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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME TWO

PART II—THE CIVIL WAR—*Continued*

LIEUTENANT TO MAJOR GENERAL, AND IN COMMAND OF AN INDEPENDENT ARMY

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

OLIVER OTIS HOWARD

MAJOR GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY

CHAPTER XXXV

BATTLE OF ATLANTA

IT was observed at the dawn of July 21, 1864, that the strong Confederate outworks in my front had been abandoned; and by pushing forward in the usual way we at last came upon the principal defenses of the city of Atlanta. They were made up of small forts or redoubts, fitted for pieces of artillery, which crowned the hilly prominences that faced in all directions.

Atlanta then looked to us like a hill city defended by encircling well-fortified hills. Curtains, more or less regular, ran along connecting hill fort to hill fort. All the redoubts, or forts, and the curtains were well made under the direction of an excellent engineer. The slashings, abatis, *chevaux de frise*, fascines, gabions, and sand bags were all there and in use. How could we run over those things when they had plenty of cannon, mortars, and rifles behind them?

Sherman brought the troops forward, advancing our lines to these obstructions, overlapping all intrenchments on our left. McPherson's army had two

corps in line, Logan's—facing Atlanta, and Blair's—carrying on his line bending back to its termination. Dodge's (Sixteenth Corps) was pretty well scattered; at first Sweeny's division, the Second (of Dodge), was near Logan's right. Fuller, commanding the Fourth division, only one brigade being present with General Dodge's headquarters, was encamped well back in rear of the center of the Army of the Tennessee—Sprague's brigade was guarding trains ten miles to the rear at Decatur, while the remaining brigade of the fourth division, H. J. McDowell commanding, was held as a reserve close in rear of Blair's corps. From Dodge's headquarters to Blair's left flank in a straight line was just about one mile.

Schofield's army bending westward was next to McPherson's, and Thomas's, beyond Schofield in a semicircular formation, embraced the Atlanta forts clear on to Sherman's extreme right.

As on his arrival Fuller was directed to support Blair, his force was depleted still more by having to send away, at Blair's request, pioneers and other detachments, but up to 12 M. Fuller was in that central rear position with one brigade, his trains, and Laird's Fourteenth Ohio Battery.

About eight o'clock the morning of July 22d McPherson told Dodge to send off his second division, Sweeny's, from the right of Logan to the left of the general line. The engineers were locating the left of the Seventeenth Corps, and, not being quite ready, Sweeny's division was halted *en route* along a road that ran nearly at right angles to Blair's position. Sweeny's head of column came near to Fuller's position. Dodge himself had been reconnoitering to find where Blair's left flank would finally rest.

Blair had two divisions—Leggett commanding one and Giles A. Smith the other. The occupation of Leggett's Hill brought one division so near to Logan's corps on its right, that Blair sent Giles A. Smith with his division to guard Leggett's left and rear, stationing his men along the line of the McDonough road, with the left flank refused toward the east.

Blair knew that there was an interval of a mile, nearly all woods, between him and Dodge, except that McPherson at the last moment had sent Wangelin's small brigade to watch that space. Sweeny had only halted till just the points he was to occupy should be determined. That halt and detention were indeed providential.

Just before noon McPherson and his staff were with Sherman at the "Howard House." This house on some maps is called "Hart House." It was a large, square, white structure near the junction of Logan and Schofield.

Sherman has recorded even the subjects of conversation at this interview. As they talked they heard some skirmish firing near them toward Atlanta; suddenly there was the duller sound of distant cannon off toward Decatur; what could that mean? Sherman took out his pocket compass to test the direction. The increasing sound was too far to the left rear to be accounted for by any known facts.

So McPherson, staff, and orderlies mounted and rode off to join Dodge where he and Fuller were together.

At 12 M. Dodge was lunching with Fuller. There were a few open farms in view, but the principal environment covering that uneven region was woodland. This these officers saw as they sat down to their fru-

gal meal, not a little anxious notwithstanding the unusual calm. Surely, this isolated position behind the brave Army of the Tennessee, with the able McPherson in command, was a safer one than any Dodge had held for weeks past—when they suddenly heard this same firing.

General Blair had been with McPherson that morning, just before McPherson started to see Sherman. Blair had then gone directly to his own headquarters not far away, when about 12 M. he heard that there had been an attack upon his hospitals, and that Colonel Alexander of his staff had taken a small company of mounted infantry and had gone there to defend them.

Sweeny sent men at once to reconnoiter between him and the Seventeenth Corps. The men sent ran across some Confederates advancing in the woods.

Dodge, on Sweeny's report, immediately comprehended the situation, and ordered Sweeny to face his lines east and south; he ordered Fuller to send a regiment to cover Sweeny's right flank. Sweeny was just ready when he was surprised to see Confederates emerge from the timber. The two batteries were part of Sweeny's fighting line, and every soldier's rifle was loaded.

Fuller, without waiting for orders, had, instead of a regiment, developed his whole force to the left of Sweeny as he faced rearward. Thus Dodge with two divisions became hotly engaged.

The Confederates were terribly shaken at the first fire; but they persevered. Their very momentum carried them beyond Dodge's command, and exposed their lines to a raking fire of artillery, to which two or three regiments of riflemen sent by Dodge, getting

a cross fire, added the effect of their rifles. The reason for this unexpected Confederate approach is as follows:

As soon as it was dark enough to get away from Thomas's front without endangering his columns from our artillery, Hood had caused his forces to march back through the city and pass on southward on the west side of Intrenchment Creek, and cross it far below the McDonough road near Cobb's Mill. Hardee then set out with three divisions, but Cleburne, who had been all day withstanding Leggett and Giles A. Smith, fell into his column; they moved on all night. Hardee's head of column, continuing the circuit far enough from Blair to escape attention, made northing and easting enough to be within five miles of Decatur by sunrise.

Fifteen miles by country roads or paths, or no roads at all, in a dark night, necessarily straggled out the columns of fours. It took considerable time to close up and get in order. The pickets toward Decatur found Sprague's brigade on the alert near that little town. Hardee did not know that our Garrard was gone, and before advancing, his right and rear must be properly cleared by cavalry, so he waited a while for Wheeler. A night march doubly fatigues all troops. Hardee very properly rested and refreshed his men. His deployed front, with its left tangent to the McDonough road, faced westerly. It covered the flank and rear of McPherson's entire force.

Hardee now deliberately began his march while Hood in front of Atlanta was holding the forts and curtains opposite Thomas and Schofield, freeing Cheatham's corps that it might help Hardee when the proper moment should arrive. The blades of the

shears would close and crush poor McPherson's entire command. The rivet of the blades would be at Leggett's Hill.

Hardee faced a forest; he entered it where generally no one could see twenty paces before him on account of the thickets and uneven ground. On he came for over two miles. Hardee's advance encountered some of McPherson's outmost pickets—came in sight of our Colonel Alexander's brave mounted escort near Blair's hospital and met a regiment protecting the hospital. This caused the first firing heard.

After the briefest interview with Dodge, sending his officers off with orders, McPherson, with a single orderly, just then thinking that the main attack would be upon Blair's left, hurried away down the road that led that way. He was passing through the yet unoccupied interval when the Confederate advance of Cleburne's division came upon him. He lifted his hand as if to salute, and then turned to ride away, when, under a hostile volley, he was shot and fell from his horse. His orderly was wounded, and became a prisoner. McPherson had with him an important order from Sherman, which first came into the hands of a Confederate soldier; but before long, as Fuller and Wangelin cleared that ground, the soldier was captured, with all the party that had taken to themselves McPherson's immediate belongings; and the remains of the much-beloved commander were very soon secured and brought in to Sherman by Colonel Strong, his inspector general.

General Blair himself was not far from McPherson. He said: "I saw him enter the woods and heard the volley which probably killed him." At once Blair notified Logan that McPherson was either slain

or a prisoner, and that Logan was the senior to command. The instant that Sherman heard of McPherson's fall he sent an order to Logan to assume command, and gave him stimulating and strengthening words.

But a little later Maney's Confederate division came against Giles A. Smith's flank and rear. Our pickets were displaced, our skirmishers driven in. The Confederates were following them in quick time, and their artillery so posted on a neighboring and very convenient ridge and so served as to add death and terror to the terrific assaults.

As his left was enveloped, Smith brought Hall's brigade, helped by Potts's, to better shelter, but lost 250 men and two field guns captured at the extreme point. It was hard maneuvering in such a storm!

Now over the south and east of these trenches, made to face the other way, the soldiers were arranged. They thus got some protection. They fired low, and as fast as they could; the enemy's ranks melted away, till scores were made to rush back to the woods. This went on till their fire was partially silenced.

General Smith sent out at once after the Confederates a strong skirmish line. It could now hold them back for a while. But there was hardly time to turn around. The attack swept in from the opposite quarter. Behind the main line of trenches, and also across the refused part, Hall's brigade was formed to face the foe, partly covered. Potts's brave men made a second line behind Hall's, without cover, and were ready to protect his left flank or to support him directly. I have never known better conduct in battle.

Again the Confederates were repulsed with heavy.

loss or flew to the trees for shelter against the unceasing rifle shots. Again, within five minutes, the Confederates from the rear, the first repelled, animated by their officers, came bounding on. Over the works again every unwounded Union soldier leaped, and, turning, fought that way.

The enemy having the cover of the woods could in many places approach within fifteen or twenty yards of our works without discovery. Regimental commanders, with their colors, and such men as could follow them, would not infrequently occupy one side of the works and our men the other. Many individual acts of heroism here occurred. The flags of two opposing regiments met us on the opposite side of the same works, and were flaunted by their respective bearers in each other's faces. Men were bayoneted across the works, and officers with their swords fought hand to hand with men with bayonets. Colonel Belknap of the Fifteenth Ohio took prisoner Colonel Lampley of the Forty-fifth Alabama by pulling him over the works by his coat collar, being several times fired at by men at his side. The colors of his regiment were taken at the same time. The enemy's loss in this attack was very severe.

By dark the enemy here had retired, except along the line of the works, which position some of them held until nearly daylight the next morning, thus being able to get off their wounded, but leaving the ground literally strewn with their slain.

There went on a small body of Confederates, who found little to oppose them as they advanced between Scylla and Charybdis westward—not being detained by Giles A. Smith's brigade on their left, or by Wangelin or Martin more to their right—not enough, how-

ever, to make a half mile of unbroken frontage, all well screened by the dense woods through which they were passing, till they came to the foot of Leggett's Hill, where Gresham had been wounded, and up which the gallant Force had successfully led his brigade against great odds the day before.

Hood, seeing Hardee's soldiers emerge from the timber and ascend the hill, triumphantly said: "Cheatham, push out your divisions and Sherman is beaten!" But, no, our men on the hill sprang over to the reverse side of the parapet, and quickly by artillery and infantry firing, coolly directed, checked that hopeful advance of Hardee.

A flanking fire from the Fifteenth Corps position, with plenty of cannon and rifle volleys, helped Leggett break this bold effort and send the venturesome Confederates immediately and rapidly back, to find the way of retreat more and more difficult.

In this *emeute* General Force, while trying to aid a wounded officer of his staff, received a bullet wound through his face and head that was terribly severe, but providentially his life was spared and he recovered.

Cheatham's fine corps of veterans, all in order and well rested, had already broken forward from the Atlanta front. Leggett's soldiers had had hardly time to breathe after their rapid and successful firing against that rear attack, when new enemies were scaling their Bald Hill from the Atlanta side.

It scarcely required orders to bring every soldier behind his lines of intrenchment. Early in the action many of Leggett's regiments had hastened to Giles A. Smith's aid when he was in sore need, and now Blair was able to get for Leggett all the prompt reënforce-

ment he required, so that by an obstinate resistance, somewhat prolonged, Cheatham's attacks on that "rivet" point had to fail.

Meanwhile the two left divisions of Cheatham breasted the whole front of the Fifteenth Corps, now commanded by Morgan L. Smith, and reached Hascall's division, of the Twenty-third. An outwork near the railroad on our front, held by two regiments and a section of an Illinois battery, as soon as outflanked, was given up. This demibrigade regained the main line near a cut in the railroad in good time, but the Confederates took the advantage afforded by the cut and by a building that masked their design. These obstacles wondrously helped their sharpshooters to hold their ground in that vicinage after Lightburn's division had bravely withstood the first assault.

The Confederate brigade of Manigault behind that troublesome building was compactly formed for attack; Colonel W. S. Jones was commanding the Union brigade in his front. Jones's men were occupied by the shooters from that building and elsewhere and blinded by the thick smoke of the artillery.

Like the sudden break of a dam, when the rushing water carries all before it, so that close-formed and waiting Confederate brigade left its cover and rushed down the railway cut and not only displaced Jones's front, but carried away the supporting lines and seized two of our batteries. It was the first *bona fide* break in Logan's front, and it afforded Cheatham a temporary triumph. During that exciting, noisy, tumultuous and eventful afternoon my own part was easy. I was constantly reminded to keep the Confederate Stewart or G. W. Smith from leaving my front. We did that. I was also to be carefully prepared to re-

enforce Logan should he require any assistance. My Fourth Corps men were ready for that also.

As the battle came nearer, being naturally anxious, and desirous to be very prompt when Sherman should say the word, I took a few officers with me, and went over some hundred yards to Schofield's front. He had before this sent out one brigade to Decatur to help Sprague defend the trains, and Cox with two others over to be near to Dodge. Schofield and Sherman, with a few officers and orderlies, were mounted when I arrived, and standing near the Howard House then on the prolongation of Logan's line of battle. The fearful break of Logan's right front had been made.

Our troops seemed to have swung around so as to be at right angles with their proper line of battle. Captain DeGress, who had just lost his Parrott guns, was on the ground, near Sherman's stirrup. He was apparently much chagrined at his loss and eager to have them recovered before his enterprising foes could carry them off to Atlanta. This was the group. I had never till then seen Sherman with such a look on his face. His eyes flashed. He did not speak. He only watched the front. There appeared not only in his face, but in his whole pose, a concentrated fierceness. Schofield had located several batteries in an excellent position to pour spherical case and canister shot into the broken interval. All this was being carefully and rapidly done.

At the same time the grand Charles R. Woods, whose division was next to Schofield, was quietly forming his brigades at right angles to and in rear of our line. Logan was also bringing some of Harrow's division to bear from beyond them, and mov-

ing up August Mersy's brigade from Dodge to replace Martin's, whose early call and march to help the left-most battle had weakened Lightburn's front.

The cannon were making much disturbance. The smoke was often blinding and the roar deafening; such firing kept back the remainder of Cheatham's lines. Woods's men advanced steadily down the line; there was no break, no hesitation, no halt; on, on they go till the opening is reached and the continuity of Logan's line was soon restored. Every Confederate who was not made a prisoner fled toward Atlanta, and Captain DeGress, though his horses were killed during the cannonade, had the joy of recovering his big guns.

Schofield now urged Sherman to put a column on Cheatham's flank from himself and Thomas to roll up that Confederate line and so interpose between the outside Confederates and those defending the works of Atlanta. Sherman, whose face now relaxed into a pleasant mood, said: "Let the Army of the Tennessee fight it out!"

In the afternoon Sprague, near Decatur with his own regiments, aided by Kuhn's battalion of mounted infantry, handsomely repulsed Wheeler's vigorous cavalry and artillery attacks and saved all the trains under his care from capture or damage.

Hood, at last weary, drew Hardee and Cheatham back to the shelter of the Atlanta forts, leaving havoc behind, but sweeping in some prisoners of war, some flags, and many cannon. He reported bravely to Richmond and issued orders of congratulation to his troops. He doubtless at first esteemed this bloody battle a Confederate victory. But we never so regarded this; it was indeed the main battle of Atlanta.

Among the prominent officers slain was one well known to all our old army comrades, the Confederate division commander, William H. T. Walker, who fell near Dodge's line. The mourning for our favorite young commander, McPherson, was heartfelt and widespread. No patriot soldier to-day is more tenderly remembered in our land.

CHAPTER XXXVI

BATTLE OF EZRA CHURCH

THE next five days after the battle of Atlanta were busy ones for every part of the army. The lofty bridge over the Chattahoochee, that connected us again with Marietta and the north, had been speedily rebuilt, so that now there was a shorter haul for all our supplies. It was necessary to bring forward what was needed of food and rations; to get the comforts for the use of the sick and wounded who remained in the field; to readjust lines and batteries and make all the trenches secure against Hood's known impulsiveness; to bring to the front absentees and recruits, and to rest and refresh our weary men.

Sherman and Thomas consulted together as to the officer who should succeed McPherson and the choice fell upon me. The orders from President Lincoln appointing me to the command of the Army and the Department of the Tennessee reached me the evening of the 26th. General Logan and his friends desired that he should be assigned to this command and were, of course, disappointed, but he at once resumed the command of his Fifteenth Corps. Hooker ostensibly was offended that he, who was my senior in rank, had not received the appointment, and asked to be relieved. Slocum was brought from Vicksburg to replace him at the head of the Twentieth Corps. Stanley succeeded me in the Fourth Corps.

Sherman in his "Memoirs" has put forth his reasons for the changes of organization so simply and so plainly that they should relieve me from any suspicion of self-seeking in obtaining a promotion that, as every soldier knows, I would highly value; he says: "All these promotions happened to fall upon West Pointers, and doubtless Logan and Blair had some reason to believe that we intended to monopolize the higher honors of the war for the regular officers. I remember well my thoughts and feelings at the time, and feel sure that I was not intentionally partial to any class." Of course, Slocum and I had both resigned from the regular army.

By the end of five days Sherman had matured his plan to gain ground by extending his right till he had severed Hood's southern railroad connections, as he had just cut the eastern, or Augusta, line.

In connection with the instructions already given me for the Army of the Tennessee to move from Sherman's left to his right, Schofield had made, near the Howard House, by the help of picks and shovels, a strong left flank, for he was now to temporarily hold tenaciously Sherman's left.

Logan, at a very early hour of July 27, 1864, had set in motion the three corps, Dodge's, Blair's, and Logan's, marching in the order named. In person I joined Dodge, at the head of the column, as he was already in Thomas's rear crossing the Buck Head road. Here I assumed command of the army. Sherman with a small staff came from his meager headquarters near the line of march, and rode along with me all the way behind Thomas's lines to his extreme right, where Palmer's intrenchments ended.

Sherman told me that Morgan's division had that

morning gone on by the Turner's Ferry road, which runs westerly. We, having just crossed it, turned southward just outside the forts which led a mile and a half to the Lick Skillet road. When he took me to a high point and showed me a wooded ridge between us and Atlanta, along which he desired me to form my troops, substantially connecting with Thomas, but following the curve of the Atlanta works. This ridge ran nearly north and south. He believed that my lines would be long enough to enable me to get hold of Hood's railroad there before Hood could extend his trenches.

Sherman, not expecting an attack, said that there would be little risk in my moving straight along by the flank down the road before us, which we afterwards found led to Ezra Church. The land was covered for the most part thickly with trees to the left or east of my road. Seeing the nature of the country, and already having had experience of Hood's enterprise, I thought that we should be attacked certainly before we could possibly close up and get into position. I intimated this to Sherman, and said that if he did not object, instead of pushing out my right into the air, I would carefully unfold by having the divisions take their places on Thomas's right, moving up in succession, so that each successive division would protect the flank of the preceding. In reply to my suggestion, Sherman said he did not think that Hood would trouble me, but was willing I should deploy my army in my own way. Then Sherman left me.

Corse commanded Dodge's leading division. He turned to the left and occupied the leftmost section of the new line, pressing well forward until he came as near the enemy's parapet as possible. Fuller's divi-

sion, partially deployed, next wheeled and ascended the slope, continuing the line. Other divisions went on in succession to do the same until dark.

The day had been a wearisome one for the troops; for, besides the long march, they had been obliged to wait here and there for reconnoissance, the putting out of infantry flankers, no cavalry being with me, so that only Dodge's corps was entirely in place at sundown.

Blair's outposts already held a junction of roads and his corps was deployed facing southeasterly toward the hamlet Lick Skillet. A road ran from the city west to Ezra Church, then southwest for a quarter of a mile, thence westerly again.

Logan's Fifteenth Corps was halted for part of the night in reserve. We were at work at the first glimmer of light the 28th. During the morning Blair's division slowly turned to the left and moved forward by divisions in echelon, and when in place his right was about a quarter of a mile above Ezra Church. Logan, deploying everything except a reasonable reserve, pushed slowly southward. One of his divisions, that of Charles R. Woods, occupied the space from Blair to and including the church.

The other two, Harrow's and Morgan L. Smith's, pretty well developed, followed their skirmish lines, keeping them in sight as well as they could through rough hollows and wooded ravines. Just as the right division had seized with its advance a ridge of land that made almost a right angle with the north and south road, General Sherman had returned and joined me, and we were moving along in rear with our deployed lines full in sight.

There had been an ever-increasing skirmish all the

morning. Now the rifle firing on our front increased. Suddenly there was sound of cannon. We heard the rattle of grapeshot in the trees near by and above us. Limbs were severed and fell to the ground. I turned to Sherman and said there would be a battle soon; he replied he did not think so. Then I called his attention to the shot which were clipping off the branches of the trees. The indications were so strong that we would be attacked that Logan called a halt of his main lines and I ordered that our front be covered as speedily as possible with logs and rails. An old field partially cleared and fenced, fortunately for us, lay between my position and the lines, which in general extended along the high ridge before us. Here our men found some rails and plenty of stumps and logs. These men by details were soon running with logs and rails in their arms and on their shoulders. Owing to the conformation of the ground, Logan's two divisions, Harrow's and Morgan L. Smith's, which were formed on the right of Woods's division, made nearly a right angle with the rest of the line. We had no time to locate our batteries in front without too much exposure in case of an enemy's charge; so that I had only a few of them brought forward and kept within call should an emergency require them.

Sherman remained with me until we were in position. He remarked again that he hardly thought I should have a general battle; but that in case of an attack in force Morgan's division, which was reconnoitering to Turner's Ferry, would come back by a road so as to give complete protection to my right flank; indeed, he would send and order it. Then he left me, saying he would return to the center, telling me to call

on him if I needed any assistance. Thus he permitted me to conduct my first battle alone.

One of Logan's batteries I then sent to the front and located not far from the road, with a view to replying to the enemy's troublesome, though fitful, cannonading. The woods there were too thick for anything except blind action in the use of artillery on either side.

Blair and Dodge, and Charles R. Woods, from their first approaches, had strong skirmishing; then encountered brisk firing, particularly from artillery with most annoying shrapnel shells from the Atlanta works. Logan's men worked diligently and soon had sufficient cover to give them partial protection against musketry when kneeling or lying down. The ridge itself gave fair protection to the reserves and field hospitals. At this time, about 11.30 A.M., the fearful yells, fierce and numerous, which we had heard so many times before, came to the ears of our waiting men.

Lieutenant General Stephen D. Lee, my classmate at West Point and a comrade in the spring of 1857 in Florida, was assigned by the Richmond government to command the army corps which had been led by Hood before his promotion. S. D. Lee's assumption of his command was of the same date as mine. Hood, as soon as he divined Sherman's design of threatening his line of supply on his left instead of his right as heretofore, meditated a plan of resistance similar to that in his last battle, July 22d. Instructing Hardee with his corps and the Georgia militia to hold the Atlanta works, he ordered Lee to move out his three divisions to the Lick Skillet road, where, near Ezra Church, he would find Jackson's cavalry.

Hood also instructed Stewart to proceed with two

divisions of his corps to follow Lee and mass his troops near the place in the works where the Lick Skillet road left the city. Stewart, with a clear road, was to be there the morning of the 29th, to pass beyond Lee, gain ground, and attack, as far as possible, beyond my right flank. The roads were favorable to this flank movement.

When the fearful Confederate shouts, so strong and confident, reached our ears, every man along the exposed front line carefully knelt behind their slight defenses, or lay prone upon the ground with rifle in hand, gazing steadily through the forest toward the ominous sound.

Field and company officers gave a warning note: "Take steady aim and fire low at the word!" After a few minutes of waiting the men on the ridge caught glimpses of the approaching Confederates tramping steadily and rapidly through the underbrush.

Next, without any record of orders given, the fire-at-will began. At first, only two or three heavy guns took any part, so that the roar came increasing and diminishing from rapid rifle firing. The Confederates used some cannon; limbs of trees were broken and fell; a few frightened men, as always, sprang away and ran toward the rear, some giving way on our extreme right.

Logan became greatly animated and rushed for all stragglers with drawn saber, and, assisted by his officers, drove them back to their commands.

On the skirmish line opposite our extreme right Major Charles Hipp, with the Thirty-seventh Ohio, aided by another regiment, had prepared a log house for defense, and thrown out his skirmishers right and left. To the left of him, on the lower ground, Colonel

W. S. Jones had two other regiments, with a section of artillery, in support of skirmishers and as an advance guard.

The first warning to Major Hipp was heavy firing to his left. He was evidently beyond the reach of the Confederates, though not of their skirmish line. Next, a shot penetrated his breast; still he remained at his post. When they came near enough, Hipp's regiment opened fire. Again he was shot, which caused him to fall from his horse.

Sergeant Ernst Torgler, who brought him off the field, received for it a medal of honor. The adjutant, Lambert, acting for the major, brought the regiment, fighting its way, without loss of order, all the way back to our main line. Colonel Jones also succeeded in retiring his command to its proper front. It was doubtless such temporary covers as these outside regiments had had which caused Confederate officers to think that they had driven back our men from a main line of works.

In my first report concerning troops called by me from Dodge and Blair, I used these words:

Four regiments were sent at once, but before their arrival the first shock had passed, the enemy having been driven back at every point except on the extreme right where there was scarcely more than a skirmish line to resist them. As soon as possible my aid, Captain Gilbreth, led up two regiments to prolong the right. Two others, led by my inspector general, Strong, followed to the same point.

Early in the action, remembering some remarkable experiences on other fields, I thought I would make assurance doubly sure. So I caused twenty-six pieces of artillery to be so arranged that they swept all the

ground beyond Logan's right flank, though but a few pieces of artillery were fired along his front, and the repulses, one after another, from the beginning of the Confederate attack to the close, were made mainly by riflemen.

The two regiments brought by Colonel Strong were armed with breech-loading rifles, the first used in the war. The Confederates at that point had kept bravely on. Some were tramping the rail piles; a few had passed them when those repeating arms began their work. The Confederate soldiers fell there; but few escaped death, wounds, or capture.

Knowing Sherman's desire for Morgan's division to come in on my right, something as Blucher did on Wellington's left at Waterloo, in the middle of the afternoon I sent word to Sherman about the situation.

Furthermore, as the contest was prolonged, and I had Dodge and Blair tied up against the Atlanta works which occupied them, I feared that Logan's men might weary. So, before night, I sent my brother, Lieutenant Colonel C. H. Howard, to Sherman for a brigade, which he sent at once, but it did not arrive until the action was over.

This was my first battle after taking command of the Army of the Tennessee, and I was delighted with the conduct of the officers and men. Major General Logan was spirited and energetic, going at once to the point where he apprehended the slightest danger of the enemy's success. His decision and resolution everywhere animated and encouraged his officers and men. The division commanders, Generals Woods, M. L. Smith, and Harrow showed gallant conduct and well-timed skill; they repelled many terrible and persistent attacks of the enemy.

The number of the Confederate slain left in our front exceeded our entire loss—642. We captured five battle flags, 1,500 muskets, and many prisoners. After the battle of Ezra Church, Hood confined himself to the defensive as long as we were in the neighborhood of Atlanta.

That evening my ambition stimulated me to put in fresh troops in order to sweep the field and make a bold and strong effort to capture Atlanta; but Logan's men were much fatigued. Blair's and Dodge's had been on the *qui vive* all day within reach of the enemy's cannonade, constantly kept up, and Morgan's division had not succeeded in joining us; the Atlanta works were complete and strong, therefore my cooler judgment said, Let well enough alone.

After I had gone along the front lines and said what I could in appreciation of the wonderful defense made by our gallant soldiers, I simply ordered Logan to double his skirmish lines and press them beyond us as far out as practicable, and then give to the commands rest and quiet for the night. I soon learned positively that this terrible assault was made by my old friend and classmate, Lieutenant General Stephen D. Lee,[1] commanding three divisions, while General Stewart's two divisions supported him.

Under cover of the darkness General Lee withdrew from my front, after giving us a slight show of life through the firing of his artillery and infantry rear guard. Then he hastened within the protection of the strong forts of Atlanta.

[1] General Stephen D. Lee at this writing, 1907, is the Commander of the Society of Confederate Veterans, with his home at Jackson, Miss. He is much esteemed by all who know him. General Lee and I are the last surviving commanders of independent armies in the field during the Civil War.

The letter which I wrote that day from the field of battle was as follows:

Major General W. T. Sherman, Commanding Military Division of the Mississippi.

GENERAL: The corps of Hood attacked us to-day at 11.30 A.M. on the right of my line, mainly opposite the Fifteenth Corps, with lines extending beyond my right flank. The assaults were pertinaciously kept up for four hours, with scarcely any intermission, and were invariably repulsed. The enemy's dead lay thickly on our front. We took several stands of colors and quite a number of prisoners. General Logan bore the brunt of the battle, and his command acquitted itself nobly. Generals Blair and Dodge weakened their lines to the lowest limits in order to extend his flank and reënforce him at any point. Our casualties were small, owing to the fact that we had just covered ourselves with rough barricades. Some of Polk's (Stewart's) command was engaged in the last assaults. I will make a more specific report as soon as I can get the requisite returns from the different commands.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

O. O. HOWARD, *Major General.*

There is one letter that I find in the public records which I have never seen till now. I shall prize it as I do the "thanks of Congress." It is from Sherman, addressed to Schofield the evening of that memorable day. It reads:

"General Howard's conduct to-day had an excellent effect on his command. After the firing had ceased, he walked the line, and the men gathered about him in the most affectionate manner, and he at once gained their hearts and their confidence. I deem this a perfect restoration to confidence in themselves and the leader of that army."

CHAPTER XXXVII

BATTLE OF JONESBORO

SHERMAN had three cavalry divisions of considerable strength—Ed. McCook's, 3,500 effectives, at Turner's Ferry, where the Chattahoochee was bridged; Stoneman's, 2,500, and Garrard's, 4,000, at or near Decatur, Ga., on his left.

The cavalry, except Garrard's, received its raiding orders and set forth to go south and carry them out. Sherman now for three or four days strengthened his right flank by putting two infantry divisions of Thomas in rear of my right for a reserve. Sherman was mainly waiting for the effect of this cavalry movement against the railroad about Jonesboro.

The first report that came to him, August 1st, to the effect that Ed. McCook's division had been defeated and captured, he stoutly discredited and disbelieved; yet he took prompt action in view of the possibility of such a disaster. He put all the garrisons guarding our depots and communications on the alert, brought Schofield's troops around to and beyond my right, and had Thomas send there also the whole of Palmer's corps.

Ed. McCook had done well at the first onset. He struck the railroad and did much damage, and finding no coöperation from Stoneman, drifted back with over 400 prisoners to Newnan. Here McCook was defeated

by General Alexander P. Stewart's infantry and lost his captured Confederates, and reported from Turner's Ferry his own loss as 600.

Stoneman, for some unaccountable reason, did not carry out Sherman's instructions at all. Coming from Decatur, he did not join McCook near Jonesboro. Instead of that, he passed off behind the Ocmulgee and went down on the eastern bank. A Confederate dispatch from Macon gave the result of his raid:

"Stoneman, after having his force routed yesterday, surrendered with 500 men; the rest of his men are scattered and flying toward Eatonton. Many have been already killed or captured."

Sherman, after this sad experiment, declared that our cavalry "could not or would not make a sufficient lodgment on the railroad below Atlanta, and that nothing would suffice but for us to reach it with the main body."

After the discomfiture and return of Ed. McCook and the other commanders, Sherman, with marvelous quickness, had our cavalry reorganized and resupplied. He now formed it into three divisions, under Garrard, McCook, and Kilpatrick. The latter, with his optimistic nature and fearless enterprise, had come back to us after the healing of his Resaca wound.

Hood then tried Sherman's cavalry plan on a larger scale. Forrest and Wheeler, with abundant horses, were sent against our long line of supply between Atlanta and Nashville; Forrest above and Wheeler below Chattanooga with hope of drawing Sherman away from Atlanta, so that Hood could fall on his rear with his main army. But these efforts of the Confederate cavalry were as effectually thwarted by Sherman as Sherman's cavalry had been by Hood.

Hood at last acknowledged that he could not anywhere in our rear bring together sufficient force at important points on the line to compel our retreat.

Sherman tried one more raid, using the energy of our sanguine Kilpatrick. That general made his march with promptness, but soon came back. His report claimed three miles of railway track destroyed near Jonesboro, the capture of four cannon, spiking three and bringing in one; three battle flags and seventy prisoners of war. His visit, however, he owned, was shortened by encountering a brigade of Confederate cavalry and a Confederate infantry division.

Two days after Kilpatrick's return one would hardly believe that he had been defeated at all. His memory and his imagination were often in conflict, but we all liked his bright face and happy stories.

Meanwhile, the work of extending our line near Atlanta had gone on. Hood's intrenchments had followed suit, ever protecting his railroad, a vital line of supply. When Schofield and Palmer went to my right, Bate and Cleburne went to Hood's left.

Without too much detour, Sherman put upon Schofield the special work of striking a heavier blow than those we had been able to deliver since "Ezra Chapel" and directed Palmer to report to Schofield. As Palmer asserted himself as senior in rank and would not help, Schofield was unable to carry out Sherman's wishes.

When Sherman criticised Palmer's course, he resigned, and Brigadier General Jeff C. Davis was promoted to a major general and sent to the command of the Fourteenth Corps. Schofield, though Palmer's junior, had been assigned to an army and department by the President.

This friction occurred at a most unfortunate time in the face of the enemy and it caused delay and loss to us. I had always regarded General Palmer as a strong man, brave and resolute and of good judgment. Under similar circumstances to his, perhaps a little more aggravating, I served under a junior, biding my time. Of course, one must be guided by his sense of what is right; yet, in case of doubt, he ought to give the benefit of his doubt to his country's service.

At one period Sherman had heavy guns brought up and bombarded Atlanta, carrying into it terror and destruction. This was not sufficient, however, to induce Hood to surrender.

On August 16th, Sherman, being resolved to attack Hood's railway lines, issued his orders for the following movements: First: the Twentieth Corps was sent back to fortify and hold the Chattahoochee bridge. Second: Schofield's forces and mine to move on the station at Fairburn; then directly against the West Point railroad between Red Oak and Fairburn; Thomas was to follow up in support.

Forrest's and Wheeler's raids on Sherman's rear somewhat modified these orders, but Thomas began the execution of the first move on the night of August 25th.

The movement of the Twentieth Corps toward the rear, followed by the remainder of Thomas's command, which was going on toward our right flank, had the effect, as was natural, of deceiving the Confederate commander. The night of the 26th my move began. My army (of the Tennessee) was at the time 25,000 strong. We wakened the men quietly and turned our faces southward in two well-organized columns.

A guide was at the head of each; he had previously gone over the route of march and made himself acquainted with the maps. It was a solemn procession, every regiment coming without noise into its place; one brigade followed another until my late position was denuded of everything but a few skirmishers. The noise of the wagons and batteries in motion had been carefully provided against. As my staff officer, left behind to see the ground cleared and to report to me the final closing up of the rear guard, was congratulating himself that the whole work had been so noiselessly performed that the enemy had no suspicion of its operation, he was startled by a sudden artillery fire from the Confederate side; probably the very stillness of the night exaggerated the sound of the cannon. Round shot broke small trees and dropped branches to the ground, altogether too near the dim roadway which the men were pursuing.

I heard the firing, and for a few minutes feared that there might be a panic among some of our men; but my fears were rather born of previous experiences with other commands than from the knowledge of those Western veterans. At this time the men, without exception, resolutely continued their march.

The cannon shot and shell passed over us and beyond without great damage. A single soldier, however, was killed, and another wounded, having his leg broken. In the retrospect even this comparatively small loss excites our sympathy, for human life is precious.

When day dawned we were beyond the reach of danger from the rear. This march was the first that I had made in conjunction with Kilpatrick. He cleared

my way as rapidly as he could of the enemy's cavalry and artillery with it.

Whoever commanded that Confederate cavalry did it well. He made bridgeheads at the crossing of creeks; destroyed every bridge that would facilitate our march; he would make barricades of logs or rails in the edge of a wood, where it ran at right angles to our pathway.

When the enemy seemed too strong for Kilpatrick I sent forward a battery at a trot and infantry enough to protect it. As a rule, an effort of this kind was sufficient to clear the way, but now and then the Confederate cavalry would get so good a position, either at a creek crossing or in the forest, that it became necessary to halt all hands and send a regiment or a brigade around his flank, and so root him out.

I shall never forget that march. The country was mostly covered with trees, more or less dense, and it was rough, so that it was exceedingly hard to maneuver any considerable body of horsemen. Having now to do with cavalry, I was apprehensive of a surprise, particularly when the horses were crowded together in narrow roads; so I became quite happy and satisfied to see how Kilpatrick managed. He kept his guard so far out that all the irregularities of a cavalry bivouac did not much disturb him.

Logan, as wide awake by night as by day, passed across the Utoy and on to Camp Creek, near Fairburn. Blair, who led the other column, was followed by the Sixteenth Corps. Dodge had been wounded after Ezra Chapel and was obliged to retire for a time. General Ransom, a young officer of great promise, was commanding his corps. With Kilpatrick on our right, we went into position according to our instructions.

Very early on the 27th Kilpatrick drew out first and pressed on rapidly in order, if possible, to drive the enemy's outposts, scouts, and cavalry beyond the West Point Railroad. Feeling himself so well backed up, Kilpatrick was this time successful in holding on to the railroad.

Getting upon the railroad by twelve o'clock noon, I deployed in the usual manner, intrenched enough for protection in case of surprise, with the hamlet of Fairburn in plain sight. I put Kilpatrick out on our approaches so as to give us plenty of warning; Ransom was placed in reserve. Very soon the lively work of railroad breaking was undertaken. We could see different parties of the road destroyers; one party, now standing in a line, seized the rails and lifted all together, causing a long span to come up and be broken apart; another party, catching the ties, threw them upon a log fire to ruin them. Upon the top of a heap others piled the rails, each to be heated in the middle. Another group would run with a rail and push its hot part against a telegraph pole or tree, and run around the trunk in opposite directions.

The most effective disabling of a rail was done by using two short hand bars with a contrivance at one end of each to seize and hold the rail fast; two men at each hand bar turning the rail in opposite directions would make a twist. Two such twists prevented the use of a rail till it had gone again to a rolling mill.

Schofield had moved a little, enough to free his command for speedy work, and watched toward the east and north to cover all trains. Thomas had chasséed to the left, and he came up abreast of me at Red Oak Station; and we all, in the manner we have indicated, spent a day and a half crippling the West

Point Railroad. At this time, by the close of August 28th, one road for miles and miles was beyond military repair.

The fourth move for Jonesboro, not given in the preliminary orders, began at the dawn of August 30th. Logan moved along due east, taking the more northern road, guarding the left; while Ransom and Blair marched on a road to the right. The two roads came together near Shoal Creek. Kilpatrick cleared the way as before, and nothing of moment delayed our march till our junction.

At this creek the obstinacy of our foes increased, and we were obliged to halt and reconnoiter. Ransom used two regiments, and Logan at least a brigade, in support of the cavalry. Very soon the confronted barricades were abandoned and we marched on. Every half mile this operation was repeated till everybody became weary and impatient.

Just about sundown I was glad enough to reach Renfro Place, my destination. Everybody there, Union and Confederate, made a halt and began preparations for the night bivouac.

In the sand dunes I found no water for the command, and the Flint River was but six miles ahead. I had heard railroad trains and steam engines on the Macon road all day, and knew well enough that Hood was sending troops. The principal object of my move was plain enough: to seize Jonesboro and the railway as soon as possible. After a few moments' reflection I summoned Kilpatrick and asked him:

"Have you an officer, general, who with a small body of cavalry can keep the enemy in motion, and not allow them to create delay between this Renfro Place and the river?"

"Just the man, sir," he replied.

Then he turned to Captain L. G. Estes, assistant adjutant general on his staff. In a few moments Captain Estes brought up a squadron of cavalry, two excellent troops. He moved off toward the Flint, first at a quick walk; then, as he neared the enemy's outposts, at a trot; and the Confederate commander, hearing the firing and seeing his outposts driven in, had no time to make barricades. He saddled up and retired as rapidly as he could. I put my infantry quickly upon the road, and with my staff took the lead, following the skirmishers ahead of me. I desired to get a view of the ground before darkness set in.

There was a swift race for the river. Our infantry was so excited that they almost kept up with the cavalry. The Confederates made a brief halt at the bridge on the opposite side, firing upon us from the right and left, while some two or three men set the bridge on fire. Captain Estes's command was armed with Spencer repeating rifles. His troops deployed along the river bank and began their increasing fire, while other troopers dismounted and rushed for the burning bridge. These succeeded in extinguishing the flames, drove back the defenders, and speedily crossed over to the other side. It did not take long for our infantry, under the new excitement, to reach the river and deploy their own skirmishers in support of the cavalry.

Among the first I reached the bridge, delayed a few minutes to reconnoiter, and then crossed over, following up the troops. A few staff officers were with me, including Lieutenant Colonel Stinson, who had been so severely wounded at Pickett's Mill, and who had just returned from Cleveland, Tenn., convalescent, but not

entirely well. He was near me when the Confederates suddenly fired from the woods which fringed the opposite slope. A volley passed over our heads.

At that instant I saw Colonel Stinson spring forward in his saddle as if hit. I called to him:

"Harry, are you hurt?"

"No, sir," he answered; "the suddenness made me jump."

That surprise was like a blow to him, for during the night his old wound opened, and he had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs. The next morning he left me for a time, but afterwards came and went as his strength permitted, though he never saw a well day again till the time of his death soon after the close of the war.

As soon as the skirmishers were over the bridge, they ran up the slope from the river. Logan led forward his entire corps and arranged it as well as he could in the darkness upon the crest of the ridge—Hazen's division to the left; Harrow on the right; Osterhaus in reserve—all facing Jonesboro.

That night we had nothing but skirmishing to worry us. The men were indeed strong and hearty, though very weary after their long and hard march; they worked the entire night intrenching by reliefs, to be ready in the morning against the attack which we were quite sure Hardee would bring against us. We ascertained that Hardee already had a part of S. D. Lee's troops in our front.

Kilpatrick, calling his men back, had moved off to my right and struck the enemy's advance in a cornfield. It became necessary for me to strengthen his hands, so I ordered Ransom to cover our right on the west side of the Flint with infantry and artillery, and

also to give Logan support on the east side upon Logan's immediate right.

Blair, who came up during the night, did the same thing for our left flank, sending one division across the river, which came into position early in the morning, considerably extending Logan's left. As soon as these dispositions were made the cavalry was ordered out farther to our right as far as Anthony's bridge.

By these prompt movements, I succeeded in taking a strong position very near to Jonesboro, and was enabled to save life by putting my command where its artillery could reach and sweep the Macon Railroad, which necessitated the enemy and not myself to take the initiative in the coming battle.

Schofield had been turned northward toward East Point, in order to protect the trains, and was for a time quite isolated from the rest of the whole force. Thomas had fulfilled his instructions, reaching the evening of the 30th a crossroad near Morrow's Mill.

Kilpatrick lost one battery near the river, in the swampy ground—for a time. The enemy was thus decoyed by him and his supports beyond the river, for a Confederate division crossed over and pursued him for a short distance. Nothing, even if I had planned it, could have been better done to keep an entire Confederate division away from the main battlefield.

Our line followed substantially the crest of the ridge, mostly covered with woods, though there were some open places.

Kilpatrick had some lively tilts with Jackson's cavalry after crossing Anthony's bridge, and both sides kept up a skirmishing and some cannonading beyond our front. We had expected Hardee's attack at dawn.

I had been misinformed with reference to the force already at Jonesboro. Hardee waited for his men to close up.

It occurred to me that I might open the battle as Grant did at Missionary Ridge, by a strong reconnoissance in force. I so ordered it. Probably fifteen minutes before the time set, the charging cries of our advancing foes met our ears. Our veterans understood very well what was coming, and with confidence awaited the charge. The most determined part of the assault was sustained by Logan's front, the enemy approaching to within an average distance of fifty to one hundred paces.

They were repulsed.

Between 2 and 3 P.M. again the enemy emerged from the woods, coming obliquely toward Corse's front. One of his brigades with Blodgett's battery fiercely met the Confederates and "sent them back." Another battery opened, but did not seem even to delay the enemy in its front. Corse restrained Colonel Rice's command from firing till the Confederates had cleared the cornfield near by, so as to be in plain sight. Then they were met by a terrible sheet of fire from Corse's ranks.

A portion of the enemy's line broke and ran to the woods, while the rest in front of Rice's men sought shelter in a gully or washout deep enough to conceal a man, and were thus temporarily safe. Corse thereupon sent the Sixty-sixth Indiana Regiment rushing down the declivity into the gully, which drove them out and brought sixty Confederates back as prisoners. A part of Corse's men at first were without any cover, as was also the battery.

Hazen (of Logan) had sixteen regiments in line

and one in reserve. Against his front between 2 and 3 P.M. the Confederates made a vigorous cannonade.

In the open spaces two full lines could be observed. The first charge was tremendous, some of the enemy getting within Hazen's precincts, and the attack was persistently carried on for three-quarters of an hour.

But during this time Hazen's parapet kept up a fire against which no men could stand. Here Hazen's battle was decisive.

On Harrow's front the attack came a little later than on Hazen's. The artillery fire from the Confederate batteries reached his command from different directions; then after loud cheering the assault came. Harrow threw them into confusion with his artillery and then repulsed their two charges. So the first day of the Jonesboro battle ended.

It may be wondered why I did not immediately push in my reserves, as more than half my command had not been used in the conflict. Ambition would have spurred me instantly to take the offensive, but prudence and, I believe, good judgment led me to hold on till Sherman and the Army of the Cumberland came.

On the morning of September 1st, General Jeff. C. Davis, of Thomas's army, being at Renfro Place, moved up to my left flank. He instantly pushed on to Moulker's Creek, where he came upon my pickets. He then deployed to my left, engaged the enemy vigorously, and gallantly charged their works, breaking through in many places, capturing hundreds of prisoners and some batteries and also some trophies, making our victory complete.

Thomas and Sherman were together, not far from Davis's right flank. As soon as Davis's attack was

finished, Sherman directed me to send Blair's corps below Jonesboro and I expected him to cross the Flint as Kilpatrick had done the day before, but being delayed by the long march he arrived at so late an hour that the enemy was able to resist him at the bridge.

Sherman desired Thomas to get beyond Hardee's right flank and so cut off his retreat; but night came on and Hardee escaped.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

BATTLE OF LOVEJOY'S STATION AND CAPTURE OF ATLANTA

HOOD now, doubtless with intense reluctance, evacuated Atlanta, and swinging around to the east by the way of McDonough, succeeded by the help of S. D. Lee's corps in forming junction with Hardee at Lovejoy, the point to which Hardee had retired during the night of September 1st. Slocum, commanding the Twentieth Corps at the Chattahoochee bridge, hearing the explosions occasioned by Hood's attempted destruction of his depots and loaded trains, suspected what was going on; and so marched out to take possession of the city. During the night Sherman had heard the series of explosions in the far distance. He questioned an inhabitant about them, who declared that they were the same as in the previous battles to which he had listened.

Sherman, at first, feared that Slocum had approached the city, and perhaps was having an engagement with Hood's rear guard.

The morning of September 2d our combined forces followed Hardee's movement as far as Lovejoy's Station. We had just reached that place when Sherman received a note from Slocum, headed "Atlanta." Hood had gone, having destroyed his depots, trains, and such supplies as he could not carry off. The quantities of ammunition stored there, of course,

occasioned the heaviest explosions. He had hardly evacuated the city before Slocum marched in.

The first dispatch to Washington was from Slocum, September 2d, as follows:

General Sherman has taken Atlanta. The Twentieth Corps occupies the city. The main army is on the Macon road, near East Point. A battle was fought near that point, in which General Sherman was successful. Particulars not known.

This was followed by a dispatch the next day from Sherman to Halleck. Here is an extract:

Hood, at Atlanta, finding me on his road, the only one that could supply him, and between him and a considerable part of his army, blew up his magazines in Atlanta and left in the night-time, when the Twentieth Corps, General Slocum, took possession of the place. So Atlanta is ours and fairly won.

To which President Lincoln replied:

The National thanks are rendered by the President to Major General W. T. Sherman and the gallant officers and soldiers of his command before Atlanta, for the distinguished ability and perseverance displayed in the campaign in Georgia, which, under Divine power, has resulted in the capture of Atlanta.

We came upon Hardee's skirmishers, where he was waiting for us, near Lovejoy's; the approaches to his position were exceedingly difficult; yet, as rapidly as possible, my command was extended into line, the Fifteenth Corps on the left, the Seventeenth on the right, while the Sixteenth was held in reserve.

By strengthening our skirmish line and pressing it along from right to left Hardee's gave back, until by our sudden dash a favorable height of great importance to us was seized and firmly held. And then by

the usual processes our main lines were moved nearer and nearer to the Confederate works, which, strange to say, were as well constructed and as strong as if the Confederates had had a week to prepare them.

It was between three and four in the afternoon when I was ready to move forward to the assault. At that hour I received orders from Sherman *not* to take the offensive, but wait where I was for the present.

General Thomas had also moved one corps forward from Jonesboro (Stanley's). He marched along the east side of the railroad. He had left Davis's corps at Jonesboro to gather up the captured property, and to care for the wounded and bury the dead. Stanley struck the enemy's lines about midday, and he had the same difficulty in developing the lines, in making his approaches to the enemy's works, that I had had; so that it was near dark when he was ready to make an attack. Thomas, probably not aware of my orders, pushed his troops well forward and had a lively combat.

About half an hour later one of Stanley's divisions made an endeavor to carry the enemy's works but did not succeed.

After this partial attack, a little later in the day, Schofield's army came up to support the left of Thomas. The effort resulted in about 100 prisoners, several of whom were commissioned officers.

Now we notice that from this time on, the two armies were facing each other, and each commander had full purpose to do nothing which would bring on a general action, though, as we were very near together, we had each day upon the skirmish line many men wounded and some killed. We thus watched each other and skirmished for four days.

This is all there was of the affair at Lovejoy's Station, and indeed the time had come for a rest and recruitment of the troops. Our armies remained there until the morning of September 7th. Sherman says: "After due reflection I resolved not to attempt at this time a further pursuit of Hood's army, but slowly and deliberately to move back and occupy Atlanta, enjoy a short period of rest, and think awhile over the next step required in the progress of events." The Army of the Cumberland led the return. It was, after the march, grouped in and about Atlanta. With the Army of the Tennessee I followed, and took up a defensive camp at East Point, between six and seven miles south of Atlanta; while the Army of the Ohio covered our eastern approaches by camping near Decatur.

The campaign had already been a long and costly one since its beginning, May 6th, at Tunnel Hill, near Dalton. According to the reports which Sherman gathered, the aggregate loss up to that time to the Confederates was nearly 35,000 men, but he remembered that his own aggregate was not much less, being in the neighborhood of 35,000. His command had been for the most part under fire for 113 days, including three days' rest at the Etowah.

In my letters home I wrote: "Atlanta is a handsome place, with wide streets, and houses much scattered. I have my army to refit and reorganize.

"General Sherman asked me lately if I wanted a brigadiership in the regular army; he said I must try for one. I told him no, but if it were offered me for my services, if they were deemed of sufficient importance to warrant it, I should consider it a high compliment, but I should not ask for it."

In order to present an evidence of the feeling after Sherman's taking Atlanta in New England, I will introduce a few impressions from a letter of my uncle Ensign Otis, Esq., of Leeds, Maine, as follows:

My Dear Nephew: We have much solicitude for you, General Sherman, and that part of his army with him. Great interest is manifested by the whole community. . . .

The result of the election, the tone of the public press, and the satisfied demeanor of almost the entire people have inspired me with a confidence in our Government and institutions which I never before had. Surely our chastening has not been in vain. Is not the time of our deliverance at hand? Gratitude and humility, in view of our Nation, seem to be manifested.

We are sending our vegetables to the Second Maine Cavalry. Some of the boys are at home on a furlough. Warren (Colonel E. W. Woodman) is commander of the regiment. Our boy who went in the Thirtieth Maine (the writer, being an old veteran of 1812, sent a substitute) writes often. He has been uniformly well, and keeps us posted in all that concerns that regiment in Sheridan's army. Our prayers, our love, and affection are for you and Charles (then Lieutenant Colonel C. H. Howard).

Then from mine:

Just before this I had received news of the death of my stepfather, Colonel Gilmore, at Leeds, Maine, whom I greatly esteemed and loved. Thinking of him at this time, I put down a thought concerning George H. Thomas.

General Thomas's characteristics are much like those of my father. While I was under his command he placed confidence in me, and never changed it. Quiet, manly, almost stern in his deportment, an honest man, I trusted him. . . . I am all the while hoping that peace is not far distant. There is a great Union sentiment in Georgia, but every mouth has been

shut for a long time by a fearful tyranny. I believe Grant will accomplish his part of the operation of the campaign before winter. If he succeeds, matters will put on a different complexion. At present it is hard for me to anticipate where I shall be or what I shall do. . . .

If Sherman makes a fall and winter campaign, I shall doubtless command one of the columns under him.

I also wrote of my neighborhood: "I have now three little visitors—Flora Niles, a pretty little lady, one year smaller than our Grace; Spurgeon Sylvey and Jerome Sylvey, two boys, twins, six years old. They are children of people who were born in the North. Flora talks very freely and prettily, and is a nice little lady. We encamped on one of her father's farms near Jonesboro, and brought him, the mother, and Flora to this place in an ambulance. We gave them empty wagons in which to bring their goods and chattels. He and his wife were from New Hampshire originally. General Sherman is banishing all the people from Atlanta, north or south, as they may elect."

In this private correspondence, which freshens one's recollection, I find that my corps commanders, Blair and Logan, during this rest, had been granted a leave. In fact, Logan did not return to us till we reached Savannah, but Blair was able to join me. One of my divisions, General Corse's, was sent back to Rome upon the reports of the work of the Confederate cavalry in Tennessee under Forrest.

Another division, General John E. Smith's, of Logan's corps, had its headquarters back at Cartersville, Smith commanding. About this time (September 29th), also, Thomas went to Chattanooga and as far as Nashville, while (October 3d) Schofield found his

way, first to Knoxville, to attend to some official matters there, and thence to Chattanooga.

All these personal movements naturally affected me, as I was inclined to be homesick during every lengthy period of rest. I went to Atlanta toward the latter part of the month of September and had a good talk with Sherman. He would not listen to my going either on inspection duty to other parts of my department, nor to my making a brief visit to any point away from Atlanta. "No, Howard," he said, "we don't know what the enemy now any day may undertake." In fact, he had already had information that Hood was changing the position of his army from the vicinity of Lovejoy's Station westward to a position somewhere near Blue Mountain, Hood's headquarters to be at Palmetto Station, on the West Point Railroad.

Arriving at that road, the Confederate army took position with the left touching the Chattahoochee River, and covering the West Point road, where it remained several days to allow the accumulation of supplies at "Blue Mountain," and secure a sufficiency with which to continue this movement. The precise situation of this "Blue Mountain" is not clear, but probably it was a railway station in Alabama on Hood's flank after he had reached his new position.

The cavalry raider, General Wheeler, had been sent early in September to go north of the Tennessee to do what he could to cut off Sherman's supplies and destroy his communications; so General Hood recalled him.

That *chassez* of the Confederate army to the left to touch the Chattahoochee was unique. A Confederate cavalry division beyond that river seems to have given some uneasiness in both commands on account

of a truce entered into between Hood and Sherman; but the truce was interpreted by Hood to be local, and to apply only to the roads leading in the vicinity of the Rough and Ready Station.

The truce was established between the two armies with a view to exchange prisoners and to render it easier for the people of Atlanta to go southward through the double lines without interruption. Sherman called it a neutral camp at Rough and Ready Station, where he sent Colonel Willard Warner, of his staff, with a guard of 100 men, and Hood sent there also Major Wm. Clare, inspector general, from his staff with 100 Confederates. It was remarkable how friendly the two detachments came to be to each other, and doubtless they were sorry when the time came for them to return to posts of active hostility.

President Davis's visit to Hood's army was an interesting event. General Sherman detected his presence in Georgia, and telegraphed the news to Washington as early as September 25th. The Confederate record at Hood's headquarters reads:

President Davis, accompanied by two of his aids-de-camp, arrived at these headquarters at about 3 P.M., September 26th. The President and General Hood, with their respective staffs, rode out to the front to-day, and were enthusiastically received by the troops. At 8 P.M. the President was surrounded by the Twentieth Louisiana, and being called upon he delivered a short and spirited speech.

The assemblage manifested by their loud and continued cheers that they would support him. General Hood was called upon and delivered a short address to the point. Speeches were made by General Howell Cobb and Governor Harris. September 27th the President and suite left at 6 P.M. for Montgomery. September 28th, by the order of President Davis, Lieutenant

General Hardee was relieved of duty in this army and department and assigned to the Department of South Carolina and Florida.

Perhaps the interval of hard campaigning and continuous fighting was never more acceptable and enjoyable than during our sojourn about Atlanta. Supplies came in to refresh our men. We enjoyed most having the immense mail bags come forward. We could now have time to read our letters and reply to them. There was joy, great joy, throughout the land, and, of course, its influence found its way through the mail to every tent.

But we must remember that in war the mourning is close to the rejoicing. So many had been killed, many more disabled for life, and others patiently enduring their suffering till time and good nursing should bring them to health again. Those in the hospitals were not forgotten by the Christian and Sanitary Commissions. At this time those who had already recovered from their wounds, or who had been prisoners and exchanged, or who came to the field for the first time as recruits, joined my army at East Point.

Sherman personally had the hardest time. He was determined to turn Atlanta into "a purely military garrison or depot, with no civil population to influence military measures." This determination met with strenuous opposition. Sherman's single expression, which he telegraphed to Halleck, gives a good idea of the state of things in the captured city just then:

If the people raise a howl against my barbarity and cruelty, I will answer that war is war, and not popularity seeking. If they want peace, they and their relatives must stop the war.

It was at this time that the remarkable, pungent, incisive correspondence was carried on between Sherman and Hood. That correspondence showed Sherman master of the rules of war and of the laws of nations. His course undoubtedly caused great hardship, but probably in the end was the best for all concerned. I refer to his action in sending away from Atlanta the bulk of the residents, giving them the option to go north or south, according as "their interests or feelings dictated."

Sherman also had trouble to keep army traders within bounds; such vast numbers desired to come to the front with their wares. The single line of railroad, now 140 miles longer than at the beginning of the campaign, had to be defended against too many superfluities. We said: "Necessities first, then comforts!" but nothing simply to gratify the eager desire of trading men to make money was allowed to come over the lines.

One day a courteous gentleman gave Sherman a superb box of cigars, and to each army commander he presented something, my share being some table furniture.

Sherman was greatly pleased and expressed his gratitude in unusual terms. "You could not have pleased me more," he said. Two days afterwards the same gentleman visited Sherman again at his Atlanta home and asked for a permit to bring sutler's stores from Nashville to the front. Several officers were present. Sherman then displayed the terrible anger that was in him. "Leave, sir! leave at once, you scoundrel! Would you bribe me?" he said. The trader did not wait for a blow but rushed out in hot haste. Thus Sherman delivered himself and the other commanders from temptation.

But what, of course, taxed his mind most was the next step to be taken. He corresponded voluminously with Grant and Halleck; he consulted freely with his corps and army commanders; he reorganized his forces with a view to efficiency. But his main plan for subsequent operations was early formed in his own mind; yet it took him some time to work out the details. This plan covered all that may be now condensed into one expression—"the march from Atlanta to the sea."

When his plan was finally settled, Thomas was to go back to Nashville; Schofield and Stanley with the Fourth and Twenty-third Corps to follow him. Besides these Thomas was to have control of all forces which he might need in my department (of the Tennessee), the Department of the Cumberland and the Ohio—all not immediately with Sherman.

I consolidated the troops then with me into two corps—Blair's of three divisions and Logan's of four divisions—for Sherman's right wing, still called the Army of the Tennessee. All the rest of my men on the Mississippi constituted the new Sixteenth Corps—to remain subject to Thomas's call. Slocum took two corps, Davis's (the Fourteenth) and Williams's (the Twentieth), and Sherman designated this force "the Army of Georgia." This was Sherman's left wing. Kilpatrick drew out from all our cavalry a body of 5,000 horse for the march. I had 33,000 men, Slocum 30,000, and Kilpatrick 5,000—total, 68,000. This was substantially Sherman's field force for the great march.

CHAPTER XXXIX

GENERAL HOOD'S NORTHWARD MARCH; SHERMAN IN PURSUIT; BATTLE OF ALLATOONA

DURING our stay at Atlanta one very important work was accomplished besides the reviewing of the two armies for what General Sherman called "the next move." It was the exchange of prisoners. That good work went bravely on, owing to the friendly relations between the detachments that both armies sent to the neutral ground. Between 2,000 and 3,000 poor fellows were saved from spending months in either Northern or Southern prisons. The prison life during our war, particularly at Libby and at Andersonville, was the most afflicting and the hardest for men who suffered it and lived to forget or forgive. It always gratified us beyond measure when we could make early exchanges of our men before they were weakened or disabled by the sufferings to which they were almost uniformly subjected.

It was always a very sore and perplexing thing to all army commanders in the field to deal with the subject of exchanges. If we should accept all the apologies of Mr. Davis, and the other Confederate officials as literally true, viz., that the neighborhood of the worst prisons were greatly impoverished by the operations of the war; that prisoners came in in floods, so that it was difficult to provide for them

abundantly or safely; and that the United States Government was very dilatory and, in fact, very reluctant to make exchanges; that it was a long struggle before the Confederates had belligerent rights at all, and till then neither one side nor the other conformed to the recognized rights and humanities of war between nations; still, admitting all this to be a reasonable statement of the case, the result of it reduced our soldiers confined in prisons and pens like that at Andersonville to great extremes of illness and weakness, often to mere skeletons, and caused the untimely death of thousands.

The fact which troubled me more than any other one thing—over and beyond my feeling of indignation and sorrow over the loss and the suffering—was that on the eve of the battle, after the exchange began to operate, sometimes 10,000 well men, strong and hardy, could be put in front of us, while our own proportional return of strong men would be less than 1,000.

In behalf of our men we could not help claiming that it was the plain duty of Confederate commanders to parole the prisoners which they took, unless they were able to afford them proper, ample, and convenient shelter, and good, wholesome food equivalent to a soldier's rations. Indeed, whether the United States ever did maltreat its prisoners or not, it had long been contrary to the laws of nations to cripple an enemy by the disabling, starving, or killing of prisoners of war. War is bad enough, but cruelty to prisoners belongs to the dark ages and to egregious barbarism.

Those who belonged to Sherman's army did not have much difficulty with those opposed to us concerning exchanges, yet we had but few opportunities

to make them. The general cartel on which we acted was established in 1862.

The first item was: All prisoners captured by either party should be paroled and delivered at certain points specified within ten days after their capture, or as soon thereafter as practicable. Second: Commanding general after a battle, on the battlefield might parole their prisoners by agreement. Third: No other paroles were valid; for example, if a partisan command or a guerrilla band captured a foraging party, and attempted to parole those who constituted the party, such paroles would not hold. In such cases the cartel would not be violated by ordering those composing the party immediately back to service.

Several individual cases arose which gave us much annoyance: for example, a Confederate major, Armesy, from West Virginia, went back to his State, now within our lines, and began quietly to recruit soldiers for the Confederate army. While engaged in this secret business he was caught and tried by court-martial. The court, treating him as a spy, condemned him to be hanged.

A little later Major Goff, from West Virginia, was captured by the Confederates as a prisoner of war and taken to Libby Prison. When Armesy's case became known at Richmond, Goff was sent from Libby to Salisbury, N. C., and closely confined for many months. Goff belonged to a strong Union family, and was held as a hostage for the life of Armesy.

Another difficulty arose which affected us more directly. It was that the officers in command of negro troops received special contumely and ill treatment. It took strong measures of retaliation to protect such

officers from indignities perpetrated upon them by Confederate authorities high in position. It is inconceivable why the exchange of General Milroy's officers was refused by the Confederates, for Milroy was one of the most honorable and law-abiding gentlemen. The attempt to prevent the exchange of the gallant Colonel A. D. Streight and his officers was extraordinary; and more marvelous still, the effort to give them up to the Governor of Alabama for trial on the charge of "negro stealing."

Another unjustifiable act I have never seen defended was the returning of the Vicksburg prisoners to duty, declaring them exchanged without a proper *quid pro quo*.

All these violations of the cartel on the Confederate side worked badly for our poor Union soldiers, who in large numbers were enduring hardships equal to those inflicted upon many of our prisoners of war in the famous British prison ships during our Revolution.

The published accounts of what each army was doing while encamped, the one about Atlanta, and the other at first in the vicinity of Lovejoy's Station, and later near Palmetto and the Chattahoochee, are somewhat fragmentary, but they indicate something of the trying situation.

General Sherman was constantly meditating something for the future. That something was generally revolving upon a universal pivot, or hinging upon what Hood might do.

September 29, 1864, Hood left his position near Palmetto, Ga., putting Brigadier General Iverson with his command to watch and harass whatever Sherman might keep in the neighborhood of Atlanta.

Hood crossed the Chattahoochee, with Jackson's cavalry in advance. He had a pontoon bridge at Phillips' Ferry, near that village which bears the name of Pumpkintown. There was a trestle bridge farther down the Chattahoochee, at Moore's Ferry, recently constructed. Over it he drew the supplies of his army. He reached Lost Mountain and was established there October 3d.

Hood heard that we had an extensive subdepot at Allatoona Pass, so he directed Lieutenant General Stewart to cross a bridge over the Etowah River not far north of Allatoona and have it broken up; also to send one of his divisions to disable the railroad about Allatoona, and, if possible, seize and destroy the depot; he sent French's division for this work. The morning of October 5th French moved up in sight of the garrison, deployed his command, and very soon ran over the outer lines of its advance forces. One thing only was left which French very much coveted: that was the field works, pretty well constructed, with auxiliary outworks, which the Union soldiers still held and were defending with extraordinary obstinacy. If this redoubt could be taken, what a clean sweep there would be of Sherman's line of communications between the Chattahoochee Bridge and the crossing of the Etowah.

Sherman's force in and about Atlanta now numbered little over 60,000.

General Elliott then commanded the cavalry—two small divisions under Kilpatrick and Garrard. I have a copy of a letter General Sherman wrote, which I have not seen in print—a sort of offhand communication, such as flew from his pen or pencil in times of emergency:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION
OF THE MISSISSIPPI, October 2, 1864.

GENERAL DAVIS: Communicate with Howard, and be prepared to send into Atlanta all your traps and to move with ten days' rations toward Marietta or to Fairburn, as the case may call for; and if Hood has crossed the Chattahoochee with two corps to take our road, and has left one corps on this side near Campbelton, we should interpose.

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major General Commanding.

Official: A. C. MCCLURG, A. A. G.

As soon as Sherman found out what Hood was undertaking, he set his whole force in motion northward, except Slocum, with his Twentieth Corps, who was left back to keep Atlanta for our return. Sherman's first surmise of only two Confederate corps was incorrect, for Stewart's, Cheatham's, and Stephen D. Lee's corps were all included in the big northward raid.

After Stewart had captured some garrisons he drew back to Hood, near Lost Mountain. Now we commenced the pursuit in earnest from Atlanta the morning of October 3d. By the 5th we had reached the vicinity of the battlefield, Kenesaw Mountain.

As soon as Sherman heard that a division of the enemy had been seen marching northward not far from the railroad line he divined that the subdepot at Allatoona Pass was the coveted prize. This occurred to him before he had passed Vining's Station. On account of the breakup of the railroad and telegraph lines by Hood's men, we were obliged to depend upon day and night signaling.

Sherman sent one dispatch from Vining's to the top of Kenesaw, which was repeated from Kenesaw

to Allatoona Pass. This dispatch was then telegraphed to General J. M. Corse, at Rome, Ga. It was repeated by Vandever, commanding near Kenesaw. But, in fact, there were two dispatches, the first, to wit:

COMMANDING OFFICERS, ALLATOONA, KINGSTON, AND ROME: The enemy moving on Allatoona, thence to Rome.

SHERMAN.

Second dispatch:

GENERAL CORSE, ROME: Sherman directs you to march forward and join Smith's division with your entire command, using cars, if to be had, and burn provisions rather than lose them.

[Signed] VANDEVER,
General.

Corse's answering dispatch to Smith, at Cartersville, of the same date, October 4th, says:

GENERAL: My last information is that a large force is moving on Allatoona. In accordance with General Sherman's instructions, I will move my entire command to Cartersville and unite with General Raum in attacking the enemy at Allatoona direct.

J. M. CORSE,
Brigadier General.

Corse was quick of apprehension and always ready for action. Taking all the troops he could make immediately available, and having a broken railroad quickly repaired, he hurried on in the night of the 4th to reach Allatoona by 1 A.M. October 5th.

As soon as he arrived he unloaded his men and supplies and sent his train back to Rome for more men. Corse brought with him about 1,000.

Colonel Tourtelotte at Allatoona and his brave men had held on against all preliminary skirmishing,

but the rumors by signal and otherwise were disheartening. Imagine the courage and inspiration which such a man as Corse with his reënforcement gave to them.

The Confederate commander very deliberately went about the investment of the garrison, and had with him, according to the latest returns, 2,962 effectives and a total of 4,412 men.

About eight o'clock, while the firing on both sides was still going on, Corse detected a flag of truce coming toward the redoubt from the north Confederate brigade. It brought in a dispatch which proved to be a communication from the Confederate general, French.

AROUND ALLATOONA, October 5, 1864.

COMMANDING OFFICER UNITED STATES FORCES, ALLATOONA.

Sir: I have placed the forces under my command in such positions that you are surrounded, and to avoid a needless effusion of blood, I call on you to surrender your forces at once and unconditionally. Five minutes will allow you to decide. Should you accede to this, you will be treated in the most honorable manner as prisoners of war.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully yours,

S. G. FRENCH,
Major General Commanding Forces Confederate States.

All of us who knew Corse can see with what promptness and energy he instantly penned his brief response:

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH DIVISION, FIFTEENTH CORPS,
ALLATOONA, GA., 8.30 a.m., October 5, 1864.

MAJOR GENERAL S. G. FRENCH, *Confederate States Army, etc.:* Your communication demanding surrender of my command I acknowledge receipt of, and respectfully reply that we are pre-

pared for "the needless effusion of blood" whenever it is agreeable to you.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN M. CORSE,

Brigadier General Commanding Forces United States.

As soon as the return dispatch was off, Corse visited the different fronts of his redoubt and told the officers and men of the demand for surrender and what his answer had been. He encouraged them by his words and manner so that they were prepared to do their utmost.

His necessary arrangements were scarcely completed before the battle began in earnest, and raged with great severity.

The resistance, in connection with the rough approaches, caused the Confederates considerable delay in approaching the regular advance points of the redoubt.

But the Confederate commanders did not yet give up. They covered themselves by other obstacles, such as trees, ravines, logs, and stumps, in such a way as to shoot down any Yankee soldiers who showed themselves above the irregular parapet. The men stood steadily to their duty in spite of their danger.

French's Confederates worked themselves entirely around the trenches, and, though not rapidly, yet constantly, were picking off our men. About one o'clock Corse himself received a wound from a rifle ball which "crossed the left side of his face and cut off the tip of his ear." He was upon his horse at the time.

For half an hour the gallant commander seemed unconscious. Now, thinking he heard somebody cry, "Cease firing!" he revived and came fully to himself;

instantly he encouraged the officers around him to keep up their resistance. He told them that our army was rapidly approaching, and would be there before long.

Corse's words had the desired effect. The efforts of our men to fire above the parapet were renewed. Corse's artillery being out of ammunition, some fearless soldier, whose name, unfortunately, is not remembered, ran across under fire to the east hill, and brought them as much case shot and canister as he could fetch. About two o'clock in the afternoon some one reported a force gathering behind one of the houses, from which a rush was to be made upon the redoubt. Very quickly a piece of artillery was moved across the redoubt to an embrasure opening in that direction. From that point by two or three discharges the new column was broken up, and all the groups of Confederates were repelled by the quick fire from the waiting rifles of our men.

This event seems to have turned the tables in favor of this little garrison, and by four o'clock every front had been thoroughly cleared of living and able Confederates.

In this battle Corse commends Colonel Tourtelotte. He recommended him for promotion, and said of him: "Though wounded in the early part of the action, he remained with his men to the close."

Of Colonel Rowett he remarked: "Twice wounded, he clung tenaciously to his post, and fully earned the promotion I so cheerfully recommend may be awarded him."

The severity of the struggle may be noticed by the losses on Corse's side of 6 officers, 136 men killed; 22 officers, 330 men wounded; 6 officers, 206 men miss-

ing; total, 706. They buried 231 Confederates, captured 411 prisoners, 4 stands of colors, and 800 rifles. Among the Confederate prisoners was a brigade commander, General Young.

There were several dispatches which passed between Sherman and Corse during this engagement, among them the famous signal which came over the Confederate heads from the top of Kenesaw sixteen miles away at 6.30 A.M.: "Hold fort; we are coming." Fom this incident the famous hymn "Hold the Fort, for I Am Coming," was written by Major D. W. Whittle, my provost marshal and personal friend. Later he became a well-known Evangelist. Also the following:

COMMANDING OFFICER, ALLATOONA: Sherman says hold fast; we are coming.

And Corse's reply:

ALLATOONA, GA., October 5, 1864.

. . . Where is Sherman?

KENESAW MOUNTAIN, October 5th.

Near you. Tell Allatoona hold on. Sherman says he is working hard for you.

Again:

KENESAW MOUNTAIN, October 6th, 2 P.M.

How is Corse? What news?

DAYTON, *Aid-de-Camp.*

Answer:

ALLATOONA, October 6th, 2 P.M.

CAPTAIN L. M. DAYTON, *Aid-de-Camp:* I am short of a cheek-bone and one ear,[1] but am able to whip all hell yet.

JOHN M. CORSE,
Brigadier General.

[1] For his acts of special gallantry in heroically defending Allatoona, Brigadier General John M. Corse was awarded the commission of Brevet Major General of Volunteers, October 5, 1864.

It was quite a feat to communicate backward and forward sixteen miles by signal over the enemy's heads.

Even General Hood said: "General Corse won my admiration by his gallant resistance."

General Corse's command belonging to my army, I issued the following order:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT AND ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, NEAR KENESAW MOUNTAIN, October 9, 1864.
General Field Orders No. 18.

While uniting in high commendation awarded by the General in Chief, the Army of the Tennessee would tender through me its hearty appreciation and thanks to Brigadier General John M. Corse for his promptitude, energy, and eminent success in the defense of Allatoona Pass against a force so largely superior to his own, and our warmest congratulations are extended to him, to Colonel Tourtelotte, and the rest of our comrades in arms who fought at Allatoona, for the glorious manner in which they vetoed "the useless effusion of blood."

O. O. HOWARD,
Major-General.

As soon as the news of the failure of the Confederates to take Allatoona, and also the prevention of Armstrong's cavalry from destroying the bridge across the Etowah, was brought to Hood, then near Lost Mountain, he continued his march daily northward. He crossed the Coosa River near the hamlet of Coosaville, and then marched up the western bank of the Oostenaula. He went above Resaca, and quite completely destroyed the railroad all the way along above Resaca toward Chattanooga as far as our first battleground, "Tunnel Hill." He captured our posts at Dalton and Buzzard Roost, securing at least 1,000 prisoners.

By this time the Confederate cavalry under Wheeler had rejoined his army. As a last effort General Stephen D. Lee, with his corps, undertook the capture of the garrison at Resaca. Hood himself made the demand, October 12, 1864, to the commanding officer in these terms:

SIR: I demand the immediate and unconditional surrender of the post and garrison under your command, and should this be acceded to, all white soldiers and officers will be paroled in a few days. If the place is carried by assault, no prisoners will be taken.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,
J. B. HOOD,
General.

Colonel Wever's reply is worthy of record, addressed the same date to General Hood:

Your communication of this date just received. In reply I have to state that I am somewhat surprised at the concluding paragraph, to the effect that if the place is carried by assault no prisoners will be taken. In my opinion I can hold this post. If you want it, come and take it.

I am, general, very respectfully, your most obedient servant,
CLARK R. WEVER,
Commanding Officer.

Wever had but a small brigade, yet Lee's investment was not complete, so that Wever was soon reenforced by our cavalry from the direction of Kingston.

Hood decided, doubtless, after Wever's rejoinder, not to assault the works, and commenced at once the destruction of the railroad.

My army was near Kenesaw, pulling on as rapidly as possible northward October 5th. During the night

of the 12th we all reached the vicinity of Resaca, having, in fact, recovered all of our stations up to that point, and commenced the speedy repair of the culvert and railroad tracks.

On the morning of the 13th we found that every detachment of the enemy had disappeared. His Third Corps had passed over beyond the high ranges westward, a part of them going through Snake Creek Gap and obstructing the way for four or five miles by felled trees. They were of every size, crossed and crisscrossed in our path. Sherman desired me, trees or no trees, to push rapidly after Hood, and I was eager enough myself to get through the obstructed gap.

I remember that General Belknap, one of my division commanders, afterwards Secretary of War under President Grant, was reluctant about leading the way, desiring the obstructions to be first cleared away by pioneers. I saw him delaying and walking toward Sherman, who was then standing near a house, so I sent Belknap word, through an aid-de-camp, to go on at once through the gap or I would send some one in his place. He showed considerable feeling, but went on to move his men. Small trees were thrown out of the way by the soldiers, while officers and men went steadily on under and over the larger ones; meanwhile, our engineers and pioneers who had good axes cut these off.

That very night before dark we succeeded in getting my two corps, Osterhaus's and Ransom's commands, in close proximity to Hood's army, and we thought then that Hood would delay with hope of engaging our forces piecemeal as they came through the mountains. Hood's headquarters were that

night near Villanow, but a few miles from us. The next morning at dawn there were no signs of the Confederate army in our neighborhood, except those of vacant camps. We proceeded as rapidly as we could as far as the town of Gaylesville, Ala. There we halted October 21st. Hood's whole army had by this time passed on. His own headquarters were then at Gadsden. The only skirmish in consequence of our pursuit that any part of my force had was on the morning of October 16th, when my leftmost division, under General Charles R. Woods, ran upon Hood's rear guard at Ship's Gap.

We there captured a part of the Twenty-fourth South Carolina. From that time on the Confederates were moving rapidly away from us. From the 21st to the 28th of October we remained at Gaylesville or in that vicinity, while Sherman was communicating with his commanders at Chattanooga and Nashville, and with his commander in chief at Washington concerning the future.

One of my corps officers, General Ransom, who was admirably commanding the Seventeenth Corps, was taken ill with what I supposed at the time was a temporary attack. It began about the time we drew out from East Point.

After Corse's victory at Allatoona, Ransom had written him as follows: "We all feel grateful to God for your brilliant victory, and are proud of our old comrade and his noble division. You have the congratulation and sympathy of the Seventeenth Corps."

Ransom was a young officer who had graduated from Norwich University, Vermont, the son of the distinguished Colonel Ransom who lost his life in Mexico.

He was a large, strong, finely formed, handsome young man of acknowledged ability, exalted character, and great promise.

He was so desirous to go on this campaign that, though ill, nothing could prevent his undertaking it. At first he rode his horse and did his full duty night and day. When he grew weaker he had himself drawn at the head of his command in an ambulance, and at last he caused his men to carry him along on an army stretcher, resolute to the end.

He died, October 29th, in a house near our road, carried thither by his men, while his command was *en route* between Gaylesville and Rome, Ga.

CHAPTER XL

RETURN TO ATLANTA; THE MARCH TO THE SEA; BATTLE OF GRISWOLDVILLE, GA.

THE Army of the Tennessee changed its camp from Gaylesville, Ala., to Cave Spring and Cedartown, Ga., making short marches. Every hostile soldier was so far away that our occupation of the country was peaceful. The inhabitants soon became acquainted with us, and our camps afforded good centers for trade.

On account of insufficiency of time to graze we lost many of the poorer mules and some artillery horses; and, in fact, those losses distressed us till after passing Ship's Gap, north of the Etowah, when the forage wagons became empty and grass neither abundant nor nutritious.

The weaker mules were detached and sent away in herds to Chattanooga. The best being retained were held in service. During our rest at Gaylesville, Ala., pursuant to new directions from General Sherman, a redistribution of artillery was made, leaving but one battery to a division; then, by judicious exchanges, the good horses were attached to the retained batteries, and the remainder were hurried off toward our depot at Rome and Chattanooga. Cedartown, Ga., and all its bright neighborhood, rejoiced in a plentiful supply of grain. So our animals day by

day were gaining flesh and their strength, and, indeed, my army was surprisingly well supplied with provisions from the country during our return march, which was made by short stages for the very purpose of rest and refreshment after the 300 miles of severe additional campaigning.

November 3d I encamped near Dallas.

The 4th we were grouped near Lost Mountain, where it was easier to lose your way from the thick woods and crooked roads than to lose sight of the mountain. In fact, the mountain, unaccountably named "Lost," enabled a wanderer to refind his pathway.

The 5th brought the Army of the Tennessee back to Smyrna Camp Ground. There we remained until November 13th.

General Sherman himself, as early as November 2d, had changed his headquarter belongings again to the little hamlet of Kingstown, Ga. From this point that same day was the significant dispatch to Grant: "If I turn back, the whole effect of my campaign will be lost. . . . I am clearly of the opinion that the best results will follow my contemplated movement through Georgia."

Grant's reply is: "Your dispatch of 9 A.M. yesterday just received. . . . I do not see that you can withdraw from where you are to follow Hood without giving up all we have gained in the territory; I say, then, go on as you propose."

Our sick in increasing numbers before the campaign, but proportionately diminishing during Hood's raid, were brought together at Rome and Atlanta. While we rested, they were carefully removed to Chattanooga and Nashville; also surplus stores of every

kind that had accumulated at Atlanta were sent back as fast as possible.

General Corse acted in Rome in this respect as did our Chief Quartermaster at Atlanta. Then, on November 10th, after he had demolished the storehouses, he evacuated Rome and commenced his march toward Atlanta. During November 12th the troops with me destroyed all the railroad from Big Shanty forward to the Chattahoochee River, burning the ties in heaps and twisting the rails. The stretch of railroad completely disabled was about twenty-two miles in extent.

November 13, 1864, my army broke camp and proceeded from Smyrna Camp Ground to Atlanta. We chose a place for concentration at a railroad station south of the city, then called White Hall, situated about halfway to East Point.

Corse arrived the evening of the 14th. John E. Smith's division, that had been guarding the railroad during the greater part of our Atlanta campaign, portions of which had been stationed at Resaca and Allatoona, concentrated at Cartersville, then marching on southward, also joined us the morning of the 14th. Thus again my own field command was gathered together. Of course, by breaking up our lines of communication the effective force was increased. Besides these additions, an encouraging number of sick recovered, and recruits brought from the North joined the different regiments, so that my effective troops were in the neighborhood of 33,000. My army did not witness the destruction of Atlanta.

While Sherman, accompanied by Slocum, commanding the Army of Georgia, were taking their last glimpse of this great railroad center, now mostly in ashes, and pushing off toward Augusta, my command

was moving southward. We left White Hall November 15, 1864, and I made a feint toward Macon to deceive the enemy gathering in my front.

Kilpatrick's cavalry, about 5,000 horsemen, had already reported to me, and were sent during the first of "The March to the Sea" to clear my front and watch my right flank as we wandered southward.

Till November 19th to all appearances we were sweeping on toward Macon; then first our infantry by a sudden turn to the left crossed to the east of Ocmulgee on pontoon bridges. The steep and muddy banks were bothersome. The cavalry followed close, and, as soon as over the river, again quickly turned down the first roads toward East Macon. The army, clambering up with difficulty the east bank of the river, made straight for a station on the Macon & Savannah Railroad called Gordon. Our trains, including Kilpatrick's, stretched out, would have been thirty-seven miles long. To get those wagons "parked" at Gordon without accident was our problem.

Osterhaus, commanding our Fifteenth Corps (Logan being absent), was on the right. I was with him when he struck the Macon & Savannah Railroad early November 22d. Then, turning back a little from East Macon, I had him send General Charles R. Woods to watch out that way with his division and help Kilpatrick, for much Confederate force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery was reported as over the Ocmulgee in East Macon, which evidently proposed to attack something. They might, at least, catch our long, snaky trains and cut them asunder. General Woods faced back, and took up a strong position near a church; then he sent forward one brigade under Brigadier General C. C. Walcutt, with total present for duty

1,513 men, partly armed with Spencer repeating rifles. Walcutt also had two cannon. Just then, at the start, the Confederates were noisily driving before them a part of Kilpatrick's cavalry. Woods thereupon sent Walcutt that way past the station of Griswoldville.

Our cavalry and infantry kept skirmishing in a lively manner, till Osterhaus naturally thought that Walcutt had gone far enough. He instructed Woods to draw him back to Duncan's farm, nearer to his supporting division. Here they found abundant trees and some convenient swamps, impassable except at a few points. Walcutt noisily chose the edge of a wood with open ground in front of him, throwing up the usual cover of rails and logs, while some of Kilpatrick's men guarded the more distant swamps. One thousand five hundred and thirteen Yankee men behind that barrier with two cannon to cover the approaches by using iron hail were more than equal to 10,000 opponents, however determined they might be.

General Gustavus W. Smith was an assistant professor in engineering at West Point the last year of my cadet term (1853–4), and taught our class, instructing me how to recognize and take "a military position." He, though at the time quite a young officer, had been twice brevetted for gallantry and merit in the Mexican War. He was a self-respecting, dignified man of marked ability. He had left the army, and was trying his skill in civil pursuits, holding just before the war the office of Street Commissioner in New York City, when the secession outburst took him south. Now he was said to be commanding the Confederates in my front in the neighborhood of Macon, November 15, 1864.

The size of his command was:

Effective muskets (sent from Jonesboro)	1,900
Reserves of all kinds	1,200
Two batteries (a battalion, probably 200)	200
State-line troops	400
Actual fighting men with rifles and muskets	3,700

The battle began at 2.30 P.M. and lasted until sunset. During the engagement the enemy made three separate charges and were as often repulsed with heavy loss.

General Woods foots his losses: 13 killed, 79 wounded, and 2 missing; total, 93.

The enemy's loss was a little over 600. General Smith had been delayed in Macon while his command was hastening on toward Augusta; they found that we had two corps of our army across all their roads of egress toward Atlanta, Milledgeville, Augusta, or Savannah; hence came about the battle of Griswoldville of which I reported November 27, 1864:

"That this engagement was of a more severe character and our loss a little greater than I had at first supposed; but fortunately the enemy attacked us at the very point where we were prepared; though with a force one-third less than that of the enemy. The Confederates were so completely defeated that they troubled us no more in that quarter. During the battle I took post with my staff where I could reënforce if necessary. I was glad to be able to demonstrate General Smith's instructions in regard to taking a new military position." [1]

[1] Later, during the stormy reconstruction period, General G. W. Smith defended me in the face of criticism of my efforts to alleviate the suffering of the negro when passing from slavery to freedom. I have always remembered the kindness with gratitude and appreciation.

After the battle I wrote the following to Major General Osterhaus, commanding the Fifteenth Corps.

GENERAL: I take pleasure in congratulating the brigade of General Walcutt of General Woods's division of the fifteenth Corps on its complete success in the action of yesterday. Officers from other commands who were looking on say that there was never a better brigade of soldiers. I am exceedingly sorry that any of our brave men should fall, and for the sufferings of those who are wounded. The thanks of the army are doubly due them. I tender my sympathy through you to the brave and excellent commander of the brigade, Brigadier General Walcutt.

It is hoped that his wound may not disable him.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

O. O. HOWARD,

Major General.

We marched over rough places and jolted along corduroy roads, yet all our wounded from this battle were transported from Griswold Station to the sea without loss of life.

The object I had in sending, through Osterhaus, Woods's division off to my right was to help Kilpatrick keep back any forces of the Confederate cavalry or infantry from getting at our long trains. These trains were struggling over muddy and difficult roads, so that it was hard to keep them reasonably closed up. We drew them out of the wagon road at Gordon, and had the teamsters, urged by their wagon masters, drive as rapidly as possible into park. Fortunately, we got all the wagons well massed near that small railroad station without loss of any.

An incident took place before reaching Gordon, near the town of Clinton, which indicates how the troops came into collision. Wheeler found Oster-

haus's men moving through Clinton. He did not observe them, owing to a dense fog, until in close proximity. Six Confederates rushed into town, and succeeded in capturing an orderly who was in personal service at the time at Osterhaus's headquarters. This man was seized within twenty feet of the corps commander himself, yet the captors escaped in safety.

Slocum, with the left wing, had meanwhile reached Milledgeville, where his men had instituted a mock legislature, completed the issue of a newspaper, and celebrated the occasion by rich festivals of their own contrivance. General Slocum communicated with me and with Kilpatrick by scouting parties moving across from Slocum's column to mine, the distance being in the neighborhood of ten or twelve miles. Thus far "The March to the Sea," more serious on my route by the loss of about a hundred men and the exciting event of a battle, was working greatly to Sherman's satisfaction.

I sent a dispatch from my halting place at Gordon by Kilpatrick, who was now ordered to pass from my column over toward the left to work forward in conjunction with Slocum. This dispatch was addressed to Sherman. I told him that the Oconee was before me, and that I was examining the crossings. Fuller accounts of what we had done had already been forwarded by the hands of Captain William Duncan, who had the immediate command of his company, acting as scouts for me.

Curiously enough, this Captain Duncan, who, from some reports sent me about that time by General Blair concerning him and his scouts, appeared to me to be rather reckless, at this time performed a feat quite in keeping with his subsequent remarkable career.

It was before Sherman and Slocum had reached Milledgeville. In a letter I remarked: "To-morrow I will have everything substantially at Gordon. Our marches at first (from Atlanta), until we reached Ocmulgee, were very pleasant, having good roads and good weather. Since then our roads have been very heavy, and the rain continuous. We have found the country full of provisions, and thus far have drawn very little upon our rations. We have destroyed (as instructed) a large amount of cotton, the Planters' Factory, a pistol factory, and a mill at Griswold; the latter three by Kilpatrick."

Now, referring to Captain Duncan's enterprise ten miles ahead of us and toward our left front, I said: "The Mayor of Milledgeville surrendered the town, the capital of Georgia, formally to Captain Duncan and a few scouts." Then, speaking of some cavalry that went from Blair's headquarters or mine to support the scouts, I wrote: "After Duncan's capture a company of the First Alabama Cavalry entered the town with Captain Duncan and destroyed the depot and some seventy-five or one hundred boxes of ammunition and the telegraph office. Duncan had returned to me, meeting me at Gordon; and so I sent him back again November 22d with a fuller report of our late battle to be delivered to General Sherman."

After receiving full news and causing Kilpatrick with his cavalry to cross over to the left, Sherman from Milledgeville issued instructions for further movements November 23d. It was in this communication that he ordered Kilpatrick to use all possible effort to rescue our prisoners of war confined near Millen. In the accomplishment of this the cavalry failed.

Referring to the railroad I was substantially following, Sherman suggested that great attention should be paid to the destruction of this road. Besides burning bridges and trestles, the iron should be carefully twisted and warped, so that it would not be possible ever to use it again. To this end, our rate of travel should be reduced to ten miles a day.

One or two harsh measures may be inserted to modify somewhat the feeling that has existed, that our foraging soldiers too often exceeded their instructions. They were directed by Sherman "to capture wagons; to bring their plunder to camp, after which the wagons should be burned." Also: "Wherever such obstruction occurs (referring to citizens destroying bridges, culverts, etc.), the commanding officer of the troops present on the spot will deal harshly with the inhabitants near by, to show them that it is for their interest not to impede our movements."

Again, we noticed how the burning of cotton, already imperatively directed, was again emphasized by our general: "Should the enemy burn forage and corn on our route, houses, barns, and cotton gins must also be burned to keep them company."

These implicit instructions, together with the well-known expression of our general, "to forage liberally on the country," caused irregularities almost beyond the power of control, so that very soon, so far as my wing was concerned, I was obliged to stop the burning of mills, except by my own direct orders. And I issued these restrictive words:

The attention of the corps commanders and the commanders of unattached regiments and detachments is called to the irregularities existing in foraging, and the manner in which this privilege is often

abused. It is noticed that many men not belonging to proper foraging parties are allowed to straggle from the ranks and forage for themselves without any authority whatsoever. It is by such men that the greater part of the pillaging is done, and depredations committed, of which there is so much complaint. Officers in charge of foraging parties must be continually instructed to keep their men well in hand, never allowing them to precede the advance guard of the column, and to use more discretion in taking from the poor, being careful to leave them sufficient for their immediate subsistence. It is also noticed that the number of mounted men is very largely increasing, and that the ranks are correspondingly diminished. Means will be at once taken to check this growing evil. The number of mounted foragers to each brigade should be limited and regulated in orders, which, if not done, mounted foragers will be no longer allowed. We are now nearing the enemy, and foraging parties should be cautioned against preceding the advance of the column.

In order to keep ourselves in more complete communication where the country was penetrated in every direction by Wheeler's scouts, and where General Wayne had a force of at least 1,000 men, I took advantage of Kilpatrick's leftward march to send my aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Colonel C. H. Howard, to Sherman the morning of November 24th, just as I was moving forward. He was to remain with the general until we came together.

The message that he bore to Sherman showed that Blair's corps was on the direct road to the railroad bridge; that his advance had dislodged Wayne's men from a stockade close to the Oconee River where they

had had two or more pieces of artillery. I wrote to Sherman that I might have to ask him to threaten the enemy from the north of my troops, because the swamps bordering the Oconee were so difficult that an inferior force might be hindered. I had searched for a place to cross the Oconee near the railroad bridge, called Jackson's Ferry, but no such ferry then existed. There was a series of lagoon bridges running across the main stream and its branches in the neighborhood of Ball's Ferry, which was six miles south of the railroad bridge. Osterhaus with his Fifteenth Corps was making for that crossing. To that point I went myself.

The point of meeting to which Colonel Howard was to accompany the general in chief was called Sandersville, beyond and east of the Oconee and north of our railroad, where the two wings of Sherman's army would naturally touch each other. Finding all attempts at crossing in front of Blair impracticable, I was obliged to bring his corps to the vicinity of Ball's Ferry, following Osterhaus.

My escort, the Alabama (Union) cavalry, had succeeded in getting a small detachment beyond the Oconee before the bridges were destroyed; but Wayne, coming upon them with infantry and artillery, drove them back across the river to our side. Then Wayne planted himself strongly upon a prominent bluff east of the river which commanded every approach and swept the causeways and bridges so thoroughly that no man could appear for an instant upon them. The swamp on our side was a mile or more broad, with water waist deep, and studded with trees, many of which were cypress.

Moving on from Gordon, November 25th, I came to the vicinity of the Oconee, and dismounted to rest and

send dispatches near a house on the right side of the road, when Osterhaus, coming back, told me before he dismounted that he could get no farther, as the enemy was too strong on the other side. I told him that that was no way to talk, but to keep deploying his skirmishers up and down the river until he got no return fire, and report.

He soon returned and assured me that he found no enemy a few hundred yards up the river. I then instructed him to send in a brigade with the canvas boats, already put together, and push over the men rapidly into the clearings beyond, then come down the river and take the enemy in the flank. Of this movement Wayne reported: "The enemy have driven us back from the cross bridge, three heavy columns are across the river, and they have possession of Ball's Ferry, below here. . . . To save the men I will retire."

This Oconee crossing was the most difficult that we had to encounter, though the forces in our front continued to enlarge as we proceeded from place to place. The Confederate garrisons fell back, and reënforcements kept coming forward from Savannah. The Confederate general then in charge of a geographical division, Braxton Bragg, peremptorily ordered Wheeler with his cavalry and some artillery to stick close to us; to harass us in front and flank, and, above all, to destroy subsistence and forage in the route over which we advanced.

Some 5,000 Confederates fell back from Sandersville before Sherman arrived. At that point, the 25th, Sherman himself accompanied my left corps on the eastern bank of the Ogeechee, while I followed the one or the other of my two columns on the right bank,

usually keeping them from six to ten miles apart. Corse's division was as far to the right as Wrightsville, but I had it brought gradually back into a closer connection with the rest of the Fifteenth Corps.

In fact, this division, though having the longest journey, came up to the vicinity of Station No. 2, some thirteen miles ahead of Blair's Seventeenth Corps, the leading regiment reaching that part of the Ogeechee, where there were two bridges, Wright's and Jenks's. The Confederates had destroyed them both by fire. Wright's brigade was across the Ogeechee, three miles above Jenks's. Colonel Williamson, commanding a brigade, managed to get a regiment over this broad river, and on the east side made a bridgehead and manned it; then he sent fifty men of the Ninth Iowa on to the Gulf Railroad to break it. Captain McSweeney, in charge of this detachment, accomplished the purpose in plain sight of a train loaded with Confederate troops; after which he brought his men safely to the bridgehead.

Oliver's brigade of Hazen's division, which had been below watching Jenks's bridge, with many Confederates opposite to him, was sent away up a tributary westward, with instructions to secure a crossing at a bridge near Bryan Court House. He left one regiment, the Ninetieth Illinois, with a battery of artillery, at Jenks's bridge, and went on his expedition. He held Jenks's bridge.

At Bryan Court House the river was obstructed by a strong Confederate force on the other side, but Osterhaus, supporting Oliver, had a search made for another crossing. They found an old ferry below the bridge which was practicable. An expedition was sent across in the night. The Confederates were sur-

prised. Finding their flank turned like Wayne's at the Oconee, they fled at the first alarm.

Having secured the crossing near Bryan's Court House, Osterhaus promptly sent a sufficient force to break up a portion of the Gulf Railroad south of the Ogeechee.

Osterhaus now concentrated the most of his force near Jenks's bridge. General Corse was on the lead. On his arrival he found Colonel Owen Stuart behind a line of rifle pits exchanging shot with considerable force on the other bank. Corse sent up a battery and located it so as to clear away all riflemen that would bother his boats. Then he sent Stuart's regiment across the river. As soon as the first troops got firm foothold east of the Ogeechee, the Confederates fell back to a prepared work, which formed a regular defensive connection from the river to the high ground.

Osterhaus, using some of Corse's division (Rice's and Williamson's brigades), working up against swampy places, double lines, and intrenchments, carried everything before him. His men took the works, killed and wounded some, captured thirty prisoners, and put the remainder of the Confederates to flight. In these operations Corse and Williamson had the help of that famous twenty-four-pounder-Parrott battery which, under DeGress, had been such a bone of contention at the battle of Atlanta. The First Missouri Battery also bore a part in this small battle.

There are other small affairs in which single brigades and small regiments bore a part, but now speedily all the right wing was brought up against the defenses of Hardee, which he had so carefully prepared to envelop the city from Savannah River around north

to the bay below. As the left wing had marched abreast of mine, Sherman, establishing his own headquarters on the Louisville road, soon invested Savannah, covering every approach, in conjunction with our naval fleet, except the communications with Charleston across the Savannah River.

Just before this operation of investment began—December 9, 1864, after our last combat, and near the Savannah Canal—I drew up a dispatch to the commander of the naval forces to this effect:

> We have met with perfect success thus far. Troops in fine spirits and near by.
>
> Respectfully,
> O. O. Howard,
> *Major General Commanding.*

I believe that I inserted the word "Sherman" before "near by" but the above is the form in which the dispatch has always appeared.

I selected Captain William Duncan, who had escaped from capture and had returned to my escort, and told him to take with him Sergeant Myron J. Amick and Private George W. Quimby and proceed down the Ogeechee, passing Confederate stations, the King's Bridge, Fort McAllister, and all obstructions, and go out to sea and communicate with the fleet. It seemed next to impossible that the feat could be accomplished, but Captain Duncan's already distinguished career as a scout and his confidence that he could accomplish the enterprise led me to try him. He secured a long dugout, rather narrow and somewhat weather-beaten; then, putting in rations, he took my dispatch and another from my signal officer and set out. He went along very well by night, having passed the bridge

and carefully worked through the torpedo obstructions.

When the day dawned the morning of the 10th, he found some negroes, who befriended him and his men. The party kept pretty well under cover until evening. During the night they appear to have made considerable progress, but did not succeed in getting past Fort McAllister. They went ashore to get a negro guide and some provisions; they tied up their boats and then made their way through some bushes and thin groves till they came near a roadway. Here they heard the voices of some Confederates passing along the road. By lying down and keeping very quiet, they were not discovered.

Soon after this they came to quite a sizable negro house, went in, and were well treated and refreshed with provisions. While they were eating they were startled by hearing a party of Confederate cavalry riding toward the house. Of course they expected to be instantly captured, but the negroes coming quickly to their rescue concealed them under the floor. The coolness and smartness of the negroes surprised even Captain Duncan, though he had believed in and trusted them. The cavalry stopped but remained only a short time, and the negroes guided our men back to their boats.

In such operations as these, with hairbreadth escapes, they hid through the 11th in the daytime. When night came, to avoid one danger, they crossed the wide river; but hearing some voices, they feared a recapture from the bank, so they quietly pushed away, avoided a boat filled with oarsmen who were passing over the Ogeechee from a Confederate gunboat at anchor below Fort McAllister. They ran so

near this gunboat that they were in terror for fear some noise that they had to make in paddling, or some flashlight from the vessel, would discover them; but, surprising to say, they passed all obstacles, and soon after daylight on the morning of the 12th they drifted out into the broad bay.

There the *Dandelion*, a dispatch boat of our navy, discovered the dugout with its three weary scouts. They were taken on board and carried to Port Royal Harbor to the flagship *Philadelphia*, arriving about eight o'clock the same morning, and saw my brief dispatch put into the hands of Rear Admiral Dahlgren, to whom it was addressed.

Admiral Dahlgren reported on this expedition: "It may be perhaps exceeding my province, but I cannot refrain from expressing the hope that the department will commend Captain Duncan and his companions to the Honorable Secretary of War for some mark of approbation for the success of establishing communication between General Sherman and the fleet. It was an enterprise that required both skill and courage."

CHAPTER XLI

THE MARCH TO THE SEA; CAPTURE OF FORT McALLISTER AND SAVANNAH

GENERAL SHERMAN charged me to open further communications with the fleet, and directed Kilpatrick with his cavalry to assist me. As soon as the two wings struck the main works at Savannah, Kilpatrick set out to accomplish his part of the operation. He crossed the Big Ogeechee at Jenks's Bridge, and then went on and followed Colonel Oliver's trail over the Cannouchee, near Bryan Court House. Sherman directed Kilpatrick to try to take Fort McAllister right away, as the garrison probably did not exceed 200 men with 13 guns. Haste was necessary, as in many things our supply was running short, and McAllister was the only remaining obstacle to our communicating with the fleet and establishing a new line of supply. Kilpatrick had visited me and represented the necessity of having infantry support.

This plainly appears in a letter of his to Sherman, dated December 11, 1864, in which he says: "I have proposed to General Howard to cross the Ogeechee with my command and a force of infantry and take the fort. General Howard has accepted my proposition, and will give me the infantry asked for, and I will only await your permission. I promise to take the fort—if it is as it was represented to me—and

let in our fleet; at all events I will reach the Sound and communicate with the fleet."

It was after this visit of Kilpatrick, made to me on his way over the Ogeechee to carry out his instructions, that I went in person to General Sherman and represented to him the necessity of sending infantry to take the fort. I asked him, contrary to his instructions to me, which were to destroy King's Bridge utterly, to allow me to rebuild what was already demolished, and send a division of infantry to take Fort McAllister.

The general asked me which division I would choose, agreeing with me that it would be next to impossible for the cavalry alone to storm the fort. I answered him, "Hazen's." To this proposition the general agreed. Then I returned to my headquarters the same day and directed Captain Reese to repair King's Bridge and then issued the following order:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT AND ARMY
OF THE TENNESSEE, LITTLE OGEECHEE,
NEAR SAVANNAH, December 12, 1864.

Special Field Orders No. 193.

As soon as King's Bridge is completed, Major General Osterhaus, commanding Fifteenth Corps, will direct his second division, Brigadier General Hazen commanding, to proceed against Fort McAllister and take it.

By order of MAJOR GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

SAM'L L. TAGGART,
Assistant Adjutant General.

The reason I am thus particular in reciting the preliminaries is because in General Sherman's memoirs he conveys the impression that he himself did what I as wing commander began, continued, and ac-

complished—of course in complete agreement with Sherman and in keeping with his instructions. I stood in the same relationship to capturing Fort McAllister as General Terry did to the taking of Fort Fisher; it was my division, selected by myself, which crossed King's Bridge, repaired the bridge under my instructions, and then proceeded to the fort. And it was my order of December 12th which directed Hazen's division "to proceed against Fort McAllister and take it." This does not in any way derogate from the honor of the general in chief, under whose instructions to open communication with the fleet I was acting.

On the 13th everybody was ready; Hazen's division crossed over to the west bank of the Ogeechee, starting at daylight, and reached the vicinity of McAllister about eleven o'clock. Hazen captured a considerable picket of Confederates within a mile of the fort, and he judiciously caused them to reveal the whereabouts of the torpedoes which were buried beneath the roads.

It took some time to dig them out; for of course the men, after locating them, were obliged to work with extreme caution. Hazen then left eight of his regiments as a reserve at that point; then slowly worked his way with the remainder to within 600 yards of the work, and there extended his main body into line and pushed out his skirmishers in advance with instructions to creep up toward the fort under cover till they could approach near enough to watch the gunners through the embrasures and, if possible, to prevent them from firing their heavy pieces.

All the bottom lands to the right of the fort were very marshy, intersected with streams which con-

nected with the wide Ogeechee. His deployment was necessarily slow and difficult, and, strange to say, it took him till after half-past four in the afternoon to get every man in position as he desired. The whole command, officers and men, understood exactly what they were to do. At last the bugle was sounded for the impulse, "and at precisely five o'clock the fort was carried."

Hazen acted very wisely when he gave instructions to do what all infantry commanders are now obliged to do: use thin lines. He made his as thin as he could, the result of which was that none of his soldiers were hit by the garrison until they were very near. Of course, at close quarters the fighting between men of equal determination was fierce and bloody.

Not far outside the works other torpedoes were encountered, many of which were exploded as the feet of the men struck them, in many instances blowing and scattering the men in fragments.

Hazen's last clause in his story is graphic indeed. "The line moved on without checking, over, under, and through abatis, ditches, palisading, and parapets, fighting the garrison through the fort to their bombproofs, from which they still fought, and only succumbed as each man was individually overpowered." Twenty-four of Hazen's officers and men were killed and 110 officers and men wounded in this assault. They captured, including the killed, 250 men and officers, 24 pieces of ordnance, 10 tons of ammunition, quantities of food, small arms, and the animals and equipments of a light battery, horses and officers, and private stores in abundance which had been placed within Fort McAllister for safety.

The morning in which Hazen left King's Bridge,

December 13th, I joined Sherman, and taking with me a few members of my staff we went down the left bank of the Ogeechee as far as Dr. Cheve's rice mill. On the roof, which was but little inclined, our signal officers had secured a good position, and were in communication with Hazen's signal officers near McAllister at the time of our arrival. The battery of DeGress had preceded us to the rice mill and taken a position where the commander thought he could reach the fort with his projectiles.

His guns were of large size—the twenty-pounder-Parrott. The distance appeared to be three miles. DeGress's firing could not do much damage, but was a diversion, and had for its main object to draw the attention of the fleet. For hours we watched all the operations as well as we could. The signal telescope helped us to an occasional revelation, which kept down Sherman's impatience. About noon the cannon of McAllister commenced slowly firing toward the land, and shortly we could see puffs of smoke, which indicated what Hazen's skirmishers were doing. A little later we caught sight of a steamer in the offing below the fort. It was near the bay or broad mouth of the Ogeechee.

Still later in the afternoon our signal communication was perfected and connected with Hazen himself. He said he had invested the fort already. He had also caught sight of the steamer below. Sherman's answering signal emphasized the importance of carrying the fort by assault that very day. When the steamer was near enough it drew the fire of the fort upon itself. Shortly after this, Captain McClintock and Lieutenant Sampson, our signal officers, descried the moving flag. They talked with the vessel, which

they reported to be a tug sent out by Admiral Dahlgren and General Foster for the purpose of opening communication with us. It was at this time, while we were communicating with the tug, that we all noticed an increased fire toward the fort, and our flags in men's hands, passing the obstructions. They crossed the ditch, then over the parapet; when we next saw them, the men were firing upward into the air from right to left, and the sound of their cheering came to us across the water. That, indeed, was a gallant assault! Imagine the satisfaction of our watching party at the rice mill. The instant that we received the sure word that the fort was ours we ran for a small rowboat that was close at hand and proceeded as fast as the oarsman could speed us down the Ogeechee to the vicinity of Fort McAllister.

Shortly after landing we saw an ambulance, with the mules hauling it, run upon a hidden torpedo. Mules, ambulance, and men were blown into the air. This sight indicated to us some of the dangers which our brave men had had to encounter. We found Hazen very happy over his victory. His prisoner, Major Anderson, and the other Confederates who, we saw, were not so happy, yet surely they had made a gallant defense.

Hazen very hospitably entertained us after our arrival, and then accompanied us to the fort. We soon took leave of him; after a little delay we secured what Sherman called a yawl, and were rowed down the river some three miles, when we reached the tug. It proved to be the dispatch boat *Dandelion*, commanded by Captain Williamson, of the navy. Our welcome was hearty and the exchange of good tidings rapid.

I learned for the first time that Captain William

Duncan and his companions whom I had sent down the Ogeechee from the Savannah Canal had succeeded in avoiding all dangers and hindrances, and had reached the fleet the morning of the 12th inst. Admiral Dahlgren had received their communications and had forwarded them to Washington. Sherman, as he was wont to do, immediately called for writing materials and wrote hastily several dispatches.

As soon as they were completed we commenced our return journey, the *Dandelion* pushing us up as near McAllister as was safe from torpedoes. On landing from our boat we found our way back to Hazen's quarters and encamped in a rough way after the soldier's fashion for the night. Yet Sherman was hardly asleep when he was awakened by a messenger from the fleet. General Foster had come within safe distance and begged Sherman to join him. Foster was too lame from an old wound to come ashore.

The general, with his usual cheeriness and kindness of heart, sprang up, and walked a mile or more to the boat landing and was taken to General Foster's vessel. I remained with Hazen, and went back the next morning, December 14th, to my headquarters, then on Anderson's plantation, near the little Ogeechee, to make further efforts for the capture of Savannah.

In conjunction with Admiral Dahlgren I reconnoitered all the southern approaches by water as well as by land to Savannah. Sherman in his letter of December 17th, addressed to Hardee, commanding in Savannah, indicates the opening of complete supplies for his own army and the bringing together of heavy siege guns; he claimed to have control already of every avenue.

Sherman further declared that he was justified in

demanding the surrender; he would wait a reasonable time for Hardee's answer before opening with heavy ordnance. He offered liberal terms, but if these were rejected he might resort to the harshest measures. He said that he would make little effort to restrain his army, burning to avenge a great National wrong, which they attributed to Savannah and other large cities so prominent in dragging our country into civil war. He finished by inclosing a copy of Hood's demand for the surrender of Resaca, where Hood promised no quarter.

Hardee's reply, of the same date, is dignified. He showed Sherman's idea of complete investment to be incorrect, for there was one channel beyond the Savannah, leading to Charleston, not yet closed. "Your demand for the surrender of Savannah and its dependent forts is refused." He closed with these words: "I have hitherto conducted the military operations intrusted to my direction in direct accordance with the rules of civilized warfare, and I should deeply regret the adoption of any course by you that may force me to deviate from them in the future."

As soon as Hardee's reply reached Sherman he let us go on with our preparations for assaulting the works. Slocum pushed a command across to an island in the Savannah River which more closely threatened the last of Hardee's communications. Then next, on the 19th, he landed a brigade on the South Carolina shore.

Hardee's dispatch from Hardeeville, December 21st, to His Excellency, Jefferson Davis, explains the result. He says: "On the 19th the enemy forced a landing on the South Carolina side, so near my communications that to save the garrison it became neces-

sary to give up the city. Its evacuation was successfully accomplished last night. . . ." Speaking of his force Hardee adds: "Summed up, it was over 9,089." Truly it was a small force to have given us so much trouble; but Savannah almost defended itself by its bays, bogs, and swamps all around, leaving only causeways to be defended. I think we would have carried the works, for the assault would have been simultaneous from every quarter like that of Hazen. We had prepared light fascines of twigs and of straw in plenty to fill the ditches before our assaulting columns, and were ready with every modern device to accomplish our purpose; but I am glad indeed that the Confederate authorities agreed with Hardee to save their garrison and withdraw it in season.

A long detention would have been unfavorable to us in the opening of our next campaign.

There was a little contention, a sort of friendly rivalry, as to what troops had gone first into Savannah. Gerry's division of Slocum's army at last carried off the palm.

General Sherman took up his headquarters with an English gentleman, Mr. Charles Green, who had very generously tendered his home for this purpose. Sherman had hardly reached the city and become settled in his temporary home before he sent to Mr. Lincoln the dispatch which was so widely published, viz.:

SAVANNAH, GA., December 22, 1864.

To His Excellency, President Lincoln, Washington, D. C.

I beg to present to you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah, with 150 guns and plenty of ammunition; also about 25,000 bales of cotton.

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major General.

I took up my headquarters and then wrote home: "I want to see the loving faces, yours and the children's, so much that I am really homesick. I went to General Sherman and told him: 'Now let me off. I don't ask but two days at home.' He answered: 'General, I would give a million of dollars, if I had it, to be with my children. Would you do more than that?' I told him I should say nothing more; and I have given up for the present."

It was only four days after the writing of that letter before a new and more difficult campaign of the Carolinas opened before us.

We remained in comparative quiet at Savannah till January 1, 1865.

On New Year's Day Sherman took me aside and said that we were to move on through the Carolinas as soon as possible. He had a map of the coast in his hand. Opening it he showed me Robertsville in South Carolina, and also Pocotaligo Junction, on the Savannah & Charleston Railroad.

It was not far from Pocotaligo that the Confederates, including G. W. Smith's Macon contingent, had met Foster's and Saxton's Union men and defeated them while we were on the march from Atlanta to the sea.

Sherman said that he wanted me to move my wing of the army by water over to the Island of Beaufort, S. C., and go thence northward, cross an arm of the sea, secure a landing, and then proceed to Pocotaligo. I must time myself so as to get there by January 15th (inst.). "Can you do it?" There were too many elements in the problem presented to be solved offhand.

After, Yankeelike, asking some questions, I said that the time was rather short, "but we would do the

best we could." He assured me that General Foster's quartermaster would give me all the water transports which he could command, and that Admiral Dahlgren would carry over all the men and material which he could handily take on and off his naval vessels.

That same day I went to call on General Blair, and happened on a New Year's festival. It was a jolly table that I found with Blair that day, he doing the honors of the occasion. My coming seemed to surprise the party; suddenly all arose before me in a stiff and dignified style, as cadets at command in a mess hall after a meal.

I apologized for the interruption, called Blair aside, explained the coming orders and the contemplated movements, and bowed myself out. It was in this informal way that Sherman often set on foot the most important projects.

I find in my record that very day, January 1, 1865, a letter from myself to General Easton, Sherman's chief quartermaster. Easton was an old officer, and inclined to be formal and dignified with my chief quartermaster. At least it was so reported to me with complaint, hence the letter:

GENERAL: I regret exceedingly to trouble you, but I wish you to know the exact state of things. It is reported to me by Major General Osterhaus that his artillery horses are dying at the picket rope of actual starvation, and other officers report that public and private horses of the command are without forage. Must this be allowed when forage is within six miles of us? Is there no expedient we can resort to in order to get a supply? Are there no inlets where we can land forage? Are there no flats or small boats in which we can bring grain ashore? Be assured, general, that my officers and men and

myself are at your service, and willing to work night and day. I am held responsible by my command for these things. My only alternative is to apply to you. I do not wish to oppose you, but to assist you in every way in my power.

Easton acted quickly and well. I felt in the outset in view of the Carolina campaign that it was to be the most trying of any which we had hitherto undertaken. Our enemies would increase as we advanced northward. Food and forage would be destroyed before us, the swamps would be worse than in Georgia, and other troubles would multiply. And, surely, it was hard to commence a sea voyage with only vessels enough at best to take over to Beaufort a tenth of my army at a trip.

About this time I received the following letter from my friend, the distinguished Rev. E. B. Webb, D.D., of Boston, written the day before Christmas:

How glad we were when your scout (Captain Duncan) arrived down the river and communicated with the fleet! We followed you daily with our prayers, and yet we can hardly say "followed," for we did not know for a long time where you were going. Our generals and our Government seemed to have found out the secret of keeping their own secrets.

You just moved off beyond the circle of our horizon into the unknown, and left us to wonder, to doubt, to believe, to guess, but—God be praised—you are out of the woods, in the sense that we . . . hear from you almost every day.

Officers and men were fearless and resolute. They had come to be robust in health—had well developed muscular force in themselves. What Sherman ordered they were ready to undertake, not only without opposition, but with hearty good will. The vessels furnished us were too few and the water delays

as bothersome as usual; but my Seventeenth Corps was carried over to Beaufort in reasonably quick time.

Blair began the actual movement of it January 3, 1865, and by the 11th his entire corps (the Seventeenth) and one division of Logan's (the Fifteenth) had arrived and were disembarked at Beaufort, S. C.

While the sea voyages were progressing I was able to spend most of my time at Beaufort. General Rufus Saxton had his headquarters there. He was quite domesticated amid a new Northern community and multitudes of negroes that were peopling that part of the seacoast which had come into our possession. General and Mrs. Saxton gave me a sweet home and cordial welcome with them for a few days. I visited at Beaufort, St. Helena, and other neighboring inlands the first colored schools that I had seen. Some of them were excellent. Of these schools at that time I wrote:

> Yesterday (January 19, 1865) I visited five colored schools, where I found the children sparkling with intelligence, the teachers noble women who had devoted their strength to this work. One school bears the look of our best New England schools; the order, the reading, the arithmetic, and the singing strike you with wonder. The "America" and "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," ring out with such heart and harmony as to imbue you with enthusiasm. You can't help saying, That is not the stuff of which to make slaves.

On St. Helena's Island Miss Towne and the three Misses Murry, who were wealthy ladies, devoted themselves and their income to this work. After describing the completeness and convenience of the structure for the school, I added:

> They sing on the right, then on the left, and then together; and such singing! Little ones about three feet high sing away in perfect time and with great zest and joy.

> Mrs. General and Mrs. Captain Saxton took me to ride yesterday afternoon, and they said it was done to take me away from official duties. We went to visit two negro schools on Beaufort Island in full operation. We found the children quite as far advanced as white children of the same age. There are two white teachers, one for each school; a Miss Botume, of Boston, and a Miss Danby, also from Massachusetts . . . The weather is cool, but not cold; really delightful. These old trees are green (in January) and luxuriant. Mrs. Saxton is a lovely lady, and wants to see Mrs. Howard. General Saxton has taken me personally right to his house, given me a room, and allowed me to enjoy the luxuries of his table.
>
> One Sunday I addressed a little negro Sunday school. As I was about to close, I asked if any little boy or girl could tell me who was the Saviour of the world. One bright lad held up his hand, and said: "Yes, sah! I ken tell; I ken tell!" "Well, who is He?" "Abum Linkum, sah; Abum Linkum."

Our soldiers were so many, needed so many supplies, and felt themselves at last on South Carolina soil, that a lawless spirit came over them and many complaints came to me of their doings. They were just then inclined to make "forced loans" and to live on the country. The Northern civilian immigrants to the Sea Islands seemed to be most hurt, but the negroes for the most part would give them anything they asked for.

With Blair's corps, at about twelve o'clock midnight (January 13, 1865), we set out for what we called "Whale Branch." One brigade of Logan's command followed Blair's. It was an all-night march. Blair, now habitually using canvas boats, sent his pontoon bridge and a guard ahead, and so, when we arrived, we found that some of his men had rowed across the branch, captured the Confederate pickets, and built a

bridgehead to protect the men while they were laying the bridge. I wrote to Sherman:

> Our bridge was so poor, on account of the rotten canvas, that many delays occurred in the crossing and closing up. It had to be pieced out on the enemy's side, and frequently broke near that shore.

When I came near the ferry, about dawn, I heard some singing and shouting coming from a number of negro huts not far off. I went thither to see what the negroes who filled the cabins were doing. They were much excited; both joy and fear appeared to possess them; they would pray and sing and dance and shout indiscriminately. They had kept up that delicious exercise the whole night. Indeed, to them, more ignorant than any I had hitherto met, the day of jubilee had come.

CHAPTER XLII

MARCH THROUGH THE CAROLINAS; SAVANNAH, GA., TO COLUMBIA, S. C.

OUR first check was at Garden's Corner, where Leggett's division, being on the lead, saw a well-constructed outwork having a long parapet beyond an intervening swampy plateau. Here I saw a stretch of land without grass, apparently soft clay. Little by little I ventured out, trying the ground before charging my men over it. My aid, Captain Beebe, followed me. That morning I had accidentally thrown a civilian coat over my shoulders, so that the enemy behind the parapet permitted me to advance some distance without firing. Finding the ground firm enough, I turned back. One sharpshooter then fired. His three or four bullets stirred up the dust rather too close to me and I took off my hat and made him as polite a bow as I could for his charming salute; then, with Beebe, I disappeared behind our brave skirmishers, who were watching and cheering in the front edge of a neighboring wood.

General Leggett had meanwhile succeeded in turning the entire fort. As soon as this was done the Confederates evacuated the work and ran rapidly to the rear toward Pocotaligo. The Confederate force here encountered was but a rear guard, probably not exceeding two regiments of infantry with two pieces of artillery. We were for a short time in rapid pur-

suit at Stony Creek, but relieved the hindrance and made a rush for the railroad. We did not quite secure it till the next morning, encountering Fort Pocotaligo, which, like most prepared intrenchments in that neighborhood, had a troublesome swamp directly in front, and was a well-constructed inclosed work with a parapet.

Our men, rapidly approaching from three sides, skirmished up very close and caused a fire from the fort from many pieces of artillery, and from musketry supports. The garrison appeared to be panicky and fired rapidly enough, but spasmodically, without aim. Our men cried out to them, "You'd better get out; we are the Fifteenth Corps!"

We had several wounded and some killed, including two commissioned officers. The artillery fire from the fort and some batteries of ours replying, caused a noise like that of thunder, very startling in that dark, woody country; it continued far into the night.

At dawn in the morning, January 15, 1865, we found that the Confederates had abandoned the fort. I felt grateful to them, because the artillery position was a strong one. There were emplacements for twenty-four cannon, and the marsh, excepting by a few paths, was impassable. It would have cost many lives to have taken the fort by storm.

The 15th was Sunday, and I was glad the enemy had left, for I was always reluctant, unless necessity compelled it, to open an engagement on that day. Our foes had swept off across the Salkehatchie River, destroying the bridges after them. The 15th, we remember, was the day that Sherman had desired me to take possession of Pocotaligo; so one can imagine

my gratification to have cleared the field and put my feet safely upon the iron at the railroad crossing on that very day.

Slocum was to have been at Robertsville at the same time, but the rapid rise in the Savannah River prevented him from crossing at Sister's Ferry till after a long delay in laying bridges. I had not heard from him and I tried in vain by my scouts and cavalry to open communication. It will be remembered that in my army there were seven grand divisions; five of them came around by the sea and across Beaufort Island, closing up upon us at Pocotaligo. In order to hasten our concentration I caused one of the two remaining divisions, John E. Smith's, to leave Savannah by the way of the Union causeway. Smith escorted by this route many of our horses, mules, and cattle, which could not be taken over by sea for want of vessels.

Corse, with the other division, followed Slocum up the Savannah, and came to us after Slocum had cleared the way.

In a diary that fell into my hands the small loss that we suffered was contrasted with the losses of the previous commanders and I was highly complimented.

Slocum's delay to get to Robertsville was very favorable to my wing, for it enabled us to bring up our clothing and other supplies, and be better prepared for a forward movement. I issued the following order (a sample for our campaign) for the next move:

NEAR POCOTALIGO, S. C., January 28, 1865.

Special Field Orders No. 25.

1. The following preliminary movements will take place tomorrow. The division of General Giles A. Smith will move toward the road which runs along the west bank of the Salke-

hatchie, and encamp preparatory to a forward movement on that road Monday morning.

All wagons of the Seventeenth Corps will be moved and parked so as to leave the road from Pocotaligo to McPhersonville clear for the Fifteenth Corps at 9 A.M. Monday. The bridge train will move to-morrow, following General Giles A. Smith, and encamp in rear of him.

2. Movement for Monday: The Seventeenth Corps, Major General Blair, will commence the forward movement by 9 A.M., ascending the Salkehatchie on the west bank, making, if possible, fifteen miles from Pocotaligo. The Fifteenth Corps, Major General Logan, will move forward to Haywardsville, moving General John E. Smith's division by the bridge road between Pocotaligo and the creek if practicable. Department headquarters (General Howard's) will follow the leading division of the Seventeenth Corps. . . .

Particular pains will be taken to organize foraging parties for each brigade, battery, headquarters, and detachment not to exceed in number an actual necessity. . . .

The engineer regiment after reaching Garden's Corner will take the right-hand roads, and will follow the Seventeenth Corps. The bridge train will be kept with the Seventeenth Corps for the present. . . .

This order was complied with in all its details.

It was a winter campaign. In spite of the swamps, that were numerous, we found the roads often sandy and fairly good, at least in appearance. The timber was abundant, pine almost without exception prevailing.

The nights were cold, the thermometer not descending very low; but the dampness and chill affected us unfavorably, and so demanded warm clothing and abundant night cover.

While Slocum with his wing was struggling on over similar roads beyond my left, I was sweeping up

the left bank of the Salkehatchie. On February 1st the part of my command near me came upon a tributary of the main river. This creek and the broad, watery approach were called the "Whippy Swamp."

There were pine woods everywhere—outside and in the swamps; and bordering the creeks we found the cypress trees, often very close together. Occasionally, wide stretches would appear like good ground, but prove on trial to be merely troublesome quicksands with a deceitful surface. Even along the roads, as our men said, "the bottom falls out" before many wagons have passed over, so that we quickly corduroyed by covering the surface with small pines. Thousands of men worked at this.

Passing through this sort of country, Confederate cavalry, now quite numerous, obstructed every causeway, held us in check as long as they could, and then destroyed the lagoon bridges before every column. Sometimes these bridges would be sixty or seventy feet long, and when burned caused much delay for replacement. Now and then the roads were filled with fallen timbers for miles, entangling as the tree tops came together from each side of the road. I followed my skirmishers near Whippy Swamp to get as quick a view as I could of the situation, for the Confederates were in force on the other side of the swamp creek.

As we halted at a point a little higher than the road, an artillery officer of my staff standing near me was struck with a bullet just under his chin. The bullet cut his windpipe and one of the arteries. Fortunately for him, I caught the wound with my hand and stopped the flow of the blood. The officer, Lieutenant Taylor, at first stunned by the blow, quickly came to himself, and, aided by his comrades, succeeded

in getting to the surgeon and securing prompt relief. A companion said of Taylor: "We hope he will recover. He is a brave and good boy and a pet with all here. All feel his misfortune very deeply." He did recover after some months.

In this section our supplies were not very abundant from the plantations, for there were but few of such, and from many farms the produce had been hastily removed to the east bank of the Salkehatchie, and the houses were for the most part without occupants.

The Confederates were very particular to drive off all horses and cattle. Notwithstanding the impoverishment, natural and artificial, our diligent foragers managed to discover and bring in a considerable supply.

The crossing of the Salkehatchie was at last made at several points; but in my immediate front I made a demonstration toward Broxton's Bridge, not intending to cross there, because the enemy was at that point better prepared to receive us, but hoped somehow to make the main crossing at Rivers Bridge.

We had a mounted infantry company, the Ninth Illinois Regiment, led at that time by Lieutenant Colonel Kirby. I have a note of Kirby's action on February 2d:

> When Kirby came within long range of the Confederate muskets he deployed his command as skirmishers, and had some infantry supports behind him. He charged the Confederate barricade, his men firing their seven-shooters on the charge. The Confederates stood still until Kirby was upon them.

In this charge Kirby had a magnificent horse shot

under him and was himself quite severely wounded. He gained the works, however, and skirmished on, driving the Confederate cavalry before him across the Salkehatchie. General Mower, with his division, was leading the command on this day on the Rivers Bridge road. In this section there was hardly any resistance; the division struck what may be called the last section of the road. Then there was a straight causeway, several small bridges, and a longer one behind which quite a bluff commanded the situation. On it the Confederates had placed some heavy guns which swept the whole section, and particularly the bridge road. As soon as the firing began our men sprang off the road into the swamps. Ten or a dozen were hit, but it was at this time that the colonel of the Forty-third Ohio, Wager Swayne, was struck just below the knee with the fragment of a shell. His leg was badly broken, and when the stretcher bearers bore him past me I saw that he was in pain, and so in sympathy for him I caught a large pine cone from the ground, and fixing his leg in a straighter position, I supported it with the cone. I remember that he looked up into my face with a pleasant, grateful smile, and used a Christian expression that I recall to this day: "The Lord sustains me!" General Swayne's record as a soldier, as a lawyer, as a citizen is too well known to our countrymen to need anything but a reference. He was a grand, manly man.

Under my personal supervision our men as skirmishers worked out on the right and left till they found a safe crossing. Mower then opened two parallel roads, laying foot bridges a mile and a half in extent, for the water was deep on the shores of the Salkehatchie. He bridged sixteen swift streams, and then

finally rushed over two brigades in boats across the main river, and came upon the enemy's right flank. The place was abandoned as soon as Mower appeared.

Another division (Giles A. Smith's), unexpectedly to me, managed to work over two miles below me and so cleared Broxton's Bridge. I wrote of this strong work at Rivers Bridge on the evening of February 3d to Sherman:

> It was the strongest position I ever saw in my life, and I think was defended by 2,000 men; some regimental flags accompanying troops in motion below Giles Smith, moving down the river, were seen by our men just before dark.
>
> It was wonderful that we secured the eastern bank of the Salkehatchie so quickly and with so little loss; yet everybody felt very deep sympathy for those who were wounded, especially for Colonel Wager Swayne, and, also, sorrow so often repeated for the few who had fallen to rise no more. General Mower's loss was about twelve killed and seventy wounded.

In reading the life of Stonewall Jackson, so ably and truly written by his widow, I notice that while he was always extremely anxious to keep the Sabbath, he seldom allowed his devotion to interfere with military movements. However distasteful this might be, our Christian men also regarded the Sunday march, and often the Sunday attack, as a necessity.

On Sunday, February 5th, my columns completed their crossings of this most difficult Salkehatchie, and the next day, the 6th, pushed on to the Little Salkehatchie.

Logan, with the Fifteenth Corps, had the usual resistance, and a Confederate bridge was burning at his crossing; he secured a place, a mere hamlet, called Duncanville. He dislodged his foes in quick time

and made another rough bridge a hundred feet long and crossed over.

Blair, with the Seventeenth Corps, had a like trial at Cowpen Ford, the famous Revolutionary historical point, and with 260 feet of bridging came up abreast. The two corps struggled on, bothered more by the swamps than by the brave detachments of clustering Confederates that were always in their advancing way.

On February 7th we were out of the woods on the Augusta & Charleston Railroad, near the village of Midway, and destroying the road four miles up and down. The double-forked Edisto River was still ahead. We searched out the crossing as soon as we could drive the Confederates back enough to do so. Holman's, Cannon's, Binnaker's, Walker's, Skillings's, and the railway bridges were examined. Sherman, then with Logan at Lowry's Station (Atlanta & Charleston Railroad), gave us a special field order, directing the taking of Orangeburg.

The swampy approaches to the south fork of the Edisto, the cypress, and other trees thickly studding a wide stretch, and the high water extending back hundreds of yards on our side of the river, might have disheartened any men not made up like our experienced and resolute veterans. How we skirmished up Blair's men under Mower and Force at Binnaker's Bridge, and Logan's under Hazen, and John E. Smith at Holman's and Skillings's crossings; how they put in boats, cut paths, and worked incessantly, often with cartridge boxes and haversacks suspended to their necks, only those who were there could tell!

Mower effected a crossing of the (South) Edisto the evening of the 9th, at about six o'clock. He laid

the pontoon to an island, and as soon as he had got one brigade over he pushed on across the island and waded the swamp, making a lodgment on what appeared to be the mainland. He met, however, a hostile skirmish line about 8 P.M.; and, as it was night, concluded to intrench and wait for daylight. The ground was marshy and the water in the main swamp between two and three feet deep. The men here also swung their cartridge boxes around their necks. I am inclined to think the crossing (above) at Holmes's (or Holman's) bridge was no worse than this. Hazen sent some men over a mile and a half above the bridge and cut his way nearly through the swamp. A little later: Mower drove the enemy off from the Orangeburg front, sent back a regiment along the main road, and took a strong position a mile and a half from the river. The bridge on the main road was then laid.

Next came the north fork of the Edisto. General Force was ahead. The principal Orangeburg bridge having been burned, Major Osborn (my chief of artillery) and myself worked our way across Force's footbridge, and went into Orangeburg on foot the morning of February 12, 1865. The village was at least half a mile from the North Edisto River. The troops were posted across all the roads over which the Confederates had retired, and then set to work to destroy the railroad. Another line, the Columbia & Charleston Railroad, ran through the town. There were perhaps 800 population at that time. Cotton brokers had made it a center of some importance. Our skirmishers alleged that they found the town on fire when they came in sight, and before we could arrest the flames a third of the houses were consumed.

From testimony that came to us the fire at Orange-

burg originated at home. The Confederate commander ordered that a large collection of cotton bales which belonged to a Jewish merchant be burned. It was done just as Stevenson, commanding a Confederate division, was leaving the village. The merchant then, in his anger, fired his own store within, locked the doors, and accompanied the Confederate troops. The cotton and that store were on fire, burning briskly, producing wonderfully picturesque effects when we came in. Our men, under orders, also burned the cotton that remained—200 bales.

Major Osborn's notes say: "Our soldiers assisted the inhabitants to save their property." He added another pleasant remark: "All the people say that our officers and men have treated them with real kindness and consideration." We captured here not less than 100 prisoners, and we lost less than 10 men.

The troops went to work as if they enjoyed the exercise, burning ties and twisting iron rails in different directions from Orangeburg. Blair had a few mounted men who penetrated eastward as far as the State road, and either destroyed or caused their Confederate coadjutors to destroy trestlework in abundance, and regular bridges, railroad included, as far as the Santee River.

On my arrival in Orangeburg, while others were in some confusion, as our troops were being put out to follow up the retreating Confederates, and some men being sent to stop the fires, a lady, much excited and somewhat oversolicitous, came to me and demanded a guard. I tried to tell her to wait a while till we were in shape to furnish guards; but she could not delay. I could not make her see matters as I did in the line of relative importance. My firm rejection of her suit

for that time she regarded as an insult, and left me deeply vexed.

While I was still there during February 12th toward night General Sherman joined me.

The general and I with several officers were consulting together in one of the houses of Orangeburg, when that lady was ushered in. She had met Sherman before at Fort Moultrie in better days. She recalled mutual acquaintances and friends. The general was seemingly greatly pleased that she came, and was very kind. She then, to his amusement, entered a formal complaint against one of his officers, who, she said, had treated her with marked discourtesy and roughness. General Sherman was very sorry. He said he would try to make amends and would have the officer punished. "Who could it be?" he asked. "It was General Howard," she said, with emphasis and some severity. The lady did not dream that I was present. "How is this, Howard?" Sherman asked turning to me. The lady was startled to again meet me in that way. I explained as well as I could. Doubtless I had been impatient. When skirmishing is going on and fires are burning, the responsible head may have, on some occasions, too many irons in the fire. Sherman assured her that Howard was usually a kind man and that she would find that he would protect her. In the meantime I had already sent her the desired guard.

The left wing under Slocum had its own operations. I never received, as Sherman did daily, any but the most meager news concerning his movements; yet often his doings and happenings were the most entertaining. So I am made to believe by the subsequent stories and reports of participators.

General George W. Balloch, who had for a long time previous to this campaign been my chief commissary, was now occupying the same official position in the Twentieth Corps. He accompanied the corps at the time it was crossing the Savannah over into the swampy country of South Carolina. Lately he has sent me some of his recollections.

The Twentieth Corps (Balloch's own) had a rough time just before starting from Savannah until it struck dry ground at Robertsville. "Had we been web-footed," he said, "it would have added to our comfort."

Balloch adds: "A correspondent of the New York *Herald* published a letter in his paper and described the situation, which worried my wife not a little, for she knew that I had been quite ill before I left Savannah; in fact, the surgeon had ordered me to go home, but, stubborn as usual, I would not. The letter was in substance to this effect, that one night when hunting for the Headquarters of the Twentieth Corps, the correspondent had heard voices from the regions above calling out:

"'Hello, old fellow, is that you? You had better come up and secure a roosting place.'

"In looking up he discovered General A. S. Williams, the corps commander, and staff safely ensconced in the forks of the trees. They were enveloped in sheets and blankets that had been foraged from the country while marching through Georgia.

"General Williams was smoking and looking as quiet and serene as if he had been in his tent on dry ground. This correspondent's picture gives one who was there a clear reminder of what we did go through.

"At Zion's Church, near Columbia, we had to

cross a small stream, and I was directed not to use the bridge for my foot trains until Kilpatrick's cavalry had passed. But I took my instructions with some latitude. As soon as our infantry was over, finding a space, I began sending over my trains, and so keeping the road full. In the course of an hour Kilpatrick and his cavalry came up, and he was exceedingly wrathy when he found me using the bridge.

"Remembering that a soft word turneth away wrath, I told him very pleasantly that I knew he had the right of way, and that I would speedily give it up to him; that I only used the bridge in order not to have it stand vacant. Then, doubtless with some show of humor, I said:

"'By the way, general, I heard a good joke about you yesterday.'

"'What was it?' Kilpatrick asked.

"'General Sherman said that you were changing the names of places about here, so that soon a new geography would have to be made. He said that he sent you up to Barnwell the other day, and that you had changed the name of the place to Burnwell.'

"Kilpatrick's anger vanished in an instant. Bursting into laughter, he said:

"'Go on with your train. We might as well take our noon rest here as anywhere.'

"My idea was a slight variation from what I understood Sherman to say to Kilpatrick a few days before. Just as he was starting on his trip he asked him:

"'General Sherman, how shall I let you know where I am?'

"'Oh, just burn a bridge or something and make a smoke, as the Indians do on the plains.'

"You know that our old friend Slocum at times could be very much out of sorts. Then he was very likely to make everybody else uncomfortable, all at the same time. One cold, dreary, drizzling morning, for example, up in the interior of South Carolina, he had one of these fits on him. As we were riding along we struck my herd of cattle, which were just outside the column. It was a motley herd, I can assure you, and had everything in it that could walk. It had been gathered while on the march, and was made up from a patriarchal bull, with a head as shaggy as a buffalo's, to a sucking calf. At the head of the line was an enormous ox, one of our own stock, and he was led by a soldier who had strapped all his belongings on the ox's back. The soldier was patiently trudging along, singing every few minutes:

"'Yo-ho-ee! Yo-ho-ee!'

"The soldier himself was a picture not soon to be forgotten. A leg of his pants was gone, and part of his hat rim, and he was as grimy as a coal heaver, caused by traveling through the burnt woods. When not calling to his cattle with his 'Yo-ho-ee' he was singing in a stentorian voice: 'I'll be gay and happy still.'

"The sight of that soldier, when Slocum's attention was called to him and his surroundings, was too much for the general. As soon as he looked at him he exclaimed:

"'Look at that fellow! Hear him! I think if he can be happy and gay, surely I ought to be.' Then Slocum's good humor returned."

From Robertsville, S. C., Slocum's march aimed a little to the north of Columbia, and for the time Kilpatrick's cavalry was beyond his wing northward.

Generally Slocum, who sooner struck the upland, had easier marching than my wing, and I had more miles to march, as I moved upon the two sides of the triangle while he was following the diagonal.

As my wing pushed northward after crossing the north fork of the Edisto, ever widening the railroad spaces and spoiling the railway lines, the first considerable obstacles were a deep stream and a swamp; the stream, called the Congaree Creek, being a western tributary to the Congaree River, upon whose left bank the beautiful capital of South Carolina is situated.

CHAPTER XLIII

MARCH THROUGH THE CAROLINAS; THE TAKING OF COLUMBIA

MOST of the swamp and the Congaree Creek were lying perpendicular to our pathway. The swamp for the most part had been cleared, drained, and placed under cultivation, but the rain had softened the surface so that on all our new roads our men sank into the mud at every step. It was worse for the horses than for the men, so that our cavalry was soon stalled. There was much of the swamp growth of small trees. The old existing roadway was a causeway 10 or 12 feet above the bottom land, having deep ditches on each side. An unaccountable accident must have overtaken some quartermaster of ours, for a long stretch of the side ditching was filled with overturned vehicles, such as army wagons and ambulances.

This overturning unfortunately occurred within direct range of the enemy's musketry fire. The fog at the time was so thick that it was difficult to get the teams involved out of the predicament. Fortunately for us, probably on account of the fog, as soon as we deployed our lines on both sides of the road and commenced firing, the enemy replied to us, without being particular as to direction. Owing to this bad aiming, coupled with the fog, we managed to save our trains.

Our men in their strong skirmish line became enthusiastic. They pressed the Confederates back,