Doc. 39.

SHERMAN'S ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GENERAL SHERMAN'S ORDER.

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

Special Field Orders, No. 17.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM T. CLARK,
A. A. G.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I do, Captain, was the response."

"Can you hit it?"

"Yes, sir!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BIG SHANTY, GEORGIA, June 17, 1864.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

AN ASSAULT ON THE CENTRE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE SITUATION.

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

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

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

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

The two corps had been lying for the pre-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No one believes, however, as some mysterious

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE ASSAULT ON KENESAW.

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

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

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

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

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

Quiet, pastoral Kenesaw was transformed into

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The proportion of officers wounded in the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SIX MILES SOUTH OF MARIETTA,
June 30.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ONE MILE NORTH OF DECATUR,
July 19, 1864.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BATTLE OF PEACH-TREE CREEK.

July 22, 1864.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ATTACK ON GENERAL WILLIAMS.

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

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

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

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

AN OFFICER'S ACCOUNT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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