, which is the only instance of misbehavior that came under my observation.

I have diligently inquired, since entering Atlanta, in quarters likely to be well informed, as to the past and present strength of the rebel army opposing Sherman. Johnston had at Dalton, last spring, just before Polk's reinforcement of thirty thousand, fifty-eight thousand of all arms. During the campaign, this aggregate, seventy-eight thousand, has been reduced nearly

one half, leaving Hood not over forty-eight thousand regular troops of all arms. Of militia, six thousand were collected at Atlanta, and about four thousand at Macon. Militia included, Hood probably could not muster over sixty thousand men previous to the late movement. I am pretty certain this will not vary five thousand from the morning reports of Hood's force.

Their rations for many weeks have been confined to corn-meal, bacon, and occasional issues of fresh beef. The grumbling in their army on account of the scanty supply-table has been both loud and deep.

About a mile of track was found destroyed near the city. Our indefatigable construction corps relaid it in a few hours, and at ten o'clock this morning two trains arrived, emptying their fiery lungs, as they thundered through the city to the depot, of one fierce, long-protracted, salutatory shriek. Captain John Blair's anaconda of bread and bacon, which follows up our conquests so closely that it has, figuratively speaking, been repeatedly ordered off the skirmish line, is ready to lard the lean depots of Atlanta with the riches of the United States supply-table. Just think of the aroma of coffee floating around the starveling atmosphere of the military store-houses of the Gate City, which are redolent now of musty corn-meal, rusty bacon, mingled with a vile, indefinable odor of general decay, which should be recognized as the national smell of the Confederacy.

Captain Van Duzer, Superintendent of Military Telegraphs, as soon as he became convinced of the fall of Atlanta, ran through his lines to the city, and instructed an operator to transmit the glad intelligence to Washington, via Cumberland Gap—Wheeler having destroyed the wires between Nashville and Chattanooga. At one of the repeating stations the operator interrupted the message by asking "Is this another *Furay?*" The query was, in an electrical way, warmly resented. The despatch passed on, and an answer was received from the War Department four hours after our forces entered the city.

We know of no more modest way, or one more likely to prove convincing to those who claim to think that the fall of Atlanta involves Sherman in fresh difficulties, than to permit the rebels themselves to express their opinion of the matter.

GENERAL T. J. WOOD'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION AND ARMY CORPS,
ATLANTA, GA., Sept. 10, 1864.

SIR: The opening of the grand campaigns in the spring of 1864 witnessed a new phase in our military combinations. Previously dispersions of our troops, and of course of our efforts, had been the order of the day; for the campaign of the spring and summer of 1864 consolidation of our troops had been wisely resolved on. In conformity with this principle of concentration, large masses of troops were collected in and near the north-western angle of Georgia in the latter part of April, for the summer campaign into this state. The division which I have the honor to command, being the Third division, of the Fourth Army Corps, Army of the Cumberland, constituted a part of the troops so assembled; and it is the object of this report to present a faithful history of the part it bore in the great campaign, which, extending over the long term of four months of continued effort and struggle, finally resulted most gloriously to our arms in the capture of Atlanta.

At twelve M. on the third of May ult., the division broke up its encampment at McDonald's station, near Cleveland, on the East Tennessee railroad, and marched southward toward Catoosa Springs.

On the fourth of May the divisions of the Fourth corps were concentrated at the Springs. As the troops approached the Springs a light party of hostile cavalry was encountered, but it fled immediately before the onward movement.

May the fifth and sixth, the divisions, with the other troops, remained in camp. May seventh the onward movement was resumed, the First division of the corps leading. A few hours' march led to Tunnel Hill. This is a strong position, and it had been supposed the enemy might attempt a serious opposition to our further progress; but it was found to be occupied only by cavalry, which was quickly driven off by the light troops of the First division. The Hill was soon occupied by the First and Third divisions, the former on the right, the latter on the left.

During the evening of the seventh, an order was received directing the First and Third divisions of the Fourth corps to make a demonstration at six o'clock the following morning against Rocky-Face Ridge, to cover and facilitate the operations of other troops against Buzzard's-Roost Pass. Rocky-Face is a bold ridge rising some five hundred feet above the general level of the country, and running from a little east of north to west of south. The crest of the ridge is a sheer precipice of solid rock, rising in height from twenty to sixty feet.

To carry the crest by a direct movement, when occupied by the enemy, was an impossible undertaking. Hence the demonstration was ordered to be made with a skirmish line, supported by solid lines. Buzzard's-Roost Pass is a gap in Rocky-Face Ridge through which the Atlantic and Western railway passes. It is a very formidable position from its topographical features, and these had been strengthened by heavy intrenchments. The enemy held the northern entrance of the Pass in force, and had the remainder of his troops disposed thence through the pass to Dalton, on the crest of the ridge, and on the roads passing east of the ridge to Dalton. The entire position, with its strong natural advantages strengthened by defensive works, was impregnable against a direct attack.

The demonstration, commenced by the division on the eighth, was continued throughout the day, and almost continuously on the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and to noon of the twelfth, and although it was intended simply as a diversion, and was made with the skirmish line, a considerable number of casualties attest the vigor with which the demonstration against the rugged height was made.

The impregnability of the enemy's position against a direct attack having become thoroughly patent during the afternoon and night of the eleventh, a movement was commenced by all the forces in front of the enemy, less the Fourth corps, to unite with the Army of the Tennessee, and pass to the south and rear of the enemy.

Having discovered the withdrawal of our forces, the enemy, on the afternoon of the twelfth, commenced a counter-movement, the object of which was to turn our extreme left, then held by the cavalry under General Stoneman, and the Second division of the Fourth corps (General Newton's). The movement was early discovered by the signal-officers on the north-eastern point of the crest of Rocky-Face Ridge. General Newton reported his position as perilous, and asked for assistance. I immediately moved the First and Third brigades of the division to his support; but the reinforcement was not, in the end, needed, as the enemy after a bold display of force, and apparently initiating a movement which, if boldly pushed, might have seriously interfered with our plans, drew off without bringing matters to an issue. During the night of the twelfth, the enemy evacuated Buzzard's-Roost Pass, the crest of Rocky-Face, his defensive works on the roads east of the ridge, and at Dalton. Early on the morning of the thirteenth, I moved with the First and Third brigades, following the Second division into Dalton, by the roads east of Rocky-Face Ridge. The Second brigade followed the First division through Buzzard's-Roost Pass. Thus was the enemy forced from the first of the series of strong defensive positions which he had occupied to resist the progress of our arms into Georgia.

Halting a brief time in Dalton to unite all its parts, the Fourth corps soon continued its march southward, and camped for the night several miles south of that place.

The march of the day was made without any serious opposition. A few of the enemy's stragglers were picked up, and some light parties covering his retreat encountered.

The forward movement was resumed early the morning of the fourteenth. A march of a few miles effected a junction between the Fourth corps and the remainder of our forces. It had been discovered that the enemy had occupied a strongly-intrenched position in the vicinity of, and north-west of Resaca. Dispositions were at once made to attack. The First and Second brigades of my division were deployed in order of battle in two lines, the former on the right, the latter on the left. The Third brigade was placed in reserve. Thus arranged, at the order, the line gradually advanced. By the contraction of our entire front, as it closed on the enemy's position, the First brigade of my division was forced out of line, and took position, immediately in rear, but following up the movement.

In the advance, the Second brigade soon encountered the enemy's front line, which was rudely barricaded with logs and rails. This was handsomely carried, and the brigade pushed boldly on until it confronted, at not more than two hundred and fifty yards' distance, the enemy's second and far more strongly-intrenched line. It was problematical whether this line could be carried by even the most determined assault, such was its natural and artificial strength. The assaulting force would have been compelled to pass for two hundred and fifty yards over an open field, without the slightest cover, exposed to the most deadly and galling direct and cross-fire of artillery and musketry.

To hold out the least hope of a successful assault, it was necessary that it should be made simultaneously throughout the lines.

With a view to making necessary dispositions, the Second brigade was halted; and to guard it against the dangerous consequence of a counter-attack in force (such as fell the same afternoon on a brigade of another division of the corps), its front was at once strongly but rudely barricaded. About four P. M., I received an order from Major-General Thomas, commanding the Army of the Cumberland, to relieve the brigade of Colonel Reilly, of General Cox's division of the Twenty-third Army Corps. This was promptly executed by the First brigade, General Willich's, of my division.

This disposition brought the First brigade into line, immediately on the right of the Second brigade, and in like proximity to the strongly-intrenched positions of the enemy. The brigade immediately barricaded its front securely. The Third brigade remained in reserve in an intrenched position, whence it could afford support to the front, as well as check-mate any movement of the enemy to swing into our rear by turning our extreme left. This position was maintained during the remainder of the afternoon; good roads were cut to the ammunition train in rear, and a fresh supply of ammunition brought to the front. Early in the morning of the fifteenth, an order was received for a grand advance of the whole line at eight A. M. The two brigades in line were at once instructed to be fully prepared for the movement, but the order for it never came.

Late in the forenoon, intimation was received from Major-General Howard, commanding the Fourth corps, that an attack was to be made on the extreme right of the enemy's position, by the Twentieth corps, accompanied by an order to observe closely its effect on the enemy's centre, nearly opposite to which the First and Second brigades were posted, and if any weakening or shaking of his lines was observed, to at

tack vigorously. Whatever may have been done on the enemy's extreme right, no material effect therefrom was perceivable in his centre. But with a view to determining more certainly and satisfactorily the condition of the enemy directly in front of my two brigades in line, about four P. M. they were advanced against the enemy's line, with such a terrific direct and cross-fire of musketry and artillery sweeping over the open field which divided the hostile lines, as to show most conclusively, that wherever else the enemy might be weak, there, certainly, he was in full force.

Fortunately, the condition and strength of the enemy was discovered before the brigades were deeply or dangerously committed to the assault, which enabled them to be withdrawn without the very heavy loss, which at one time seemed so imminent. A short time after this movement, Brigadier-General Willich, commanding First brigade, was seriously wounded by a rebel sharpshooter, and was borne from the field. He has never since rejoined the command. I was thus early in the campaign, deprived of the services of a gallant and energetic officer.

During the night of the fifteenth, the enemy evacuated the position in and around Resaca, and retreated south of the Oostanaula. This was the second strong position from which the enemy had been forced. The many small arms and other articles of military use abandoned, showed that his retreat was precipitate.

The casulties of the command from the opening of the campaign to the evacuation of Resaca were: Killed, eighty-one; wounded, three-hundred and forty-eight; total, four-hundred and twenty-nine. Pursuit was made early the morning of the sixteenth, and during the day the whole of the Fourth corps passed the Oostanaula (having repaired for this purpose a part of the partially-destroyed bridge), and encamped for the night near Calhoun. The pursuit was renewed early the morning of the seventeenth, my division moving along the railway. Throughout the march, a continued skirmish was kept up with the parties covering the enemy's rear, but these were rapidly driven before the steady and solid advance of the skirmish-line of the division. At Adairsville, however, the enemy was in heavy force; indeed, it was subsequently learned that his entire army was assembled there. My division had advanced on the western side of Othkaluga creek, and in the vicinity of Adairsville met a heavy force of the enemy, strongly and advantageously posted, while the remainder of the corps, which had advanced on the other side of the creek, had earlier met a still heavier force, and been checked. A stiff skirmish at once occurred along the entire front of the division, which was kept up till nightfall. During its progress, however, I had bridges constructed across the creek, with a view to forcing a passage the following morning, but during the night the enemy retreated, The position in the vicinity of Adairsville is not naturally very strong, but it was very well constructed, and was the third fortified position abandoned by the enemy.

Pursuit was made the following morning (the eighteenth), my division leading. A slight opposition was made to our advance by light parties of cavalry, but these were rapidly scattered. The pursuit was continued on the nineteenth, the First division of the corps leading, followed by my division. The line of march lay through Kingston, and immediately south of this village the enemy was overtaken in force, apparently arrayed for battle. The First division of the corps was at once deployed into order of battle across the road by which we were marching, and my division deployed on its right.

Batteries were posted in eligible positions, to play on the lines of the enemy deployed in the open fields in our front. The artillery-fire was evidently effective, for the enemy very soon began to withdraw. Our advance was immediately resumed.

Within a mile and a half of Cassville, the enemy was again encountered, in an intrenched position. Our order of battle was promptly reformed, and the advance resumed, with a view to forcing our way into Cassville; but darkness falling suddenly upon us, it was necessary to desist from a further advance against an intrenched position over unexplored ground.

The Seventeenth Kentucky, which was deployed as skirmishers, to cover the advance of its brigade, suffered quite severely in the advance in the afternoon, more than twenty casualties in the skirmish line bearing unmistakable evidence of the sharp fire to which it had been exposed.

During the night of the nineteenth the enemy evacuated his works in the vicinity of Cassville, being the fourth intrenched position abandoned, and retired across the Etowah.

Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, the twentieth, twenty-first, and twenty-second of May, the troops rested quietly in camp. But it was a busy period for commanding generals and staff officers, preparing for the grand flank movement for turning the enemy's strong position at the railway gap in the Allatoona hills. Taking twenty days' subsistence in wagons, the entire army cut loose from its line of communication, crossed the Etowah river, and pushed boldly southward through a most abrupt and difficult range of hills. The movement was commenced on Monday the twenty-third. On that and the following day my division led the Fourth corps, but on the twenty-fifth was in rear. Those days' marches carried the army through the Allatoona range. Late in the afternoon of the twenty-fifth, the enemy was encountered in force by the Twentieth corps, when a sharp affair followed; it was not, however, participated in, owing to the lateness of the hour of its arrival in the vicinity of the action, by the troops of the Fourth corps. The morning of the twenty-sixth still found the enemy in our front. My division was early deployed into

order of battle on the left of the Second division, of the Fourth corps. The day was spent by my division in very brilliant and successful manœuvring, to determine the exact position of the enemy's intrenched line. To accomplish this, it was necessary to drive in his light troops, who formed a screen to his position. The ground was in some parts difficult to manœuvre on, and a deep spring had to be bridged, but the whole work was satisfactorily accomplished. The operations of the twenty-sixth having satisfactorily defined the position of the enemy's intrenched line, it was determined, on Friday morning, the twenty-seventh, that it should be assaulted, and my division was selected for this arduous and dangerous task. A minute and critical examination of the enemy's intrenchments rendered it evident that a direct front attack would be of most doubtful success, and certainly cost a great sacrifice of life. Hence, it was determined to attempt to find the extreme right of the enemy's position, turn it, and attack him in flank. In conformity with this determination, my division was moved entirely to the left of our line, and formed, by order of Major-General Howard, commanding the corps, in six parallel lines, each brigade being formed in two lines. The order of the brigades in this grand column of attack was, first, the Second brigade, Brigadier-General Hazen, commanding; second, the First brigade, Colonel Gibson, Forty-ninth Ohio, commanding; third, the Third brigade, Colonel Knefler, Seventy-ninth Indiana volunteers, commanding. When all the dispositions were completed (and these required but a short space of time), the magnificent array moved forward. For a mile the march was nearly due southward through dense forests and the thickest jungle, a country whose surface was scarred by deep ravines and intersected by difficult ridges. But the movement of the column through all these difficulties was steadily onward. Having moved a mile southward, and not having discovered any indications of the enemy, it was supposed we had passed entirely to the east of his extreme right. On this hypothesis, the column was wheeled to the right, and advanced on nearly a westerly course for about a mile and a half. The nature of the country passed over in this movement was similar in all respects to that already described. After the westerly movement had progressed about a mile and a half the flankers discovered that the column, in wheeling to the right, had swung inside of the enemy's line. It was necessary, to gain the goal, to face to the left, file left, and by a flank movement, conduct the column eastward and southward around the enemy's right flank. When all these movements, so well calculated to try the physical strength of the men, were concluded, and the point gained from which it was believed the column could move directly on the enemy's flank, the day was well spent—it was nearly four P. M. The men had been on their feet since early daylight, and, of course, were much worn. The column was halted a few moments, to readjust the lines, to give the men a brief breathing space, and to give the division which was to protect and cover the left flank of the column, time to come up and take position. At 4:30 o'clock P. M. precisely, the order was given to attack, and with its front well covered with skirmishers, the column moved forward. And never have troops marched to a deadly assault, under the most adverse circumstances, with more firmness, with more truly soldierly bearing, and more distinguished gallantry. On, on, through the thickest jungle, over exceedingly rough and broken ground, and exposed to the sharpest direct and cross-fire of musketry and artillery on both flanks, the leading brigade, the Second, moved (followed in close supporting distance by the other brigades), right up to the enemy's main line of works. Under the unwavering steadiness of the advance the fire from the enemy's line of works began to slacken, and the troops behind those works first began perceptibly to waver and then give way; and I have no hesitation in saying that, so far as any opposition directly in front was concerned, though that was terrible enough, the enemy's strongly-fortified position would have been forced. But the fire, particularly on the left flank of the column, which at first was only *en scharpe*, became, as the column advanced, enfilading, and finally took the first line of the column partially in reverse. It was from this fire that the supporting and reversing division should have protected the assaulting column, but it failed to do so. Under such a fire no troops could maintain the vantage-ground which had been gained, and the leading brigade, which had driven everything in its front, was compelled to fall back a short distance to screen its flanks (which were crumbling away under the the severe fire), by the irregularities of the ground. (It is proper to observe here that the brigade of the Twenty-third corps which was ordered to take post so as to cover the right flank of the assaulting column, by some mistake failed to get into a position to accomplish this purpose.)

From the position taken by Hazen's brigade when it retired a short distance from the enemy's works, it kept up a deadly fire, which was evidently very galling to the foe. The brigade was engaged about fifty minutes. It had expended the sixty rounds of ammunition taken into action on the men's persons; it had suffered terribly in killed and wounded, and the men were much exhausted by the furiousness of the assault. Consequently, I ordered this brigade to be relieved by the First brigade, Colonel William H. Gibson, Forty-ninth Ohio, commanding. So soon as the First brigade had relieved the Second brigade, I ordered Colonel Gibson to renew the attack. I hoped that, with the shorter distance the brigade would have to move after beginning the assault to reach the enemy's works, and with the assistance of the knowledge of the ground which had been gained, a second effort might

be more successful than the first had been. I also trusted some cover had been provided to protect the left flank of the column. This had been partially, but by no means effectually done. At the signal to advance, the First brigade dashed handsomely and gallantly forward up to the enemy's works. Men were shot down at the very base of the parapet. But again the terrible fire on the flanks, and especially the enfilading fire from the left, was fatal to success. In addition, the enemy had brought up fresh troops, and greatly strengthened the force behind his intrenchments. This fact had been observed plainly by our troops, and was subsequently fully corroborated by prisoners.

The First brigade, after getting so near to the enemy's works, and after almost succeeding, was compelled, like the Second brigade, to fall back a short distance, some seventy to eighty yards, to seek shelter under cover of the inequalities of the surface. Thence it maintained a sturdy contest with the enemy, confining him to his works, till its ammunition was expended. (I must observe that, owing to the circuitous route through the woods, with no road, pursued by the division, it was impossible to take any ammunition wagons with the command. After the point of attack had been selected, a road was opened and the ammunition brought up; but it did not come up until after nightfall.)

The First brigade had suffered very severely in the assault. This fact, in connection with the expenditure of its ammunition, induced me to order this brigade to be relieved by the Third brigade, Colonel Knefler, Seventy-ninth Indiana, commanding. Colonel Knefler was simply ordered to relieve the First brigade and hold the ground, without renewing the assault.

The purpose of holding the ground was to cover bringing off the dead and wounded.

Colonel Knefler's brigade at once engaged the enemy sharply, and confined him to his works.

Meanwhile, every effort was being made to bring off the dead and wounded. This was a work of much difficulty. The ground was unfavorable for the use of the stretchers, darkness was coming on apace, and the whole had to be done under the fire of the enemy.

Of course, under such circumstances the work could not be done with that completeness so desirable; and the subsequent evacuation of the enemy showed, from the numerous extensive places of sepulture outside of his lines, that many who were at first reported "missing" were killed in the terrific assaults.

It is proper to remark that when the Second brigade was relieved by the First brigade, a portion of the troops of the former retained their position near the enemy's works. So, also, when the First brigade was relieved by the Third brigade, a portion of the former held on near to the enemy's works. These gallant officers and soldiers remained on the field, bravely keeping up the conflict, till the Third brigade was drawn off at ten o'clock P. M. About ten o'clock P. M., the enemy, rushing over his works, pressed forward rapidly, with demoniac yells and shouts, on Colonel Knefler's brigade.

In the long conflict which the brigade had kept up it had expended its ammunition to within the last two or three rounds.

Reserving its fire till the advancing foe was only some fifteen paces distant, the brigade poured in a terrible and destructive volley, and was then handsomely and skilfully withdrawn, with the portions of the other brigades that had remained on the field, by its gallant and most sensible commander,

The enemy was brought to a dead halt by the last volley. Not the slightest pursuit was attempted. Thus ended this bloody conflict. It was opened precisely at 4:30 o'clock P. M., and raged in the height of its fury till seven P. M. From this hour till ten P. M., the conflict was still kept up, but not with the unabated fury and severity of the first two hours and a half of its duration. Fourteen hundred and fifty-seven officers and men were placed *hors de combat* in the action.

It may be truly said of it that it was the best sustained, and altogether the fiercest and most vigorous assault that was made on the enemy's intrenched positions during the entire campaign. The attack was made under circumstances well calculated to test the courage and prove the manhood of the troops. They had made a long and fatiguing march of several hours' duration on that day, immediately preceding the assault. The assault was made without any assistance or cover whatever from our artillery, as not a single piece could be carried with us, on a strongly-intrenched position, held by veteran troops, and defended by a heavy fire of musketry and artillery. Yet, at the command, the troops, under all these adverse circumstances, moved to the assault with a cheerful manliness and steadiness; no wavering on the advance, but all moved with a gallantry and dash that nearly made the effort a complete success.

After the troops had all been drawn off, and between ten o'clock in the evening and two o'clock of the following morning, the entire division was comfortably encamped, and by daylight securely intrenched. This precaution was the more necessary to protect the division against a sudden attack of overwhelming numbers, as it was in some measure isolated from the greater part of the army. The division remained in this position from the twenty-eighth of May to the sixth of June, varying it slightly by changes in the lines.

Constant skirmishing was kept up the whole time. On the thirty-first of May the rebel division of General Loring made a decided movement against the front of my division; but it was readily repulsed by the intrenched skirmish line. From prisoners subsequently captured it was learned that the rebel division had suffered severely in this demonstration.

Saturday night, the fourth of June, the enemy abandoned his position in the vicinity of New Hope Church, and moved eastward. This was

the fifth strongly-intrenched position evacuated. Monday, June sixth, my division, with the rest of the corps, moved eastward to the neighborhood of Mount Morris Church. June seventh, eighth and ninth, the division remained in camp. June tenth, the division moved with the corps southward, and took position in front of Pine-Top Knob. June eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth, remained in this position, constantly skirmishing, with a few casualties daily. Tuesday night, June fourteenth, the enemy evacuated Pine-Top Knob, returning to his intrenched lines half a mile south of it. Wednesday, June fifteenth, the Second division of the corps was ordered to assault the enemy's works, and my division was ordered to support it. However, the assault was not made, and the corps remained in the position of Wednesday afternoon throughout Thursday, June sixteenth, carrying on the usual skirmishing with the enemy. Thursday night the enemy evacuated his lines, crossed Muddy creek, and swung back toward Kenesaw Mountain. Thus was he forced from his sixth strongly-intrenched position. Early on Friday morning the Fourth corps followed up the enemy, my division leading. The day was spent in driving the enemy's skirmishers and outposts across Muddy creek. Saturday, June eighteenth, was spent in heavy skirmishing. Saturday night the enemy evacuated his seventh intrenched position, and retired to his works around Kenesaw Mountain. Sunday morning the pursuit was renewed, and the enemy pressed in on his works. Here the division remained from Sunday, June nineteenth, to Sunday, July third. Sharp skirmishing was kept up during the whole of this time, and the period was also enlivened with some brilliant affairs and other more serious operations. Some of these affairs are worthy of special mention. Late Monday afternoon, June twentieth, a portion of the First brigade, First division, lost an important position which it had gained earlier in the day. At noon on the following day the corps commander arranged an attack, embracing a part of the First brigade (the Fifteenth and Forty-ninth Ohio), of my division, and a part of the First brigade of the First division. The Fifteenth Ohio dashed gallantly forward, carried the hill which had been lost, and intrenched itself on it under a heavy fire of the enemy; while the Forty-ninth Ohio, moving further to the right, carried and intrenched another position of importance still further in advance. This brilliant success cost the regiments quite heavily; but it was useful in enabling us to swing up our lines to the right, and circumscribing the enemy to a narrower limit of action.

The remainder of the week was passed in pressing the enemy's outposts on his main lines; affairs which, estimated by their casualties, rose to the dignity of battles.

On the twenty-seventh of June, the Second division of the Fourth corps was ordered to assault the enemy's intrenchments, and two brigades of my division were ordered to be in readiness to support the assaulting column, and follow up any success that might be gained. Unfortunately the attack was not successful, and as a consequence no part of my division was engaged. Constant skirmishing wore away the second week in front of Kenesaw Mountain, and brought us to Saturday night, July second. On that night the enemy evacuated his position around Kenesaw Mountain, being the eighth strong line of works abandoned, and retreated south of Marietta. Sunday morning, July third, saw a renewal of the pursuit. Passing through Marietta, the enemy was found again strongly intrenched some five miles south of the town. July fourth was passed in the usual skirmishing with the enemy, and in driving his pickets with our skirmishers. During the night of the fourth, the enemy abandoned his ninth line of works, and retreated toward the Chattahoochee river. Pursuit was made early in the morning of the fifth, my division leading the Fourth corps, and such was the vigor of the pursuit on the road we followed, that the portion of the enemy retreating by this road was driven across the river, and so closely followed that he was unable to take up or destroy his pontoon-bridge. He had cut it loose from its moorings on the north side, but was unable to cut it loose on the southern side. Being under the guns of our skirmishers, the enemy was not able subsequently to get possession of the bridge.

Although the enemy had been driven across the river in front of the Fourth corps on the fifth of July, he remained strongly intrenched lower down the river, on the north side, in front of other portions of our troops, till Saturday night, July ninth. Yielding that night his tenth intrenched position, the remainder of his force passed to the south side of the river.

Tuesday, July twelfth, my division crossed the river at Pace's Ferry. Having reached the south side of the river, it remained quietly in camp, enjoying much-needed rest, till Sunday, July seventeenth. On that day it performed a critical and dangerous movement, in marching down the river three miles from its supports (with a heavy force of the enemy within two and a half miles of it, having good roads to travel on), to cover the laying down of a bridge and the passage of the Fourteenth corps. Happily the whole operation was a success. Late in the afternoon the division returned to its camp, three miles up the river.

Monday, July eighteenth, the advance was resumed, and my division encamped for the night with the corps at Buckhead. Tuesday, July nineteenth, I was ordered to make a reconnoissance with two brigades of my division to Peach-tree creek. Taking the First and Third brigades, I pushed rapidly to the creek, driving in the light parties of the enemy. The opposition was inconsiderable, and on approaching the stream it was found the enemy had previously burned the bridge, which must have been a considerable structure. The enemy was

found intrenched on the opposite bank of the creek.

About noon I received an order to force a passage of the stream and secure a lodgement on the southern side. I detailed the Third brigade, Colonel Knefler, for this service. The average width of the creek is about thirty yards, and the average depth about five feet. The crossing was effected in the following manner: One hundred picked men, fifty from the Ninth Kentucky and fifty from the Seventy-ninth Indiana, were selected to go over first and deploy rapidly as skirmishers, to drive back the enemy's skirmishers, seen to be deployed on the opposite bank. The brigade was moved down the stream some distance to a point below the enemy's intrenchments on the opposite bank. At this point a ravine leads down to the creek in such a way as to hide troops moving down it from the view of the opposite shore.

The pioneers of the brigade were each armed with a spade about thirty feet long, to be used as sleepers for the construction of the bridge, and the one hundred picked men each took a rail. Thus provided, these parties moved quietly down the ravine to the water's edge, and quickly threw the bridge over. The one hundred men passed rapidly over, deployed, and drove back the enemy's skirmishers. The brigade followed quickly, deployed, moved to the left, flanked the enemy's intrenchments, forced him out and captured some prisoners. As soon as the Third brigade had got across, the First brigade, higher up the stream, threw over a bridge, crossed, and joined the Third brigade. The two brigades immediately intrenched themselves strongly, and the lodgement was secured. The enemy resisted the crossing with artillery as well as musketry, but our artillery was so disposed as to dominate the enemy's. Owing to the manner in which the stream was crossed, as well as the rapidity with which the whole was accomplished, the casualties were small. Considering that half of the rebel army might have been precipitated on the troops which effected the crossing, and that the passage was made in the presence of a considerable force, it may be truly asserted that no handsomer nor more artistic operation was made during the campaign.

The Second brigade, General Hazen's, was ordered up from Buckhead during the afternoon, and as soon as the lodgement was made on the south bank, the brigade was put to work to construct a permanent bridge. The work was nearly finished by nightfall, and the remainder, by order of Major-General Howard, was turned over to General Newton's division for completion. Leaving General Hazen's brigade to hold for the night the intrenchments constructed by the First and Third brigades, on the south side of Peach-tree creek, I returned to the camp at Buckhead with these two brigades, to get their camp equipage, which had been left there when they moved out in the morning to make the reconnoissance.

Monday, July twentieth, my division was ordered to follow the First division by a road crossing the branches of Peach-tree creek above the junction which forms the principal stream. During the day the brigades were deployed, two on the northern side of the main stream, and the Third brigade on the southern side, for the purpose of closing up the gaps, in our general line. Tuesday, July twenty-first, was passed in constructing intrenchments, and in forcing the enemy back into his line of works intermediate between Peach-tree creek and Atlanta.

The day was marked by some very sharp skirmishing, which fell particularly heavy on the Third brigade.

Thursday night the enemy abandoned his eleventh line of intrenchments, and retired within his defensive works around Atlanta. Early Friday morning my division was pressing closely on the heels of the retiring enemy. Pressing closely up to the enemy's main line of works, my division took a strong position in the forenoon of July twenty-second, and intrenched it securely. This position, varied slightly by changes growing out of pressing the enemy more thoroughly into his defensive works, was maintained till the night of the twenty-fifth of August. During the whole period sharp skirmishing was kept up on the picket line, and throughout the whole time the division was exposed to a constant fire of shot, shell, and musketry, which bore its fruit in numerous casaulties.

During the period, also, many important demonstrations were made by the division, with the double purpose of determining the strength and position of the enemy's works and of making a diversion in favor of the movement of the troops. In some of these demonstrations the casualties, for the number of troops engaged, were quite severe. Several of them were graced with brilliant captures of the enemy's picket intrenchments.

On the twenty-seventh of July, Major-General Howard relinquished command of the Fourth corps to assume command of the Army of the Tennessee, rendered vacant by the death of the lamented McPherson. Replete with professional knowledge, patriotic zeal, and soldierly ambition, General Howard's administration of the Fourth corps was a happy combination of energy, zeal, and prudence, of enterprise and sound military views. He came among us personally a stranger, known to us only by his professional reputation. He left us regretted by all, respected as a commander, esteemed as a friend and loved as a comrade in arms.

The casualties in my division during that part of the campaign in which General Howard commanded the Fourth corps, amounted to twenty-six hundred and three officers and men.

Brigadier-General Hazen was transferred on the seventeenth August to the Army of the Tennessee. By this transfer I lost the services

and assistance of a most excellent brigade commander.

Though General Hazen no longer belongs to my command, I deem it my duty, as it certainly is a pleasure, to bear testimony to the intelligent, efficient and zealous manner in which he performed his duties while in my division.

During the late campaign his brigade was always ably handled, and rendered valuable service. In the battle of the twenty-seventh of May, leading the assault, it particularly distinguished itself.

At nine o'clock P. M., on Thursday the twenty-fifth of August, my division with the other divisions of the corps, withdrew from its lines in front of Atlanta, to participate in the bold, but dangerous flank movement which terminated, most brilliantly, in compelling the enemy to evacuate Atlanta.

Silently and quietly the troops drew out from the immediate presence of the enemy undiscovered. No suspicion of our designs or the nature of our movements seemed to have reached him.

The movement was continued nearly all night, when the troops were allowed to wait till daylight and to get their breakfast. About seven A. M., Friday, the twenty-sixth, our pickets reported some movement among the enemy, which was supposed might indicate an intention to attack—but it resulted in nothing important.

At eight o'clock A. M., our movement was continued and kept up through the day. Saturday, the twenty-seventh, the movement was resumed, and the troops moved steadily around the enemy's left toward his rear. Sunday, the twenty-eighth, the West Point railroad was reached. Monday, the twenty-ninth, my division was engaged in destroying the West Point road. Tuesday the thirtieth, the movement was resumed to reach the Macon railway.

It was considered certain that the destruction of this last line of his rail communication must inevitably compel the enemy to evacuate Atlanta. Wednesday, the thirty-first, my division leading the Fourth corps, and in conjunction with a division of the Twenty-third corps, made a strong lodgement on the Macon railroad. Early Thursday morning, September first, the work of destroying the road was commenced, but it was soon discontinued, so far as my division was concerned, by an order to move by the Griffin road in the direction of Jonesboro'. It was understood that two corps, Hardee's and Lee's, of the rebel army were concentrated there. My division being in reserve for the day, and in charge of the trains of the corps, did not reach Jonesboro' till nearly nightfall, and of course, had no opportunity to take part in the engagement which occurred there late in the afternoon. Arriving near the field a little before nightfall, I was ordered to mass my division in rear of the First and Second divisions of the corps, which were deployed in order of battle, and just then becoming slightly engaged.

During the night, orders were received to be prepared to attack the enemy at daylight the following morning; but when the morning came, it was found the enemy had retreated.

Sept. 2.—The pursuit was continued. The enemy was again intrenched across the railway, about two miles north of Lovejoy's station. I was ordered to deploy my division into order of battle, and to advance, with a view of attacking the enemy's position. The deployment was made as quickly as possible, and at the order the division moved forward. The ground over which the advance was made was the most unfavorable that can be conceived. Abrupt ascents, deep ravines, treacherous morasses, and the densest jungle were encountered in the advance. Having arrived near the enemy's works, and while the troops were halted to readjust the lines, I became satisfied that the most favorable point for attack in front of my division was in front of my left, or third brigade. I hence ordered the brigade commander to prepare to attack.

Thinking we had arrived at or near the right flank of the enemy's line, I went toward the left, to concert with the two brigade commanders next on my left for a simultaneous attack. To reach them, I had to pass over an open space which was swept by a sharp fire of musketry from the enemy's works.

I crossed this space safely in going over, saw the two brigade commanders, and made the necessary arrangements. As I was returning across the dangerous space, I was struck down by a rifle-shot. I immediately despatched a staff-officer to the brigade commander, to direct him to proceed with the attack. This was gallantly made under a sharp fire of musketry, grape, and canister, and the first position of the enemy carried, and about twenty prisoners captured; but the failure of the troops on the left to come up, whereby the brigade was exposed to a flank, as well as a direct fire, rendered a further advance impossible, though the effort to do so was made. The front line of the brigade intrenched itself in advance of the captured line of the enemy's works, and held this position till the final withdrawal of the army. The brigade suffered quite severely in the assault, especially in the loss of some valuable officers. Captain Miller, Assistant Adjutant-General of the brigade, was killed instantly. He was a most gallant, intelligent, and useful officer. His untimely death is mourned by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Colonel Manderson, Nineteenth Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey, Ninth Kentucky, Captain Colclaizer, Seventy-ninth Indiana, and other valuable officers, were wounded in the assault.

I remained on the field till I had seen my division securely posted, and finally reached my headquarters about eight P. M. The following morning the Commanding General of the Grand Military Division of the Mississippi announced the long campaign terminated.

But my division maintained its position in close proximity to the enemy, daily losing some

men in the picket encounters, till Monday night, the fifth, when it was quietly and successfully withdrawn. By easy stages, unembarrassed by the enemy, the division continued its march to this city, reaching here on the eighth instant. And here the division rests after the termination of the labors of the campaign.

If the length of the campaign, commencing on the third of May, and terminating on the second of September, with its ceaseless toil and labor, be considered; if the number and extent of its actual battles and separate conflicts, and the great number of days the troops were in the immediate presence of, and under a close fire from the enemy be remembered; if the vast amount of labor expended in the construction of intrenchments and other necessary works be estimated; the bold, brilliant, and successful flank movements, made in close proximity to a powerful enemy, be critically examined; and if the long line of communication over which the vast and abundant supplies of every kind for the use of this great army were uninterruptedly transported during the entire campaign be regarded, it must be admitted that the late campaign stands without a parallel in military history. The campaign was long and laborious, replete with dangerous service, but it was brilliant and successful. No adequate conception can be formed of the vast extent of labor performed by the troops, except by having participated in it. Whether by day or by night, this labor was cheerfully performed, and it affords me high satisfaction to bear official testimony to the universal good conduct of the officers and men of the division.

For the numerous instances of the good conduct of the officers and men deserving special commendation, I must refer to the reports of brigade and regimental commanders. To the various brigade commanders who have served in the division during the campaign my thanks are specially due for zealous and intelligent performance of duty, and hearty co-operation throughout. I have already noted that Brigadier-General Willich, commanding First brigade, was seriously wounded at Resaca. The command of the brigade devolved on Colonel Wm. H. Gibson, Forty-ninth Ohio, who performed the duties with zeal and ability till the expiration of his term of service, on the twenty-fourth of August. Colonel Hotchkiss, Eighty-ninth Illinois, succeeded Colonel Gibson in command of the brigade, and performed the duties well to the termination of the campaign.

Colonel P. Sidney Post succeeded Brigadier-General Hazen in the command of the Second brigade on the seventeenth of August, and thence to the end of the campaign performed all the duties of the position most zealously, intelligently, usefully, and gallantly. Since my injury Colonel Post has attended to all the field duties of the division commander, and performed them well.

Early in the campaign, Brigadier-General Beatty, commanding Third brigade, was disabled by sickness from exercising command of his brigade, and it devolved on Colonel Knefler, Seventy-ninth Indiana, and well and ably has he performed all the duties of the position. Cheerful and prompt when labor was to be performed, ready with expedients when the necessities of the service demanded them; gallant and sensible on the field of conflict, he has so borne himself throughout the campaign as to command my highest approbation.

It is due to the members of my staff that I should commend their good conduct, and confide them to the kindly consideration of my seniors in rank. To them by name I return my sincere thanks: Captain M. P. Bestow A. A. G.; First Lieutenant Geo. Shaffer Ninety-third Ohio Volunteers, Aid-de-camp; Major A. R. Y. Dawson, Fifteenth Ohio Volunteers, Chief of Out-posts and Pickets; Captain I. R. Bartlett, Forty-ninth Ohio Volunteers, Inspector-General; Captain C. K. Taft, Fifteenth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Provost Marshal; Second Lieutenant H. H. Townsend, Ninth Kentucky Volunteers, Topographical Engineer; Captain L. D. Myers, Assistant Quartermaster; Captain H. C. Hagdon, Commissary of Subsistence, and First Lieutenant P. Haldeman, Third Kentucky Volunteers, Ordnance Officer, all performed their duties well.

Captain Cullen Bradley, Sixth Ohio battery, was Chief of Artillery until the consolidation of the Artillery into a corps organization. For the intelligent manner in which he performed his duties, I offer to him my thanks.

Would that I could include in the foregoing list of my staff, the name of one other, who commenced the campaign with us, but whom the inscrutable ways of Divine Providence early called away: the name of Major James B. Hampson, One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio Volunteers.

Preparatory to the attack which was to be made on the twenty-seventh of May, it had been ordered that all the guns should be placed in position during the night of the twenty-sixth, and to open on the enemy's works early the next morning. One of my batteries was slow in opening, and I ordered Major Hampson to go to the battery, to hasten the work of preparation. While so employed the fatal shot of the sharpshooter was sped on its murderous errand, and Major Hampson fell, mortally wounded. He expired at four P. M., of that afternoon, happy in the consciousness of dying in his country's service. Young, ardent, intelligent graceful, gentle, and gallant, he fell in the early bloom of his manhood—a victim to an atrocious rebellion, a martyr to his devotion to his country.

During the campaign my division, in the various conflicts, captured sixteen commissioned officers and six hundred and sixty-six men, for whom receipts were obtained. Two million four hundred and twenty-eight thousand rounds of small-arms ammunition were expended during the campaign. Taking the mere strength of the division during the campaign, this number would give an average of four hundred and

twenty-one rounds per man. A report of casualties amounting to twenty-seven hundred and ninety-two officers and men killed, wounded and missing, is herewith appended.

Including so long a period of active operations, which were spread over so broad a field, this report is necessarily quite protracted; but it could not be compressed into narrower limits without doing injustice to the division whose services it is designed to commemorate. The reports of brigade and regimental commanders are herewith transmitted.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
Signed THOMAS J. WOOD,
Brigadier-General Volunteers, commanding.

GENERAL HAZEN'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION, FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS,
ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE,
EAST POINT GA., Sept. 10, 1864.

Lieutenant-Colonel R. R. Townes, A. A. G., Fifteenth Army Corps:

This division was commanded from the beginning of the campaign to the fifth day of August by General Morgan L. Smith, from that date to the day I took command by General J. A. J. Lightburn. For that period I have caused the Adjutant-General of the division who has been on duty with it all of that time, to make a report of the operations of the division, which, upon comparison with the reports of brigades and regiments, I find to be substantially correct.

I found the division August seventeenth, in the trenches in front of Atlanta, composed of two brigades, the First, commanded by Colonel Theodore Jones, Thirtieth Ohio volunteers, with nine hundred and seventy-seven effective aggregate for duty. The Second, commanded by Colonel Wells S. Jones, Fifty-third Ohio volunteers, with one thousand one hundred and seventy-three effective aggregate for duty, with two batteries of light artillery—Company H, First regiment Illinois light artillery, with three twenty-pounder Parrotts, commanded by Captain F. DeGrass, and company A, of the same regiment, with four twelve-pound light field-guns, effective aggregate of both for duty being one hundred and forty-one, making the entire strength of the division two thousand two hundred and ninety-one.

The division remained in the position I found it, about six hundred yards from the enemy, till August twenty-sixth, when at eight P. M. it moved with the corps in the direction of Fairburn, reaching the West Point and Atlanta railroad without opposition, at a point about thirteen miles from Atlanta, at twelve M., August twenty-eighth.

On the morning of the twenty-ninth, a squad of one officer and nine enlisted men of a Texas cavalry regiment was captured and brought in by Captain George M. Crane, Eighth Missouri detachment. The division, leading the corps, took up the march at seven A. M., the thirtieth, in the direction of Jonesboro', distant thirteen miles. After moving about five miles, we came upon a portion of Kilpatrick's cavalry that had been checked by two brigades of the cavalry of the enemy. Forming two regiments as a support to the skirmishers already made strong, they all advanced in conjunction with some troops of the Sixteenth corps on the right, the enemy giving way. As often as the enemy found time during the day, he endeavored, by making temporary barricades, and by the use of artillery, to check our column; but the march was kept up with but little delay the entire day, crossing Flint river, driving him from the other side, repairing the bridge and pushing to within one fourth mile of the town before dark. At this time we captured an infantry soldier from the enemy, who informed us that two divisions of Hardee's corps were before us, and that our lines were not over two hundred yards apart. This was also made probable by the musketry fire. The troops were here formed in line, the right resting on the Fairburn and Jonesboro' road, and extending north, and a good barricade made along their front. Early on the morning of the thirty-first, Colonel Theodore Jones, commanding First brigade on the left, was directed to seize and fortify a commanding eminence about one half mile to the front of his left. He had just gained it, when the enemy came also to occupy it. He held his ground, however, with a portion of his command, while the remainder fortified the position. It was found to be of the greatest importance, as it overlooked the entire front occupied by the enemy. Columns of rebel troops were now seen to be extending to our left, planting artillery and making all dispositions necessary to attack. As he extended beyond my left, and as my troops were formed in a light line, with considerable intervals, a brigade from the Seventeenth corps under Colonel George E. Bryant, Twelfth Wisconsin volunteers, and two regiments under Colonel William B. Woods, Seventy-sixth Ohio volunteers, were sent to me, and posted where most needed, where they afterward performed good service. I now had sixteen regiments in the line and one in reserve. No point of it could be given up without endangering the entire line. At two P. M., the enemy commenced a vigorous fire of artillery all along his line, and was soon after seen advancing his infantry. We had good works, and the attack was met with the most perfect confidence. He came on with two full lines, supported by troops in mass, coming in one place quite inside the works, and persisting in the attack for about three fourths of an hour, when he was completely repulsed at all points, and those who came too near captured.

We lost quite heavily in the trenches before the fight took place, but during the fight we had but eleven killed, fifty-two wounded, and two missing.

Of the enemy we buried over two hundred, captured ninety-nine unhurt, and seventy-nine wounded. We took also two stands of colors, and over a thousand stands of small-arms. I have

reason to believe that over a thousand of the enemy were wounded.

The division remained in this position during the fight of the Fourteenth corps on the first instant, participating in it from behind our works, and on the second moved forward to near Lovejoy's Station, remaining in position there till the night of the fourth, when it moved back to Jonesboro', and on the sixth and seventh to this point.

I learn from the records of the division, that it left Larkinsville, Alabama, in May, with three thousand four hundred and forty-one effective men. It has lost in the campaign:

Officers killed	21	
Men killed	195	
Total killed		216
Officers wounded	63	
Men wounded	1,166	
Total wounded		1,229
Officers missing	18	
Men missing	430	
Total missing		448
Grand total		1,893

The division has taken from the enemy six hundred and three prisoners, three stands of colors, two thousand and forty-one stands of small arms.

I have to render my warmest thanks to all the commanders, and their men, for bravery and good conduct. My staff, especially, who were strangers to me, have shown that devotion to duty which merits consideration. Captain Gordon Lofland, A. A. G., and Captain Geo. M. Crane, Eighth Missouri mounted infantry, commanding escort, were wounded while in the discharge of their duty.

To Colonel Theo. Jones, Thirtieth Ohio volunteers, commanding First brigade, I have to call especial attention, for close attention to duty, and a quick, efficient method of performing it. I believe the service would be benefited by his promotion.

Colonel Wells S. Jones, commanding Second brigade, has also shown close attention to duty, and bravery in executing it.

The artillery of this division, under Captain F. De Grass, has performed efficient service.

Brigadier-General J. A. J. Lightburn was wounded on the twenty-fourth of August, while near the lines of his troops, by a stray bullet from the enemy, causing him, for the present, to be absent from the front.

I would respectfully call attention to the marked and distinguished service of this division on the twenty-seventh of June at Kenesaw Mountain, and on the twenty-second and twenty-eighth of July, before Atlanta, with the hope, in behalf of the brave officers and men who participated in those engagements, that just and proper consideration be given to those who were present and can speak of what they saw.

Enclosed will be seen a sketch of the field of the thirty-first, also the accompanying reports of brigade and regimental commanders.

I must also ask the indulgence of my commanders for calling attention in this report to the subject of attacks of the front of an enemy in position. Since the accurate-shooting rifle has replaced the random-firing musket; since troops now, when in position, protect their persons by shelters against bullets, and since they can no longer be scared from the line, but see safety in maintaining it; and citing as an evidence of the disproportion of advantage in those contests, the battle of the twenty-eighth of July, when the enemy attacked under such circumstances, leaving of his dead in front of this division, three hundred and twenty, while he killed along the same front but twelve, and on the thirty-first of August, when he left over two hundred dead, and killed of us but eleven.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
W. B. HAZEN,
Brigadier-General.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GROSE'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION,
FOURTH ARMY CORPS,
ATLANTA, GEORGIA, September 5, 1864.

Capt. E. D. Mason, A. A. G., First Division:

SIR: In completion of my duties in connection with the arduous campaign just closed, I have the honor to report the part taken therein by my command, the Fifty-ninth Illinois, Colonel Post, Seventy-fifth Illinois, Colonel Bennett, Eighty-fourth Illinois, Colonel Waters, Eightieth Illinois, Lieutenant-Colonel Kilgour, Ninth Indiana, Colonel Suman, Thirty-sixth Indiana, Lieutenant-Colonel Cary, Thirtieth Indiana, Captain Dawson, Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, Captain Lawson, to which was attached battery B, Pennsylvania. Effective force, officers and men, about two thousand nine hundred. By orders from Major-General Stanley, Division Commander, we marched, with the balance of his command, on the third day of May, 1864, from our camp at Blue Springs, near Cleveland, Tennessee, to Red Clay, on the Georgia state line, and camped for the night.

May 4.—Marched with the division to Catoosa Springs, Georgia (with light skirmishing), for concentration with the army, where we rested until May seventh, when we marched with the corps, drove the enemy from, and possessed Tunnel Hill, Georgia. For several succeeding days we advanced upon, and ineffectually endeavored to drive the enemy from Rocky-Face Ridge, in our front. My position was on the left of the rail and wagon roads leading through Buzzard-Roost Gap, on the Dalton road. The

enemy had strongly fortified this pass and the the high ridge on either side. I had some previous knowledge of the position, and knew that it was impregnable to our assaults, but in obedience to orders, we frequently made the attempt with a heavy skirmish line, at which my loss was about forty men. Finally, a portion of our army having passed the ridge further south, on the morning of the thirteenth of May, it was found that the enemy had retired from our front, when I was ordered and moved in pursuit on the Dalton road, but soon came up with the rear guard of the enemy, and skirmishing commenced. We drove to and through Dalton; my forces (Ninth and Thirty-sixth Indiana), the first to enter the place so long a stronghold of the enemy. We continued the pursuit, and at about twelve M., three miles south of Dalton, on the Resaca road, we came upon the enemy, in line upon a high, wooded hill; as we approached he opened upon us with a battery of artillery. Our artillery was placed in position, and a heavy duel commenced across a large open farm, with a low valley between. The Ninth and Thirty-sixth Indiana, supported on the right by the Eighty-fourth Illinois, were ordered into line, and advanced across the valley "double-quick," under a heavy fire, ascended the wooded hill, drove the enemy from his barricades, and carried the place with very light loss. This was the last of our fighting for the day. We advanced a few miles to the right, entered Sugar Valley, and camped (with the corps in line), for the night.

May 14.—Early this morning, our corps moved toward the enemy's position at Resaca, on the right bank of the Oostanaula river, Georgia. At about twelve M., we came upon the enemy in position, about three miles from the river. The face of the country is rough and hilly, interspersed with small farms, but mostly heavy woodland, with thick underbrush. I was directed and put my command in position in double lines on the left of General Hazen's brigade of General Wood's division. The Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, Eightieth Illinois, Seventy-fifth Illinois, Thirtieth Indiana in the front line. The ground was too rough for the artillery to move with us. About one o'clock, General Wood informed me he was ready to advance, and I had received orders to advance in connection with his division. The other two brigades of our division were to have been in line on my left, but did not come up, and the lines advanced about two o'clock, my brigade on the extreme left of the advancing lines. We drove the enemy from the woodland, in which we formed, across a farm in my front, through another woodland, then over another small valley farm, and over a high, wooded hill beyond, upon which we were ordered to halt—a farm in a valley to our front, and the enemy fortified on the wooded hills beyond. Here I caused barricades to be constructed in front of my front line; late in the afternoon the other two brigades of our division came up, and took position on my left. The enemy, near night, advanced upon them, and drove them back. When I discovered them giving way, I immediately formed a line from my rear regiments, facing to my left, perpendicular to the rear, to protect the left flank of the main line. This new formation was made by the Fifty-ninth Illinois, one wing of the Eighty-fourth and Thirty-sixth Indiana. It was formed and ready for action, with skirmishers out, in less than ten minutes. Our batteries in the meantime, had been brought up and put in position, under the command and personal supervision of the gallant, brave, and lamented Captain Simonson, of the Fifth Indiana battery, on the left of this flank line, but the enemy moved rapidly forward toward and to the left of the batteries, with, as he thought, no doubt, a sure prize before him. But the ever-ready Major-General Joe Hooker was advancing with his corps at this point, and met the advancing enemy, engaged and drove him back with severe punishment. My front line was engaged at long range with the enemy while the fight with Hooker was going on. Night soon threw her mantle over the bloody scene, and all was quiet except continued skirmishing. In this day's battle, some of our bravest and best officers and men were among the fallen. My Acting Assistant Inspector-General, Captain Davis, of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, a brave, good soldier fell here.

May 15.—Major-General Hooker's corps advanced on my left, my left swinging around to assist; and a severe engagement ensued, in which we gained signal advantages, capturing prisoners and artillery, and the enemy had to retreat during the night, leaving most of his dead and wounded in our possession.

May 16.—We pursued the retreating enemy across the Oostanaula at Resaca, and advanced to near Calhoun, and camped for the night.

May 17.—Advanced, encountering the enemy's rear, with heavy skirmishing, to near Adairsville, Ga., and lay for the night. My command not engaged to-day.

May 18.—Passed Adairsville, the enemy retreating with light skirmishing, and camped for the night on the Kingston road.

May 19.—Moved on to Kingston, found the enemy in position; attacked and drove him; most of the Fourth corps engaged; my command captured enemy's hospitals, with property, &c., &c. Continued to drive the enemy, with heavy skirmishing and artillery firing on both sides, so at nightfall the enemy was driven into his prepared trenches on a high ridge to the south-east of Cassville. At this point we made a junction with the Twentieth Army Corps, Major-General Hooker, and during the night the enemy again retreated, crossing the Etowah river, seven miles distant, burning the bridges behind him. Our loss not heavy.

We rested in camp at Cassville until May twenty-third, when we marched, crossed the Etowah river to the right of the Atlanta road, and camped at Euharley.

May 24.—Marched to Burnt Hickory.

May 25.—Advanced toward Dallas, crossed Pumpkin-vine creek, rested in reserve in rear of Major-General Hooker's corps, while he had heavy fighting in front, late in the evening.

May 26.—Moved into position on left of Twentieth corps, pressed close upon the enemy's lines and fortified, four miles north of Dallas.

May 27.—Changed position to the left, relieving General Wood's troops. Close skirmishing all day.

May 28.—Advanced, drove in the enemy's outposts, and fortified.

May 29.—Advanced the battery to front line. Heavy skirmishing. During the night the enemy attacked, and was repulsed with severe loss.

We continued the varied scenes, some changes in position, with heavy skirmishing, until the night of the fourth of June, when the enemy withdrew from our front.

June 6.—Marched with the corps east ten miles, to within two and a half miles of Acworth, on railroad, where we remained with comparative quiet until June tenth, when we moved three miles south-east, and found the enemy in strong position on Pine Mountain, in my front. Skirmishing commenced and continued until the night of the thirteenth of June, when the enemy retired, and my brigade advanced upon the mountain early on the morning of June fourteenth. On this mountain is where Bishop Polk, General of the rebel army, fell, by a shot from the Fifth Indiana battery, under Captain Simonson. The battery was in position at the front and right of my lines. We pursued the enemy two miles to his new position, and found him strongly fortified.

June 16.—Advanced my lines of trenches with hard skirmishing. On this day we had the sad misfortune to lose the brave and gallant officer, Captain Simonson, our Chief of Artillery.

June 17.—The enemy again withdrew—we pursued—Wood's division in front—with heavy skirmishing.

June 19.—The enemy retired during the night; we pursued, my brigade in advance. At two miles we came upon the enemy, upon the east side of a large farm; my lines were formed for an attack. The Ninth and Thirty-sixth Indiana, Eightieth and Eighty-fourth Illinois, in the front line, advanced and drove the enemy from their position, and into their fortifications upon Kenesaw Mountain and the adjacent hills. My loss was severe, particularly in officers; Lieutenant Bowman, Thirty-sixth Indiana, fell mortally wounded, bravely leading his men in the advance.

June 20.—Contest continued, the enemy trying to hold, and we to drive him from, a swamp between our main trenches, in which we succeeded, but were compelled to abandon a portion of the ground because of a destructive fire from the enemy's artillery, bearing thereon from their main works. Upon the evening of this day, the Ninth Indiana, afterward relieved by the Fifty-ninth Illinois, were moved across the creek to the right, to assist the Second brigade (General Whitaker). I have learned by the newspapers that the enemy made seven unsuccessful assaults on the lines of this brigade at this point. I will have to refer to the reports of Colonel Suman, Ninth Indiana, and Colonel Post, Fifty-ninth Illinois, for the facts in the premises, as they participated in whatever fighting took place. In these two days the losses in my command were very heavy.

June 21.—On this day I was ordered to send my rear regiments to the right of the division, to support the First brigade in an attack and critical position, and accordingly moved with the Eighty-fourth and Eightieth Illinois, Thirtieth Indiana, and Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, to the position indicated, and placed them in reserve.

June 22.—Moved with whole brigade during afternoon and night two miles to the right, to support and relieve a part of the Twentieth corps. Took position in close proximity to the enemy and fortified.

June 23.—Was ordered and made an attack on the enemy's line, which was unsuccessful, and with fearful loss upon our skirmish lines, heavily formed. Lieutenant Hendricks, Thirty-sixth Indiana, an accomplished young officer, fell dead in this attack pierced by a Minié ball.

June 24, 25, and 26.—Heavy firing at the intrenched position of the enemy, four hundred yards distant.

June 27.—Heavy assault made upon the enemy's lines at various points; my command was in one line, all in the trenches, and was not to advance, yet suffered considerable loss. The assault failed, with heavy loss to our arms. Heavy skirmishing and artillery firing kept up on both sides until the night of the second of July, when the enemy retreated under cover of the night, and lost their hold and position on Kenesaw Mountain, and vacated Marietta.

July 3.—Pursued the enemy early; my brigade in advance. Fifty-ninth Illinois first to enter Marietta. Found the enemy in the evening, five miles from Marietta, on Atlanta road, strongly intrenched.

July 4.—Celebrated the national anniversary by a charge over a large corn-farm, carried the enemy's outer works, taking many prisoners, with a loss of eighty-nine killed and wounded in my brigade. Held the position until night, under the cover of which the enemy withdrew four miles to the Chattahoochee river. Captain Hale, brigade officer of the day, of the Seventy-fifth Illinois, one of the best officers in the army, fell here.

July 5.—Pursued the enemy, Wood's division in front, to the river. Continued skirmishing until July tenth.

July 10.—Marched five miles up the river.

July 12.—Crossed the Chattahoochee, marched down the left bank, and encamped at Powers' Ferry, in front of Twenty-third corps, with our corps; Thirty-sixth Indiana commenced and

built, while here, a trestle bridge over the river, which was completed on the sixteenth of July.

July 18.—Moved from Powers' Ferry, with corps, to near Buckhead, south seven miles.

July 19.—Advanced across Peach-tree creek, Seventy-fifth Illinois in advance; skirmished and drove the enemy from destroyed bridge, and rebuilt the same.

July 20.—Moved with division, Second brigade in front; crossed South Peach-tree creek; came upon the fortified position of the enemy, went into line on the right of the Second brigade, attacked the rifle-pits of the rebels, and carried the same, taking forty-three prisoners.

July 21.—Advanced my lines and fortified; skirmished all day. At night the enemy retired.

July 22.—Pursued the enemy at three o'clock A. M.; came up to him in his fortifications at sunrise, in front of Atlanta, Georgia, on the north, two miles from the centre of the city. Took position; the balance of the division came up on the left, Wood's division on the right. Here we intrenched; skirmished with the enemy daily; took up his picket lines twice, capturing most of them, until the twenty-seventh of July. Major-General Stanley being assigned to command the corps, I came in and assumed command of the division.

August 5.—Relieved from command of division, and assigned as Brigadier to the command of the brigade again. On this day, by orders from corps headquarters, the brigade attempted an assault on the enemy's works, and lost thirty-six men, among whom were the brave Captain Walker, of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, and the gallant young officer, Lieutenant Willard, of the Thirty-sixth Indiana.

August 22.—Marched at three o'clock, with six regiments, two miles to the left; struck the enemy's out picket line, drove them, captured eight prisoners, made demonstration, and returned, with small loss. On the fifteenth of August, the Eighty-fourth Indiana, Lieutenant-Colonel Neff, was transposed into my brigade, and the Fifty-ninth Illinois into the Second brigade. With frequent skirmishing and changes of lines and positions of regiments, this brigade substantially remained at the same position in the siege of Atlanta, from the morning of the twenty-second of July until the night of the twenty-fifth of August, when we received orders and marched to the right, seven miles, to Procter's creek, and rested until daylight on the morning of August twenty-sixth, when, starting at eight o'clock A. M., we moved with the corps seven miles south, across Utoy creek, and camped for the night.

August 27.—Marched, with corps, four miles south, to Camp creek, and camped.

August 28.—Marched south-east three miles, to Red Oak station on West Point railroad, striking this road twelve miles south-west from Atlanta.

August 29.—Lay still and fortified.

August 30.—Marched to Shoal creek, five miles.

August 31.—The Army of the Tennessee fighting to day in front and on west of Jonesboro', Georgia; our corps advanced east; met cavalry behind works on east bank of Flint river. My brigade was formed, Ninth Indiana, Eighty-fourth Illinois, and Eighty-fourth Indiana in front line, and with a strong skirmish line drove the enemy from their position, and advanced, Wood's division in front, Twenty-third corps on our left, and both corps struck the Macon railroad about four o'clock P. M., and fortified the position, my command in line on the right of the division, the Second division, General Newton, extending my right; our corps fronting south. All quiet during the night.

September 1.—Our division marched at six o'clock A. M., First brigade in advance, moving on the railroad toward Jonesboro', and under orders spent most of the day in destruction of railroad as we advanced. At about four o'clock P. M., the advance brigade of our division made a junction with the left of the Fourteenth corps on the railroad, at a point about two miles north of Jonesboro'. The First brigade formed in line, its right near or upon the railroad. I was ordered by General Kimball to prolong the left of the First brigade, which I did without halting, until my advance was checked by getting into a thick bramble of underbrush and a swamp in a dense woodland, through which it was impossible to ride, and the enemy with a heavy skirmish line in our front, and his artillery in reach playing upon us, contributed to impede our progress. The course or direction when I entered the woods seemed to be about south, and, upon emerging from it, at a distance of a half to three fourths of a mile, the brigade to my right had shifted to the right to such an extent, that I had to move right oblique to fill the space, and my left swinging around so that when my lines came upon the lines of the enemy behind barricades, my front was about south-west. And by the time we got the lines straightened up and the enemy's skirmishers driven back, and the position of the enemy discovered, night came on. Yet my lines, Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, Eighty-fourth and Eightieth Illinois, and Ninth Indiana, in front line, pressed forward under a heavy canister fire from the enemy's guns to within three hundred yards of their barricaded lines. When the fighting ceased at dark, one of General Newton's brigades had moved up toward my left, and his skirmish line connected with the left of my front battle-line. The barricade of the enemy ceased opposite the left of my lines. During the night the enemy withdrew.

September 2.—At early day I advanced my brigade into the enemy's vacated works, issued rations, and marched in pursuit of the enemy on the road toward Lovejoy, my brigade in advance of our division, the Second and Third divisions of our corps in advance of me. At about one or two o'clock P. M., our advance came up to the enemy, and in the deploying of the column, I

was ordered and moved to the left of the railroad, about one mile and a half; formed my lines, Eighty-fourth Indiana, Eighty-fourth Illinois, and Seventy-fifth Illinois in front line, in a corn-field on the left of Colonel Knefler's brigade, of Wood's division, and advanced rapidly as the ground (very rough and hilly) would permit. We soon came upon the enemy in rifle-pits, about five-hundred yards in advance of his main works (heavy trenches), assaulted and carried the pits, taking most of the men in them prisoners. Our advance skirmishers went beyond these pits toward the main works of the enemy, but were driven back with severe loss. Much of the injury I received here was from the enemy's artillery with canister. Our artillery did not come up until next day, nearly twenty-four hours after the fight; my front lines maintained their positions at the line of these pits, and fortified during the night. Colonel Taylor's brigade soon came into position on my left. The loss in my command during these two last days was ninety killed and wounded; among the latter were: Captain Brinton, my A. A. A. G., severe wound in arm; Major Phillips, Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, arm off; Captain Fellows and Captain Taylor of the Eighty-fourth Indiana; all fell bravely at their posts.

September 3.—No change in position to-day, but much firing at each other's lines, with some casualties, which remained so until the morning of September fifth. When twenty-six miles east of south of Atlanta, in front of Lovejoy, a station on the Macon railroad, and seventy-five miles from the latter place, orders were received announcing that the campaign had ended, and that the army would fall back to Atlanta, rest for one month, and "prepare for a fine winter's campaign." Thus ended the most eventful and successful campaign in the history of the war. The enemy driven from Dalton, his stronghold, over rivers and mountains, natural strong military positions one after another were yielded up to the power of our arms, until the "Gate City," Atlanta, was at last vacated to the onward march of our brave and gallant armies. It is due to the officers and men of my command, to notice in terms of gratification to myself, and commendation to them, that better soldiers I never wish nor expect to command: all willing and ready to obey every order, without regard to fatigue, peril or danger, without halt or hesitation. Many acts of distinguished valor could be mentioned that came under my immediate notice, but they are so numerous it would be impossible to do full justice to all.

The effective force of my command monthly during the campaign was as follows:

May 30, 1864,	including	battery,	2,753
June 30,	"	"	2,739
July 31,	"	"	2,395
August 31,	without	"	1,979

The casualties of the campaign are as follows:

COMMAND.	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.		TOTAL KILLED AND WOUNDED.		AGGREGATE.
	Commissioned Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Commissioned Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Commissioned Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Commissioned Officers.	Enlisted Men.	
Fifty-ninth Illinois Volunteer Infantry	.....	10	1	53	.....	2	1	63	66
Seventy-fifth Illinois Volunteer Infantry	1	10	4	53	.....	.....	5	63	68
Eightieth Illinois Volunteer Infantry	.....	13	5	68	.....	.....	5	81	86
Eighty-fourth Illinois Volunteer Infantry	.....	12	1	74	1	.....	1	86	88
Ninth Indiana Volunteer Infantry	.....	17	8	87	.....	.....	8	104	112
Thirtieth Indiana Volunteer Infantry	.....	7	6	63	.....	7	6	76	89
Thirty-sixth Indiana Volunteer Infantry	3	9	2	52	.....	.....	5	61	66
Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry	2	7	6	77	.....	3	8	87	98
Eighty-fourth Indiana Volunteer Infantry	.....	3	3	24	1	.....	3	28	32
Battery B, Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteer Artillery	1	1	1	13	.....	.....	2	14	16
Total	7	89	37	564	2	12	44	663	711

This presents the bitter of such a brilliant campaign, and leaves many aching hearts, not only with families and friends at home, but these fallen heroes will ever be remembered and lamented by their comrades in arms, as the jewels sacrificed upon the altar of their country.

A change of provost-marshals inadvertently deranged the papers, so I am now unable to give an accurate list of the prisoners captured by my command during the campaign, but the probable number was about five hundred to six hundred. From my situation I have been unable to have the reports of regimental commanders before me, and will respectfully refer to them to be forwarded herewith, for more minute particulars, and for a list of casualties in their respective commands.

I am, Captain,
Your most obedient servant,

W. GROSE,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

FRANK BINGHAM,
Captain, A. A. A. G.

CAPTAIN L. M. KELLOGG'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,
FIRST SEPARATE DIVISION, ARMY CORPS,
LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, TENN.,
March 3, 1865.

GENERAL: I have the honor to forward report of detachment Eighteenth United States infantry, while under command of Captain Lyman M. Kellogg, Eighteenth infantry, from June fourteenth, 1864, to September first, 1864, and respectfully request that it be placed with the other reports of the regiment, and of the Second brigade, First division, Fourteenth Army Corps.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN H. KING,
Brigadier-General.

Brigadier-General W. D. WHIPPLE,
A. A. G. and Chief of Staff,
Department of the Cumberland.

CAMP EIGHTEENTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY,
LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, TENNESSEE,
February 25, 1865.

Brigadier-General W. D. Whipple, Assistant Adjutant-General, Department Cumberland:

I respectfully submit the following report of the operations of the detachment of the Eighteenth United States infantry, embracing sixteen companies of the First, Second and Third battalions, while under my command during the Atlanta campaign, from the fourteenth of June to the first of September, 1864, inclusive, and respectfully request that it be included in the reports of the detachments already received from Captains G. W. Smith and R. B. Hull. This report would have been rendered sooner, but for the fact that I was severely wounded at the battle of Jonesboro', Georgia, on the first of September, 1864.

OPERATIONS.

In front of Kenesaw Mountain the detachment lost, after I assumed command in the month of June, wounded, eight enlisted men.

July 4.—The detachment supported two batteries under a destructively severe artillery fire from the enemy. Also charged rebel line of skirmishers and drove them, thus causing or materially aiding in causing the whole rebel line to evacuate its position during the ensuing night.

July 20.—The detachment in the battle of Peach-tree creek was under musketry fire; also subjected to severe shelling.

July 22.—Intrenched within one and a half miles of Atlanta, Georgia.

Loss during July, 1864:

Commissioned officers,	wounded	3
Enlisted men,	"	21
" "	killed	1
" "	missing	1
Total		26

August 3.—The detachment deployed as skirmishers and drove the enemy s cavalry vedettes and pickets.

August 7.—The detachment assaulted the enemy's line of rifle-pits; the detachment of the Fifteenth United States infantry and Eleventh Michigan volunteer infantry supported detachment Eighteenth United States infantry, and very soon connected with it on its right, the whole being under my command, as senior officer on the field. Engaged with the enemy. After the first assault I took advantage of a ravine beyond the open field, over which we had driven the enemy, to reform the line, which had become partially disorganized, owing to the difficulties of the ground and the very severe flank and front fire, both artillery and musketry, which had been playing on us while driving the enemy across the open field. After I had reformed, I again moved forward with the Eighteenth and Fifteenth regulars, driving the enemy into their main works, and arriving with my line, composed of the regular regiments above mentioned, at the abatis close to the enemy's main works. The Eleventh Michigan during the second assault remained in position, protecting my right.

Had I been supported, and the enemy attacked by the division on my right, and by the brigade on my left, as I had been told would be the case, I am of opinion that the main line of works around Atlanta would have fallen on the seventh of August.

The forces under my command had been engaged from one o'clock P. M. until nearly dusk; nearly one third of my men had been put *hors de combat*, and I was almost entirely out of ammunition, not having had time to send to the rear for it, so that had I finally succeeded in entering the enemy's works, I should only have succeeded in turning my remaining small force over to the enemy as prisoners. We, however, successfully advanced our main line about half a mile, intrenching and holding it, taking three lines of rebel rifle-pits, and capturing a large number of prisoners, three hundred of them being credited to my command; a large number of prisoners were sent to the rear without a guard, not having men to spare, by my orders, and were taken up, I have been told, by General Carlin's brigade, which was undoubtedly credited with the number thus taken up. General Carlin's brigade, however, was not actually engaged, and did not, I am sure, capture a single prisoner. This assault was most successful and brilliant, and due credit should be given to whom it was mainly owing, viz.: the Eighteenth and Fifteenth regulars.

Loss during August, 1864:

Commissioned officers	wounded	2
Enlisted men	wounded	31
"	" killed	7
"	" missing	4
Total		44

September 1.—The detachment as a portion of the regular brigade, was most actively engaged with the enemy at the battle of

Jonesboro', Georgia. We assaulted the enemy's intrenched position in the edge of woods, moving in line of battle through an open, difficult swamp, across an open field, under the severest artillery and musketry fire, flank and front

It became necessary to reform the line, after crossing the swamp, and finding it almost impossible to get my men forward through the fire, I deemed it necessary to give them the encouragement of my example (as, indeed, I had previously done, especially on the seventh of August), and so rode in front of my colors, and caused them to be successfully planted on the enemy's works, jumping my horse over them, at the time they were filled with the enemy, being the first man of our army over the enemy's works. I was almost instantly struck from my horse, inside of the enemy's works, while cheering on my men, being severely wounded by shell and bullet. I however, held the works, and retained command for some minutes, until I was taken to the rear, in a semi-conscious state.

The detachment lost in this battle:

Commisoned officers wounded	3
Enlisted men wounded	30
" " killed	10
" " missing	7
Total.	50

A large number of prisoners were also captured by the Eighteenth regulars, in this battle.

The casualties in this detachment, during the Atlanta campaign, from May 2, 1864, to September 2, 1864, were as follows:

Commissioned officers wounded	10
Enlisted men wounded	166
" " killed	38
" " missing	17
Total.	231

I should be derelict in my duty, did I not most earnestly recommend for brevets the following meritorious and gallant officers, for distinguished bravery and conduct on the field of battle, viz.:

Captain G. W. Smith, Eighteenth United States infantry, for good conduct and gallantry on the fourth of July, 1864.

Captain R. B. Hull, Eighteenth United States infantry, for gallantry on the seventh of August, 1864; the same for great gallantry on the first of September, 1864.

Captain W. J. Fetterman, Eighteenth United States infantry, for good conduct and gallantry on the fourth of July, 1864.

Captain Ansel B. Deuten, Eighteenth United States infantry, for good conduct and gallantry on the fourth of July, 1864.

Captain Anson Mills, Eighteenth United States infantry, for gallantry and skill on the fourth of July, 1864.

Captain A. S. Burt, Eighteenth United States infantry, for gallantry on the first of September, 1864.

First Lieutenant Thos. B. Burrows, Eighteenth United States infantry, for gallantry on the seventh of August, 1864; the same for gallantry on the first of September, 1864, when he was severely wounded.

First Lieutenant James Powell, Eighteenth United States infantry, for gallantry on the fourth of July, 1864; the same for great gallantry on the seventh of August, 1864; the same for great gallantry on the first of September, 1864, when he was severely wounded.

First Lieutenant Frederick Phisterer, Eighteenth United States infantry, for good conduct and gallantry on the fourth of July, 1864; the same for good conduct and great gallantry on the seventh of August, 1864.

First Lieutenant Wm. H. Bisbee, Eighteenth United States infantry, for gallantry on the fourth of July, 1864; the same, for great gallantry on the seventh of August, 1864; the same, for good conduct and great gallantry on the first of September, 1864.

First Lieutenant Alfred Townsend, Eighteenth United States infantry, for gallantry on the fourth of July, 1864; the same for gallantry on the seventh of August, 1864, where he was severely wounded.

I am, General, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
L. M. KELLOGG,
Captain, Eighteenth United States Infantry.

REPORT OF MAJOR-GENERAL SHERMAN.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
ATLANTA, GEORGIA, September 15, 1864.

GENERAL: I have heretofore, from day to day, by telegraph, kept the War Department and the General-in-Chief advised of the progress of events, but now it becomes necessary to review the whole campaign, which has resulted in the capture and occupation of the city of Atlanta.

On the fourteenth day of March, 1864, at Memphis, Tennessee, I received notice from General Grant, at Nashville, that he had been commissioned Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States, which would compel him to to go East, and that I had been appointed to succeed him as commander of the Division of the Mississippi. He summoned me to Nashville for a conference, and I took my departure the same day, and reached Nashville, *via* Cairo, on the seventeenth, and accompanied him on his journey eastward as far as Cincinnati. We had a full and complete understanding of the policy and plans for the ensuing campaign, covering a vast area of country, my part of which extended from Chattanooga to Vicksburg. I returned to Nashville, and on the twenty-fifth began a tour of inspection, visiting Athens, Decatur, Huntsville, and Larkin's Ferry, Alabama; Chattanooga, Loudon, and Knoxville, Tennessee. During this visit I had interviews with Major-General McPherson,