

BATTLE NEAR ATLANTA.

TWO MILES EAST OF ATLANTA, }
 July 23, 1864. }

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

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

General Blair had pushed forward his corps during the day, so as to bring them sharply in conflict with the enemy, causing pretty severe loss in wounded and captured. I have not been able to obtain full particulars of their movements, but it appears to have been made rather independently of the rest of the army, and to have entailed a loss disproportionate to the gain. The division of General Giles A. Smith was

thrust out, so that it occupied three sides of a square, and in advance of its supports on the left and right. In doing so, it encountered strong opposition, but maintained all the ground it had occupied and threw up lines of breast-works.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At this critical moment, the Fourth division of the Sixteenth corps and one brigade, Colonel Morrill's, of the Second (the other was at Decatur), arrived on the left wing, and stayed the tide of the rebel onset. Colonel Morrill's brigade had come up a few minutes before the at-

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

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

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

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

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

After the violence of the shock upon the Seventeenth had passed by, and the enemy were repulsed, and a degree of quiet again restored upon the left, the enemy massed a second time for an assault upon our left, this time directing it upon the centre of the Fifteenth corps, and eventually on the left of the Twenty-third. About four in the afternoon, Cheatham's corps (Hood's old corps), advanced above the railroad with great rapidity, and charged upon our line with the same impetuosity that they had on the Seventeenth. Written words can scarcely depict the incredible audacity and the seeming total recklessness of life which characterize the rebel charges of this campaign. Here, also, as in the Seventeenth, the men had not been halted a sufficient length of time to complete perfectly their fortifications, as they had been engaged a good part of the day in feeling for the rebel position and strength. The Fifteenth corps lay extending across the railroad. General Wood's division on the right, General M. L. Smith's in the centre and on the railroad, and General Harrow's on the left. Where the line crossed the railroad there was a deep cut, which was left open and uncovered by any cross-fire, and right here was a mistake, and one which cost us much mischief. Two rebel regiments dashed right up this gorge, below the range of our musketry, and passing to the rear, separated, one regiment scaling

the bank to the left, and the other to the right. They poured a destructive fire directly on the flanks of the regiments next the road, which, of course, threw them into confusion and caused them rapidly to fall back. Over the breastworks thus cleared other regiments speedily rushed, and, forming a solid column, charged along the inside of our works, literally rooting out our men from their trenches, thinking, no doubt, that when they had once dislodged them from their works they would make no further stand. The Second division, the centre of the corps, had been weakened by detaching half of Colonel Martin's brigade to the assistance of the Sixteenth on the left, and was consequently wholly dislodged from its position. Falling back a short distance into the woods, they halted, reformed, and began to deliver upon the rebels, who rushed on apparently regardless of them until they reached the First division, which occupied the right. This division immediately swung around its left, and secured a cross-fire upon the head of the rebel column, and at the same time the Second division, now fully reformed in the woods, and strengthened by the return of the detached brigade, which had come a mile at the double-quick in a broiling sun, charged upon their flank and drove them quickly over the works in confusion. Just as the rebels, while charging along the works, had reached the First division, they came out in plain view in an open field, on a ridge which confronted another about half a mile distant, on which rested the left of the Twenty-third. Immediately four pieces of Cockrill's battery, one section of the Second Missouri, two twenty-pounder Parrotts, and two twelve-pounder Napoleons, of Captain Froelich's battery, were put in position, and poured into the rebels a terrific enfilading fire of shells at short range. The effect was admirable. The rebels were scattered in the utmost confusion. The charge upon their flank coming about the same time, put them utterly to rout.

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

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

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

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

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

The number of prisoners taken I should estimate at about one thousand. The Fifteenth corps captured two regiments entire, and the Sixteenth and Seventeenth captured about four hundred and fifty more. Among these was Colonel Hardee, from which there straightway sprang a rumor that General Hardee was mor-

tally wounded and had fallen into our hands, some even being prepared to say that they had seen his body in one of our hospitals, or, at least, had seen those who had. A Major and several other officers were also taken.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

and six prisoners, including four commissioned officers.

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

NEAR ATLANTA, GEORGIA, August 2, 1864.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The object, therefore, of the movement of General Logan was to dislodge these fellows from their apparently snug position, for while they were left unmolested our men were subjected to a great many dead shots. The line having been formed, for the rebel skirmish-line was a very strong one, three batteries, belonging to the Fifteenth Army Corps, were ordered to open upon the rebel rifle-pits. Captain Frank De Grass' celebrated twenty-pound Parrott guns, battery H, Twelfth Illinois artillery, opened the soiree, sending his compliments in

iron to Mr. Hindman's men. Then, in rapid succession, Griffin's battery and the Fourth Ohio battery belched out a few shots, in order to keep a spirit of unity, and as far as possible to harmonize the lively proceedings. At a given signal, a few minutes before eleven o'clock, our ears were startled with one of those victorious Yankee shouts, and at the same time the eye was more than gratified to witness the intrepidity of the divisions as they bounded forth nimbly to the enemy's long line of rifle-pits, bent upon capturing them. As our men dashed on, the rebels fled in the wildest confusion, firing random shots at our men, and crawling out of their well-formed pits more like frightened pigeons out of a crowded pigeon-coop than "Southern knights of chivalrous renown." The pits were in full possession of the assaulting party in less than ten minutes, with fifty prisoners, who were at once sent to the rear for safe-keeping, with a rebel flag which has been flung to the breeze for the last time. Our troops were safely ensconced in their new position for two hours, when suddenly an overwhelmingly superior force of the enemy was discovered emerging cautiously from the edge of woods in rear of their strong works, and were likewise advancing through a ravine just in front of the rebel rifle-pits occupied by our soldiers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

regiment is commanded by Major Jordan of the One Hundred and Fourth Ohio.

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

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

UTOY CREEK, August 7, 1864.

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

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

UTOY CREEK, August 8, 1864.

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

NEAR ATLANTA, August 10, 1864.

The movements of the enemy during the past few days are calculated to impress one with the belief that Hood's policy is to guard the railroad until the last moment, and, when it has been struck by our prolonged lines, suddenly turn upon us, and, by massing upon a weak point, break it and throw us on the defensive. Since Friday last our line has been slowly reaching out parallel with the line of railway, and one division of the Twenty-third corps has swung round upon and struck the enemy's flank, compelling him to fall back. The situation at present is quite favorable, and our line now extends to within seven eighths of a mile of the railroad. As we approached it the enemy threw in brigade after brigade, and regiment after regiment, to cover our line; but they have put in their last regiment, and can extend no further without shortening their line on their right. *Our line is now fully fourteen*

miles long, yet we can find troops enough to cover the railroad. When that is accomplished, and the rebel's last railway communication is in our possession, he must either evacuate and march out by the dirt roads on the south-east side, or give us battle. One or two more days will develop more fully Hood's intentions.

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

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

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

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

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

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

NEAR ATLANTA, August 11, 1864.

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

This portion of the army still continues to be the sole point of interest, but the time seems to have arrived when even here the lively activity and advancing of the past few days must sub-

side, as it has in all the rest of the line, into the monotony of a siege. All the swinging around, of which the Twenty-third corps has accomplished so much of late, was opposed, it would appear, only by the enemy's flank forces—their lines defended by only temporary works—but the advance has at last developed a line of massiveness and strength which defies all assaults.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The enemy have become so enraged at our close approach to their works and lines, that they have given vent by turning all their batteries of siege guns and columbiads upon us—a spleen so wildly developed and poorly executed that the damage has been but slight, and mainly consists in throwing up dirt and tearing through the timber. Our guns have either not been able to cope with them, or have lain back awaiting a more favorable opportunity for a display of their gunnery. From present indications I

think the thunders of some big guns will be heard from the embrasures of our works ere you get this into print, and that any future demonstration of the enemy's cannonading propensity will receive, for a punishment, the concentrated fire of all the guns that can be brought to bear on the offenders—and that it will be prolonged till they are silenced.

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

ON THE BANKS OF UTOY CREEK, }
August 14. }

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

military and naval affairs if these promises are ever verified.

BEFORE ATLANTA, August 14, 1864.

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

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

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

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

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

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

BEFORE ATLANTA, August 16.

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

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

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

Another of many instances: Three rebels, being assured that they would be permitted to return, came over to exchange or "swap," as they call it, and, while negotiations were pend- ing, a picket officer came down, ordered the truce broken, and would not permit the rebels

to return. They were sent to brigade head- quarters by a sergeant, who explained the cir- cumstance to the brigade commander, who, while he was no party to the truce, gave them permission to return to their own lines or their choice of remaining. After some consultation, and being assured that they would be treated as deserters from the enemy, they voluntarily elected not to return.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The effect of the enemy's shells, as they come tearing through the trees, and over headquarters, is of an exciting tendency, especially among the dusky portion of hangers-on, who indiscriminately seek holes and trees in search of safe quarters. Indeed the sixty-four-pounders are not very welcome visitors to officers and soldiers, who invariably dodge as they pass. One passed over the heads of General Wagner and staff while at dinner yesterday, and continued on its course, blowing its wind upon General Wood's tents, and after boring a hole in

a flag large enough to throw a man through, brought up in the rear without injuring any one. Prisoners still persist in asserting that Mobile is in our possession. If so, the capture of the city is going to have an important bearing upon the concluding chapter of the campaign. The opening up of a new base of supplies within short rail and water distance is a result that some think certain to follow.

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

ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, August 19.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It is not my purpose to speak of the movements which the past few days have witnessed, for too much injury is, innocently, no doubt, effected by such ill-timed disclosures. The slightest hint which a newspaper correspondent permits himself to disclose is eagerly caught up, and frequently affords the enemy a clue to a movement of eminent importance. We have

lost many brave men through the eagerness of writers to impress upon the minds of others the power of their perceptive faculties, while the knowledge of movements and relative positions thus disclosed really benefits, or even interests, no one but those who have a desire to prepare counter-movements for the purpose of opposing and rendering them ineffectual.

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

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

ON THE BANKS OF UTOY CREEK, August 20.

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

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

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

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

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

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

CONFRONTING ATLANTA, August 22.

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

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

GENERAL KILPATRICK'S RAID.

CONFRONTING ATLANTA, August 23.

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

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

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

The forces which took part, were the Third division of cavalry, about two thousand five

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ferguson and Ross, while the town was being razed, were reinforced by one infantry brigade, and took position immediately south of our forces, intrenching themselves by felling timber, &c., &c. As Kilpatrick's object was not to whip the enemy, but to destroy the railway, the same night he struck east from the railway about five miles, and then marched direct for Lovejoy's

Station, the First brigade being in the advance, and the Second brigade (Long's), bringing up the rear. A few minutes before our rear skirmishers were withdrawn from the town, another infantry force arrived from toward Griffin. Resting for the night some distance from Lovejoy's Station, at daybreak of the following morning, our flight from Jonesboro' was discovered by the enemy, who started in pursuit with their cavalry.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The individual instances of heroism were many. Hardly a man flinched, and when the brigade came out more than half the sabres were

stained with human blood. Among the cases of daring vouched for are the following:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The results of this raid are not as complete as we should wish. While nearly a thousand prisoners were captured, and quite a number of horses, only about seventy-five of the former were retained while cutting through the heavy force of rebel infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The damage to the railway can be repaired in two or three days. A train of loaded cars was destroyed below Jonesboro', by Colonel Kline's command, which was sent out on a detached raid further south. A vast amount of damage

was done at Jonesboro' to public property. Considering that Kilpatrick's five thousand men had, probably, twelve thousand surrounding them, all must admit that this is a brilliant, if not a highly successful raid.

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

THE CLOSING DAYS OF THE SIEGE.

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

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

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

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

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

What a momentous thing a night march seems!

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

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

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

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

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

The army is moving, corps by corps, shutting up like a telescope, each corps that withdraws moving to the rear of those on the right, which maintain a bold front. By this means the dan-

gers of a massive attack from the enemy are greatly lessened.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At day-break this morning the Army of the Tennessee faced east, opposite Jonesboro, and joined on the left by the Fourteenth corps, facing south-east, and running a short distance across the Macon railroad. The Fourth and Twenty-third corps commenced advancing down the track to take position on the left of the

Fourteenth, and envelop the enemy's right flank. "Montrose," who was on that part of the line, gives the following relation of the events on the left and centre, including the noble charge of the Fourteenth corps:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

when they again took their position and hold it to-day.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Mum—m—m—mum—Mr. Ferguson."

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

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

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

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

Then dropping her voice mysteriously, she continued:

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

We had never met the McCools.

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

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

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

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

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

Hood, no doubt, was quickly apprised of the unfavorable issue of Hardee's assault on the thirty-first of August on the Army of the Tennessee. With his rail communications severed, all supplies cut off, and more than half of his army defeated in attack, and impotent for defence against the hosts pushing upon it, it is plain that he was compelled to abandon the town, and endeavor to unite his army once more, now most critically divided and menaced. On the morning of the first orders were issued in Atlanta for an evacuation that night, and though confided at first to the army commanders alone, and to those citizens whose welfare they had especially at heart, it was blown over the city by the afternoon, and fell like a thunder-clap upon the unsuspecting inhabitants, who but a day or two ago had been hilarious over the withdrawal of Sherman. They thought him foiled, and put to a last trump of building railroads and, possibly, digging canals. Every vehicle in the city was brought into requisition by fugacious families. Negroes, free and bond alike, were arrested and started south on foot. Shopkeepers packed up their scanty wares, or found places where they concealed them. The confusion intensified as night came on, and I am told that the scene beggared description. The faces of most of the citizens wore a look of despair as they turned their backs upon their homes, from which they were driven so unexpectedly. The streets were cluttered with wagons, tottering under hasty, ill-adjusted loads; the sidewalks swarmed with two classes—the fugitives and the wreckers. For be it known that in the last hours of the rebel occu-

pation of Atlanta, thousands of the lower classes, who proposed to remain, fell to plundering the abandoned houses and stores as soon as their owners disappeared. Staff officers dashed from point to point with gloomy faces, while drunken soldiers brawled along the banquettes, and cursed alike the citizens they encountered and the patrols that dragged them to their commands. What pen can do justice to the scene of rapine, of anguish, of terror, of stealthy riot and brutality, which had risen through the thin crust, barely hiding the hideous elements that go to make up Southern society in the fourth year of Jefferson Davis.

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

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

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

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

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

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

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, September 2, 1864.

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

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

JAS. M. CALHOUN,
Mayor of Atlanta.

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

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

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

In the forts around Atlanta eleven heavy guns, mainly sixty-four-pounders, were left by the enemy. They were too heavy for speedy removal, and fell into our hands, still mounted in position and without serious injury. About three thousand muskets, in good order, stored in various parts of the city, were found; also

three locomotives in running order, which seem to have been overlooked. Large quantities of manufactured tobacco (which now forms part of the rebel soldier's ration), were discovered, and will, no doubt, be appropriated for the use of the army. Between one and two hundred stragglers, the majority of them very drunk, were fished from their hiding-places and placed under guard at the Court-house. Some of our convalescent wounded, disguised as rebel privates, fell into our hands. The uniforms were furnished by humble Union people in the city, of whom, if we may believe the masqueraders, there are several hundred, whose faith has been well-attested by constant attentions to our wounded prisoners—so constant, in fact, that the authorities grew jealous, and finally denied citizens access to the hospitals.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The railroads from the east enter the city through a deep cut, which is bridged over at the junction of streets. In the sides of this cut numerous caves are excavated, which bear marks of constant use. Some of them have traverses to protect the entrance, for, in the words of the cockney: "You cawn't most always tell in this blarsted country" in which direction the savage

explodent purposes to fly. One must look, however, for the ravages of the shells, as the damage done by them is insignificant. They certainly made the town uncomfortable, but not sufficiently so to induce even partial evacuation by the inhabitants. Our makers of ammunition seem to improve, as report has it that nearly every one of our shells exploded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GENERAL T. J. WOOD'S REPORT.

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

Sir: The opening of the grand campaigns in the spring of 1864 witnessed a new phase in our military combinations. Previously dispersions of our troops, and of course of our efforts, had been the order of the day; for the campaign of the spring and summer of 1864 consolidation of our troops had been wisely resolved on. In conformity with this principle of concentration, large masses of troops were collected in and near the north-western angle

of Georgia in the latter part of April, for the summer campaign into this state. The division which I have the honor to command, being the Third division, of the Fourth Army Corps, Army of the Cumberland, constituted a part of the troops so assembled; and it is the object of this report to present a faithful history of the part it bore in the great campaign, which, extending over the long term of four months of continued effort and struggle, finally resulted most gloriously to our arms in the capture of Atlanta.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The forward movement was resumed early the morning of the fourteenth. A march of a few miles effected a junction between the Fourth corps and the remainder of our forces. It had been discovered that the enemy had occupied a strongly-intrenched position in the vicinity of, and north-west of Resaca. Dispositions were at once made to attack. The First and Second brigades of my division were deployed in order of battle in two lines, the former on the right, the latter on the left. The Third brigade

was placed in reserve. Thus arranged, at the order, the line gradually advanced. By the contraction of our entire front, as it closed on the enemy's position, the First brigade of my division was forced out of line, and took position, immediately in rear, but following up the movement.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

structed, and was the third fortified position abandoned by the enemy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

order of battle on the left of the Second division, of the Fourth corps. The day was spent by my division in very brilliant and successful manoeuvring, to determine the exact position of the enemy's intrenched line. To accomplish this, it was necessary to drive in his light troops, who formed a screen to his position. The ground was in some parts difficult to manoeuvre on, and a deep spring had to be bridged, but the whole work was satisfactorily accomplished. The operations of the twenty-sixth having satisfactorily defined the position of the enemy's intrenched line, it was determined, on Friday morning, the twenty-seventh, that it should be assaulted, and my division was selected for this arduous and dangerous task. A minute and critical examination of the enemy's intrenchments rendered it evident that a direct front attack would be of most doubtful success, and certainly cost a great sacrifice of life. Hence, it was determined to attempt to find the extreme right of the enemy's position, turn it, and attack him in flank. In conformity with this determination, my division was moved entirely to the left of our line, and formed, by order of Major-General Howard, commanding the corps, in six parallel lines, each brigade being formed in two lines. The order of the brigades in this grand column of attack was, first, the Second brigade, Brigadier-General Hazen, commanding; second, the First brigade, Colonel Gibson, Forty-ninth Ohio, commanding; third, the Third brigade, Colonel Knefler, Seventy-ninth Indiana volunteers, commanding. When all the dispositions were completed (and these required but a short space of time), the magnificent array moved forward. For a mile the march was nearly due southward through dense forests and the thickest jungle, a country whose surface was scarred by deep ravines and intersected by difficult ridges. But the movement of the column through all these difficulties was steadily onward. Having moved a mile southward, and not having discovered any indications of the enemy, it was supposed we had passed entirely to the east of his extreme right. On this hypothesis, the column was wheeled to the right, and advanced on nearly a westerly course for about a mile and a half. The nature of the country passed over in this movement was similar in all respects to that already described. After the westerly movement had progressed about a mile and a half the flankers discovered that the column, in wheeling to the right, had swung inside of the enemy's line. It was necessary, to gain the goal, to face to the left, file left, and by a flank movement, conduct the column eastward and southward around the enemy's right flank. When all these movements, so well calculated to try the physical strength of the men, were concluded, and the point gained from which it was believed the column could move directly on the enemy's flank, the day was well spent—it was nearly four p. m. The men had been on their feet since early daylight, and, of course, were much worn.

The column was halted a few moments, to readjust the lines, to give the men a brief breathing space, and to give the division which was to protect and cover the left flank of the column, time to come up and take position. At 4:30 o'clock p. m. precisely, the order was given to attack, and with its front well covered with skirmishers, the column moved forward. And never have troops marched to a deadly assault, under the most adverse circumstances, with more firmness, with more truly soldierly bearing, and more distinguished gallantry. On, on, through the thickest jungle, over exceedingly rough and broken ground, and exposed to the sharpest direct and cross-fire of musketry and artillery on both flanks, the leading brigade, the Second, moved (followed in close supporting distance by the other brigades), right up to the enemy's main line of works. Under the unwavering steadiness of the advance the fire from the enemy's line of works began to slacken, and the troops behind those works first began perceptibly to waver and then give way; and I have no hesitation in saying that, so far as any opposition directly in front was concerned, though that was terrible enough, the enemy's strongly-fortified position would have been forced. But the fire, particularly on the left flank of the column, which at first was only *en scharpe*, became, as the column advanced, enfilading, and finally took the first line of the column partially in reverse. It was from this fire that the supporting and reversing division should have protected the assaulting column, but it failed to do so. Under such a fire no troops could maintain the vantage-ground which had been gained, and the leading brigade, which had driven everything in its front, was compelled to fall back a short distance to screen its flanks (which were crumbling away under the severe fire), by the irregularities of the ground. (It is proper to observe here that the brigade of the Twenty-third corps which was ordered to take post so as to cover the right flank of the assaulting column, by some mistake failed to get into a position to accomplish this purpose.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

pressed forward rapidly, with demoniac yells and shouts, on Colonel Knefler's brigade.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

On the twenty-seventh of June, the Second division of the Fourth corps was ordered to assault the enemy's intrenchments, and two

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

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

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

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

found intrenched on the opposite bank of the creek.

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

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

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

been left there when they moved out in the morning to make the reconnoissance.

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

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

Thursday night the enemy abandoned his eleventh line of intrenchments, and retired within his defensive works around Atlanta. Early Friday morning my division was pressing closely on the heels of the retiring enemy. Pressing closely up to the enemy's main line of works, my division took a strong position in the forenoon of July twenty-second, and intrenched it securely. This position, varied slightly by changes growing out of pressing the enemy more thoroughly into his defensive works, was maintained till the night of the twenty-fifth of August. During the whole period sharp skirmishing was kept up on the picket line, and throughout the whole time the division was exposed to a constant fire of shot, shell, and musketry, which bore its fruit in numerous casualties.

During the period, also, many important demonstrations were made by the division, with the double purpose of determining the strength and position of the enemy's works and of making a diversion in favor of the movement of the troops. In some of these demonstrations the casualties, for the number of troops engaged, were quite severe. Several of them were graced with brilliant captures of the enemy's picket intrenchments.

On the twenty-seventh of July, Major-General Howard relinquished command of the Fourth corps to assume command of the Army of the Tennessee, rendered vacant by the death of the lamented McPherson. Replete with professional knowledge, patriotic zeal, and soldierly ambition, General Howard's administration of the Fourth corps was a happy combination of energy, zeal, and prudence, of enterprise and sound military views. He came among us personally a stranger, known to us only by his professional reputation. He left us regretted by all, respected as a commander, esteemed as a friend and loved as a comrade in arms.

The casualties in my division during that part of the campaign in which General Howard commanded the Fourth corps, amounted to twenty-six hundred and three officers and men.

Brigadier-General Hazen was transferred on the seventeenth August to the Army of the Tennessee. By this transfer I lost the services

and assistance of a most excellent brigade commander.

Though General Hazen no longer belongs to my command, I deem it my duty, as it certainly is a pleasure, to bear testimony to the intelligent, efficient and zealous manner in which he performed his duties while in my division.

During the late campaign his brigade was always ably handled, and rendered valuable service. In the battle of the twenty-seventh of May, leading the assault, it particularly distinguished itself.

At nine o'clock p. m., on Thursday the twenty-fifth of August, my division with the other divisions of the corps, withdrew from its lines in front of Atlanta, to participate in the bold, but dangerous flank movement which terminated, most brilliantly, in compelling the enemy to evacuate Atlanta.

Silently and quietly the troops drew out from the immediate presence of the enemy undiscovered. No suspicion of our designs or the nature of our movements seemed to have reached him.

The movement was continued nearly all night, when the troops were allowed to wait till daylight and to get their breakfast. About seven a. m., Friday, the twenty-sixth, our pickets reported some movement among the enemy, which was supposed might indicate an intention to attack—but it resulted in nothing important.

At eight o'clock a. m., our movement was continued and kept up through the day. Saturday, the twenty-seventh, the movement was resumed, and the troops moved steadily around the enemy's left toward his rear. Sunday, the twenty-eighth, the West Point railroad was reached. Monday, the twenty-ninth, my division was engaged in destroying the West Point road. Tuesday the thirtieth, the movement was resumed to reach the Macon railway.

It was considered certain that the destruction of this last line of his rail communication must inevitably compel the enemy to evacuate Atlanta. Wednesday, the thirty-first, my division leading the Fourth corps, and in conjunction with a division of the Twenty-third corps, made a strong lodgement on the Macon railroad. Early Thursday morning, September first, the work of destroying the road was commenced, but it was soon discontinued, so far as my division was concerned, by an order to move by the Griffin road in the direction of Jonesboro'. It was understood that two corps, Hardee's and Lee's, of the rebel army were concentrated there. My division being in reserve for the day, and in charge of the trains of the corps, did not reach Jonesboro' till nearly nightfall, and of course, had no opportunity to take part in the engagement which occurred there late in the afternoon. Arriving near the field a little before nightfall, I was ordered to mass my division in rear of the First and Second divisions of the corps, which were deployed in order of battle, and just then becoming slightly engaged.

During the night, orders were received to be

prepared to attack the enemy at daylight the following morning; but when the morning came, it was found the enemy had retreated.

Sept. 2.—The pursuit was continued. The enemy was again intrenched across the railway, about two miles north of Lovejoy's station. I was ordered to deploy my division into order of battle, and to advance, with a view of attacking the enemy's position. The deployment was made as quickly as possible, and at the order the division moved forward. The ground over which the advance was made was the most unfavorable that can be conceived. Abrupt ascents, deep ravines, treacherous morasses, and the densest jungle were encountered in the advance. Having arrived near the enemy's works, and while the troops were halted to re-adjust the lines, I became satisfied that the most favorable point for attack in front of my division was in front of my left, or third brigade. I hence ordered the brigade commander to prepare to attack.

Thinking we had arrived at or near the right flank of the enemy's line, I went toward the left, to concert with the two brigade commanders next on my left for a simultaneous attack. To reach them, I had to pass over an open space which was swept by a sharp fire of musketry from the enemy's works.

I crossed this space safely in going over, saw the two brigade commanders, and made the necessary arrangements. As I was returning across the dangerous space, I was struck down by a rifle-shot. I immediately despatched a staff-officer to the brigade commander, to direct him to proceed with the attack. This was gallantly made under a sharp fire of musketry, grape, and canister, and the first position of the enemy carried, and about twenty prisoners captured; but the failure of the troops on the left to come up, whereby the brigade was exposed to a flank, as well as a direct fire, rendered a further advance impossible, though the effort to do so was made. The front line of the brigade intrenched itself in advance of the captured line of the enemy's works, and held this position till the final withdrawal of the army. The brigade suffered quite severely in the assault, especially in the loss of some valuable officers. Captain Miller, Assistant Adjutant-General of the brigade, was killed instantly. He was a most gallant, intelligent, and useful officer. His untimely death is mourned by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Colonel Mander-son, Nineteenth Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey, Ninth Kentucky, Captain Colclazier, Seventy-ninth Indiana, and other valuable officers, were wounded in the assault.

I remained on the field till I had seen my division securely posted, and finally reached my headquarters about eight p. m. The following morning the Commanding General of the Grand Military Division of the Mississippi announced the long campaign terminated.

But my division maintained its position in close proximity to the enemy, daily losing some

men in the picket encounters, till Monday night, the fifth, when it was quietly and successfully withdrawn. By easy stages, unembarrassed by the enemy, the division continued its march to this city, reaching here on the eighth instant. And here the division rests after the termination of the labors of the campaign.

If the length of the campaign, commencing on the third of May, and terminating on the second of September, with its ceaseless toil and labor, be considered; if the number and extent of its actual battles and separate conflicts, and the great number of days the troops were in the immediate presence of, and under a close fire from the enemy be remembered; if the vast amount of labor expended in the construction of intrenchments and other necessary works be estimated; the bold, brilliant, and successful flank movements, made in close proximity to a powerful enemy, be critically examined; and if the long line of communication over which the vast and abundant supplies of every kind for the use of this great army were uninterruptedly transported during the entire campaign be regarded, it must be admitted that the late campaign stands without a parallel in military history. The campaign was long and laborious, replete with dangerous service, but it was brilliant and successful. No adequate conception can be formed of the vast extent of labor performed by the troops, except by having participated in it. Whether by day or by night, this labor was cheerfully performed, and it affords me high satisfaction to bear official testimony to the universal good conduct of the officers and men of the division.

For the numerous instances of the good conduct of the officers and men deserving special commendation, I must refer to the reports of brigade and regimental commanders. To the various brigade commanders who have served in the division during the campaign my thanks are specially due for zealous and intelligent performance of duty, and hearty co-operation throughout. I have already noted that Brigadier-General Willich, commanding First brigade, was seriously wounded at Resaca. The command of the brigade devolved on Colonel Wm. H. Gibson, Forty-ninth Ohio, who performed the duties with zeal and ability till the expiration of his term of service, on the twenty-fourth of August. Colonel Hotchkiss, Eighty-ninth Illinois, succeeded Colonel Gibson in command of the brigade, and performed the duties well to the termination of the campaign.

Colonel P. Sidney Post succeeded Brigadier-General Hazen in the command of the Second brigade on the seventeenth of August, and thence to the end of the campaign performed all the duties of the position most zealously, intelligently, usefully, and gallantly. Since my injury Colonel Post has attended to all the field duties of the division commander, and performed them well.

Early in the campaign, Brigadier-General Beatty, commanding Third brigade, was disabled

by sickness from exercising command of his brigade, and it devolved on Colonel Knefler, Seventy-ninth Indiana, and well and ably has he performed all the duties of the position. Cheerful and prompt when labor was to be performed; ready with expedients when the necessities of the service demanded them; gallant and sensible on the field of conflict, he has so borne himself throughout the campaign as to command my highest approbation.

It is due to the members of my staff that I should commend their good conduct, and confide them to the kindly consideration of my seniors in rank. To them by name I return my sincere thanks: Captain M. P. Bestow A. A. G.; First Lieutenant Geo. Shaffer Ninety-third Ohio Volunteers, Aid-de-camp; Major A. R. Y. Dawson, Fifteenth Ohio Volunteers, Chief of Out-posts and Pickets; Captain I. R. Bartlett, Forty-ninth Ohio Volunteers, Inspector-General; Captain C. K. Taft, Fifteenth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Provost Marshal; Second Lieutenant H. H. Townsend, Ninth Kentucky Volunteers, Topographical Engineer; Captain L. D. Myers, Assistant Quartermaster; Captain H. C. Hagdon, Commissary of Subsistence, and First Lieutenant P. Haldeman, Third Kentucky Volunteers, Ordnance Officer, all performed their duties well.

Captain Cullen Bradley, Sixth Ohio battery, was Chief of Artillery until the consolidation of the Artillery into a corps organization. For the intelligent manner in which he performed his duties, I offer to him my thanks.

Would that I could include in the foregoing list of my staff, the name of one other, who commenced the campaign with us, but whom the inscrutable ways of Divine Providence early called away: the name of Major James B. Hampson, One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio Volunteers.

Preparatory to the attack which was to be made on the twenty-seventh of May, it had been ordered that all the guns should be placed in position during the night of the twenty-sixth, and to open on the enemy's works early the next morning. One of my batteries was slow in opening, and I ordered Major Hampson to go to the battery, to hasten the work of preparation. While so employed the fatal shot of the sharpshooter was sped on its murderous errand, and Major Hampson fell, mortally wounded. He expired at four p. m., of that afternoon, happy in the consciousness of dying in his country's service. Young, ardent, intelligent, graceful, gentle, and gallant, he fell in the early bloom of his manhood—a victim to an atrocious rebellion, a martyr to his devotion to his country.

During the campaign my division, in the various conflicts, captured sixteen commissioned officers and six hundred and sixty-six men, for whom receipts were obtained. Two million four hundred and twenty-eight thousand rounds of small-arms ammunition were expended during the campaign. Taking the mere strength of the division during the campaign, this number would give an average of four hundred and

twenty-one rounds per man. A report of casualties amounting to twenty-seven hundred and ninety-two officers and men killed, wounded and missing, is herewith appended.

Including so long a period of active operations, which were spread over so broad a field, this report is necessarily quite protracted; but it could not be compressed into narrower limits without doing injustice to the division whose services it is designed to commemorate. The reports of brigade and regimental commanders are herewith transmitted.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
Signed THOMAS J. WOOD,
Brigadier-General Volunteers, commanding.

GENERAL HAZEN'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION, FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS, }
ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, }
EAST POINT GA., Sept. 10, 1864. }

Lieutenant-Colonel R. R. Townes, A. A. G., Fifteenth Army Corps :

This division was commanded from the beginning of the campaign to the fifth day of August by General Morgan L. Smith, from that date to the day I took command by General J. A. J. Lightburn. For that period I have caused the Adjutant-General of the division who has been on duty with it all of that time, to make a report of the operations of the division, which, upon comparison with the reports of brigades and regiments, I find to be substantially correct.

I found the division August seventeenth, in the trenches in front of Atlanta, composed of two brigades, the First, commanded by Colonel Theodore Jones, Thirtieth Ohio volunteers, with nine hundred and seventy-seven effective aggregate for duty. The Second, commanded by Colonel Wells S. Jones, Fifty-third Ohio volunteers, with one thousand one hundred and seventy-three effective aggregate for duty, with two batteries of light artillery—Company H, First regiment Illinois light artillery, with three twenty-pounder Parrotts, commanded by Captain F. DeGrass, and company A, of the same regiment, with four twelve-pound light field-guns, effective aggregate of both for duty being one hundred and forty-one, making the entire strength of the division two thousand two hundred and ninety-one.

The division remained in the position I found it, about six hundred yards from the enemy, till August twenty-sixth, when at eight p. m. it moved with the corps in the direction of Fairburn, reaching the West Point and Atlanta railroad without opposition, at a point about thirteen miles from Atlanta, at twelve m., August twenty-eighth.

On the morning of the twenty-ninth, a squad of one officer and nine enlisted men of a Texas cavalry regiment was captured and brought in by Captain George M. Crane, Eighth Missouri detachment. The division, leading the corps, took up the march at seven a. m., the thirtieth, in the direction of Jonesboro', distant thirteen miles.

After moving about five miles, we came upon a portion of Kilpatrick's cavalry that had been checked by two brigades of the cavalry of the enemy. Forming two regiments as a support to the skirmishers already made strong, they all advanced in conjunction with some troops of the Sixteenth corps on the right, the enemy giving way. As often as the enemy found time during the day, he endeavored, by making temporary barricades, and by the use of artillery, to check our column; but the march was kept up with but little delay the entire day, crossing Flint river, driving him from the other side, repairing the bridge and pushing to within one fourth mile of the town before dark. At this time we captured an infantry soldier from the enemy, who informed us that two divisions of Hardee's corps were before us, and that our lines were not over two hundred yards apart. This was also made probable by the musketry fire. The troops were here formed in line, the right resting on the Fairburn and Jonesboro' road, and extending north, and a good barricade made along their front. Early on the morning of the thirty-first, Colonel Theodore Jones, commanding First brigade on the left, was directed to seize and fortify a commanding eminence about one half mile to the front of his left. He had just gained it, when the enemy came also to occupy it. He held his ground, however, with a portion of his command, while the remainder fortified the position. It was found to be of the greatest importance, as it overlooked the entire front occupied by the enemy. Columns of rebel troops were now seen to be extending to our left, planting artillery and making all dispositions necessary to attack. As he extended beyond my left, and as my troops were formed in a light line, with considerable intervals, a brigade from the Seventeenth corps under Colonel George E. Bryant, Twelfth Wisconsin volunteers, and two regiments under Colonel William B. Woods, Seventy-sixth Ohio volunteers, were sent to me, and posted where most needed, where they afterward performed good service. I now had sixteen regiments in the line and one in reserve. No point of it could be given up without endangering the entire line. At two p. m., the enemy commenced a vigorous fire of artillery all along his line, and was soon after seen advancing his infantry. We had good works, and the attack was met with the most perfect confidence. He came on with two full lines, supported by troops in mass, coming in one place quite inside the works, and persisting in the attack for about three fourths of an hour, when he was completely repulsed at all points, and those who came too near captured.

We lost quite heavily in the trenches before the fight took place, but during the fight we had but eleven killed, fifty-two wounded, and two missing.

Of the enemy we buried over two hundred, captured ninety-nine unhurt, and seventy-nine wounded. We took also two stands of colors, and over a thousand stands of small-arms. I have

reason to believe that over a thousand of the enemy were wounded.

The division remained in this position during the fight of the Fourteenth corps on the first instant, participating in it from behind our works, and on the second moved forward to near Lovejoy's Station, remaining in position there till the night of the fourth, when it moved back to Jonesboro', and on the sixth and seventh to this point.

I learn from the records of the division, that it left Larkinsville, Alabama, in May, with three thousand four hundred and forty-one effective men. It has lost in the campaign:

Officers killed.....	21
Men killed.....	195
Total killed.....	216
Officers wounded.....	63
Men wounded.....	1,166
Total wounded.....	1,229
Officers missing.....	18
Men missing.....	430
Total missing.....	448
Grand total.....	1,893

The division has taken from the enemy six hundred and three prisoners, three stands of colors, two thousand and forty-one stands of small arms.

I have to render my warmest thanks to all the commanders, and their men, for bravery and good conduct. My staff, especially, who were strangers to me, have shown that devotion to duty which merits consideration. Captain Gordon Lofland, A. A. G., and Captain Geo. M. Crane, Eighth Missouri mounted infantry, commanding escort, were wounded while in the discharge of their duty.

To Colonel Theo. Jones, Thirtieth Ohio volunteers, commanding First brigade, I have to call especial attention, for close attention to duty, and a quick, efficient method of performing it. I believe the service would be benefited by his promotion.

Colonel Wells S. Jones, commanding Second brigade, has also shown close attention to duty, and bravery in executing it.

The artillery of this division, under Captain F. De Grass, has performed efficient service.

Brigadier-General J. A. J. Lightburn was wounded on the twenty-fourth of August, while near the lines of his troops, by a stray bullet from the enemy, causing him, for the present, to be absent from the front.

I would respectfully call attention to the marked and distinguished service of this division on the twenty-seventh of June at Kenesaw Mountain, and on the twenty-second and twenty-eighth of July, before Atlanta, with the hope,

in behalf of the brave officers and men who participated in those engagements, that just and proper consideration be given to those who were present and can speak of what they saw.

Enclosed will be seen a sketch of the field of the thirty-first, also the accompanying reports of brigade and regimental commanders.

I must also ask the indulgence of my commanders for calling attention in this report to the subject of attacks of the front of an enemy in position. Since the accurate-shooting rifle has replaced the random-firing musket; since troops now, when in position, protect their persons by shelters against bullets, and since they can no longer be scared from the line, but see safety in maintaining it; and citing as an evidence of the disproportion of advantage in those contests, the battle of the twenty-eighth of July, when the enemy attacked under such circumstances, leaving of his dead in front of this division, three hundred and twenty, while he killed along the same front but twelve, and on the thirty-first of August, when he left over two hundred dead, and killed of us but eleven.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

W. B. HAZEN,
Brigadier-General

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GROSE'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION,
FOURTH ARMY CORPS,
ATLANTA, GEORGIA, September 5, 1864.

Capt. E. D. Mason, A. A. G., First Division:

SIR: In completion of my duties in connection with the arduous campaign just closed, I have the honor to report the part taken therein by my command, the Fifty-ninth Illinois, Colonel Post, Seventy-fifth Illinois, Colonel Bennett, Eighty-fourth Illinois, Colonel Waters, Eightieth Illinois, Lieutenant-Colonel Kilgour, Ninth Indiana, Colonel Suman, Thirty-sixth Indiana, Lieutenant-Colonel Cary, Thirtieth Indiana, Captain Dawson, Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, Captain Lawson, to which was attached battery B, Pennsylvania. Effective force, officers and men, about two thousand nine hundred. By orders from Major-General Stanley, Division Commander, we marched, with the balance of his command, on the third day of May, 1864, from our camp at Blue Springs, near Cleveland, Tennessee, to Red Clay, on the Georgia state line, and camped for the night.

May 4.—Marched with the division to Catoosa Springs, Georgia (with light skirmishing), for concentration with the army, where we rested until May seventh, when we marched with the corps, drove the enemy from, and possessed Tunnel Hill, Georgia. For several succeeding days we advanced upon, and ineffectually endeavored to drive the enemy from Rocky-Face Ridge, in our front. My position was on the left of the rail and wagon roads leading through Buzzard-Roost Gap, on the Dalton road. The

enemy had strongly fortified this pass and the high ridge on either side. I had some previous knowledge of the position, and knew that it was impregnable to our assaults, but in obedience to orders, we frequently made the attempt with a heavy skirmish line, at which my loss was about forty men. Finally, a portion of our army having passed the ridge further south, on the morning of the thirteenth of May, it was found that the enemy had retired from our front, when I was ordered and moved in pursuit on the Dalton road, but soon came up with the rear guard of the enemy, and skirmishing commenced. We drove to and through Dalton; my forces (Ninth and Thirty-sixth Indiana), the first to enter the place so long a stronghold of the enemy. We continued the pursuit, and at about twelve m., three miles south of Dalton, on the Resaca road, we came upon the enemy, in line upon a high, wooded hill; as we approached he opened upon us with a battery of artillery. Our artillery was placed in position, and a heavy duel commenced across a large open farm, with a low valley between. The Ninth and Thirty-sixth Indiana, supported on the right by the Eighty-fourth Illinois, were ordered into line, and advanced across the valley "double-quick," under a heavy fire, ascended the wooded hill, drove the enemy from his barricades, and carried the place with very light loss. This was the last of our fighting for the day. We advanced a few miles to the right, entered Sugar Valley, and camped (with the corps in line), for the night.

May 14.—Early this morning, our corps moved toward the enemy's position at Resaca, on the right bank of the Oostanaula river, Georgia. At about twelve m., we came upon the enemy in position, about three miles from the river. The face of the country is rough and hilly, interspersed with small farms, but mostly heavy woodland, with thick underbrush. I was directed and put my command in position in double lines on the left of General Hazen's brigade of General Wood's division. The Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, Eightieth Illinois, Seventy-fifth Illinois, Thirtieth Indiana in the front line. The ground was too rough for the artillery to move with us. About one o'clock, General Wood informed me he was ready to advance, and I had received orders to advance in connection with his division. The other two brigades of our division were to have been in line on my left, but did not come up, and the lines advanced about two o'clock, my brigade on the extreme left of the advancing lines. We drove the enemy from the woodland, in which we formed, across a farm in my front, through another woodland, then over another small valley farm, and over a high, wooded hill beyond, upon which we were ordered to halt—a farm in a valley to our front, and the enemy fortified on the wooded hills beyond. Here I caused barricades to be constructed in front of my front line; late in the afternoon the other two brigades of our division came up, and took

position on my left. The enemy, near night, advanced upon them, and drove them back. When I discovered them giving way, I immediately formed a line from my rear regiments, facing to my left, perpendicular to the rear, to protect the left flank of the main line. This new formation was made by the Fifty-ninth Illinois, one wing of the Eighty-fourth and Thirty-sixth Indiana. It was formed and ready for action, with skirmishers out, in less than ten minutes. Our batteries in the meantime, had been brought up and put in position, under the command and personal supervision of the gallant, brave, and lamented Captain Simonson, of the Fifth Indiana battery, on the left of this flank line, but the enemy moved rapidly forward toward and to the left of the batteries, with, as he thought, no doubt, a sure prize before him. But the ever-ready Major-General Joe Hooker was advancing with his corps at this point, and met the advancing enemy, engaged and drove him back with severe punishment. My front line was engaged at long range with the enemy while the fight with Hooker was going on. Night soon threw her mantle over the bloody scene, and all was quiet except continued skirmishing. In this day's battle, some of our bravest and best officers and men were among the fallen. My Acting Assistant Inspector-General, Captain Davis, of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, a brave, good soldier fell here.

May 15.—Major-General Hooker's corps advanced on my left, my left swinging around to assist; and a severe engagement ensued, in which we gained signal advantages, capturing prisoners and artillery, and the enemy had to retreat during the night, leaving most of his dead and wounded in our possession.

May 16.—We pursued the retreating enemy across the Oostanaula at Resaca, and advanced to near Calhoun, and camped for the night.

May 17.—Advanced, encountering the enemy's rear, with heavy skirmishing, to near Adairsville, Ga., and lay for the night. My command not engaged to-day.

May 18.—Passed Adairsville, the enemy retreating with light skirmishing, and camped for the night on the Kingston road.

May 19.—Moved on to Kingston, found the enemy in position; attacked and drove him; most of the Fourth corps engaged; my command captured enemy's hospitals, with property, &c., &c. Continued to drive the enemy, with heavy skirmishing and artillery firing on both sides, so at nightfall the enemy was driven into his prepared trenches on a high ridge to the south-east of Cassville. At this point we made a junction with the Twentieth Army Corps, Major-General Hooker, and during the night the enemy again retreated, crossing the Etowah river, seven miles distant, burning the bridges behind him. Our loss not heavy.

We rested in camp at Cassville until May twenty-third, when we marched, crossed the Etowah river to the right of the Atlanta road, and camped at Euharley.

May 24.—Marched to Burnt Hickory.

May 25.—Advanced toward Dallas, crossed Pumpkin-vine creek, rested in reserve in rear of Major-General Hooker's corps, while he had heavy fighting in front, late in the evening.

May 26.—Moved into position on left of Twentieth corps, pressed close upon the enemy's lines and fortified, four miles north of Dallas.

May 27.—Changed position to the left, relieving General Wood's troops. Close skirmishing all day.

May 28.—Advanced, drove in the enemy's outposts, and fortified.

May 29.—Advanced the battery to front line. Heavy skirmishing. During the night the enemy attacked, and was repulsed with severe loss.

We continued the varied scenes, some changes in position, with heavy skirmishing, until the night of the fourth of June, when the enemy withdrew from our front.

June 6.—Marched with the corps east ten miles, to within two and a half miles of Ackworth, on railroad, where we remained with comparative quiet until June tenth, when we moved three miles south-east, and found the enemy in strong position on Pine Mountain, in my front. Skirmishing commenced and continued until the night of the thirteenth of June, when the enemy retired, and my brigade advanced upon the mountain early on the morning of June fourteenth. On this mountain is where Bishop Polk, General of the rebel army, fell, by a shot from the Fifth Indiana battery, under Captain Simonson. The battery was in position at the front and right of my lines. We pursued the enemy two miles to his new position, and found him strongly fortified.

June 16.—Advanced my lines of trenches with hard skirmishing. On this day we had the sad misfortune to lose the brave and gallant officer, Captain Simonson, our Chief of Artillery.

June 17.—The enemy again withdrew—we pursued—Wood's division in front—with heavy skirmishing.

June 19.—The enemy retired during the night; we pursued, my brigade in advance. At two miles we came upon the enemy, upon the east side of a large farm; my lines were formed for an attack. The Ninth and Thirty-sixth Indiana, Eightieth and Eighty-fourth Illinois, in the front line, advanced and drove the enemy from their position, and into their fortifications upon Kenesaw Mountain and the adjacent hills. My loss was severe, particularly in officers; Lieutenant Bowman, Thirty-sixth Indiana, fell mortally wounded, bravely leading his men in the advance.

June 20.—Contest continued, the enemy trying to hold, and we to drive him from, a swamp between our main trenches, in which we succeeded, but were compelled to abandon a portion of the ground because of a destructive fire from the enemy's artillery, bearing thereon from their main works. Upon the evening of this day, the Ninth Indiana, afterward relieved by the Fifty-ninth Illinois, were moved across the creek

to the right, to assist the Second brigade (General Whitaker). I have learned by the newspapers that the enemy made seven unsuccessful assaults on the lines of this brigade at this point. I will have to refer to the reports of Colonel Sumner, Ninth Indiana, and Colonel Post, Fifty-ninth Illinois, for the facts in the premises, as they participated in whatever fighting took place. In these two days the losses in my command were very heavy.

June 21.—On this day I was ordered to send my rear regiments to the right of the division, to support the First brigade in an attack and critical position, and accordingly moved with the Eighty-fourth and Eightieth Illinois, Thirtieth Indiana, and Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, to the position indicated, and placed them in reserve.

June 22.—Moved with whole brigade during afternoon and night two miles to the right, to support and relieve a part of the Twentieth corps. Took position in close proximity to the enemy and fortified.

June 23.—Was ordered and made an attack on the enemy's line, which was unsuccessful, and with fearful loss upon our skirmish lines, heavily formed. Lieutenant Hendricks, Thirty-sixth Indiana, an accomplished young officer, fell dead in this attack pierced by a Minié ball.

June 24, 25, and 26.—Heavy firing at the intrenched position of the enemy, four hundred yards distant.

June 27.—Heavy assault made upon the enemy's lines at various points; my command was in one line, all in the trenches, and was not to advance, yet suffered considerable loss. The assault failed, with heavy loss to our arms. Heavy skirmishing and artillery firing kept up on both sides until the night of the second of July, when the enemy retreated under cover of the night, and lost their hold and position on Kenesaw Mountain, and vacated Marietta.

July 3.—Pursued the enemy early; my brigade in advance. Fifty-ninth Illinois first to enter Marietta. Found the enemy in the evening, five miles from Marietta, on Atlanta road, strongly intrenched.

July 4.—Celebrated the national anniversary by a charge over a large corn-farm, carried the enemy's outer works, taking many prisoners, with a loss of eighty-nine killed and wounded in my brigade. Held the position until night, under the cover of which the enemy withdrew four miles to the Chattahoochee river. Captain Hale, brigade officer of the day, of the Seventy-fifth Illinois, one of the best officers in the army, fell here.

July 5.—Pursued the enemy, Wood's division in front, to the river. Continued skirmishing until July tenth.

July 10.—Marched five miles up the river.

July 12.—Crossed the Chattahoochee, marched down the left bank, and encamped at Powers' Ferry, in front of Twenty-third corps, with our corps; Thirty-sixth Indiana commenced and

built, while here, a trestle bridge over the river, which was completed on the sixteenth of July.

July 18.—Moved from Powers' Ferry, with corps, to near Buckhead, south seven miles.

July 19.—Advanced across Peach-tree creek, Seventy-fifth Illinois in advance; skirmished and drove the enemy from destroyed bridge, and rebuilt the same.

July 20.—Moved with division, Second brigade in front; crossed South Peach-tree creek; came upon the fortified position of the enemy, went into line on the right of the Second brigade, attacked the rifle-pits of the rebels, and carried the same, taking forty-three prisoners.

July 21.—Advanced my lines and fortified; skirmished all day. At night the enemy retired.

July 22.—Pursued the enemy at three o'clock A. M.; came up to him in his fortifications at sunrise, in front of Atlanta, Georgia, on the north, two miles from the centre of the city. Took position; the balance of the division came up on the left, Wood's division on the right. Here we intrenched; skirmished with the enemy daily; took up his picket lines twice, capturing most of them, until the twenty-seventh of July. Major-General Stanley being assigned to command the corps, I came in and assumed command of the division.

August 5.—Relieved from command of division, and assigned as Brigadier to the command of the brigade again. On this day, by orders from corps headquarters, the brigade attempted an assault on the enemy's works, and lost thirty-six men, among whom were the brave Captain Walker, of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, and the gallant young officer, Lieutenant Willard, of the Thirty-sixth Indiana.

August 22.—Marched at three o'clock, with six regiments, two miles to the left; struck the enemy's out picket line, drove them, captured eight prisoners, made demonstration, and returned, with small loss. On the fifteenth of August, the Eighty-fourth Indiana, Lieutenant-Colonel Neff, was transposed into my brigade, and the Fifty-ninth Illinois into the Second brigade. With frequent skirmishing and changes of lines and positions of regiments, this brigade substantially remained at the same position in the siege of Atlanta, from the morning of the twenty-second of July until the night of the twenty-fifth of August, when we received orders and marched to the right, seven miles, to Procter's creek, and rested until daylight on the morning of August twenty-sixth, when, starting at eight o'clock A. M., we moved with the corps seven miles south, across Utoy creek, and camped for the night.

August 27.—Marched, with corps, four miles south, to Camp creek, and camped.

August 28.—Marched south-east three miles, to Red Oak station on West Point railroad, striking this road twelve miles south-west from Atlanta.

August 29.—Lay still and fortified.

August 30.—Marched to Shoal creek, five miles.

August 31.—The Army of the Tennessee fighting to day in front and on west of Jonesboro', Georgia; our corps advanced east; met cavalry behind works on east bank of Flint river. My brigade was formed, Ninth Indiana, Eighty-fourth Illinois, and Eighty-fourth Indiana in front line, and with a strong skirmish line drove the enemy from their position, and advanced, Wood's division in front, Twenty-third corps on our left, and both corps struck the Macon railroad about four o'clock P. M., and fortified the position, my command in line on the right of the division, the Second division, General Newton, extending my right; our corps fronting south. All quiet during the night.

September 1.—Our division marched at six o'clock A. M., First brigade in advance, moving on the railroad toward Jonesboro', and under orders spent most of the day in destruction of railroad as we advanced. At about four o'clock P. M., the advance brigade of our division made a junction with the left of the Fourteenth corps on the railroad, at a point about two miles north of Jonesboro'. The First brigade formed in line, its right near or upon the railroad. I was ordered by General Kimball to prolong the left of the First brigade, which I did without halting, until my advance was checked by getting into a thick bramble of underbrush and a swamp in a dense woodland, through which it was impossible to ride, and the enemy with a heavy skirmish line in our front, and his artillery in reach playing upon us, contributed to impede our progress. The course or direction when I entered the woods seemed to be about south, and, upon emerging from it, at a distance of a half to three fourths of a mile, the brigade to my right had shifted to the right to such an extent, that I had to move right oblique to fill the space, and my left swinging around so that when my lines came upon the lines of the enemy behind barricades, my front was about south-west. And by the time we got the lines straightened up and the enemy's skirmishers driven back, and the position of the enemy discovered, night came on. Yet my lines, Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, Eighty-fourth and Eightieth Illinois, and Ninth Indiana, in front line, pressed forward under a heavy canister fire from the enemy's guns to within three hundred yards of their barricaded lines. When the fighting ceased at dark, one of General Newton's brigades had moved up toward my left, and his skirmish line connected with the left of my front battle-line. The barricade of the enemy ceased opposite the left of my lines. During the night the enemy withdrew.

September 2.—At early day I advanced my brigade into the enemy's vacated works, issued rations, and marched in pursuit of the enemy on the road toward Lovejoy, my brigade in advance of our division, the Second and Third divisions of our corps in advance of me. At about one or two o'clock P. M., our advance came up to the enemy, and in the deploying of the column, I

CAPTAIN L. M. KELLOGG'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,
FIRST SEPARATE DIVISION, ARMY CORPS,
LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, TENN.,
March 3, 1865.

GENERAL: I have the honor to forward report of detachment Eighteenth United States infantry, while under command of Captain Lyman M. Kellogg, Eighteenth infantry, from June fourteenth, 1864, to September first, 1864, and respectfully request that it be placed with the other reports of the regiment, and of the Second brigade, First division, Fourteenth Army Corps.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN H. KING,

Brigadier-General.

Brigadier-General W. D. WHIPPLE,

A. A. G. and Chief of Staff,
Department of the Cumberland.

CAMP EIGHTEENTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY,
LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, TENNESSEE,
February 25, 1865.

*Brigadier-General W. D. Whipple, Assistant
Adjutant-General, Department Cumberland:*

I respectfully submit the following report of the operations of the detachment of the Eighteenth United States infantry, embracing sixteen companies of the First, Second and Third battalions, while under my command during the Atlanta campaign, from the fourteenth of June to the first of September, 1864, inclusive, and respectfully request that it be included in the reports of the detachments already received from Captains G. W. Smith and R. B. Hull. This report would have been rendered sooner, but for the fact that I was severely wounded at the battle of Jonesboro', Georgia, on the first of September, 1864.

OPERATIONS.

In front of Kenesaw Mountain the detachment lost, after I assumed command in the month of June, wounded, eight enlisted men.

July 4.—The detachment supported two batteries under a destructively severe artillery fire from the enemy. Also charged rebel line of skirmishers and drove them, thus causing or materially aiding in causing the whole rebel line to evacuate its position during the ensuing night.

July 20.—The detachment in the battle of Peach-tree creek was under musketry fire; also subjected to severe shelling.

July 22.—Intrenched within one and a half miles of Atlanta, Georgia.

Loss during July, 1864:

Commissioned officers, wounded.....	3
Enlisted men, "	21
" " killed.....	1
" " missing.....	1
Total	26

August 3.—The detachment deployed as skirmishers and drove the enemy's cavalry vedettes and pickets.

August 7.—The detachment assaulted the enemy's line of rifle-pits; the detachment of the Fifteenth United States infantry and Eleventh Michigan volunteer infantry supported detachment Eighteenth United States infantry, and very soon connected with it on its right, the whole being under my command, as senior officer on the field. Engaged with the enemy. After the first assault I took advantage of a ravine beyond the open field, over which we had driven the enemy, to reform the line, which had become partially disorganized, owing to the difficulties of the ground and the very severe flank and front fire, both artillery and musketry, which had been playing on us while driving the enemy across the open field. After I had reformed, I again moved forward with the Eighteenth and Fifteenth regulars, driving the enemy into their main works, and arriving with my line, composed of the regular regiments above mentioned, at the abatis close to the enemy's main works. The Eleventh Michigan during the second assault remained in position, protecting my right.

Had I been supported, and the enemy attacked by the division on my right, and by the brigade on my left, as I had been told would be the case, I am of opinion that the main line of works around Atlanta would have fallen on the seventh of August.

The forces under my command had been engaged from one o'clock P. M. until nearly dusk; nearly one third of my men had been put *hors de combat*, and I was almost entirely out of ammunition, not having had time to send to the rear for it, so that had I finally succeeded in entering the enemy's works, I should only have succeeded in turning my remaining small force over to the enemy as prisoners. We, however, successfully advanced our main line about half a mile, intrenching and holding it, taking three lines of rebel rifle-pits, and capturing a large number of prisoners, three hundred of them being credited to my command; a large number of prisoners were sent to the rear without a guard, not having men to spare, by my orders, and were taken up, I have been told, by General Carlin's brigade, which was undoubtedly credited with the number thus taken up. General Carlin's brigade, however, was not actually engaged, and did not, I am sure, capture a single prisoner. This assault was most successful and brilliant, and due credit should be given to whom it was mainly owing, viz.: the Eighteenth and Fifteenth regulars.

Loss during August, 1864:

Commissioned officers wounded.....	2
Enlisted men wounded	31
" " killed	7
" " missing	4
Total	44

September 1.—The detachment as a portion of the regular brigade, was most actively engaged with the enemy at the battle of

Jonesboro', Georgia. We assaulted the enemy's entrenched position in the edge of woods, moving in line of battle through an open, difficult swamp, across an open field, under the severest artillery and musketry fire, flank and front.

It became necessary to reform the line, after crossing the swamp, and finding it almost impossible to get my men forward through the fire, I deemed it necessary to give them the encouragement of my example (as, indeed, I had previously done, especially on the seventh of August), and so rode in front of my colors, and caused them to be successfully planted on the enemy's works, jumping my horse over them, at the time they were filled with the enemy, being the first man of our army over the enemy's works. I was almost instantly struck from my horse, inside of the enemy's works, while cheering on my men, being severely wounded by shell and bullet. I however, held the works, and retained command for some minutes, until I was taken to the rear, in a semi-conscious state.

The detachment lost in this battle:

Commissioned officers wounded	3
Enlisted men wounded	30
“ “ killed	10
“ “ missing	7
Total	50

A large number of prisoners were also captured by the Eighteenth regulars, in this battle.

The casualties in this detachment, during the Atlanta campaign, from May 2, 1864, to September 2, 1864, were as follows:

Commissioned officers wounded	10
Enlisted men wounded	166
“ “ killed	38
“ “ missing	17
Total	231

I should be derelict in my duty, did I not most earnestly recommend for brevets the following meritorious and gallant officers, for distinguished bravery and conduct on the field of battle, viz.:

Captain G. W. Smith, Eighteenth United States infantry, for good conduct and gallantry on the fourth of July, 1864.

Captain R. B. Hull, Eighteenth United States infantry, for gallantry on the seventh of August, 1864; the same for great gallantry on the first of September, 1864.

Captain W. J. Fetterman, Eighteenth United States infantry, for good conduct and gallantry on the fourth of July, 1864.

Captain Ansel B. Deuten, Eighteenth United States infantry, for good conduct and gallantry on the fourth of July, 1864.

Captain Anson Mills, Eighteenth United States infantry, for gallantry and skill on the fourth of July, 1864.

Captain A. S. Burt, Eighteenth United States infantry, for gallantry on the first of September, 1864.

First Lieutenant Thos. B. Burrows, Eighteenth United States infantry, for gallantry on the seventh of August, 1864; the same for gallantry on the first of September, 1864, when he was severely wounded.

First Lieutenant James Powell, Eighteenth United States infantry, for gallantry on the fourth of July, 1864; the same for great gallantry on the seventh of August, 1864; the same for great gallantry on the first of September, 1864, when he was severely wounded.

First Lieutenant Frederick Phisterer, Eighteenth United States infantry, for good conduct and gallantry on the fourth of July, 1864; the same for good conduct and great gallantry on the seventh of August, 1864.

First Lieutenant Wm. H. Bisbee, Eighteenth United States infantry, for gallantry on the fourth of July, 1864; the same, for great gallantry on the seventh of August, 1864; the same, for good conduct and great gallantry on the first of September, 1864.

First Lieutenant Alfred Townsend, Eighteenth United States infantry, for gallantry on the fourth of July, 1864; the same for gallantry on the seventh of August, 1864, where he was severely wounded.

I am, General, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

L. M. KELLOGG,

Captain, Eighteenth United States Infantry.

REPORT OF MAJOR-GENERAL SHERMAN.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
ATLANTA, GEORGIA, September 15, 1864. }

GENERAL: I have heretofore, from day to day, by telegraph, kept the War Department and the General-in-Chief advised of the progress of events, but now it becomes necessary to review the whole campaign, which has resulted in the capture and occupation of the city of Atlanta.

On the fourteenth day of March, 1864, at Memphis, Tennessee, I received notice from General Grant, at Nashville, that he had been commissioned Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States, which would compel him to go East, and that I had been appointed to succeed him as commander of the Division of the Mississippi. He summoned me to Nashville for a conference, and I took my departure the same day, and reached Nashville, *via* Cairo, on the seventeenth, and accompanied him on his journey eastward as far as Cincinnati. We had a full and complete understanding of the policy and plans for the ensuing campaign, covering a vast area of country, my part of which, extended from Chattanooga to Vicksburg. I returned to Nashville, and on the twenty-fifth began a tour of inspection, visiting Athens, Decatur, Huntsville, and Larkin's Ferry, Alabama; Chattanooga, Loudon, and Knoxville, Tennessee. During this visit I had interviews with Major-General McPherson,