CHAPTER XVII.

OCCUPATION OF THE CAPITAL OF SOUTH CAROLINA—A TERRIBLE CONFLAGRATION.

Columbia, February 17th.—It is with a feeling of proud exultation that I write the date of Columbia. We have conquered and occupy the capital of the haughty state that instigated and forced forward the treason which has brought on this desolating war. The city which was to have been the capital of the Confederacy if Lee and the Rebel hosts had been driven from Richmond is now overrun by Northern soldiers. The beautiful capitol building bears the marks of Yankee shot and shell, and the old flag which the Rebels insulted at Sumter now floats freely in the air from the house-tops of the central city of South Carolina.

On our march hither we had the choice of Augusta or Columbia; and while many a brave man turned his indignant eyes toward Sumter and the sea, yet our General knew that this Holy of Holies to the Southern mind was of infinitely more importance than either of the other two cities, and he feels certain that Charleston is ours in any event. General Sherman also knew that, while he might capture Augusta, he could not be certain of reaching Columbia afterward, while with Columbia gained, Augusta was almost as easily won as in the commencement of the campaign.

The direct movement upon Columbia began at three o'clock this morning. General Logan kept his word. In the gray of the morning he bridged Broad River, and, in spite of fierce opposition from the Rebels, a brigade of in-

fantry was pushed across, and gained a firm footing upon the eastern bank. Established there, our men drove the enemy back for a distance of two miles, and then, intrenching their position, awaited the arrival of re-enforcements over the pontoon bridge. Before this work was fairly accomplished, the Rebel forces retreated and the Mayor of Columbia came out to surrender the place. Of course, a surrender under such circumstances, as at Savannah, did not entitle the citizens to protection, for Beauregard had contested the possession of the city in its streets.

General Sherman and General Howard were the first to cross the bridge, and entered the city, followed by their staffs. A scene of shameful confusion met their eyes. On every side were evidences of disorder; bales of cotton scattered here and there; articles of household furniture and merchandise of every description cast pell-mell in every direction by the frightened inhabitants, who had escaped from a city which they supposed was doomed to destruction.

The skirmishers who had first entered the place gathered in groups and lustily cheered their much-loved chief, and the chorus was taken up by the negroes who lined the sidewalk and followed the column; so that the stranger looking on would have believed that this was the triumphal return to his home of some favorite hero, rather than the entry of the conqueror who had struck another blow at the heart of a people who hate him and his with the hatred of incarnate devils.

The welcome given to General Sherman by the negroes was singular and touching. They greeted his arrival with exclamations of unbounded joy. "Tank de Almighty God," they said, "Mister Sherman has come at last. We knew it; we prayed for de day, and de Lord Jesus heard our prayers. Mr. Sherman has come wid his company."

One fat old negro woman said to General Sherman, while shaking him by the hand—which he always gladly gives to these poor people—"I prayed dis long time for yer, and de blessing ob de Lord is on yer. But yesterday afternoon, when yer stopped trowing de shells into de town, and de soldiers run away from de hill ober dar, I thout dat General Burygar had driven you away, for dey said so; but here yer am dun gone. Bress de Lord, yer will hab a place in heaben; yer will go dar, sure."

In the main street the General was met by some of our prisoners, who had escaped before the removal consequent on our approach took place, and had been secreted in the town by the negroes. Not around the social board, not when meeting his dearest friends, not in that responsive moment of gladness when victory crowns our efforts, have I seen his face beam with such exultation and kindly greeting as when he took these poor fellows by the hand and welcomed them home—home to the army, to protection, to the arms of their brave comrades, to the dear old flag which had gone out of sight many months ago upon some well-remembered battle-field.

The outward appearance of Columbia is superior to that of most state capitals I have seen. The private residences are large and roomy, and are surrounded with gardens, which, even at this wintry season of the year, are filled with hedges, flowering shrubs, and bordered walks, all in summer green. The business streets lack that air of extensive commerce which marks Savannah; and in truth, although it has had a larger population than Savannah since the war, Columbia is not a commercial city. The excess of inhabitants has come from the refugees, who have sought what they supposed was a permanent and secure retreat from the hated Yankees.

The three or four days' notice of our approach enabled the government officials to remove most of the material belonging to the branch of the Treasury Department which was located at this point; yet large quantities of paper for printing Confederate notes and bonds, with type, printing-presses, etc., has fallen into our hands. This loss is irreparable to the Rebel government.

The arsenal was found well stocked with shot, shell, fixed ammunition, powder, Enfield rifles, carbines, and other material of war. A full battery of four rifled English Blakely guns, which were in a battery commanding the bridge, was also taken, with caissons and other material. Connected with the arsenal are shops full of costly machinery for the manufacture of arms and ammunition, with founderies for all sorts of castings. A little way down the river there is a large powder-mill. All of this will be thoroughly destroyed.

In front of the arsenal barracks are fifteen light brass field-pieces, which have the crown of England marked upon the back, with the date of 1776. I could not but reflect upon the woeful truth how utterly these cowardly South Carolinians have lost all pride of nationality. Their teams and cars ran night and day to carry off cotton, but these glorious mementoes of the Revolution were kicked aside as valueless.

The store-houses are filled with all sorts of supplies—flour, meal, bacon, corn, harness, hardware, etc.—while cotton is found in every direction. As there is no treasury agent of our government to appropriate this costly material for somebody's benefit, I doubt if a very correct record of the quantity will be made before it is burned.

The capitol building is far from completion, but, if ever finished, it will be the most beautiful architectural creation

in this country, as well as one of the most costly. It is very large, covering an open space in the high ridge which runs through the centre of the city. It is built of a light-colored granite, with the surface smooth from base to roof. The order of architecture, so far as it is completed, is pure Corinthian. The capitals of the columns, both upon the two wings north and south and the interior grand hall, are most delicately carved in the marble—the builders, with true artistic taste and good sense, rejecting all plaster and stucco imitations. These capitals, with a large amount of carved work for architraves, window-caps, and frames, are carefully housed in the numerous shops situated in the grounds around the building.

Although this great undertaking is not half completed, the work is sufficiently advanced to convey a fair idea of the intentions of its architects. To my mind, this order of architecture is the most beautiful of any for public buildings; and in this instance the artist has created a model of exquisite grace and harmonious proportions. If ever finished upon the present plan, it will be one of the finest works of art in this country or in the Old World. It is a thought of infinite pleasure to turn from these desolating scenes of war to this outgrowth of peace and plenty; and we study these graceful lines and noble contours with all the more satisfaction, mingled with sorrow, when we put them in contrast with the shocking architectural displays observable elsewhere in the country.

Brown, the sculptor, at great personal expense, has modeled and partially completed groups and *bas-reliefs* for this building, for which he has never received compensation. His work, yet unfinished, lies in some of the outbuildings.

I began to-day's record early in the evening, and while writing I noticed an unusual glare in the sky, and heard a

sound of running to and fro in the streets, with the loud talk of servants that the horses must be removed to a safer place. Running out, I found, to my surprise and real sorrow, that the central part of the city, including the main business street, was in flames, while the wind, which had been blowing a hurricane all day, was driving the sparks and cinders in heavy masses over the eastern portion of the city, where the finest residences are situated. These buildings, all wooden, were instantly ignited by the flying sparks. In half an hour the conflagration was raging in every direction, and but for a providential change of the wind to the south and west, the whole city would in a few hours have been laid in ashes.

As it is, several hundred buildings, including the old State House, one or two churches, most of the carved work stored in the sheds round about the new capitol, and a large number of public store-houses, have been destroyed. In some of the public buildings the Rebels had stored shot, shell, and other ammunition, and when the flames reached these magazines we had the Atlanta experience over again —the smothered boom, the huge columns of fire shooting heavenward, the red-hot iron flying here and there. But there was one feature, pitiable indeed, which we did not find at Atlanta. Groups of men, women, and children were gathered in the streets and squares, huddled together over a trunk, a mattress, or a bundle of clothes. Our soldiers were at work with a will, removing household goods from the dwellings which were in the track of the flames, and here and there extinguishing the fire when there was hope of saving a building. General Sherman and his officers worked with their own hands until long after midnight, trying to save life and property. The house taken for headquarters is now filled with old men, women, and children

who have been driven from their homes by a more pitiless enemy than the detested "Yankees."

Various causes are assigned to explain the origin of the fire. I am quite sure that it originated in sparks flying from the hundreds of bales of cotton which the Rebels had placed along the middle of the main street, and fired as they left the city. Fire from a tightly-compressed bale of cotton is unlike that of a more open material, which burns itself out. The fire lies smouldering in a bale of cotton long after it appears to be extinguished; and in this instance, when our soldiers supposed they had extinguished the fire, it suddenly broke out again with the most disastrous effect.

There were fires, however, which must have been started independent of the above-named cause. The source of these is ascribed to the desire for revenge from some two hundred of our prisoners, who had escaped from the cars as they were being conveyed from this city to Charlotte, and, with the memories of long sufferings in the miserable pens I visited yesterday on the other side of the river, sought this means of retaliation. Again, it is said that the soldiers who first entered the town, intoxicated with success and a liberal supply of bad liquor, which was freely distributed among them by designing citizens, in an insanity of exhilaration set fire to unoccupied houses.

Whatever may have been the cause of the disaster, the direful result is deprecated by General Sherman most emphatically; for however heinous the crimes of this people against our common country, we do not war against women and children and helpless persons.

February 18*th.*—This morning the fires are all subdued, and the houseless people are provided with shelter, by General Sherman's order, in the residences deserted by their

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refugee owners. So far as it went, the fire made clean work; but there have been fewer dwelling-houses destroyed than was at first supposed, as the devastation was confined chiefly to the business part of the city.

Our occupation of Columbia has not retarded other movements. The 17th Corps has moved out in an easterly direction, while the 15th Corps and our engineer regiments are breaking railroad. The 20th Corps is crossing Broad River, and the 14th is moving north on the east bank of Saluda, where, in the vicinity of Germansville, Cheatham and Lee, of Hood's army, are attempting a passage, in the hope of damaging our rear and flank.

The exact number of this detachment from Hood we have not ascertained. It is probably not more than twelve thousand or fifteen thousand men, who have been kept at Augusta in anticipation of an attack upon that place. General Sherman's movements completely mystified and confused the Rebels. They thought the real objective was Augusta, with a view of opening up the navigation of the river; and I learn that, in consequence of this belief, all the public property of the enemy was removed from Augusta to a point far within the interior of Georgia. Sherman has a faculty for hoodwinking the enemy.

Columbia, February 19th.—General Sherman has given orders for the farther destruction of all public property in the city, excepting the new capitol, which will not be injured. I think the General saves this building more because it is such a beautiful work of art than for any other reason. The arsenal, railroad dépôts, store-houses, magazines, public property, and cotton to the amount of twenty thousand bales, are to-day destroyed. There is not a rail upon any of the roads within twenty miles of Columbia but

will be twisted into corkscrews before the sun sets, while upon two of the lines the work of destruction will be continued perhaps to their terminus.

This afternoon several loud explosions were heard in the direction of the river. I learn that, as the troops who were detailed for the purpose were depositing the shells and powder in the river, one of the former accidentally exploded, the fire communicating to other ammunition, and to a large pile of powder on the banks. The result was mournfully disastrous, for several men were killed, and twenty were wounded. The casting of this ammunition into the river was ordered by General Sherman, who preferred that mode of destroying it to an explosion of the magazine on the arsenal hill, where some one might have been injured. General Sherman was horrified upon hearing of the accident, and remarked that the life of one of his soldiers was of more value than all the arsenals and magazines in the South, or even the city of Columbia itself.

Columbia will have bitter cause to remember the visit of Sherman's army. Even if peace and prosperity soon return to the land, not in this generation nor the next—no, not for a century—can this city or the state recover from the deadly blow which has taken its life. It is not alone in the property that has been destroyed—the buildings, bridges, mills, railroads, material of every description—nor in the loss of the slaves, who, within the last few days, have joined us by hundreds and thousands—although this deprivation of the means by which they lived is of incalculable importance—that the most blasting, withering blow has fallen. It is in the crushing downfall of their inordinate vanity, their arrogant pride, that the rebels will feel the effects of the visit of our army. Their fancied unapproachable, invincible security has been ruthlessly overthrown. Their boastings, threat-

enings, and denunciations have passed by us like the idle wind. The feet of one hundred thousand abolitionists, hated and despised, have pressed heavily upon their sacred soil, and their spirit is broken. I know that thousands of South Carolina's sons are in the army of the rebellion; but she has already lost her best blood there. Those who remain have no homes. The Hamptons, Barnwells, Simses, Rhetts, Singletons, Prestons, have no homes. The ancient homesteads where were gathered sacred associations, the heritages of many generations, are swept away. When first these men became traitors they lost honor; to-day they have no local habitations; in the glorious future of this country they will have no name.

Another incident has occurred at Columbia which is illustrative of the soldierly patriotism of our troops. In the public square a beautiful monument had been erected in honor of the soldiers of a South Carolina regiment who had died in the war with Mexico. It was an iron palmetto-tree, placed upon a handsome pedestal. The names of the fallen brave were inscribed in brass letters upon tablets appropriately arranged at the base. One of our stragglers, while attempting to detach some of these letters, was at first warned, and, not desisting, was seized and severely handled by the soldiers for the commission of what they regarded as a sacrilegious crime.

By constantly improving many excellent opportunities for conversing with prominent citizens, I have unquestionable evidence of their desire to end the war by submitting to the national authority. While not disguising their belief in the sovereignty of a state, and scarcely concealing their hate for the Yankees, they acknowledge their powerlessness to contend against the might of the idea of nationality embodied in our armies and navies. A citizen, whose name

may be found in the earliest annals of the state, and stands forth in high honor in the war of the Revolution, but whose sons are now in high office in the army of treason, said to me to-day:

"Sir, every life that is now lost in this war is murder; *murder*, sir. We have fought you bravely, but our strength is exhausted; we have no resources; we have no more men. The contest was unequal. You have conquered us, and it is best to submit and make wise use of the future. This is not my opinion because the Union flag is flying upon yonder capitol to-day, but it has been my conviction for many months past—a conviction more than confirmed by recent events. We could have peace, sir, but for that vain, obstinate, ambitious man, Jeff. Davis. I am not in excitement nor anger, sir, when I assure you that I know that a large majority of our people curse him, not only with their hearts, but their lips. His haughty ambition has been our ruin."

The words of this gentleman express the sentiments of nearly all the leading civilians I meet, excepting only that the expression is sometimes more vehement, while the conversation is occasionally interlarded with more violent objurgations against Jeff. Davis. Unhappy chief! failure has brought down upon him hatred and abuse. Were he in South Carolina now, no cheers would greet him, no friendly welcome would meet him; nothing but execrations would be showered upon his head.

Many prophecies and theories have been advanced as to the possible future of the slaves and their owners, but I never thought that the day would come to me when South Carolina slaveholders would beg me to take away their slaves—not because the negroes have been unfaithful, not that they would be unkind when we went away, for a lady

bore witness, with tears in her eyes, to their attentions and kindness on the night of the fire; but, as she said:

"I know they wish to go with your army, and I beg of you to take them, for I have nothing for them to do, and can not feed them. We have scarcely food for our own mouths, much less theirs."

These requests are not isolated, but general. The motive which prompts them is visible wherever we march; but it is a singular development of the war that South Carolinians should petition us to give freedom to the slaves to retain whom in servitude they have sacrificed so much of the best life-blood of the land.

A characteristic feature of South Carolina chivalry, which has impressed itself upon all of us since we entered this state, had a marked illustration last night and this morning. I refer to a whining, helpless, craven spirit which shows itself whenever any of these people get hurt. In Georgia the sufferers said: "We expected to lose our cows, corn and poultry; war is a terrible thing at the best, and we must take it as it comes; so long as we are not injured in our persons we will not complain." But these fellows who were to "die in the last ditch," who would "welcome us with bloody hands to hospitable graves," are more cowardly than children, and whine like whipped school-boys. Ridiculously helpless, they sit and groan without making an effort to help themselves. There is not an officer or soldier in all our army who has not added to his dislike of the psuedo-chivalric negro-drivers the most supreme disgust and contempt.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MARCH RESUMED — CROSSING THE CATAWBA RIVER — NEWS OF THE FALL OF CHARLESTON — CAPTURE OF CAMDEN.

Winnsboro', February 21st.—This place is northwest of the Rebel capital, and the 17th Corps, which first reached it, has made the march from Columbia in two days, thoroughly destroying the track of the South Carolina Railroad as it moved. We have made wrecks of various lines of Rebel communication since the beginning of these campaigns, but in this instance the destruction has been made even more complete than usual. The rails used on the railroad to Charlotte are of different kinds, but chiefly strap-iron, which has been easily twisted into kinks, bows, and corkscrews, by the aid of the ties and telegraph poles found along the way. The Rebels are quite sure, by this time, that at least one object of our campaign is the destruction of this remaining artery connecting the East and West. In any event, they are not likely to be traveled, for the guage of this line from this point to Charlotte is narrower by four inches than the line which continues on to Danville and thence to Richmond; so that, whether or not we go to Charlotte, the material and running stock are rendered useless.

While the 17th Corps have approached this place by the direct road from Columbia, the left wing has made a detour, entering from the Broad River Road. The principal object of this diverging march is the desire to cover as

much ground as possible for purposes of forage and supplies.

The 20th Corps arrived early this morning, just in time to prevent the spread of a conflagration which, starting in the central part of the city, threatened to destroy every thing in its path. Several regiments were engaged in this work, and especial efforts were successfully made to save the house of a brother of Governor Aiken. As it was, only a few buildings were burned, to the unbounded gratitude of the thousands of inhabitants, many of whom were refugees from Vicksburg, Nashville, Atlanta, Savannah, Charleston, and, later, Columbia. I am thus particular in mentioning the names of these places, for, as Mrs. Aiken told me, "They never expected a Yankee army would come here." Driven from one place to another, they sought this secluded, distant region of South Carolina for quiet and repose; but General Sherman, like an avenging Nemesis, has followed in their path, until they say, "We will go no farther; we submit."

We found here an untamed, impertinent fellow, who practices preaching for a living, one Lord, who formerly presided over an Episcopal church in the West. This individual, whose life and property had been preserved from the flames by our soldiers, took occasion to insult one of our officers by the utterance of the most treasonable sentiments. He richly deserved to be placed in the prisoners' gang, and marched along. The intercession of Mrs. Aiken, and his own insignificance, saved him the humiliation.

As I am writing, I hear the exquisite music of the band of the 33d Massachusetts regiment, who are serenading one of the general officers. This is the best band in the army, and the favorite of all of us. It is playing operatic and national airs. There was a time when Massachusetts men

were not permitted in this chivalric state. The wretches who insulted Judge Hoar and his daughter have not, in this instance, been consulted in this matter. Those soul-stirring anthems of "John Brown" and "Rally Round the Flag" are now the familiar airs here, and when our troops marched into Columbia the other day, the bands began and ended with "Hail Columbia."

The region through which the army has lately marched is very barren. While not quite so sandy as the country below the Congaree, it is yet sterile in the extreme. Supplies are not found sufficient to furnish the army with its needs. We are promised richer fields and more fruitful harvests in a few days. The 15th Corps, which is upon our extreme right, has a better time. Kilpatrick hangs upon our extreme left, occasionally dashing off at some exposed points, to the confusion of the enemy, who continue to be at a loss to divine our intention.

The woods and fields in this vicinity are filled with rabbits, whose presence has been the cause of some excitement and a good deal of fun. After marching the prescribed distance for the day, one division after another will go into camp in the forests, the fields, and hill-sides, and if it is a corps detached from the main body of the army, they will extend eight miles, more or less, along the road. Last night, while quietly smoking after supper, we heard at a long distance the shouts of soldiers. As the sounds came nearer, we could distinguish the words, "Catch him, catch him; stop that rabbit," etc. Soon poor pussy came flying down the road, pursued by a throng of men, while the shouts were caught up and redoubled as she passed along. No one seemed disposed to injure the frightened animal, but every body enjoyed the fun of the chase. Probably that rabbit has become one of the pets which the soldiers love to attach to themselves in their long campaigns.

On the Banks of the Catawba, Rocky Mount Ferry, February 23d.—Our great leader has just made one of those sudden moves in the grand strategy of the campaign which must be so inexplicable to the enemy, and is not altogether clear to his own army. Day before yesterday the whole army was marching north up the peninsula formed by the Broad and Catawba, or, as it is called lower down, the Wateree River. It seemed as if we were making straight for Charlotte and Danville. Accordingly Beauregard withdrew his forces from our flanks, with the intention of contesting our advance into the hill country. But such was not the purpose of General Sherman. No doubt the Rebel general can find many strong positions between this and Charlotte where he could delay our columns a little while, but he can not find any such lines of defense as those made by the rivers which are in our path to the sea, for the sea we must reach before many days. There is a limit in these invasions beyond which an army can not go.

Yesterday morning Kilpatrick was sent to the extreme front with orders to occupy Chesterville, while the 14th Corps marched within supporting distance in his rear, destroying the railroad on its way. While the direction given to this column would seem to have been in confirmation of Beauregard's judgment, the 20th, 17th, and 15th Corps, who for days and weeks past had watched the sun rising over their right shoulder as the early morning found them in the column of march, now met its glorious rays face to face. The army is making a grand right wheel, and we are heading directly for the ocean.

Yesterday the 20th Corps made a march of twenty miles over a succession of horrible hills. For an army which for so long a time has traversed level roads, where the feet pressed gently in the yielding sand, mounting steep hills,

descending into valleys upon hard clayey soil, is a change which results in stiffened muscles and sore feet. But we are all more than repaid for the fatigue and a late supper by having altogether outwitted the Rebels. Before four o'clock in the afternoon two regiments waded or swam across the stream, which, although three hundred feet wide, is shallow, and the Rebel cavalry, who dashed up to the ferry in the confident belief that they could offer an opposition which would delay our passage several hours, were met with a decided demonstration in the way of loyal lead flying about their ears, which was neither anticipated or especially entertaining, our skirmishers informing them, in jocose shouts, that it was only in celebration of the anniversary of the Father of our common country.

The Catawba, which becomes the Wateree River where the creek of that name enters the principal stream, does not abound with bridges, and we are obliged to cross the 20th and 14th Corps and Kilpatrick's cavalry at this place, while General Howard, with the 17th and 15th Corps, has laid a pontoon at Fay's Ferry, eight miles below us. The 20th Corps is very proud of its work yesterday, and with good reason. After making the toilsome march described above the men laid this pontoon, and before daybreak of this morning had passed over a division of troops and its trains. The task is all the more difficult because the road is not much used, and near the banks of the stream it is extremely precipitous, filled with huge boulders of granite rock and cut up with steep gulleys. The repairing of this road required more time than building the pontoon bridge.

In the early days of this campaign, when studying over the maps and speculating upon the objective points, the directions and roads we might traverse, we all saw that, wherever we went, there were natural obstructions in our way

far exceeding those of the Georgia campaign, to say nothing of the possible transfer of Lee's army to the interior, which would have necessitated a change, perhaps, in General Sherman's plan, so far as the final objective is concerned. Indeed, I have reason to believe that the evacuation of Virginia by the Rebels was a contingency included in General Sherman's calculations. He repeated last evening what I heard him say at Savannah and during the march hither:

"If Lee is a soldier of genius, he will seek to transfer his army from Richmond to Raleigh or Columbia; if he is a man simply of detail, he will remain where he is, and his speedy defeat is sure. But I have little fear that he will be able to move; Grant will hold him as in a vice of iron."

Late last night we received what seems to be confirmatory news of the rumors among the citizens, both of Columbia and Winnsboro', that Charleston has been evacuated. Several negroes have come into our lines, who assert that they accompanied the Rebel soldiers when they left the city, and that they heard positively that the Yankees had entered the next day.

It is singular with what marvelous accuracy General Sherman's prophecies and combinations have resulted in splendid realities. At Savannah he was asked if he intended taking Charleston. He answered, "Yes; but I shall not sacrifice life in its capture. If I am able to reach certain vital points, Charleston will fall of itself. If the people remain there they must starve, that's all."

Three days ago, when the rumors of the evacuation of this proud city were reported to him, he said, "I have but little doubt of the truth of the story; I have already cut two of the great arteries which give them life; in a few days I will strike the Florence Railroad, and they must leave then, or they are gone up."

While there is no official verification of the fall of Charleston, so absolute is my faith in the genius of our commander, that I have no doubt whatever that the stars and stripes are at this moment waving over Fort Sumter. And, if it be true, what a sublime triumph is it for this army and its leader! Threatening three points of great value, in their confused, frantic efforts to save them all, the Rebels have lost one most cherished, and the other most vital, both in a military and political sense. But we will save our salvos until we are assured of the truth, and then we will have one good cheer for the old flag.

East of the Catawba, February 24th.—A storm, which has been gathering for several days, last night burst upon us, and has continued all day, with no prospect of clear weather. The rain patters upon the fly-tent over my head, and sputters in the fire, which, made from South Carolina rails, burns as brightly as it may under the circumstances. It sways to and fro in the fitful wind, now and then pouring into the open doorway (if a fly-tent can be said to have a doorway) a volume of smoke which is neither grateful to the eyes nor nostrils.

This is one of those northeast storms which we have at home; and I can almost imagine myself comfortably seated before a glowing coal-fire, with the evening paper to con over, and the cheerful faces of dear friends around, listening to the shaking of the windows and the rain dashing against the panes.

The reality differs somewhat from the fanciful picture, but the advantage, all things considered, is in favor of the former. I am as comfortably situated as the General commanding, and, with every soldier in the army, I am glad to share with him the deprivation, suffering, and honor, in the

fulfillment of what we believe to be our duty to the country. These things considered, the sand-floor tent is better than the carpeted drawing-room.

In spite of the mud and a terrific hill upon this bank of the river, a portion of the 14th Corps have crossed the stream, and are in camp in the pine woods and upon the hill-sides. While the storm is likely to delay us for a day or more, it has its advantages in raising the rivers and preventing the crossing of the Rebel army, who have thrown themselves across what they supposed would be our path in the direction of Chesterville, and so on to Charlotte. Their troops can not cross the Catawba without ascending the stream some sixty miles, which will give us uninterrupted opportunity to complete our crossing.

Within the last week the Rebel cavalry have committed atrocities upon our foragers which make the horrors of a battle-field tender mercies in comparison. In one instance a courier was found hanged on the roadside, with a paper attached to his person bearing the words, "Death to all foragers." In another instance three men were found shot, with a similar notice upon their persons. Yesterday, our cavalry, in the direction of Chesterville, found in a ravine twenty-one of our infantry soldiers lying dead, with their throats cut, but with no notice given as a reason for the frightful murders. All of us understand that the reason assigned for these butcheries is a cruel farce, and that any one of us will meet the same fate if we fall into their bloody hands. There is but one course to be taken in this matter —retaliation, and that fourfold. General Sherman has given General Kilpatrick orders to hang and shoot prisoners who fall into his hands to any extent he considers necessary. Shame on Beauregard, and Hampton, and Butler! Has the blood of their patriot fathers become so corrupted that the

sons are cowardly assassins? If this murderous game is continued by these fiends, they will bitterly rue the day it was begun.

The right wing was last night at Patterson's Cross Roads, and has made a light march of seven miles toward Flat Rock Post-office. Its route since the change of direction in our lines of operation has taken this part of the army through a region similar to that explored by the left wing, the hills being steep and the roads tortuous. The right wing, however, had the advantage of moving upon a shorter interior line, and thus was enabled to cross the river before the rains set in. It is not amiss to add that the corps and division commanders of the right wing have displayed great promptness, energy, and perseverance. The two wings of the army are now even in closer relation, if possible, than at any time since the crossing of the Salkahatchie. In truth, it seems as if the whole force is marching in solid column—a column widely extended certainly, but so admirably in hand that in the space of three hours all the troops could be placed in one grand line of battle. Daring beyond precedent in the grand strategy of this campaign, our leader is cautious and wily almost to a fault in the conduct of its detail.

Across the Catawba, February 25th.—The left wing has made but little progress since my last writing. Heavy rains have fallen, and the least movement of the trains cuts deep into the yielding mud until the roads become impassable. One division of the 14th Corps is across the river, and a portion of another. The greatest difficulty is experienced in surmounting the hill on this side, which is steep, and covered with three feet of mud, with here and there a hole. When a wagon once settles in one of these cavities

it takes a final rest, for no effort of man or beast can extricate it from the tenacious grip of the mud. Thus the 14th Corps delays the movement of the left wing; not seriously, however, for until we have brighter skies, from five to ten miles a day is the limit of progress. General Sherman has issued an order to destroy two hundred superfluous wagons, now on the west side of the river, if they can not be brought over by to-morrow. A day's unnecessary delay may be of the greatest importance to the army. The adage that "delays are dangerous" must have had its origin in military operations, for in no circumstance of life have I seen more striking illustrations of the necessity of prompt action, when there is work to be done, than in the army.

Yesterday two divisions of the 15th Corps captured the towns of Kirkwood and Camden. General Corse, with the fourth division, had the advance. After some lively skirmishing, he drove the Rebel cavalry before him so rapidly as to save a number of our prisoners who had been removed to that place for safe keeping. Two thousand bales of cotton were burned by our troops, besides a large amount of tobacco. Kirkwood, which is a sort of suburb of Camden, is one of the most beautiful places in the South. The houses are large and finely built, and are surrounded by elegant gardens.

This neighborhood is rich in Revolutionary memories. Our army, night after night, has bivouacked upon the old camping-grounds and battle-fields of Gates and Cornwallis. The exact situation of these historic places is not indicated by monuments or other visible signs, and we are often obliged to trust to tradition; so that our patriotic veneration is not stimulated in any remarkable degree.

February 26th.—This morning opened with mists and

fog, obscuring the sun's rays, while now and then the humid atmosphere condensed into drops of rain. The horsemen dashing through the woods of low pine-trees shook off the moisture which had gathered upon the delicate spindles in beautiful drops of diamonds and pearls, and the gray mists swept over the hills and into the valleys, completely enveloping the long trains. Soldiers are taught, among other virtues, the cardinal one of patience; but three days' continuous rain, with its accompaniments of sticky mud, roads to be corduroyed, streams to be crossed, wet feet and clothes, and smouldering fires, we thought sufficient for one term; but, when every one was just preparing to be discontented, that generous old friend the sun, after a three-hours' struggle with the storm, won the fight, and shone out upon us all—upon bedraggled mule, upon toiling soldier, upon roads of mud, and upon the most picturesque landscape we have yet seen in South Carolina. The slopes are longer than the abrupt hills outside of Winnsboro', or else we are traveling upon a ridge, for we have moved along comfortably and rapidly, and go into camp at three P.M., after a march of ten miles—as long a march as we dare to make until we are certain the 14th Corps has well started on the road which it is to take a little way north of us.

This district of Lancaster is not only much more beautiful, in an artistic sense, than any we have seen in South Carolina—stretching away as it does for miles in gentle undulations, and dotted with the low pine-trees, which seem like spots of green upon a carpet of rich red and gold—but the land is more prolific. Wheat, corn, oats, cotton, and fruits grow in abundance, the barns and corn-ricks yielding a plentiful supply for all our needs. The surface of the country is mostly under cultivation; and not only is there a surfeit of rails, but some of the fences are built of boards, the

first instance in our experience in this campaign of such extravagance in farm life. The soldiers, with a good taste which does them infinite credit, have appropriated the boards for building material. To be sure, it is only for a night, but one of the articles in a soldier's creed is to make himself comfortable while he can.

A fine house, surrounded by broad acres of rich lands, is near our camping-ground. "Who is the owner of this place?" I asked of a white man, seated among a group of negroes of all ages, sizes, and colors. The person to whom I addressed this question was decently dressed, but had a sickly complexion, and a dull gray eye. Turning to me, he answered:

"Colonel Jones, sir."

Continuing his speech, while he fondled a cunning specimen of ebony-colored humanity between his knees, he added,

"But he has gone away; he heard that your army was coming, so he drove off his cattle and horses toward Charlotte."

"To whom does that child belong?" I asked, pointing to the curly-headed little one in his arms.

"To master—to Colonel Jones."

"You don't understand me. I mean who is the father and mother of the child?"

"Well, I'm the father, and the mother is my wife—the black woman sitting yonder."

"Why did you marry a black woman? You said 'master' just now, in speaking of this Colonel Jones. You don't mean to say that you are a slave? You show no more indication of negro blood than any of the soldiers walking about here."

"No one takes me for a negro," he replied, "but I am Colonel Jones's slave notwithstanding. I was born and raised in my own father's house in Baltimore. Mr. —— it

was, sir. He sold me down here several years ago. I don't know why he sold me, except that I was getting to resemble him too much!"

"Shall you go with the army?"

"Can I take my wife and these babies?" he answered. "If not, I shall remain behind; I will not leave them."

"You may try to bring them along, but it is against orders."

The woman had listened intently to this conversation, and, as I turned back after leaving the party, I saw that she had crept closer to her husband, and the white and black hands were intertwined.

This is a phase of Southern life!

To-night the army is in good spirits, for we have had confirmation of the reports that Charleston is evacuated, and in possession of our troops. Was ever a result of such magnitude obtained from causes geographically so far removed, but which were as direct and absolute as if General Sherman had environed the Rebel strong-hold as completely as he did Savannah? We have taken several prisoners who left Charleston at the time of its evacuation, and, supposing we had passed down the peninsula, thought they could escape us by taking this route north. One of these persons, a clergyman, said that some of General Sherman's friends of former days, who knew him when he was stationed at Charleston, had told him that they should remain there, confident that their old acquaintance would befriend them. Not only the citizens, but the military authorities believed —not hearing of the fall of Columbia—that the object of the campaign was Charleston. Knowing that if they remained in that city they would be captured, as the movement from Bull's Bay left them but one avenue of escape, they profited by that in time, and we have, as a glorious result, a grand yet bloodless victory.

CHAPTER XIX.

MARCHING UPON CHERAW — BRIDGES TAKEN — GENERAL SHERMAN AND THE NEGROES.

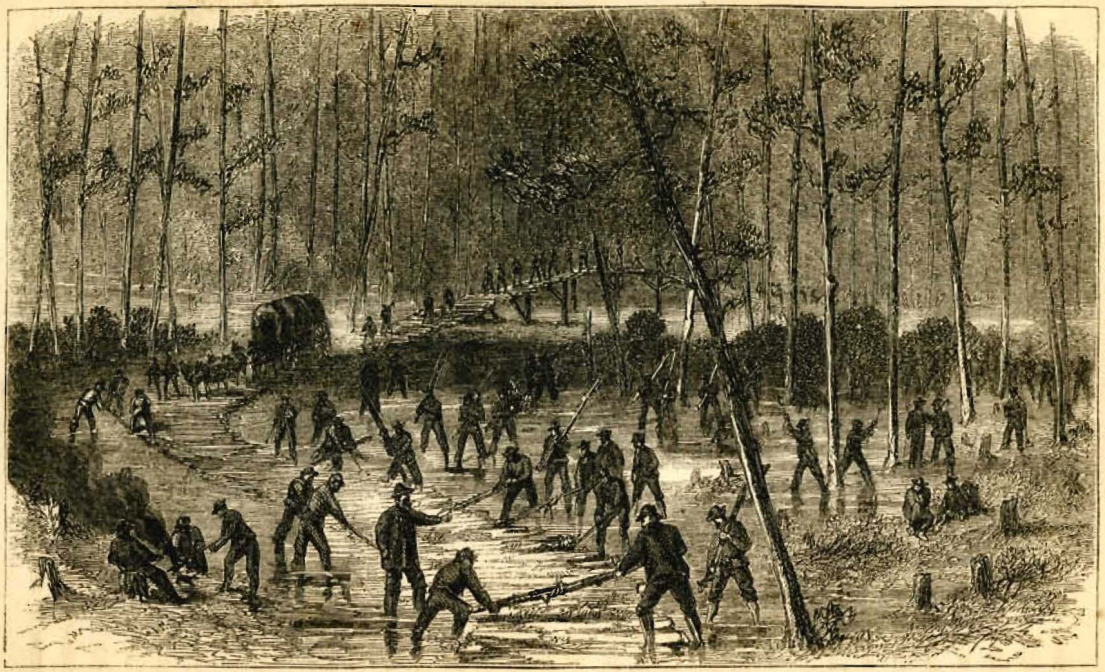
Twenty Miles from Chesterfield, March 1st.—When the army left Winnsboro', the orders to the army commanders were to move their troops in a direction which was indicated in general terms, but they were to concentrate at Cheraw, on the Pedee, at about the same time. The right wing in this movement had the base of a parabola, and, of course, the shortest route. I think it was the intention that General Howard's column should be a short distance in advance, but always within reach of support by the other column. The purpose seems to have been to gain the bridge crossing the Pedee at Cheraw—an object of great importance, for the swamps spread out for miles on either side of the river below that city. Meanwhile, the left wing, with Kilpatrick's cavalry, were to amuse the enemy with the idea that we were advancing on Charlotte.

As already stated, General Howard crossed the Catawba at Parry's Ferry, and immediately pushed forward with his usual energy, so that on the same day his advance was at Flat Rock. The left wing of the army was not so fortunate; for, although it made superb marches, and laid pontoon bridges with marvelous speed, it was found impossible to transfer the whole force across the Catawba before the heavy rains came on. Immediately afterward the roads became impassable, and the stream, whose current was dangerous at best, rose rapidly, bearing down upon its turbid bo-

som great masses of logs and drift-wood. For a while the guardians of this precious causeway were able to resist the torrent; but night came on, with more rain and high winds, and in spite of the greatest efforts eighteen of the frail canvas boats were torn to pieces in the centre, and the dissevered ends swung round to the opposite shores. This accident is serious, not only because it threatens to defeat the movement upon Cheraw, but also because it delays the progress of the campaign. Our twenty days' rations are nearly exhausted. The question of obtaining supplies is of vital importance. It requires an immense amount of food and forage to feed for even a day this army of 65,000 men and its 20,000 camp-followers. We can hold our own against the Rebels, but starvation is a foe we dread to encounter.

The bridge has been repaired, and last night the rest of the corps, with their trains, were on this side of the river, and we expect them to rejoin us in a day or two, as we are making easy marches for that purpose. The first order of march has been changed, however, by this accident. General Howard was halted for a day, but the bridge at Cheraw was too important a point to be gained, not to run some risk for it; the right wing has accordingly been pushed forward rapidly, regardless of the other columns.

At Lynch's Creek Howard's column has been seriously delayed. He is lower down the stream than we, and passes through the swamp country. Though often mentioned, it is next to impossible to give to one who has not floundered through these morasses a clear idea of the difficulties of progress. It is easy and speedy work to build a bridge of timbers across the stream, but the gulf of mud and water on either side, stretching for miles, seems fathomless. Sometimes the first layer of timbers placed across the road will



CORDUROYING AT LYNCH'S CREEK.

struction of any one of which would have delayed our column a day or more. Certainly we had every reason to suppose that the Rebels wished us a good riddance, and offered no objections to our speedy passage to the sea, or wherever we chose to go. Only one other hypothesis remained, and the presence of an enemy in our front to-night is a cogent argument in its favor. It is that the Rebel leaders did not divine the real movement until the last moment, and are now throwing obstacles in the way of our passage over the Pedee. We estimate that, without assistance from Virginia, they can not concentrate more than twenty-five thousand men in our front, and we will undertake to start that force in two or three days. Within that time we shall have brought up all our troops, and it will go hard with the Rebels, but we will have a pontoon floating quietly from either bank of the Pedee. Of course the hope of saving the bridge at Cheraw must be abandoned, and we must depend upon other resources.

Although for the last three days we have not seen the sun, and the rain has fallen now and then, the left wing has made some fine marches. The 14th Corps yesterday traveled over eighteen miles of the road which had already been used by the 20th Corps, and to-day the 20th Corps has marched twenty-one miles since daylight. Fortunately the route has led along the high ridges and through the pine barrens, where the soil is sandy, and better for the light fall of rain. Thus we were able to reach this place early in the afternoon, driving before us, at a good marching pace, Butler's, or rather Hampton's cavalry, who opposed the advance.

During the skirmishing, one of our men, a forager, was slightly wounded; but the most serious accident of the day occurred to a negro woman in a house where the Rebels had taken cover. When I saw this woman, who would not

have been selected as the best type of South Carolina female beauty, the blood was streaming over her neck and bosom from a wound in the lobe of her ear, which the bullet had just clipped and passed by.

"What was it that struck you, aunty?" I asked.

"Lor' bress me, massa, I dun know; I jus fell right down."

"Didn't you feel any thing, nor hear any sound?"

"Yes, now I 'member, I heerd a s-z-z-z-z-z, and den I jus knock down. I drap on de groun'. I'se so glad I not dead, for if I died den de Bad Man would git me, cos I dance lately a heap."

To-day is the first time within a week when I have seen a household where the women are neatly dressed and the children cleanly. The people who have inhabited the houses along the roads for fifty miles behind us are among the most degraded specimens of humanity I have ever seen. Many of the families I now refer to do not belong to the class known as the "poor whites" of the South, for these are large landowners, and holders of from ten to forty slaves.

The peasantry of France are uneducated, but they are usually cleanly in their habits. The serfs of Russia are ignorant, but they are semi-barbarous, and have, until lately, been slaves. A large proportion of the working classes in England are debased, but they work. But the people I have seen and talked to for several days past are not only disgustingly filthy in their houses and their persons, but are so provokingly lazy, or "shiftless," as Mrs. Stowe has it, that they appear more like corpses recalled to a momentary existence than live human beings, and I have felt like applying a galvanic battery to see if they could be made to move. Even the inroads of our foragers do not start them into life;

they loll about like sloths, and barely find energy enough to utter a whining lamentation that they will starve.

During this campaign I have seen terrible instances of the horrors of slavery. I have seen men and women as white as the purest type of the Anglo-Saxon race in our army, who had been bought and sold like animals. I have looked upon the mutilated forms of black men who had suffered torture at the caprice of their cruel masters, and I have heard tales of woe too horrible for belief; but in all these cases I have never been so impressed with the degrading, demoralizing influence of this curse of slavery as in the presence of these South Carolinians. The higher classes represent the scum, and the lower the dregs of civilization. They are South Carolinians, not Americans.

The clean people whom I met this afternoon were a refreshing spectacle. Several of the young ladies—the men ran away at our approach—were attending school at this place, where a seminary has been situated for many years. One of these girls, in reply to my question why she had not gone to her home, forty miles down the river, answered:

"What is the use? Your people go every where; you overrun the state; and I am as well off here as at my father's house."

I acknowledged the wisdom of her action, for there is no doubting the fact that our presence is quite sensibly felt.

March 3d.—This morning Jackson's division of the 20th Corps gained the bridge which, crossing Thompson's Creek, opens the road direct to Cheraw. A bridge above was taken from the Rebels last night by Hawley's brigade of the same division. When I say "the bridges were taken," I mean what there is left of them. The Rebels, when pursued by our skirmish line, are followed so closely that the

burning of their bridges is sometimes their only salvation. They seem to comprehend in advance that they must work rapidly; so they place tar, oil, shell, and other combustibles upon these light wooden structures, and destruction almost instantly follows ignition.

I happened to be present this afternoon at one of those interviews which so often occur between General Sherman and the negroes. The conversation was piquant and interesting; not only characteristic of both parties, but the more significant because, on the part of the General, I believe it a fair expression of his feelings on the slavery question.

A party of ten or fifteen negroes had just found their way through the lines from Cheraw. Their owners had carried them from the vicinity of Columbia to the other side of the Pedee, with the mules and horses which they were running away from our army. The negroes had escaped, and were on their way back to find their families. A more ragged set of human beings could not have been found out of the slave states, or, perhaps, Italy. The negroes were of all ages, and had stopped in front of the General's tent, which was pitched a few feet back from the sidewalk of the main street.

Several officers of the army, among them General Slocum, were gathered round, interested in the scene. General Sherman said to them:

"Well, men, what can I do for you — where are you from?"

"We's jus come from Cheraw. Massa took us wid him to carry mules and horses away from youins."

"You thought we would get them; did you wish us to get the mules?"

"Oh yes, massa, dat's what I wanted. We knowed youins cumin, and I wanted you to hav dem mules; but no

use; dey heard dat youins on de road, and nuthin would stop 'em. Why, as we cum along, de cavalry run away from de Yanks as if dey fright to deth. Dey jumped into de river, and some of dem lost dere hosses. Dey frightened at de berry name ob Sherman."

Some one at this point said: "That is General Sherman who is talking to you."

"God bress me! Is you Mr. Sherman?"

"Yes, I am Mr. Sherman."

"Dat's him, su' nuff," said one.

"Is dat de grre-aat Mr. Sherman dat we'se heard ob so long?" said another.

"Why, dey so frightened at your berry name dat dey run right away," shouted a third.

"It is not me that they are afraid of," said the General; "the name of another man would have the same effect with them if he had this army. It is these soldiers that they run away from."

"Oh no," they all exclaimed, "it's de name ob Sherman, su'; and we hab wanted to see you so long while you trabbel all roun' jis whar you like to go. Dey said dat dey wanted to git you a little furder on, and den dey whip all your soldiers; but, God bress me! you keep cumin' and a cumin', an' dey allers git out."

"Dey mighty 'fraid ob you, sar; dey say you kill de colored men too," said an old man, who had not heretofore taken part in the conversation.

With much earnestness, General Sherman replied:

"Old man, and all of you, understand me. I desire that bad men should fear me, and the enemies of the government which we are all fighting for. Now we are your friends; you are now free ('Tank you, Massa Sherman,' was ejaculated by the group). You can go where you

please; you can come with us or go home to your children. Wherever you go you are no longer slaves. You ought to be able to take care of yourselves. ('We is; we will.') You must earn your freedom, then you will be entitled to it, sure; you have a right to be all that you can be, but you must be industrious, and earn the right to be men. If you go back to your families, and I tell you again you can go with us if you wish, you must do the best you can. When you get a chance, go to Beaufort or Charleston, where you will have a little farm to work for yourselves."

The poor negroes were filled with gratitude and hope by these kind words, which the General uttered in the kindest manner, and they went away with thanks and blessings on their lips.

The important news reaches us that Johnston has been restored to command. I do not imagine for a moment that this change of Rebel commanders will influence General Sherman in his purposes, yet it will alter the *modus operandi*, for Johnston can not be treated with the contempt which Sherman shows for Beauregard. The Rebel citizens are delighted with Johnston's restoration, for they profess to think him the greatest general in the country. I have never heard but one expression of opinion among the Southerners relative to the respective merits of Johnston and Lee. Johnston is regarded as much superior to Lee, especially in a genius for strategy.

CHAPTER XX.

CAPTURE OF CHERAW—DESTRUCTION OF REBEL ARTILLERY AND SUPPLIES—THE ENEMY STILL BEFOGGED.

Cheraw, March 3d.—Yesterday the right wing of the army crossed Thompson's Creek. Corse's division of the 15th Corps, with two regiments of mounted infantry which are attached to the right wing, pushed on to the bridge crossing the creek upon the main road, and succeeded in saving it from the flames; so that the 17th Corps, which led the advance, was enabled to make a crossing.

The defense of Cheraw was not unexpected, for we knew that while the Rebels could not have had time to concentrate their scattered forces, yet the east bank of the stream was the strongest line they could have between this point and salt water. They must have been closely pressed, however, for the rapid march of the 20th Corps yesterday uncovered their right flank, and they were unable to get their guns over the bridge.

Cheraw is ours, with many cannon and bountiful supplies of stores.

March 4th.—The capture of Cheraw is of more value than we anticipated, although the force opposed to us was not so large as had been reported. The Rebel cavalry was a division of Hampton's men, and the infantry were those who had been brought up from Charleston. Their line was first formed at Thompson's Creek, which they were driven from instantly by the impetuosity of our troops, who did

not give them time to reform, but drove the entire force through the town at the double-quick. Our soldiers were at one end of the bridge while the Rebels were leaving the other, but too late to save it from the flames. We captured twenty-five cannon which had been brought to this place from Charleston; they were Blakelys, twenty-pound Parrotts, and two of Rebel manufacture. All but the Blakelys have been destroyed. These guns, used so effectively upon our fleet at Charleston, will be carried to the sea-coast as trophies. General Mower fired them to-day in a salute in honor of the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln for his second term. Our honored President would have been as glad and proud as we, could he have heard the roaring of our cannon and our shouts of joy and victory. His first inauguration was not celebrated in South Carolina by loyal hearts and hands; but the glorification over the beginning of his second term goes to make up the deficiency.

The rebels appear to have made this place a grand dépôt for the munitions of war hurried away from Charleston in anticipation of attack. Besides the cannon, we have captured thousands of small-arms, a great quantity of fixed ammunition, and twenty tons of gunpowder, with commissary stores more than sufficient to fill all the wagons of the 17th Corps, and part of those of the 15th.

There can now be no doubt that the Rebels, after discoving their mistake in supposing our movement was upon Charleston, were united in their opinion that after the occupation of Columbia we would move at once upon Charlotte. All our subsequent operations seemed to indicate that point as our next objective; and, notwithstanding the delay in crossing the Catawba, the Rebels were not undeceived even up to the time of the appearance of the head of column of the 17th Corps approaching on the Camden road. Although

they succeeded in burning the bridge, they have not prevented our crossing the river, for we pushed over a brigade this morning; and at the present moment our pontoons are in the water, and I can hear the scattering fire of the skirmishers of Mower's division, which marched over this afternoon.

It is foolish for the Rebels to destroy their valuable bridges when they do not defend the other bank, as in this instance; for, unless we were pursued by an enemy in the rear, many of them would be left standing by our army. When they do not prevent our laying pontoons by a more active opposition than we have yet encountered, the delay to us is merely a matter of a few hours, while the destruction of these bridges is a serious loss to the people.

It is incomprehensible to me that the Rebels do not make a more obstinate resistance to our passage of a stream like the Pedee, after they have destroyed a bridge; yet the truth is that the defense of South Carolina has been the most ridiculous farce of the war. The Georgians, with less of bombast, did much better. In South Carolina, there were several lines of infinite importance and great strength for a war of defense—first, the Salkahatchie, then the Edisto, Saluda, Broad, Catawba, and now the Pedee. At first we met with opposition, which delayed us with more or less of loss, but the passage of the others has been a work of comparative ease and safety.

The Rebels believed that Cheraw, at any rate, was a place of safety; Sherman and his army would not come here, wherever else he might try to go. So they not only sent hither their priceless field cannon and the powder, which is invaluable, but the people of Charleston gathered here with their household goods and valuables which could be easily transported. The statements of these people, with

newspaper comments and prognostications, prove beyond a doubt that they are as much in the fog as ever as to General Sherman's plans.

The restoration of Johnston to command is said by the Rebels to be a reflection upon the management of Beauregard, which that haughty Gascon ought to resent. But he can not well help himself—nor, for that matter, can Jeff. Davis, for the appointment of Johnston has been forced upon him by the people of the central Southern States. Davis is cursed by every one I see with the utmost bitterness. To him they attribute all their misfortune. Johnston's removal, and the insults heaped upon that General, was the work of the Rebel chief; and from that act followed a train of dire results. Had Johnston remained in command, Sherman would never have come to Savannah, and, of course, would not have been able to march through South Carolina.

For our part, we should still have gone to Savannah, but might have been longer on the way. The only difference in the situation, to our minds, is, that while Davis's policy has scattered and broken up the Southwestern Rebel army, Johnston would have kept it nearly intact, and might have to-day re-enforced Lee with twenty-five thousand men. The Rebels hope that Johnston will be able to recall and reorganize that army; but no man living has that power. He might as well try to reclothe the naked limbs of those oak-trees yonder on the hill-side with last year's foliage of green; or, a task more impossible yet, restore to the Southern gentlemen their lost reputation for chivalry, honor, and manhood.

March 5th.—The sun shines brighter to-day, and the fresh wind blowing from the North gives us strength and new

life. It is a promise of future health, dry roads, and long marches. I have been wandering through the town to-day, which is really pretty, with wide streets and avenues bordered with elm-trees, behind which, in the midst of beautiful gardens, are situated tastefully-built houses. A great many Scotchmen lived here. In the cemetery attached to the Episcopal Church, two out of three of the head-stones and monuments bear the prefix of "Mc." One of the wealthiest citizens in the place is a Mr. McFarland, whose interest in blockade running has, it is said, been very profitable to him. I hear that a liberal use has been made of his extensive collection of choice wines. Many a bumper was filled there yesterday to the health of Mr. Lincoln, and confusion to South Carolina.

Our ordnance officers have sometimes been puzzled in the effort to destroy the powder and fixed ammunition which we captured. The Rebels are criminally careless in the way they leave it about, stored in all sorts of places and in all kinds of buildings. Either in their extreme haste they packed it into any place which was handy, or they were determined to blow up the town. Thirty-six hundred barrels of this powder were just outside of the town, stored in a sort of arsenal; but another large lot was packed into a building near the dépôt, which the Rebels set on fire before we arrived. Trains of powder were laid from the dépôt to this store, and it seems wonderful that it was not ignited and hundreds of lives of non-combatants lost.

As at Columbia, our efforts to destroy this dangerous material without damage to the people resulted in a mournful accident, which cost us the lives of two men at least. A part of the powder was placed in a deep, wet ravine near the river, where all of it was to have been deposited, and then covered over with sand. Although it was carefully

guarded, some reckless fellow managed to get a train in communication with the bulk of the powder. The instant the fire reached this sleeping monster it rose up with a most terrible roar, shaking and crushing to the ground several houses in its efforts to find air—space. For fifty rods around the ground was blackened, the trees begrimed and broken, and the hill-side torn up, while boxes of ammunition flew into fragments, the shell ascended far in the air, bursting at great distances from the scene of explosion. The danger was fearful, for more than twenty thousand men were standing within a quarter of a mile, waiting their turn to pass over the river.

Yesterday, as one of General Hazen's headquarters' wagons came into camp for the night, a little bright-eyed mulatto girl slipped off from the end of the tongue underneath the wagon, where she had been clinging for many a long hour, while the vehicle had made its devious journey over rocks into deep ruts, and through mud-holes and deep creeks.

"How long have you been there?" she was asked.

Turning her dusty, piteous face toward her kind interlocutor, she replied:

"Dunno; since de morning, I spec."

"Where did you come from?"

"Dunno; couldn't fine mammy nor sissy dis morning, so I jined the waggin."

The poor little waif was provided for by General Hazen, and perhaps it will be infinitely better for her future welfare that she lost her "mammy and sissy" in the march through South Carolina.

The lands along the Pedee are much richer than the country over which we have passed of late, and we have gathered in forage sufficient for many days. The transportation which came with the army from Savannah has grown light-

er and lighter as we empty our wagons day after day of coffee, sugar, hard bread, etc., so that when we strike a rich place the empty wagons are filled to overflowing, and thus our noble horses, and those lovable, patient, hard-working little mules have good feed all the time. I have come to love that tough, untiring, much-abused animal, who is so often accused unjustly of obstinacy. One can not witness its faithful efforts, day after day, without a feeling of affection and admiration: the idea is absurd, no doubt, but I avow it unhesitatingly. A soldier who was astride a diminutive specimen of a jackass to-day, however, was not of my mind. He could easily have taken the jack under his arm and thrown him over the fence, but was trying to ride him, much to the long-eared donkey's horror and astonishment—subsequently, to his rage—for he made frantic, spasmodic, and successful efforts to relieve himself from the encumbrance; so that the blue jacket and trowsers of the soldier rapidly became yellow from frequent contact with the pools of mud in the road. After much hard work and coaxing, the wearied soldier jerked out the expostulatory remark: "Now Jack, go along quiet, and don't be mulish, will you?"

Nor are these the only peculiar incidents of our march. During the destructive fires at Columbia, Winnsboro,' Cheraw, and other places, our officers and men have been very active in their efforts to preserve private property. In many instances, whole families have been kept from want and suffering by the extinguishment of the flames in their dwellings, or the removal of valuable articles for household or personal use when it was impossible to prevent the destruction of a building. These people were naturally thankful for the kindnesses thus shown to them, and sometimes pressed upon our men the acceptance of some little gift as a

THE ARMY MULE.

token of their gratitude; so that it was not unusual to hear among the soldiers such conversations as this:

"Where did you get that splendid meerschaum?" or, "Did you bring that handsome cane along with you?"

"Oh," was the reply, "that was presented me by a lady in Columbia for saving her house from burning."

This style of answer, which was very satisfactory, soon became the common explanation of the possession of all sorts of property. An officer, taking his punch (they drink punch in the army when the coffee ration is exhausted) from an elegantly-chased silver cup, was saluted thus:

"Halloa, captain; that's a gem of a cup. No mark on it; why, where did you get it?"

"Y-e-e-s! that cup? Oh, that was given me by a lady in Columbia for saving her household gods from destruction."

An enterprising officer in charge of a foraging party would return to camp with a substantial family coach, well filled with hams, meal, etc.

"How are you, captain? Where did you pick up that carriage?"

"Elegant vehicle, is'nt it?" was the reply; "that was a gift from a lady out here whose mansion was in flames. Arrived at the nick of time—good thing—she said she didn't need the carriage any longer—answer for an ambulance one of these days!"

After a while this joke came to be repeated so often that it was dangerous for any one to exhibit a gold watch, a tobacco-box, any uncommon utensil of kitchen-ware, a new pipe, a guard-chain, or a ring, without being asked if "a lady at Columbia had presented that article to him for saving her house from burning."

This was one of the humors of the camp, and a soldier must have his joke.

CHAPTER XXI.

REFUGEE LOYALISTS—THE EMIGRANT TRAIN—CHARLESTON REBELS.

March 5th.—One of the most significant features of our journey through the South has been the frequent prayer and entreaty of the people that they might be permitted to join our column and march with us to the sea, or wherever we might go, so that they could leave this region of despotism to go any where out of the South and toward the pure air of freedom again. One is a mechanic, who was born and reared in the old Granite State. He came here four years ago as master mechanic in a railroad machine-shop. He has been able to avoid service in the Rebel army because his services were necessary in the shop. He will be taken with us, for he can be made useful.

Here is a little family, consisting of mother and daughter, whose limited means were long ago exhausted, and whose main stay, a brave lad, is a soldier in the Union army. The women wish to go to Connecticut, where relatives will gladly care for them, and where they can get news of their son and brother. Another is a poor Irish woman, whose husband was a conscript in the Rebel army, and is now a prisoner, sick in a Northern hospital.

At Columbia there were several families of wealth and position, who had always been suspected of loyal proclivities. Upon our occupation of that city, it became known to the Rebel inhabitants that these people had always assisted our prisoners, and, previous to our approach, had secreted a great many at imminent peril. It would be impossible to

reject these generous, self-sacrificing friends. The fire had not spared their houses, and they were homeless, but we well knew that for them to remain after our visit would be certain death. Up to this time the want of means of transportation had necessitated a refusal of these requests. But some of the wagons were now empty; then there were a number of vehicles captured from the enemy; horses and mules we bring in every day, and again, not a few of the families asking our protection are able to furnish their own transportation.

General Howard was in command of the troops at Columbia, and these unfortunates did not appeal in vain to his generous, sympathetic heart, which never refuses to sympathize with those in distress.

With the approbation of General Sherman, General Howard at once organized an emigrant train, which was placed under guard of the escaped prisoners belonging to other commands. This train has since been separated, and apportioned to each division of the 15th and 17th Corps. The refugees are getting along famously. Ladies who have been always accustomed to the refinements of life seem to enjoy the journey as much as if it were a picnic. In truth, it is better than that; for, while they are not exposed to the dangers of war, they participate in its excitements. The column has a singularly *outré* appearance. First there will be a huge family coach containing ladies, with their personal baggage crowded about them; then an army wagon loaded with men, women, and children, comfortably seated upon such articles of household furniture as they are allowed to carry. Following this, will be a country cart filled with negro women—for the negroes come along also—and hosts of the little curly, bullet-headed youngsters gaze curiously upon the strange sights which meet their eyes.

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General Hazen, whose name can never be mentioned but with inspiring recollections of the assault of Fort McAllister, tells me that the large number who accompany his division are but little trouble to him, and that they have so quickly learned to forage for themselves that they are no expense to the government. Two of the escaped officers, with a detachment of ten men, have charge of the train, which takes its assigned place in the column; a few tents, which are in excess or have been captured, are pitched when the column go into camp, and our little colony, with grateful hearts, go to their night's rest with the glad consciousness that they are, step by step, approaching a land of civilization and freedom.

In this life, so new and strange to the refugees, numbers of families become separated from each other. Portions of the army, who for days march upon separate roads, will at one time or another come together again, as at this place, for example, when three corps, which have been marching upon different roads, unite at Cheraw for the purpose of crossing the river. The troops and trains, although really distinct to the initiated eye, may be mistaken for one another. I have seen the negroes, especially, wandering about as completely lost as if they were in an uninhabited forest.

Last evening I had occasion to visit several families who had formerly resided at Charleston, and fled to this place to escape the danger of the bombardment. In the years gone by they were the leaders of the aristocracy of the state. First in the crime of treason, their sons and brothers had either been killed or were now in the Rebel armies; the young ladies were full of what they called patriotism and enthusiasm for the cause of liberty, which their lovers and friends were fighting for; although, when pressed to explain

REFUGEE TRAIN.

how their liberties had ever been endangered, they were unable to give any satisfactory answer.

The older men and women, in every instance, deprecated the war; they asked for peace upon any terms of reconstruction. They did not ask for the terms of peace—peace was all they demanded. They acknowledged the attempt at revolution to be without cause or reason, and showed that they were subdued and beaten without hope of recovery. This state of subjection was not a new experience to me, for we have met with little of bombast and rebellious puffiness from the more influential and wiser portion of the people we have seen in this state; but what strikes me most painfully, in my intercourse with these old families, is the evidence of intellectual decay. They are not only *pas en rapporte* with the age, but are so wanting in vitality and energy as to approach senility. In contrast with the soul-stirring spirit of our Northern soldiers and civilization, they appear to belong to a past day and a defunct nationality, with only a pretense of gentility remaining to show that they once laid claim to the leadership of society and fashion. The unceremonious usages of war shake rudely even that vestige of what once passed for refined hospitality.

In conversation, recently, with a young Southern lady who, with glowing eyes, informed me that her brothers and cousins were fighting in defense of the liberty of their country, I said:

"Please tell me what country? What do you mean by 'our country?'"

She replied: "The South, of course; South Carolina."

I continued: "Did I not see in the old church-yard yonder several monuments of brick without inscription, which seem to be falling to pieces? they are said to cover the dust of heroes who died in the old Revolutionary War. Is that true?"

"Yes; they fought under Greene against Cornwallis and Tarleton."

"What country did they die for? In defense of what cause did they suffer?"

"America, I suppose."

"You are right; and let me tell you that you South Carolinians have no claim to the honored remains of those martyred heroes. It is well that the stranger may not know who lies there, for their fame is your shame. To establish this grand American nationality, these men gave their life-blood. We are fighting to maintain that nationality in all its integrity."

While I do not for an instant suppose that this black-eyed Rebel was convinced of the error of her cause, she was somewhat astonished at the argument advanced, never having looked at the question in that way.

CHAPTER XXII.

CROSSING THE PEDEE RIVER — THE ARMY IN NORTH CAROLINA.

March 6th.—Although the left wing have placed pontoons on the river at Snedsboro', only the 14th Corps and Kilpatrick's cavalry will cross at that point; the right wing, which in the last movement was the advanced column, were by reason of that fact enabled to lay their pontoons and move over the two corps before noon this morning. To save time, the 20th Corps have marched down, and are expected to be in camp on the left bank by midnight.

With the safe transfer of the army to the east bank of the Pedee, there will probably be a change in the formation of our heads of column. The army was not properly together until the different corps arrived at the Salkahatchie. From that moment the form of our front was always concave. This tactical formation was no doubt deemed necessary, because the attack of the enemy was necessarily in front, our flanks being more or less protected. Obliged to cross several large rivers, which, according to all military rule and precedent, in the presence of an active enemy, were considered almost impassable, and which were adopted by the enemy with great wisdom as their strongest lines of defense, the passage was irresistibly forced by the two points of the concave, which were constantly thrust forward, first upon one side and then the other, or both at the same time, as General Sherman deemed best when threatening Augusta and Charleston.

These evolutions, planned with comprehensive wisdom, answered their purpose with the most perfect success, for in no instance did the central columns meet with serious opposition; and while the right wing was day by day fighting the enemy, suffering more in killed and wounded than either the left centre or extreme left, yet it was reasonable to suppose that we should have met with resistance upon our left flank, for we were sure that a portion of Hood's army were in that direction. These remarks apply only to the infantry of the army; and it should be clearly understood that General Kilpatrick's operations upon our extreme left and front unquestionably protected that wing of the army, and, in addition, deceived the enemy with the belief that we were moving upon Augusta.

In looking back upon the general features of this campaign, it can be seen with what geometrical precision this masterly conception of a concave front has been perfected, and its best proof is our presence here, without loss of men or material, with the fruits of victories in our hands realizing the most sanguine hopes.

This review is made at the present moment, because we are entering upon a new field, where the theatre of war changes its position, moving from front to flank. All our information goes to show that the Rebels have been falling back to concentrate at Charlotte, in the belief that we are advancing upon that place. Our movements within the last few days may open their eyes to the truth; and while the repeated lessons they have received may make them hesitate in attacking an exposed flank, yet the possibility that re-enforcements from the veteran troops in Virginia may be sent to impede our march to the sea, or the caution which is one of the marked characteristics of General Sherman, has induced him to change his front, so that the army has be-

gun to assume a convex shape in place of the opposite form. Thus, moving forward his columns in *echelon* upon the centre, he can at any moment put more than one half his force in line of battle if attacked upon his left flank, which is most in danger.

The situation each moment deepens in interest. While there is but little fear that Grant will permit Lee to get away from Richmond, yet it is possible that a force may be detached to re-enforce Johnston. It is not wise to despise an enemy, especially when that enemy is so great a soldier as Joe Johnston.

March 7th.—The army is now all upon the east bank of the Pedee, marching upon roads leading due east. Kilpatrick covers the extreme left, and to-night is at Rockingham, where, yesterday evening, he came in contact with Butler's division of Hampton's Legion, which retreated with some loss before his spirited attack. The four grand columns of infantry are all south of Kilpatrick, covering a strip of country forty miles in width. All the corps commanders report abundance of forage and supplies, and the numerous streams which empty into the Pedee have excellent water-power, with flour-mills situated at points convenient for the army—a providential circumstance, for several divisions have exhausted their stores of hard bread. All these mills were in operation yesterday, and will not rest until this evening. They will grind corn enough to last for a week, when, perhaps, we shall have reached tide-water again.

To-day has been sunny and bright; the roads have been dry (in truth we have seen dust rising over the moving column for the first time since we left Savannah); the gentle wind from the east has come to us laden with fragrant per-

fume of pine and cedar, and all have journeyed on as happy and contented as mortals can be, and as glad as only men have a right to be who have plodded on so many dreary days through heavy mud and pitiless rain. The refugees, and especially the negroes, expand in this sunlight like flowers, if I may use such a simile when speaking of such dusky subjects. Their exuberant laughter may be heard for a long distance as they journey on, sometimes riding in their queer go-carts, with curious nondescript rigging, or puffing and sweating under a load of blankets, pots, etc.; or when, as in one instance under my observation to-day, three little girls were at the same time astride a patient, good-natured old mule.

At one point on the road to-day, where the column halted for a moment, I saw half a dozen three-year old "picaninnies," as their mothers called them, perched upon the top rail of a fence, and singing with all their might,

"I'm glad I'm in this army,"

an old Sabbath-school hymn, which they repeated, unconscious of its singular appropriateness at the time and place. The soldiers were delighted, and greeted them with shouts of approbation: "Go it, little one;" "Bully for you, curly-head;" "You're right there, little nig—we'll stick by you," etc.

To-night we went into camp in a magnificent grove of pines. The roots of the trees are buried in the spindles and burrs which have fallen undisturbed for centuries. The wind sings, or, rather, murmurs—for that is the sound—through the lofty tree-tops, while the air is filled with delicious fragrance. This evening the sun went down behind glowing bars of silver and purple, although now and then its bright rays would stream out, throwing long shadows across this

HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL SHERMAN IN THE PINE WOODS.

great-cathedral floor, transforming tree and bough into columns and arches of glittering gold. As I write, the campfires dance and flare upward; away out in the dark forest, strange, uncouth forms peer out from the shadows; while a distant band of music, mellowed by the distance, rounds in soothing cadences the restful tattoo. Ah! this is not the blood, the carnage, or the suffering of war; it is its delightful romance.

Laurel Hill, N. C., March 8th. — The central columns have advanced fourteen miles to-day, and, as was anticipated, without any opposition whatever. Whether or not the flanking column have seen any Rebels I do not as yet know; but it is probable there is nothing more than a light cavalry force upon our extreme left. A body of infantry is said to be in the neighborhood of Florence, on our right, but it will take good care not to approach within feeling distance of our columns. The rear I have never thought it worth while to speak of; for we have so frequently to cross rivers, taking with us the means of passage, that only a large and well-appointed army could annoy us in that direction.

The Charlotte and Raleigh papers afford us much amusement by their lugubrious guesses as to where Sherman will next strike a blow. They are all in the position of a group of men who hear a shell hurtling through the air coming in their direction: every one thinks he is the mark fired at. General Hoke, commanding at Charlotte, has issued an address to the people of the place, assuring them that when Sherman occupies the town he will protect the citizens and private property; he begs them to remain quietly at home, and trust to the generosity of the conqueror. The people of Charlotte will do well to accept the assurances of General Hoke until we get there.

The line which divides South from North Carolina was passed by the army this morning. It was not in our imagination alone that we could at once see the difference between the two states. The soil is not superior to that near Cheraw, but the farmers are a vastly different class of men. I had always supposed that South Carolina was agriculturally superior to its sister state. The loud pretensions of the chivalry had led me to believe that the scorn of these gentlemen was induced by the inferiority of the people of the Old North State, and that they were little better than "dirt-eaters;" but the strong Union sentiment which has always found utterance here should have taught me better.

The real difference between the two regions lies in the fact that the plantation owners work with their own hands, and do not think they degrade themselves thereby. For the first time since we bade farewell to salt water I have to-day seen an attempt to manure land. The army has passed through thirteen miles or more of splendidly-managed farms; the corn and cotton fields are nicely plowed and furrowed; the fences are in capital order; the barns are well built; the dwelling-houses are cleanly, and there is that air of thrift which shows that the owner takes a personal interest in the conduct of affairs.

The conduct of the soldiers is perceptibly changed. I have seen no evidence of plundering; the men keep their ranks closely; and, more remarkable yet, not a single column of the fire or smoke which a few days ago marked the positions of heads of column, can be seen upon the horizon. Our men seem to understand that they are entering a state which has suffered for its Union sentiment, and whose inhabitants would gladly embrace the old flag again if they can have the opportunity, which we mean to give them, or I am mistaken as to our future campaigns.

Rain has fallen all day with a most disagreeable pertinacity. A more striking and unromantic contrast to the beautiful scenes of yesterday one does not care to imagine, much less experience. Pitching camp in the mud, with a torrent of water drenching every thing about you, and especially yourself, is not the most cheerful business that any person, civilian or soldier, can engage in. There is no help for it, and I am painfully conscious that the impertinent floods of water will deluge me before morning, and even waterproof blankets will not save me. I'll to bed, and try to bear it with patience. The camp is still as a grave-yard, except that I have never heard that dead men snore, and our quartermaster (a quiet, good-hearted man when his eyes are open) is snorting under the adjoining fly like a locomotive getting up steam. Now for the blankets and a good sleep!

CHAPTER XXIII.

MARCHING UPON FAYETTEVILLE—DELUGE—AN ADVENTURE IN THE WOODS—A PERILOUS ROAD.

Bethel Church, March 10th.—Yesterday our four columns, with the cavalry, crossed the Little Pedee River, or, as it is called near its source, "Lumber Creek." The 14th Corps passed Love's Bridge, on the extreme left, in good condition, and moved over rapidly, so that its head of column last night must have been within fifteen or twenty miles of Fayetteville. The 17th Corps, the flanking column on the right, was equally fortunate, and moved along with so much rapidity that it was necessary to check it, in order that the left wing might first move north of Fayetteville. The government property, consisting of valuable machinery and material, which was moved to this place from Harper's Ferry, it is desirable to recover, if possible. Farther than this, and perhaps more important yet, if the Rebels make the stand they threaten at Fayetteville, a force between them and their Southern communications would endanger their safety. With a line of bayonets extending to the Cape Fear River, they must inevitably be captured.

To return to our present position. The two central columns were not so fortunate as their companions. The bridges on both roads—Gilchrist's and McFarland's—had been destroyed, and our troops were obliged to build bridges. The 15th Corps, at the former place, put down pontoons, but the crossing at McFarland's was not so easy. On both sides of the stream there grew a forest of small

water-oaks, which had become partially submerged by the flood of water. It would have been easy to span the stream proper with three or four pontoon boats; but one of the conditions in laying these canvas boats is a clean bottom. If one of them rests upon a root or tree-stump, not only is the boat injured, but there may be hours of delay, involving serious consequences. So General Robinson detailed a sufficient number of men at daylight yesterday morning, and by four o'clock in the afternoon a strong bridge one hundred feet in length was completed, ready for the passage of the column.

The successful completion of these bridges proved to be important in the highest degree; for about five o'clock in the afternoon there descended from the heavens a deluge of rain. "Deluge" is the only expressive word to use; for so large a quantity of rain fell in so short a space of time, that by nightfall the surface of the country was one entire sheet of water. It was my fortune to be separated from my canvas home some fifteen miles, and, with a party of couriers, attempted to cross the country. The way led through pine forests, where roads, if dependence can be placed in the state maps, existed several years ago. The rain fell in torrents, blinding riders and horses, and drenching every one to the skin. Waterproofs were not proof against this flood-water, which seemed to have a power and penetration peculiarly its own. The road soon became less marked; a mile farther it degenerated into a single path; and, finally, it disappeared from sight altogether. Investigations to the right and left and before us gave no clew to the lost track. Halting under the tall pines, we held a council of war. It was but an hour before nightfall, and, supposing we had come thus far in the right direction, there were yet ten miles between us and our destination.

Consulting my pocket-compass, we ascertained that the general direction was correct; yet we hesitated to push blindly through an enemy's country so far in advance of the army, and with so wide a space between the columns, but the darkening sky and sullen thunder warned us to push on in some direction. If there had been a plantation near, or any indication of human existence, we could speedily have settled the difficulty; but for miles around nothing was visible but the solemn woods and sandy plains. So again we applied the spur, and splashed through the wet grass, keeping to the south as before. Another half hour of hard riding ended in another consultation, which had the same conclusion.

Some of the party became confused, and insisted we were going north; others thought we were traveling straight toward Fayetteville. There were those who lost faith in the pocket-compass. One or two believed in the little instrument. Every body argued that he was soaked through; no one was cross or discouraged, but, on the contrary, jocose and jolly, in spite of the prospect of a night out of doors without food or fire. Most of us had been in precisely that predicament before, and knew very well that the situation would not improve by swearing at it. So we jogged on for a while, and then, gradually looming up in the rain, we descried a blue coat and a white-eared mule approaching.

"Halloa, stranger, where are we? where did you come from, and where are we going?" were the inquiries addressed the new-comer.

"Well, I should say that we were in a d—d hard rainstorm. I came from the 20th Corps, 'bout quarter mile back. I'm looking for forage in this cussed sand country. Now, where you're going you ought to know best."

The time and occasion were not conducive to long con-

versation; so we pushed ahead, found the 20th Corps, obtained farther information, struck a new road which did not run out of sight, but did lead into the main road, and, finally, after rousing up a goodly number of people at camp-fires that did not burn, and in negro huts which were filled with white soldiers, we got some of the localities of our objective —reaching it about midnight, rather moist, to be sure, but quite contented that we were not hugging the bark of a pine log away off there in the dark forest.

But this was not the end of the adventures of the night in this wild and uncivilized region. Another journey had to be performed; and it is somewhat difficult to say which was the worst—the woods in which a party of us got lost, or the road which duty required me to travel alone. The distance next to be traversed was about three miles, and I was warned on all sides that it would be "the death of me;" that there were holes in the road which were bottomless; that there was no escape by taking to the swamp on either side, for there a man would be drowned, without the benefit of burial, which the road afforded, and more to the same effect.

All day I had ridden a horse, which, though a steady old fellow, is neither of a lively temper nor in his best condition, so I gladly accepted the kind offer of a gray nag from a brother officer, who assured me of his many noble qualities. When I got into the saddle, Prince (for that was the animal's name) turned his head toward me, shaking it wisely, as if to say, "I don't like this night trip in the pelting rain, and, besides, I don't know you." A shake of the rein, and a light touch of the spur, convinced him, however, that there was but one mind in the matter, and that he must go ahead. Not having been over the road before, I had no comprehension of the serious task I had undertaken. The first five

rods of the way lay through, or, rather, into a bog, where the mud was knee-deep; at any rate, Prince managed not to sink much lower than that depth, avoiding the catastrophe by a series of plunges which were any thing but pleasant or satisfactory to his rider. This was succeeded by a small lake, through which the road was indicated by a sort of bridge of rails, which had, no doubt, been laid upon comparatively dry ground before the flood. Prince tumbled over and through them in the most delightful manner, stepping high and occasionally twitching his head around in an expostulatory way, as if he had come to the conclusion that we had gone far enough. To which I replied, "No, Prince; we must keep on to the end of the journey;" and as, at that moment, I involuntarily pressed his flank with the spur, he leaped forward, with decided earnestness, into another sea of mud, which he swam through with creditable facility.

At last we found dry land—that is to say, bits of hard ground occurred here and there in the middle of the road and on both sides of the wheel tracks. But wherever the wagon wheels had gone, there the anxious inquirer could have found a hopeless abyss. Neither was it safe to step outside the narrow roadway, for the original builder of this road had dug ditches on both sides for the purpose of carrying off the water. As this was the best part of the road, it may readily be imagined that nobody would have selected this locality for a pleasure jaunt.

After a while we (*i. e.*, Prince and I) found a string of wagons and ambulances in every imaginable condition of helplessness. Some of them lay entirely upon one side, buried in the mud; another stood very nearly on end, as if it was about to descend out of sight headforemost; while upon the little hillocks in the swamp the drivers and guards had built fires, around which the contents of the wagons had

been placed, pending a desperate effort to rescue the wearied horses. I met several of these luckless teamsters, and, if my memory serves me, they were swearing, although I am told there is a depth of wretchedness, an extreme point of misery, befalling travelers upon that route, where even profane drivers find themselves unable to do justice to the subject.

A few rods farther I discovered a row of tents, which were relieved from the pitchy darkness by several glowing camp-fires; around these were seated groups of officers. The temptation was too great for Prince and his rider; both halted. "How are you?" "where are you going?" "get down and stay here to-night;" "we've only been out of the water about an hour; the flood is running off, and this is a North Carolina crevasse." These and other exclamations were addressed to me by my good friends, who insisted that I should go no farther. "A few rods beyond them were scores of mud-holes absolutely impassable. It was dangerous."

Prince, who stood near and heard the conversation, shook his head in approval; but it was useless. The dispatches must be delivered that night, and away we started, over a cruel piece of corduroy, into the mud-holes again, through several creeks, and once again on a bit of firm ground, where I found the General, stretched at full length asleep on the floor in the pulpit of a church.

It was nearly midnight when I again mounted the noble gray to retrace my steps, which I had resolved upon, notwithstanding the kind offer made me of a vacant pew for a bed-chamber. To a man who has ridden fifty miles in wet clothes, three miles in addition, even over such a road as this, is nothing, in view of a dry shirt and a nice five-hours' sleep between comfortable blankets. So off we started again. By careful watching we were able to navigate through the dan-

gers of the road, until we reached our friends upon Ararat, who were more than astonished at the success of the journey. It is to be feared that either Prince or his rider, when the road was again taken, had become unduly elevated with well-deserved praises; for, as the latter was enjoying the comfort of a well-filled pipe, he became suddenly conscious of a violent motion, by which, in the first instance, he found himself embracing the neck of his good steed, and the next moment sliding, in spite of himself, into a very wide and reasonably deep pool of mud. Prince floundered out of the mud to a strip of firm ground, and there waited with magnanimous patience while I groped about for cap and cherished meerschaum.

As we neared the blind pathway which turned off through the forest to the wagons, I gave Prince the rein to see if he would remember the way, not because I questioned Prince's intelligence, but that I desired to show the noble fellow how thoroughly I trusted him who had carried me so safely through such a wretched, dangerous journey as that just passed. We said good-night to each other as I left him munching a good supper of corn and oats. Good, faithful Prince! He should have had my bed, had he needed it more than I.

March 11*th.* — The sun shone out again this morning bright and cheerful, making glad the hearts of all of us, and of none more than the soldiers and teamsters who have been laboring night and day through these wretched swamps.

What a noble army we have here! Every day produces fresh and striking illustrations of the men's cheerful acceptance of all the discouraging circumstances of the situation. For instance: a wagon, painfully toiling along the road, suddenly careens; the wheels are submerged in a quicksand;

HEROES WHO ARE NOT GAZETTED.

every effort of the mules or horses to "pull out" only buries the unfortunate vehicle deeper in the mire, and very soon the animals have dug for themselves a pit, out of which many are never extricated alive. The driver sees at once that it is useless to whip and swear; so he dismounts. Then the train guard, who have been resting upon their muskets watching the proceedings, quietly stack their weapons, and at once plunge into the mud. A dozen of them are at work with shoulders at the wheels and body of the wagon, and finally they lift it out of the hole upon firmer ground. One or two wagons "stuck" in this way show at once that the road must be corduroyed. Then, with many a jest and an untiring flow of good humor, the men wade into the neighboring swamp, cut down and split the trees, and soon bridge over these impassable places. A few rods farther on the head of column arrives at a creek, which in ordinary seasons is ten feet wide, and has a few inches of water running over a hard sandy bottom. Now the water is four or six feet in depth, and spreads out to a width of sixty feet, encroaching upon the softer earth. A bridge must be built. Into the water dash our men without hesitation, for they know the work must be done at once. Waist deep, throat deep, not a dry spot about them. "No matter for that," they say; "we shall be in camp by-and-by, and then, before our roaring fires, we will rehearse the incidents of the day."

Thus these good, brave soldiers endure every hardship, shrink at no exposure of life or limb; not only without grumbling, but with a good humor and merriment which no hardship dampens and no risk discourages. Old officers of the army, who have served in Florida and Mexico, continually remark this peculiar feature of Sherman's army. It does not belong to any particular corps or regiment, but all the soldiers share it alike, and at all times.

It has been said that a soldier has one right, which is always conceded and reserved—the right to grumble; but our men do not claim it. They are jolly and contented under circumstances which test a man to the utmost. I have never tried to analyze this fact, nor reason upon it, having been too happy in witnessing its beneficial results.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CAPTURE OF FAYETTEVILLE—THE UNITED STATES ARSENAL RETAKEN—TALKS WITH THE SLAVES—WADE HAMPTON—"BUMMERS" AND THEIR PECULIARITIES.

Fayetteville, March 12th.—This morning, the two flanking corps of the grand army, who had not seen each other for six weeks, met in the streets of Fayetteville. They met as soldiers love best to meet brave comrades, on a battle-field; for the Rebels, with foolish pertinacity, refused to give up the place without a fight, and they had their hands full of the work; for the extreme right and left of our army came together upon concentrating roads, like a well-bent bow in the strong archer's hands, whose arrow, charged with fire, sped swiftly, causing death, reaping victory.

Again we have made a capture of much greater importance than was at first supposed. The magnificent arsenal which our government built here contains millions of dollars' worth of machinery and material. The Rebels have used the work-shops in this city for the manufacture of guns, fixed ammunition, gun-carriages, etc., to a much larger extent than was supposed by any one outside the Rebel states; always excepting General Sherman, who seems to know every thing of this nature. Here are stored vast amounts of well-seasoned woods, weapons in all stages of completion, thousands of muskets; in short, every description of machinery and tools requisite for the manufacture and repairs of material of war. The Rebels tried to remove the most valuable part, but it was too bulky for easy transportation,

and we came forward so quickly that they had hardly time to save their own worthless bodies. We take possession of this property by a double right. It was originally the property of the United States, paid for by the general government, and was stolen from us; and again it is ours by right of conquest. We shall destroy it utterly. There is not a piece of this costly machinery but will be broken in fragments; not a stick of timber that will not be burned to ashes; not one stone or brick of these beautiful buildings will be left standing upon another. By Monday night that which should have been the pride and honor of the state and the country will be a shapeless mass of ruins.

The city of Fayetteville is beautiful. The arsenal buildings are situated upon a commanding eminence at the west end of the city, and from every point they present an exceedingly picturesque appearance; and, taken together with the old buildings buried among the trees, which are just putting on their livery of green, give to the place the romantic air of some of the old towns in the vicinity of Paris. An ancient market-house, of very tasteful architecture, stands in the centre of the main street, which is a wide avenue, lined on either side with substantial stores and dwelling-houses. Toward the river there are mills and manufactories, and on its banks strongly-constructed steamboat piers, all showing evidences of the trade and commerce belonging to river navigation, although there is not depth of water sufficient for any but light-draught steamers, except at certain seasons of the year.

The people generally are of the better class. They do not all profess to have been original Unionists, but they do not disguise their hostility to Jeff. Davis and his despotism. The slave population is not large, and is composed chiefly of women and children. As in other parts of the South,

which we have visited, the masters have run away, taking with them all the able-bodied slaves; but the negroes who were able escaped, and have returned to join our column. It is generally understood among these colored men that the Rebel Government intend to put them in the army to fight against the "Yankees." The infatuation of the slaveholders upon this point seems to me one of the most singular of all their self-deceptions; for, among the hundreds of blacks with whom I have conversed during the progress of this campaign, I do not remember one who did not possess a better understanding of the merits of the questions at issue than the master who claimed to own him. While the masters still have faith that the slaves will fight for them, and offer the additional inducement of their freedom if they come safe out of battle, the slaves distrust them, and underderstand that their own bondage was one of the principal questions involved in the rebellion.

An intelligent old quadroon woman, whose mother, eighty-six years of age, sat near, and who was surrounded by her daughters and grandchildren—four generations in one group—said to me to-day:

"There, sir, are my two sons-in-law. Yesterday morning their master tried to take them away, offering them their freedom if they would go into the army voluntarily; but they know better than that. They never would fire a gun against the Federals."

"No," interposed one of the young men; "I would not fight for the man who is my master and my father at the same time. If they had forced me into the army, I would have shot the officer they put over me the first time I got a chance."

The old grandmother, who, with her family, spoke with no trace of the negro dialect, continued:

"No, sir; the slaves know too well what it means; they'd never put muskets in the slaves' hands if they were not afeared that their cause was gone up. They are going to be whipped; they are whipped now. Supposing they do free the colored men who fight for them, what is to become of us, their mothers, wives, and children at home? We are to remain slaves, of course."

She continued in the same strain:

"Didn't a Charleston newspaper say the other day that to offer freedom to the slaves was to acknowledge freedom to be better than slavery, and that we were property, like horses and mules; and that the proper way was that our boys should be put into the army just as horses and cattle are put there? I heard tell that the Congress at Richmond have talked about giving the negroes their freedom when the war is over. Doesn't that mean that we are entitled to our freedom? All the time my master and mistress in the house there, and the preacher we hear of a Sunday, tells us that the Bible says it is right we should be slaves!"

The old woman said all this in an impassioned manner, her eyes burning like living coals.

I said to her: "But you have been well treated. You have told me that you were married in your master's parlor, and that those girls have been brought up almost as if they were the daughters of their master. Ought you to complain?"

"You don't understand it," she replied. "Our advantages make it all the worse. We had better have been ignorant plantation slaves. There are three of my daughters, sir; but they have been kept here with me because they breed well. If they didn't have children every year, they would have been sold away as poor Hannah was, my second child. She was sickly, sir, and could not or would not,

breed children, and they sold her away on a plantation. All my girls, sir, are married but one. As soon as the grandchildren are old enough to do any kind of work they are put away—sometimes sold. I have near me five daughters and three sons grown up; all that they earn goes into the hands of master and mistress."

I said: "Do you wish to leave your master? There will probably be means to go down to Wilmington."

"Indeed, sir," they all broke out with one accord, "if we can only get to any place where we can be free, and able to work for ourselves, we shall be thankful."

It is my impression that their prayer will be granted.

Instances of Rebel inhumanity are not rare here. In the hospital, where there are several hundred sick and wounded Rebel soldiers, I found some of our men, who had been wounded in the attack upon this city. One of these men, who showed me a ghastly wound in his shoulder-blade, was not injured in battle. He had been taken prisoner a few days before, and belonged to Kilpatrick's cavalry. As he was dragged along the main street of the town with his comrades, a Rebel, one of Hampton's cavalry, rode up to the procession, and, pointing a pistol at his breast, said, with an oath, "I want to kill another d—d Yankee." Just as he pulled the trigger the helpless prisoner moved a little, and the ball passed through his shoulder instead of his heart, at which it was aimed. With a shout of exultation, the cowardly assassin rode down the streets.

The poor sufferer told me the story just as I had heard it from several citizens who witnessed the shameful sight. Generals Wade Hampton and Hardee were in the town, and knew of the occurrence, but no action was taken; nor has the would-be murderer been sent to us. This dastardly act is a significant commentary upon the correspondence

which took place between Generals Sherman and Hampton upon this very subject of shooting unarmed and defenseless prisoners. Hampton, in his letter, denies that his men have committed such murders; and, with an ingenuity which would do credit to a pettifogging lawyer, but is too small for a greater mind, plays upon the word "murderer" in reply to General Sherman's threat to "retaliate in kind."

Hampton has also taken the excellent opportunity afforded him to issue one of his furious addresses to the people. He charges us with house-burning and all sorts of outrages upon women and children, and raves in the Billingsgate style; but, as usual, his fulminations have very little foundation in truth. Houses have, unquestionably, been burned during our march, but they were the property of notorious Rebels, who were fortunate in escaping so easily; while I have yet to hear of a single instance of outrage offered to a woman or a child by any soldier of our army.

A characteristic incident of the capture of Fayetteville properly finds place here, and gives an opportunity to describe that odd but very useful class in the army who are popularly denominated "Bummers."

The origin of this nickname is unknown. No English dictionary contains it; only the "bummers" themselves know exactly what it means, except, perhaps, inferentially. Probably the word originated among themselves; they are certainly not ashamed of it.

If it be asked what a bummer is, the reply is easy. He is a raider on his own account—a man who temporarily deserts his place in the ranks while the army is on the march, and starts out upon an independent foraging expedition. Sometimes he is absent for a few days only, occasionally he disappears for weeks together. An officer whose duty requires him to pass from one column to another, or a private

soldier sent out upon a scout in the forest or on the flank of the army, not unfrequently stumbles suddenly upon an encampment of bummers in the woods, or finds a party of them at a house by the wayside. This party bears all the outward aspect of an authorized and perfectly legitimate foraging party: the capacious wagons are there, with caparisoned mules; blooded horses stand tethered within reach of their apparent owners; the camp-fires burn brightly; a sumptuous meal is ready. But if one of these men be accosted with some such question as this, "To what command do you belong?" the answer comes thus:

"Well, we don't answer for any body in particular—'bout every corps in the army; eh, Bill, ain't that so?"

"Bill" says "Reckon!" and thinks it a huge joke, and then every body except the interlocutor laughs.

"How long have you been away from your regiment?"

At this question the bummer rises upon his feet, and replies, rather more respectfully:

"A week or ten days, cap'n."

"Have you any authority for foraging?"

"No, sir."

"What use or benefit are you to the service, to say nothing of the criminality of your absence without leave? Now, you belong to a class which has brought discredit upon your comrades. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, all of you."

The dozen muscular and daring fellows who heard this little speech seemed to fail to see the point of it. One of them replied:

"See hyar, cap'n; we ain't so bad after all. We keep ahead of the skirmish line allers. We let's 'em know when an enemy's a-comin'; and then we ain't allers away from the regiment. We turns over all we don't want ourselves, and

we can lick five times as many Rebs as we are, any day. Ain't that so, boys?"

"Lick 'em! d—n 'em, yes."—"Why, of course!" were the instant replies of the "boys."

"Rather shoot Rebs than hogs, any day!" roared another.

It may be readily imagined that high moral precepts are lost upon these men, and that conversations with them upon the general impropriety of their conduct are decidedly useless. They are the Bohemians of the camp, and they act upon this consolatory reflection.

A "bummer" may once have been a foot-soldier, but I never saw one who was not mounted on some sort of an animal. Sometimes he bestrides a superb blooded horse, which is the envy of every general in the army; more frequently he rides a broken-down nag that is able to hobble along sufficiently fast for its owner's purposes; but the favorite is the mule. There may be little or no actual poetry in a mule —although I profess an unwillingness to admit any slur upon that much-abused beast—yet it would be difficult to find a more hardy, long-winded, strong-legged, uncomplaining, and altogether lovable creature for the use of man than the mule. The "bummer" appreciates his good qualities, and hence the favoritism.

Sometimes we see the "bummer" approaching the camp from a piece of woods with a wagon which he has overloaded with good things. The scene is frequently exhilarating. The "bummer," coming in on horseback, holding the bridle in his teeth, clasps under one arm a basket of fresh eggs, and under the other a pailful of delicious honey, while a brace of fat sheep, hams, chickens, or geese, lie across the saddle in front and rear, and the carcass of a hog, firmly tied to the mule's tail, is dragged along the road. The

"bummer" himself is probably clothed in an irregular sack-coat of linen, with a ridiculously unmilitary hat perched on one side of his head, and, as he approaches, his face beams with smiles of recognition, tempered by a half-suppressed apprehension lest his bounteous supplies should not be accepted as a peace-offering for his delinquencies.

Aside from the freedom from control which gives bad men opportunities to commit wanton deeds of violence, these wanderers from the ranks are often of great benefit to the army. Better flankers can not be found. Spreading out from the marching column, they are the first to scent danger, and the last to leave the field, unless actually forced back. They understand the art of squad-fighting to perfection. Parties of them, without officers, will join together to resist an onset of Rebel cavalry, or to make an attack upon the enemy, and they are almost always the victors in a skirmish.

When the army remains in camp for any length of time the "bummer" becomes absorbed in the great mass of the army.

But to the incident I was about to relate.

During the skirmish in front of Fayetteville, one of our captains, who was in advance of his men, crept, in a citizen's coat, up to a fence, in order to get a better look at the enemy, who were retreating, but firing rapidly. Suddenly he was confronted by a ragged and barefooted fellow, whom he instantly recognized as one of the "bummers." The recognition, however, was not reciprocal; for the "bummer" exulted in the thought that he had caught a Rebel, and proceeded to salute him thus:

"Halloa! just stop right thar," surveying his extremities. "I say, come up out o' them boots."

"I couldn't think of it," was the reply; "they are a fine pair of boots, and they are mine."

"You needn't say another d—d word. Come out o' them boots. P'raps you've got a watch about your breeches-pocket; just pull her out. No nonsense now; I'm in a hurry to get arter them Rebs."

"Perhaps you would like a horse?"

"A horse?" (the bummer's eyes sparkled). "A horse? Well, now, you jes come up out o' them boots, and we'll discuss that ar' hoss question sudden. Where is the hoss?"

"Oh, he is right near by, in charge of my orderly."

"Thunder! are you an officer of our army? I thought you was a Reb."

And then the "bummer" went to the rear under arrest, disgusted beyond measure.

THE "BUMMER."

CHAPTER XXV.

A FIGHT BETWEEN KILPATRICK AND HAMPTON—THE ARMY IN COMMUNICATION WITH WILMINGTON—DESTRUCTION OF THE FAYETTEVILLE ARSENAL — THE ARMY ACROSS CAPE FEAR RIVER—REFUGEES SENT TO WILMINGTON.

We have just received news of a sharp fight between Kilpatrick and Hampton, at a place called Solomon's Grove. It appears that, by the movement of our left wing, the Rebel cavalry under Hampton and Wheeler were cut off from Fayetteville, the only point for sixty miles where they can cross the Cape Fear River. By one of those circumstances which speak more for Kilpatrick's courage and energy than for his caution, he had pushed a brigade of his command across an ugly swamp to an intersecting cross-road, and a highly important position. Hampton, with two divisions of cavalry, arrived by a side-road, to find his bold enemy across his path. There was nothing to be done but a reckless dash through the lines, and at it they went with courage, and, at first, with success; for, riding over the pickets before a shot was fired, they were in front of Kilpatrick's headquarters, captured the few men on guard, and nearly caught the General, who rode through them, it is said, not in full uniform. Hampton at once put a guard over the house, in which were several officers; but this success did not last five minutes. The little brigade had collected together in the swamp, and from that vantage-ground killed off the Rebels as rapidly as they could fire at them. Then, charg-

ing upon them, they recaptured their six-pounders and turned them upon the bold raiders.

Kilpatrick's men must have fought with terrible earnestness, for they had been surprised and driven out of their camps. Something besides their horses—their honor—was at stake.

The attack was made at daylight. The sun was two hours high before the Rebels had left the ground, with about one hundred and fifty prisoners and several horses as the only fruits of their venture. Seventy-six of their dead remained upon the field. It is sufficient evidence of the desperate defense of our soldiers, that the Rebels had no time to enter the house, so that the officers there were not captured.

It is not remarkable that an assault like this was partially successful, when the Rebels are familiar with every foot of the ground, and we strangers in the country. But it is the highest honor to our brave men that they so gallantly regained what was lost, and that in the face of thrice their own numbers. The fight cost us fifteen men killed and thirty wounded; but defeat was bravely turned into victory.

If one could have believed all the stories published in the Rebel papers during the late campaigns, our brave and dashing cavalry General would have appeared to be the spirit of some ancient hero, permitted to revisit the earth at will; for those remarkable journals have reported him killed, and his bold raiders vanquished, a hundred times. The best evidence that Kilpatrick is a gallant soldier and a competent commander, may be found in the fact that, since the moment we left Atlanta, he has so perfectly guarded and protected the flanks of the army, that in no instance has an infantry column been broken in upon by the enemy's cavalry.

In personal appearance General Kilpatrick is of slight stature, but broad-chested and wiry-limbed. His face is expressive of determination and daring. A firm chin, earnest mouth, prominent nose, clear gray eyes, and expansive forehead, make up a striking physiognomy. His beard is reduced to side-whiskers. He is an excellent, if not a graceful horseman. In conversation he speaks earnestly and rapidly, and has the great merit of placing the full value upon the services of his troopers, insisting upon their claim to all the honor due to their daring deeds. His officers and men have too often followed him in the wild charge not to repose perfect faith in him, or regard him with an enthusiastic affection.

Kilpatrick is a faithful, intelligent, and brave soldier; and in Major Estes he has an adjutant who is as gallant and chivalric a gentleman as ever drew sabre.

March 13th.—The army is now in full communication with Generals Terry and Schofield at Wilmington, by way of the Cape Fear River. A little army tug, which courageously ascended the river to this point, returned last night with a freight of newspaper correspondents, refugees, and a mail for our Northern friends. The arrival of this boat, with its attendant circumstances, was one of the thrilling episodes in the annals of war which recall the story of chivalric deeds done by brave men in mediæval days. The history runs thus:

On Wednesday morning of last week—five days ago—a scout started from our army to carry through a dispatch to General Terry, at Wilmington. He must have ridden fast, and without intermission, for the dispatch, which promised that we would be in Fayetteville on the Saturday following, was received by Terry on Friday night. It seemed as if

General Sherman's promise was believed to be as certain of fulfillment as if the event had already occurred, for the little tug and its gallant crew at once steamed up the river, a distance of ninety miles, to find us in possession of the town, which we had taken only six hours before; while in the distance across the river might be heard the cannon of the retreating foe. We are proud that men have such grand faith in the valor of the army and the word of our chief.

As the little steamer last evening sped swiftly down the stream with the glorious red, white, and blue showing against the green banks of the river, and its living freight springing to their feet, waving their hats, and cheering for their loved General, who stood watching them, I felt that choking sensation in the throat which makes tearful eyes. We of the army are not much given to weeping, but there was a moment then when I was not ashamed of a tear or two.

This morning a gun-boat came to anchor opposite the town, and again we welcome the blue jackets of the navy. I ought to say, however, that the officers of the navy arrived here last night. They had traveled on foot from Wilmington, taking the swamps and by-roads, and were sometimes in great danger of capture; but they bravely pushed on, and struck our column some ten miles from this place, in the rear. They are brave men; for that which would have been a comparatively easy task for one of our couriers, accustomed to the words and the tricks of the Rebels, was a difficult feat for these navigators of the sea.

To-night we expect the arrival of a number of transports with supplies. They will not detain us, for we shall unload them into the wagons rapidly, and then we must be up and away. For that matter, the larger part of the army is already on the northern side of the Cape Fear. Two pontoon

bridges were finished the afternoon of the day we arrived here, and the troops at once commenced passing the stream.

We hear all sorts of rumors of the movements of the enemy, but pay little heed to them. One report is that either Hardee or Johnston intends to make a stand at Goldsboro'; another, that Lee is evacuating Richmond in order to throw his army into North Carolina; still another, that there is a large Rebel force in our rear. These stories, which float about among the citizens, give the army subjects for jest; the fact being that we know all that is necessary for us to know of Rebel movements. Beyond that we bother ourselves but little. Sufficient for us are our strong hands and our well-aimed muskets.

March 14th.—Last evening the transfer of our army to the left bank of the Cape Fear River was completed. The passage has been made easily, for a kindly sunlight has glowed upon us, and for once we have not laboured up steep banks nor through oceans of mud. We have left the town pretty much as we found it. Several public buildings, factories, and mills have been destroyed, but private property has been respected to a degree which is remarkable, when it is considered that the Rebels defended the town, killing our soldiers in the streets, and, in truth, shelling the place from the other side of the river after they had been driven out.

The destruction of the arsenal buildings was thorough. The splendid quarters for the officers, the machine-shops, armories, foundries, and stables, covering some twenty acres of ground, were in the first instance leveled by battering-rams, and then fired; so that there is not even a foundation left to build upon, should any disinterested individual ever desire to make an investment in public institutions in

that locality. It was impossible to avoid a feeling of regret when these beautiful buildings were destroyed; but the stern behests of war must be obeyed.

Several transports arrived yesterday from Wilmington, bringing supplies for the army. They returned laden with our sick and wounded soldiers, and as many refugees as they could carry. We have also taken this opportunity to disencumber the army of the host of negroes who have joined us day by day from the hour we left the sea-coast. By order of General Sherman, all of these people have been gathered together from the different corps into one camp; and now, under the direction of a competent officer, with a sufficient guard and ample supplies, they are to march to Wilmington.

While the refugees were scattered throughout the command, it was not easy to ascertain their number. We can now arrive at an approximation. Upon our arrival at Fayetteville, there could not have been less than twenty-five thousand non-combatants who had joined our columns since our departure from Savannah. A very large proportion are negroes, chiefly women and children. As I look back upon the extraordinary march we have made, and reflect upon the stupendous difficulties which have been in the way of the successful transit of even so large an army as this, the fact of its accomplishment with twenty-five thousand useless, helpless human beings, devouring food, and clogging every step onward, will remain one of the marvels of military operations.

God help the poor creatures! They have endured exposure and suffering in pursuit of freedom, and they have attained the boon at last.

Thus far we have been altogether disappointed in looking for the Union sentiment in North Carolina, about which

so much has been said. Our experience is decidedly in favor of its sister state; for we found more persons in Columbia who had proved their fealty to the Union cause by their friendliness to our prisoners than all in this state put together. The city of Fayetteville was offensively rebellious; and it has been a matter of surprise that our soldiers, who are quick to understand the distinction, have not made the citizens feel it in one way or another. Perhaps it is partially due to the fact that the 14th Corps has guarded the city, that such strict order has been maintained. This corps has had its share of the hard work, and but little of the perquisites of the campaign. Occupying the extreme left of the army, it has had more marching, being on the outside of the parabola, and harder work than any other corps, and has never had the fortune to capture a city, the central column generally striking important positions. But in this instance the left wing, in order to enter the town first, was swung round (as was the right, but withheld by orders from garrisoning the town). For these reasons, I suppose, the men of the 14th Corps wished to show the rest of the army how orderly they could behave, and they have succeeded remarkably well.

The army has not moved far to-day, probably not more than ten miles. It is curious to see how quickly the soldiers become conscious of the presence of an enemy—as upon a summer's day, opening fair and bright, one finds the presage of a storm, though there are but few clouds in the sky, floating lazily upon the edge of the horizon, while bees are humming, birds singing, and a gentle breeze rustling the leaves. There may be no marked indications of change, yet you feel an indefinable sense of a coming tempest. As I passed, to-day, our front of last night, I noticed a light breast-work thrown up, as if the soldiers had determined that a surprise should not find them unprepared.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BATTLE OF AVERYSBORO'.

March 15th.—The order of march has been changed. The larger part of our trains are thrown over to the right, and two thirds of the army are moving forward unencumbered with wagons. The truth is, we expect to meet the Rebels in all the force they can concentrate in our front by to-morrow or next day. Kilpatrick, who has the advance, ran into a strong body of Rebel infantry this afternoon, and skirmished with them until night came on. He captured several prisoners, among them Colonel Rhett, son of the noted Robert Barnwell Rhett, one of the "first family" names of which South Carolina is so proud. From the conversation of this Rebel colonel, I judge him to be quite as impracticable a person as any of his class. He seemed most troubled about the way in which he was captured. Some of Kilpatrick's fast riders got inside his skirmish line, and one of them, without any sort of regard for the feelings of a South Carolina aristocrat, put a pistol to the colonel's head and informed him, in a quiet but very decided manner, that "if he didn't come along he'd make a hole through him!" The colonel came; but he is a disgusted man. From what I know of the sentiments of Kilpatrick's men, I make no doubt that they would have had but little scruple in cutting off one branch of the family tree of the Rhetts if the surrender had not been prompt.

About the middle of this afternoon a heavy shower came up, with thunder and lightning; but no harm was done, ex-

cept the discomfort of a wet camp and wet clothes, for we had made all the distance required for to-day. To-morrow we would prefer to see the sunlight; for, although we have a supreme contempt for the threats and evil prophecies of the Rebel newspapers that "North Carolina mud" is to stop an army which has built several hundred miles of corduroy roads within the last two months, yet we had rather march over dry ways when we can.

I have said that the order of march is changed with reference to the wagon trains. This refers more especially to the 20th and 14th Corps and Kilpatrick's cavalry, all of which are marching on the Cape Fear River Road—a route passing through Averysboro' direct to Raleigh. The right wing moves on roads leading more to the east, but within supporting distance, in order to be prepared for any immediate necessity of concentration. The Goldsboro' and Wilmington Railroad is threatened, and our movements mean the capture of Goldsboro' or Raleigh, or both. One division of the 20th Corps is detached, with the trains, on the right of the left wing.

March 16th.—The indications which induced the precautions of yesterday were not groundless. The storm has come. The blood of patriot hearts has again watered Southern soil; brave souls have passed into the spirit world; maimed and bleeding bodies lie suffering to-night.

Our troops have been fighting all day. The Rebels were found strongly posted, and in greater numbers than we anticipated; but, amid heavy showers of rain and powerful gusts of wind, our soldiers dashed bravely into the battle, one division after another; and the first day's fight is a victory to our arms in what will be known in history as the battle of Averysboro'!

The first infantry troops engaged were two divisions of the 20th Corps, who went forward to support the cavalry, which had found the enemy strongly intrenched behind earth-works upon the brow of a hill, skirted by a ravine and creek. After three or four hours' sharp fighting, in which our artillery, at four hundred yards' distance, silenced the Rebel guns in position, a brigade crossed their front, and went in with a rush upon their flank, while our entire line was advanced. The Rebels ran away as fast as they could, leaving in our hands three pieces of artillery—light twelve-pounders—and two hundred prisoners. They were closely followed by the victorious soldiers for half a mile, when they came upon another and more thoroughly built line of works, behind which it soon became evident the Rebels lay in great strength.

A division of the 14th Corps came up about noon, and were put in on our left. We then ascertained that the Rebel line of works stretched from Black Creek to the Cape Fear River, which at this point makes a bend to the east. Wherever we felt the Rebels' front we found the active presence of their infantry. Their force was composed of three divisions—commanded respectively by Butler, Rhett, and McLaws—amounting in all to ten thousand men, made up of the Charleston garrison of heavy artillery, and a portion of Hood's old command. In addition to this, Hampton and Wheeler, with their cavalry, were posted on our extreme right, covering the left flank of the enemy.

Although the engagement lasted all day, and into the night, the fight, after all, can scarcely be termed a battle. Six hundred men will probably be the whole number of our killed and wounded. The greatest loss sustained by our forces was that of the third division of the 20th Corps, under command of General Jackson. Captain Grafton, of

this division (Second Massachusetts regiment), was among the killed. He was a gallant officer and a courteous gentleman. Twice dangerously wounded in Virginia, he has found a soldier's grave under the lofty pines of a Southern forest. He could not have found a nobler death, nor could we have lost a nobler soul. Colonel Morse, of the same regiment, was wounded later in the day, a ball piercing his arm above the elbow, but happily not touching the bone.

The Second and Thirty-third Massachusetts regiments are the only representatives of the glorious Bay State in our army. A nobler record of heroic deeds may never be found than in the history of the Second, which has suffered so severely to-day. On its roll of fame may be found among the names of those dead in honorable battle, Shaw, Dwight, Savage, Lowell, Grafton, Storrow, and others; and to-day the living heroes are models of chivalric soldiers, the pride of their comrades.

As night came on there was heavy musketry firing along the lines, especially near the main road. Many wounded were borne to the rear; many dead were left where they fell. Now and then the Rebel cannon would belch forth grape and canister. Above all this sound of battle could be heard the wild wind singing among the pine-tops; while the rain swept down in passionate, fitful showers upon true patriot and false traitor alike. God will care for those who have gone to Him this day. In the hospital yonder lie several hundred suffering ones: may He remember them in his infinite compassion!

March 17th. — The early morning found the Rebel intrenchments evacuated, and their former occupants in full flight toward Averysboro'. They escaped in the night, leaving their picket posts to fall into our hands; for a neglect

to remember those who are placed in front to cover their movements is quite common among these chivalric Southern gentlemen when they wish to save themselves by running away. It is evident that the enemy suffered severely yesterday; although it is fair to suppose that our losses in wounded are greater than theirs. Their killed, however, probably outnumbers ours, on account of the short range of our artillery in the early part of the day, and their loss in prisoners, whom we captured whenever we pressed forward, we know to be heavy. We have already buried forty Rebels, and have one hundred wounded in our hospitals. We find the wounded scattered all along the line of the enemy's retreat to Averysboro'.

The regiment of Charleston heavy artillery, which is made up of the best blood of South Carolina, was in our immediate front during this fight. It fought well, and suffered severely both in officers and men. Although veterans in the service, this was its first field experience, and a very unpleasant experience it must have seemed.

A larger proportion of officers were wounded in this fight than in any I have known. In the latter part of the day there was very little artillery used upon our side. Our line was pushed up to within one hundred yards of the Rebel works. The swampy nature of the ground did not admit of the use of our batteries. Besides this, General Sherman did not wish to sacrifice unnecessarily any lives. He knew that General Howard, with the right wing, would, by noon of to-day, reach the road leading toward Goldsboro', which the Rebels were trying to hold. One division of the 20th Corps were on roads to the right, with the supply trains. This reduced our numbers nearly equal to the Rebels, with the advantage of position upon their side. We ascertained during the day that the principal object of the Rebels in

holding this position was not so much to prevent our march to Raleigh as to give time for the crossing of their trains at the ferry near by on the Cape Fear River. These trains had been run up to this point from Fayetteville, and had not been ferried over.

The Rebels have shown more pluck than we have seen in them since Atlanta. To be sure, they were behind strong breast-works, and fully equaled us in numbers actually engaged, but they supposed the whole army would come up, which was half the battle to us in its moral effect upon them.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BATTLE OF BENTONVILLE—RETREAT OF JOHNSTON.

March 17th, Evening.—The left wing, with the exception of the cavalry and a division of infantry, has made a right wheel, and is marching in the direction of Smithfield and Bentonville. Until to-day our movement has been in the direction of Raleigh, and the evidence goes to show that the Rebels believed it to be General Sherman's intention again to gratify his taste for taking capitals. It is possible that our flank march of to-day will undeceive, although the cavalry and infantry which are thrust forward upon the Smithfield Road may continue to mislead them. The main body of the army is making for Goldsboro', but upon parallel roads so near together that musketry fire can be heard from one to the other.

We find the Rebel cavalry upon almost every road leading north. They generally have a section of artillery with them, which does little execution, for they fall back before the foraging parties, who band together whenever they meet the Rebel pickets, and, as they say, "pitch in for the fun of it."

The last two days have been sunny, and the air deliciously pleasant, full of the balmy influences of spring. The trees feel it, for the peach and apple are full of their delicate pink and white blossoms. Their delightful fragrance floats in the air, greeting us with Nature's tenderest offerings. We are passing through a well-cultivated country, with rich farm lands skirting the roadside. The houses are well built, the

granaries are full of oats and corn, and our animals are getting their fill—much to their satisfaction, no doubt, for they have been on short rations for a day or two. The right wing has been very fortunate, for it has marched upon public roads, and has found more forage than it could bring away.

March 19th.—The headquarters' camp was pitched last night in the midst of the soldiers. Artillery, infantry, and cavalry surrounded us upon all sides, and we were lulled to rest by a hundred bugle-calls. This morning, before the dawn, I was aroused from sleep by a brigade band playing the tune of "Old Hundred," a grand old anthem, which never sounded to me more sweetly solemn than then, for with its strains came thoughts of home and dear ones there. I got up to find that it was Sunday, and with that knowledge came a longing for rest such as the soldier dares to indulge in but for a moment. It is a long campaign we have had, marching for sixty days over four hundred miles of an enemy's country, and repose would be welcome.

March 20th.—The extreme danger of a flank march was strikingly illustrated yesterday. By pushing on rapidly, without trains, and with but little artillery, Johnston was able to concentrate upon our left flank all the troops at his command, including Hood's old army and the sea-coast garrisons from Savannah to Wilmington. If we could have moved our trains at the ordinary pace, we should have passed this point and avoided a battle; but, as it was, General Slocum found the enemy in great force in his front. They did not give him much time to form his line, but attacked furiously, in the hope of beating his advanced divisions before the other columns could come up to his support.

In order to understand the situation, it is necessary to describe the order of march for the day.

Our first object was to reach Goldsboro', and all the heads of columns were pointed in that general direction. The 17th Corps was in the vicinity of Mount Olive, guarding the trains; the 15th Corps was on the direct road from Lee's Store to Cox's Bridge; the 14th and 20th Corps were on the Bentonville or Smithfield Road, which diverges to the right about five miles from Bentonville, forming a junction with a road leading to Cox's Bridge. It was at this cross-road, where the Rebels met our head of column, that the fight took place.

It should here be stated that the maps of North Carolina are old, none of them bearing a date later than the year 1854, and are therefore unsafe guides to follow. They misled some of our commanders in this instance. On the 17th of the month our advance had skirmished with the Rebel cavalry, driving them back and occupying the cross-road; but the reconnoissance which was made by our forces on the night of the 17th and the morning of the 18th did not develop the existence of any other road leading north to Bentonville. General Sherman had concentrated the heads of column of three corps at this point, as the last and perhaps the most dangerous where an enemy could strike our flank. The Rebels, in retreating before our left advance, had burned the bridges over what was supposed to be the only avenue to Bentonville and Smithfield, leading us most naturally to suppose that they had fallen back toward Raleigh.

Johnston, however, was well informed of what it was impossible for us to know, and took advantage of this new road to surprise our flanking column. In the morning, the 14th Corps, which was in advance, found cavalry in their

and put in position upon Slocum's right. The 17th Corps left the trains to the care of General Terry (who is coming up from Wilmington, and is now at Mount Olive), and, starting at midnight, arrived at Cox's Bridge, in the rear of two divisions of the 15th Corps. This column, at early dawn, was upon the road leading from Cox's Bridge to the cross-road where Johnston first struck our troops. As I have said, this was the road by which Slocum was to have passed to join the other portion of the army—intending to cover our left flank until we had reached the Neuse River. It will be seen, therefore, that the advance of the 15th and 17th Corps upon this road to-day took Johnston in the rear. Our troops moved rapidly forward, although many of them had marched a distance of twenty-five miles with empty stomachs. Brave fellows! rations are the last thing they think of when there is a foe to meet and beat.

During this advance the Rebels skirmished with the head of our column all the way until within half a mile of the cross-road. At this point our men found a strong force posted behind temporary intrenchments; but these were carried by assault, with a determination which astonished the enemy, who could not have anticipated the speedy approach of so large a force on their flank and rear, or, more properly, on their left flank. Each of our divisions, as soon as it came up, was placed in line. That old veteran and brave soldier, General Wood, was ordered to the left, with orders to make a junction with General Hazen on the right of General Slocum. Wood had a hard fight for the position, but he gained it before night; so that, while I am writing, there is a line of battle extending from Kilpatrick's station upon General Slocum's extreme left, beyond the Smithfield Road, to Mill Creek on the right. This creek empties into the Cape Fear River. The general direction

of the line is northwest and southeast, corresponding to the Rebel line, which is refused upon each flank. The Rebel line is across the new Bentonville or Smithfield Road, which must be Johnston's line of supplies.

The afternoon has been spent upon our side in reconnoitring the enemy's position and firmly establishing our lines. The Rebels are evidently in great doubt as to our intentions, for by this time they must be aware that a large portion of the army is coming into position. They have greeted some of our more daring skirmishers, who crept too near their main line, with volley firing, which, however, does very little harm, while it shows that the enemy are perturbed.

March 21*st*.—During the whole of to-day there has been skirmishing and hard fighting from extreme right to extreme left. Wood, Corse, Hazen, and Smith, who are on the right, have pushed forward their line of battle until the skirmishers are within three hundred and fifty yards of Johnston's principal intrenchment, and now there is one unceasing roll of musketry. Every few minutes the artillery in position in the rear of Corse and Wood opens fire, and the forest re-echoes the loud, sharp report, with terrible grandeur. Repeatedly the Rebels dash out of their works, making frantic attempts to retake the rifle-pits out of which they have been driven; but they are as often forced back, leaving their dead and wounded to mark the scene of their discomfiture. On our left, General Davis has assaulted and captured a battery, but the men were driven back before they could bring it off, or the triumph be sustained by adequate support.

As we continue to develop the position of the enemy, we find the line, semicircular in form, refused upon the left quite sharply. This part of the Rebel line has been found

since our right wing swung in from Cox's Bridge. For some reason which does not yet appear, the Rebels contest every foot of ground with extraordinary pertinacity; more tenaciously than the occasion seems to require. Johnston has his entire force concentrated here. We have already captured men from the commands of Hoke, Hardee, and all the old corps of Hood's army. It is now evident that Johnston did not divine our flank movement from Fayetteville until we withdrew from Averysboro'. He had undoubtedly concentrated his forces at Smithfield, with the intention of striking us in flank if we moved upon Raleigh. On the 17th or 18th he heard of our advance upon Goldsboro', and made forced night marches for Bentonville, hoping to strike the 14th Corps in flank as it passed toward Cox's Bridge. On the afternoon of the 18th we knew there was nothing but cavalry upon that road, for our foragers and cavalry were as far advanced as the position now held by our right wing.

Johnston moved his army forward without wagons and but little artillery. He was thus able to get his troops into position faster than we could do, for our 20th Corps was covering the rear of this column, and, of course, had all its wagons in advance. Before nightfall, however, our troops were in position; and the Rebels, thinking they had a certain victory in prospect, made these repeated assaults, which were repulsed with a fearful loss to them. At every discharge, our artillery swept away the heads of their charging columns.

It appears certain that the line of battle now held by the Rebels is a new formation, intended for the attack of our right wing, which they are forced to guard against upon their flank and rear.

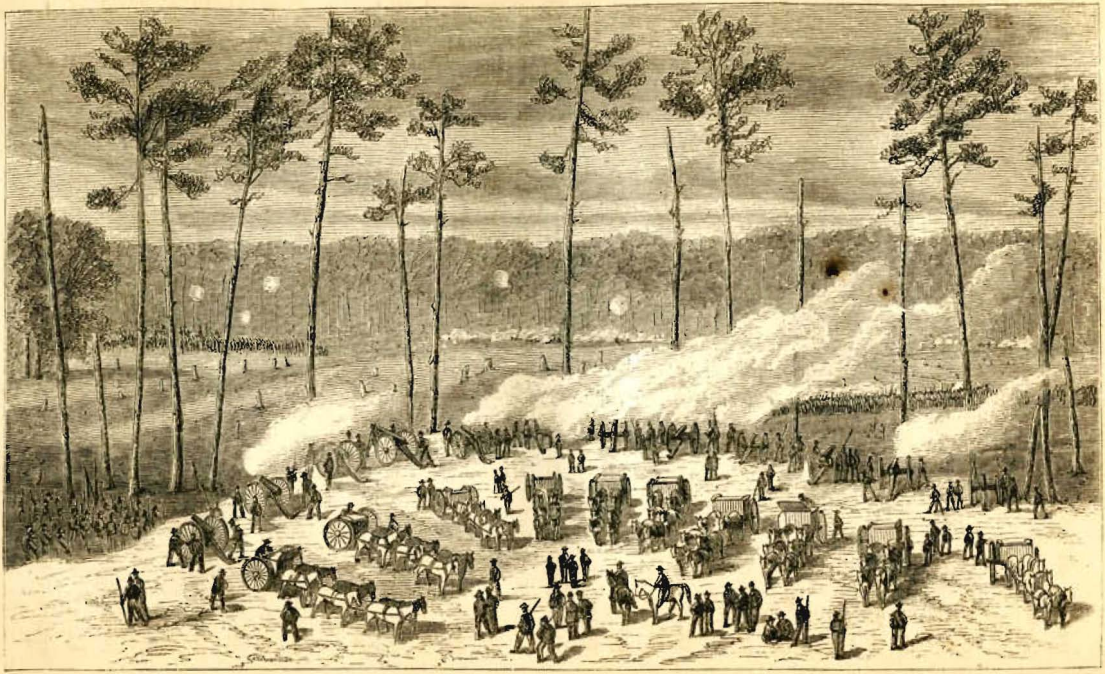
Evening.—This afternoon General Mower made a de-

fertile brain, who has acted as chief quartermaster for the army during this campaign.

March 22d.—Victory! Johnston last night began to draw off his discouraged and defeated troops, leaving the field to us. It must be said to his credit that he made a bold effort, but it came near being his ruin. We have driven him beyond Mill Creek with our infantry, capturing hundreds of prisoners at every point. He has only saved his army by burning the bridges behind him.

Mower's reconnoissance of yesterday was perhaps the immediate cause of Johnston's speedy retreat. We know now how that movement must have carried consternation into the Rebel ranks. We have found the bodies of some of Mower's skirmishers within fifty yards of Johnston's headquarters; they were killed there and near the bridge, which was their principal line of retreat, and extending in the rear of the Rebel position. When Mower was ordered to move on our right, it was not supposed that he would advance so far; had that movement been intended, he would have had the support of the other divisions of the 17th Corps. With fifteen thousand such veterans as those of the glorious 17th Corps intrenched on Johnston's line of retreat, an attack along the entire line would have insured the total destruction of the Rebel army. Many noble men would have been lost who are now rejoicing in the fruits of a less bloody victory; but there would no longer have been the Rebel Army of the South. It is better as it is; for, although it may be for the good of future generations that this Rebel horde should be swept from the earth, yet this destruction carries death to many a true patriot who should live to enjoy the fruits of peace.

In truth, there never was a moment in history when the



A REBEL ASSAULT AT THE BATTLE OF BENTONVILLE.

grand strategy of war becomes so humane, so powerful as now. It is almost impossible in this contest for either one side or the other to catch his opponent unprepared. Both parties, in a wonderfully short space of time, will throw up defenses which can not be carried without a disastrous loss to the assaulting party.

War means bloodshed; yet there are ways of conquering a peace without excessive destruction of human life, and it is in this light that General Sherman's grand campaign looms up in magnificent proportions, equaling the most splendid achievements of the world's greatest captains.

The battle of Bentonville was General Slocum's fight. While his name is most honorably associated with almost every great battle of this war from Bull Run to Gettysburg in the East, and since that of Missionary Ridge in the West, the bloody combat at Bentonville was peculiarly his own affair, out of which he has come with fresh laurels. The unexpected attack, the fierce assaults, several times repeated, called for all the resources of a brave, cool, experienced soldier; but Slocum was more than equal to the necessities of the hour, for he was victorious, and his success justified General Sherman's selection of him as the commander of the left wing of the army.

General Slocum enjoys the reputation of a thoroughly accomplished soldier. It is probably owing to his complete mastery of all the details of his profession, his keen sense of order and discipline, and his energetic and magnetic manner, that the 20th Corps, which he commanded for a long time, has gained its splendid reputation. He is a native of New York, and is as proud of his state as his state is proud of him. His personal appearance is prepossessing. Long, wavy brown hair, brushed back behind his ears, sparkling brown eyes, a heavy brown mustache, a height

above the medium, and a manner which inspires faith and confidence, make up a most attractive figure. He seems to know precisely what he has to do, and to be perfectly sure that he can do it. It is very certain that he is one of those rare men who has made no mistakes. He should thank Heaven and be happy.

There are other commanders who have been prominent in this battle.

General Morgan's division of the 14th Corps received the first shock of conflict. A younger soldier than General Morgan, or one less brave and not so cool, would have been appalled at the furious onset; but he gathered his scattered forces well in hand, and awaited the arrival of assistance, but the Rebels became too numerous for him to resist successfully. Speaking of this fight, he said: "For the first time in my experience, I was attacked in flank and rear, and was obliged to form my line outside my own breastworks." Morgan, who is a man of small and wiry figure, is an earnest, modest, and conscientious soldier.

In this battle, also, General Jeff. C. Davis displayed those admirable soldierly qualities which have distinguished him. It was said at the beginning of the war that General Davis had a leaning of strong sympathy toward the Rebels. If the rapid formation of a line temporarily driven back, and the concentration of half a dozen batteries of artillery to belch forth grape and canister upon the Rebel charging column, shows any affinity for rebellion, then he has it. General Davis is a prompt, energetic, hard-working soldier, who understands his profession, and does his whole duty faithfully and conscientiously. He has an earnest way in conversation, like most men of decided opinions; but his earnestness is rather of speech than of manner.

General Charles Wood, one of the best fighting men in

the Western army, is an officer but little known in the East. His service has been chiefly on the border, and in the armies of the West. He is familiarly designated by the officers of the old army as "Susan" Wood. I should not mention this feminine title if it were ever used in any disrespectful sense; for no man who has ever met this stanch, loyal soldier in the line of service can think of him except with courteous admiration. He commands the first division of the 15th Corps. What he is, and what they are, may best be told in the history of every campaign, and almost every battle fought west of the Alleghanies. When their skirmish line advances, somebody must give way; and when they get their feet once planted, there is a line of battle which they hold with a tenacity that can not well be imagined by any one who has never experienced that peculiar sensation of the whiz of a score or more of bullets. In a battle, I know of no safer position than behind Wood's division, for it never falls back without extraordinary cause. What is said of the division is said of Wood: soldiers take their spirit from their commander.

General Wood is a tall, and not altogether graceful man, with a quiet, blunt manner. He is honest, large-hearted, and brave.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ENTERING GOLDSBORO'.

Goldsboro', March 22d.—The army has entered Goldsboro'. Its march has been delayed seventy hours by Johnston's operations, but the interruption has not materially interfered with the plans of our General. Yesterday General Terry moved up to Cox's Bridge, laid a pontoon, and crossed a part of his troops. General Schofield is in Goldsboro'. Our army will at once be moved into position in the vicinity of this place to refit for the next campaign; not only to be reclothed, but to gain the repose it needs. Mind, as well as body, requires rest after the fatigues of rapid campaigns like these. These ragged, bareheaded, shoeless, brave, jolly fellows of Sherman's legions, too, want covering for their naked limbs.

Yet, with all the hardships of the campaign, the surgeons' returns show the wonderfully healthy condition of the army. Only two per cent. of sick are in hospital. A much larger proportion of the army would be in hospital had we remained quietly in camp during the past two months. The great majority of the soldiers are strong, healthy, cheerful, confident. The mental strain, however, is visible in the general air of lassitude in the army. Relief from active duty for a few days will restore the balance, and remedy this evil.

The explanation of this psychological phenomenon is found in other causes than bodily conditions. When the army cut loose from the sea-coast, and began the invasion of South Carolina, there were but few of its soldiers who did not com-

prehend the precarious and dangerous nature of the undertaking. They were confident in their own strength; they had a proud, sublime faith in the genius of their leader; they trusted, without knowledge of his plans or his combinations, that they would come out safe somewhere; yet there was constantly before them a shadowy future, and a possibility of impending and unseen danger: thoughts of the great distance from a base, and from safe anchorage ground; pictures of wide and swollen streams, bays, and marshes; images of gloomy forests and arid desert lands, which were to be traversed by night and day. The presence of the foe, or the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry, have few terrors for the veteran soldier, but no man can avoid the influence of a mysterious, unknown danger; and to him whose heart and soul are bound up in the nation's honor, the thought of possible disaster to the cause adds to his anxiety.

Therefore, we are all glad that we have reached a place of rest. With a few days of quiet for animals and men, rehabilitated mentally and physically, and equipped with supplies for future wants, we will soon be ready to strike another blow for our nationality.

March 24th.—The army is marching through the city to the designated camping-ground, where it will for the present remain. As the troops passed through, we found food for infinite merriment in the motley crowd of "bummers." These fellows were mounted upon all sorts of animals, and were clad in every description of costume; while many were so scantily dressed that they would hardly have been permitted to proceed up Broadway without interruption. Hundreds of wagons, of patterns not recognized in army regulations, carts, buggies, barouches, hacks, wheel-barrows,

all sorts of vehicles, were loaded down with bacon, meal, corn, oats, and fodder, all gathered in the rich country through which the "bummers" had marched during the day. Quartermaster General Meigs should have been here to see the funny additions made to his department.

As a barefooted soldier here and there appeared in the ranks, it was difficult to repress an expression of sympathy for them, although the brave fellows themselves are the last to complain of any thing. One of them said to me, a day or two ago:

"My shoes gave out eleven days ago, sir; but I don't care. My feet are getting used to it, but the corduroy is awful hard to travel over."

As brigade, division, and corps, with measured tread, marched into the city, every man seemed to bear himself with conscious pride. The fresh breeze displayed each flag and banner, and one might have read there the historic names of "Fort Donelson," "Shiloh," "New Orleans," "Port Republic," "Vicksburg," "Malvern Hills," and "Atlanta," and many another field of battle. How the heart thrills at these words!

But few trophies were brought along with the army. There were two twenty-pounder Rebel Parrott guns, captured by the first division of the 17th Corps; a Blakely, English gun, presented to the State of South Carolina by one of her citizens abroad; and two forty-two-inch shell, thrown into Charleston by the monitors, and presented to the Columbia Arsenal by Beauregard. These relics will be sent North by General Hazen, of the 15th Corps.

It is a proud moment for General Sherman and his two lieutenants, Howard and Slocum, to watch this brave army as it moves along—safe, after ten months of ceaseless marching, working, and fighting, with its *morale* and its organiza-

tion, to the last regiment and the last company, intact as when it left Savannah. The consciousness of this great achievement, and the knowledge that a grateful nation greets them and their army with glad pæans, are more than compensation or reward.

The army has indeed accomplished a great work, and gained important ends. Let us look for a moment at the results.

In the record of great wars we read of vast armies marching through an enemy's country, carrying death and destruction in their path; of villages burned, cities pillaged, a tribe or a nation swept out of existence. The deeds of Alexander's conquering legions, the conflicts of the Roman and the Gaul, have passed into history, and are almost shadowy myths; but war, with its terrible consequences, remains nearly the same now as then. There are ameliorations introduced by the agencies of modern civilization; but the Minié bullet and the bursting shell take human life even more mercilessly than the ancient spear and battle-ax. History, however, will be searched in vain for a parallel to the scathing and destructive effect of the Invasion of the Carolinas. The immediate disasters to the Rebel cause, the cities captured, arsenals and munitions of war destroyed, the communications severed, will be appreciated by the military mind in Europe, as well as by our own army and people. But, putting aside the mere military question for a moment, there are considerations which, overleaping the present generation, affect the future existence of the section of country through which our army has marched.

Over a region forty miles in width, stretching from Savannah and Port Royal through South Carolina, to Goldsboro', in North Carolina, agriculture and commerce, even if peace come speedily, can not be fully revived in our day.

The greater and more prolific portion of the Carolinas is of a swampy nature. The rivers, rising in the mountains of Tennessee, descend into the plains, gliding sluggishly, in parallel lines, to the sea. Commerce has justified the building of but few lines of railways, which, widely separated, traverse these states. Thus the means of communication between the people, the towns and cities, has been upon the highways. Over the numerous rivers and creeks bridges have been built at enormous expense. Upon our approach, hundreds of these costly causeways have been burned by the Rebel military authorities, in spite of the protests and prayers of the inhabitants. Often they were burned apparently from a petty feeling of spite, as, for instance, in the vicinity of Columbia, and on the Big and Little Salkahatchie, the Upper and Lower Edisto, the Congaree, Saluda, Broad, Wateree, Santee, Pedee, Cape Fear, and Neuse Rivers. Over all of these streams, bridge after bridge has been devoured by the flames. All this is a minor incident in the record of devastation. Day by day our legions of armed men surged over the land, destroying its substance. Cattle were gathered into increasing droves; fresh horses and mules were taken to replace the lame and feeble animals; ricks, granaries, and store-houses were stripped of corn, fodder, meal, and flour; cotton-gins, presses, factories, and mills, were burned to the ground; on every side, the head, centre, and rear of our column might be traced by columns of smoke by day, and the glare of fires by night. Injury to private dwellings was forbidden, and food for present necessities was often left for the women and children; but, in all the length and breadth of that broad pathway, the burning hand of war pressed heavily, blasting and withering where it fell. It was the penalty of rebellion.

But some will say, "The land is still there, and with the

return of peace agriculture and commerce will revive." Perhaps so—if the laborers yet remain whose hard hands tilled the soil, and gathered the corn and cotton, and cut the timber for the bridges. The swarthy slave, however, the sweat of whose brow enriched the lord of the soil, has turned his back upon the master. He has joined the army of the Union, and to-day he is earning the bread he eats, and the freedom he has gained is in his hand. No! the labor which was once the life of this country has gone out of it. The South must hereafter liye a new life.

In the campaign of the Carolinas the future historian will find ample material for the illustration of all the great principles known in the art of war, even if he does not discover precedents which are not established in the books of the present day. Among the infinite details included in the daily operations of so large an army, there are pre-eminent considerations which it may be well to note here. It has already been said that, when our columns pushed up from the sea-coast, Beauregard's strongest line of defense was the Salkahatchie; but his earlier steps were fatal to his cause, and insured the success of our movement toward our first objective—Columbia—if not to the final triumph of our campaign. Beauregard committed the gross error of attempting to defend cities which possessed no strategic value, neglecting, or having been ignorant of the truth, that the surest road to a successful system of defense was the concentration of all his forces upon the line of the Salkahatchie, and the abandonment of Charleston, Augusta, and all other garrisoned places. Although it would have been no easy task, we will suppose that Sherman had outflanked and forced this line. By moving upon converging lines, the Rebel leader could always have had the choice of a central position, which he could have occupied sooner than our

army, obliged as it would have been to cross the river encumbered with trains. Such a point was Branchville, on our right; and another was Augusta, on the left. The advantage of either of these positions would have been that, if our objective had been Charleston, with the Rebel army at Branchville, even though we had succeeded subsequently in crossing the Edisto, the enemy would have been in our front or flank. Had Augusta been our objective, the enemy could have thrown a dangerous force in our rear. Again: if Beauregard had fallen back to Augusta, and our objective had been either that place or Charleston, the same logic would have held good. The Rebel army would have been as near Columbia as ours, with greater facilities for reaching the capital before us, had we marched in that direction.

Of the three defensive positions here indicated, unquestionably that of Orangeburg was the best; for, while it possessed all the advantages of the other two, it left open a safe line of retreat toward the Rebel army in the East, while a retreat upon Charleston might have resulted in the hemming in and capturing of their entire force at that place.

Johnston executed precisely the manœuvre thus indicated after we crossed the Cape Fear River. No doubt he would have disputed the passage of that stream, and, indeed, that of the Pedee at Cheraw, but that he labored under grave disadvantages. Sherman was moving upon interior lines with singular directness and rapidity. Johnston had but just assumed command of the Rebel troops, which had been scattered by his predecessor; and a concentration of these detachments was Johnston's first aim. He chose the position of Smithfield because it was at a convenient distance from Kinston, where Schofield stood watching and waiting for the commands of Sherman. Smithfield

also covered Raleigh; while, in the event of disaster, there was a wide door open in his rear toward the Danville Railroad.

The great error in Johnston's calculation lay in the supposition that Sherman's objective was Raleigh. His discovery of the change made in the direction of our columns came too late to be of practical advantage to him; and, indeed, he was fortunate, after the battle of the 19th, to get away without the loss of his entire army.

I have thus detailed the late movement of Johnston at the risk of repetition, because it signally illustrates the wisdom of his strategical combinations, as opposed to the ruinous policy of Beauregard, who, by attempting to hold widely separated posts in order to prevent invasion, gave Sherman easy access by the line which he had chosen in the beginning. As in the Georgia campaign, Sherman had alternatives to which he would have turned had physical or other causes barred his way; yet, in view of the natural obstacles overcome, and the victories of Averysboro' and Bentonville, he would be a presumptuous critic who could suggest the idea of failure in that campaign which has culminated so gloriously at Goldsboro'.

There is another incident affecting General Sherman's immediate operations which finds a place here. Shortly after we left Savannah, one or more of the newspapers at the North published the information that Sherman had changed his base of supplies from Hilton Head to Morehead City. This statement was eagerly copied by the Rebel papers. Johnston at once saw that Wilmington was not our objective. He made a show of opposition at Fayetteville, while he exerted every means in his power to concentrate his army between the Cape Fear and Neuse Rivers: the battles of Averysboro' and Bentonville, with their car-

nage and death, were the result. Upon whose head rests that shedding of blood?

It should be added that there were co-operative movements which distracted the attention of the enemy from our intended line of march. General Foster, in command of the Department of the South, was instructed to continue his demonstrations upon Charleston, both from the direction of Pocotaligo and upon James Island. At the same time, Admiral Dahlgren moved a large fleet into Bull Bay, and succeeded in making a landing of one thousand men. To the enemy these operations seemed to indicate Charleston or Georgetown as the objective of Sherman. While these demonstrations were made from the sea, Stoneman, a brave and capable cavalry officer, had moved down the valley of the Tennessee in the direction of the passage in the mountains known as Broad Gap. His instructions were to endeavor, as far as was prudent, to join Sherman's command; but to use his force in such a manner as to give the enemy the impression that an army corps was approaching. Stoneman found it impracticable to push through to Sherman's army, but he succeeded most admirably in convincing Lee that an army corps was actually descending from the mountains upon the most useful line of the Rebel communications.

Still another expedition was in progress. Schofield, detached from Thomas, had transported a considerable portion of the Army of the Ohio by land and sea to Newbern, North Carolina. This was the most important movement of all. More than a mere demonstration, its success was directly co-operative, as the result proved; for, while Schofield's advance upon Kinston did not prevent a concentration of the Rebels in front of Sherman, it delayed that event until Sherman and Schofield were within supporting distance of each other.

There were two incidents—one of omission and the other of commission—which were properly within the scope of Sherman's operations. It is generally understood that Thomas was ordered to advance into Alabama simultaneously with the movement across the Carolinas. The bad condition of the roads is the reason assigned for the delay, or, rather, for the failure to move. It may be thought that a descent upon Montgomery and Selma might be too distant, geographically, to influence Sherman's march; but it is fair to suppose that such an expedition would have retained at those points the fragments of Hood's army, which subsequently fought us at Averysboro' and Bentonville. This was the act of omission. The act of commission is so inextricably and most unfortunately connected with political considerations that it is hardly proper for it to find a place here. For several reasons the capture of Fort Fisher and the city of Wilmington was supposed to be of immediate importance; yet every military mind can see at a glance that the occupation of Fayetteville involved the evacuation of Wilmington, or the surrender of its garrison without any sacrifice of life. At the same time, Wilmington was of use to Sherman when he arrived at Fayetteville; but the Cape Fear River was not necessary to the successful completion of the campaign.

In reviewing this campaign, with its captured cities; its trophies of cannon and munitions of war; its destruction of arsenals, magazines, subsistence, and railroads; its splendid tactical combinations; its still grander strategic features; its victories over apparently insurmountable obstacles, both natural and artificial; its final arrival at the pre-arranged objective point intact, after defeating the concentrated Rebel armies of the South, I can not look upon it as a unit, but rather as a part, like the campaigns of Atlanta,

Georgia, the Carolinas, and the march yet to be made; all forming a harmonious whole.

Goldsboro', April 8th.—The period of the army's stay at Goldsboro' is short, but marked by extraordinary activity in every department. General Sherman has given the command until the 10th of April to rest and refit. The day of the entrance of the army witnessed the arrival of the first train of cars from Newbern, the soldiers replying to the well-remembered scream of the locomotive whistle with vociferous shouts of welcome.

It is marvelous to see with what energy and promptitude the army is supplied with ammunition, quartermaster's, and commissary stores. Quartermaster General Meigs is again among us, giving his personal attention to the requirements of his department. In fourteen days twenty thousand men have been furnished with shoes, to replace those which had been worn out in the late march; one hundred thousand men have been supplied with clothing, etc., the necessities of a campaign for thirty days. What an interesting, valuable history will one day be written of the herculean task performed by these branches of the service!

Meanwhile the army has quietly settled into its camps about the city, upon the hill-sides, and in the sweet-scented pine forests. Water is found in plenty every where, and its liberal use has an excellent sanitary effect upon the soldiers.

During the fortnight just passed, General Sherman made a visit to City Point, where he met President Lincoln, Lieutenant General Grant, and other generals of the Eastern army, and a plan for future operations was agreed upon. During our march from Savannah, the Army of the Potomac had been preparing for a movement in the direction of

Dinwiddie Court-house. General Sherman received his orders for a co-operative movement, which would have placed his army in junction with the Army of the Potomac. Upon his return to Goldsboro', all things had been made ready; the new order of march was issued, which directed the army to move toward Weldon and the line of the Roanoke, when the thrilling, glorious news reached us of the splendid victories in front of Petersburg, the capture of that city, and the retreat of Lee's army. Certainly, in all the land, there were no prouder or more exultant hearts than in this army. With one accord they said:

"These grand successes, this overthrow of Lee's army, are the legitimate fruits of the bloody battle-fields in Virginia. They are reaping the reward of their suffering and bravery. This victory belongs to them, and we are glad they won it for and by themselves."

General Grant's overwhelming success at once caused a change of direction in the movement of this army. The situation has changed somewhat from that of the campaign just ended. Then our objective was a designated point on the sea-coast, or in the interior. The chief purpose aimed at was prospective rather than immediate: we were not eager to fight great battles. Now the only objective is the Rebel General Johnston and his host, and such remnants of Lee's army as may escape General Grant's hot pursuit.

While the army has been resting and refitting, its organization has undergone important changes. The right and left wings are retained as before, with their old commanders, Generals Howard and Slocum; the left wing, however, has the additional designation of the "Army of Georgia."

The organization has been made complete by the formation of a central column. The 23d Corps, under command

of General Cox; the 10th Corps, and portions of the 24th Corps, commanded by General Terry, now constitute a central column under the direction of General Schofield.

Kilpatrick reports, as before, directly to General Sherman, and his command is increased by a regiment of Pennsylvania cavalry which has hitherto been attached to General Terry.

There is one characteristic of this noble army which I mention here proudly and gladly. I do not believe there ever was an army where there is so little petty jealousy among the officers generally, or between the different corps and their commanders. There is worthy emulation, such as becomes brave men fighting in a common cause; but the various organizations work together in harmonious co-operation, insuring success and bringing honor to all.

The army has occasion again to be grateful for the prompt manner with which the mails have been forwarded. One of the first persons who met General Sherman when he descended the Ogeechee River the night of the capture of Fort McAllister, was Colonel Markland, known throughout the army as the chief army mail agent. The day following he landed several tons of mail matter, and now he has performed the same thankful office here. Colonel Markland is a gentleman of great efficiency, energy, and capacity.

A few words concerning the general officers not already named will not be inappropriate, in connection with the reorganization of the army, in closing this part of our record.

General Mower has been relieved from the command of a division in the 17th Corps, and appointed to the command of the 20th Corps. The 17th has lost a favorite officer, and the 20th has gained a noble chief. Few officers in the service have distinguished themselves like Mower; for, while there may be some who possess more military genius, none are

more absolutely indifferent to personal danger than he. At Vicksburg he led a charge up a road which was exposed to the fire of two batteries. He lost half his men, and failed in an attempt which would never have been made but for the representation of a general officer who has since left the service. Mower has been on the skirmish line and in the very front of battle ever since. It is said in the army that "three successive sets of his staff officers are in Heaven;" but, strange to say, the chief of these braves has never been hit. His manner in social life is exceedingly courteous, reserved, and unobtrusive. He is almost painfully reticent in conversation, but under fire his presence of mind and gallantry incite to great deeds. He is always confident in battle, and would be termed rash, but that he usually succeeds in what he attempts.

Mower is a man of athletic frame, tall and well proportioned; his rich brown hair is long and thick; his beard is of the same tint, and very full; a large Roman nose makes a wide separation between his large brown eyes; and a broad, expansive forehead crowns a face which belongs decidedly to the antique. He is one of General Sherman's favorites, has few enemies, is in the regular army, and is not a West Pointer.

General Williams, one of the oldest officers of high rank in the army, has had a singular experience. Before the appointment of General Mower to the 20th Corps, he held temporary command of that part of the force, succeeding General Slocum by virtue of rank. He was a division commander at Bull Run and Fredericksburg, and a corps commander at Chancellorsville. At Gettysburg he was in command of the 12th Corps, but went back to a division again when the 11th and 12th Corps were united in the 20th; afterward became corps commander again; and, now that Gen-

eral Mower has been appointed to the command of that corps by order of the President, he once more returns to his division. This shifting and changing is a part of the fortune of war, and not the fault of Williams, for it is universally conceded that he is one of the best officers in the service. He has been in many trying positions, and no charge of blunder or failure lies at his door. A favorite with officers and men, he is delightfully hospitable, possesses an unfailing fund of good humor, is thoroughly subordinate, unenvious, unselfish, and as cool and self-possessed in the battle-field as at his quarters. In person, he is heavily built, about the medium height, with a large beard and still larger mustache, which lend a peculiar expression to the face—an expression, however, which is forgotten when the genial, kindly eyes light up in conversation.

It is not pleasant to go back to a division when an officer has commanded a corps; but Williams has received the warmest thanks of his brigade commanders (and the thanks of such brave soldiers as Hawley, Selfridge, and Robinson are worth having) for acceding so cheerfully to their request to resume command of his old division.

General Schofield is a gentleman of fine address and elegant manners. There is nothing of the plausible sycophant either in his words or his actions. He listens well, talks but little, and appears to reflect and carefully weigh both what he hears and says. At the first view of his round and well-developed head, his resolute mouth, and calm, reflective eyes, one is impressed with the idea that he is in the presence of a statesman rather than a soldier. Perhaps Schofield partakes of the character of both. His brilliant military history proves him to be a superior soldier. When General Sherman detached the 23d Corps from Rome with Schofield to join Thomas, he knew that he was sending back one

of the most trusty generals of his army. The battle of Franklin justified that act, and later, when Schofield was intrusted with that most important of all the co-operative movements of the late campaign, the advance from Newbern, Sherman was positive that Schofield would march into Goldsboro', if it lay within the power of man to accomplish the task. Schofield was there at the appointed day.

General Schofield not only possesses will and purpose, but he is perfectly versed in that technical knowledge of his profession without which will is almost valueless. While he may not be gifted with that dash and spirit which characterize other commanders, he has a calm assurance and a sober judgment which are never disturbed, even in the hour of repulse or disaster, and which is quick to seize the moment when success, wrung from doubt, carries victory. Such is the commander of the Army of the Ohio.

The 23d Corps is under the command of General Cox—a tall man, with small and finely-marked features, expressive of earnestness and manliness. Cox wears his hair cut closely to his head, and his full beard is neatly trimmed. He is always well dressed, and he has the manners of a well-poised gentleman. He has served during the greater part of the war as a brigadier general, always doing his duty well. Promptitude is one of his great merits. When General Sherman was in pursuit of Hood, he stood one evening upon the top of Pine Knob, eagerly watching the western horizon for indications of the presence of an army. Cox had just arrived upon the ground with his head of column, by a detour round the eastern base of Kenesaw. Welcoming him, General Sherman pointed in the direction of the Allatoona and Dallas Road, and said: "General Cox, I wish you to push out upon that road until you strike the Dallas Road. Let me know the position of your head of

column by a flame and smoke. Burn barns, houses, any thing; but let me see from this point where you are."

General Cox instantly departed. In a few moments a blue column of smoke rose up into the still air, and then another, and yet again another—stretching out and winding among the hills and valleys, creeping up out of the forest, and gradually lost in the gray and purple twilight. No sound of cannon disturbed the exquisite beauty of the scene, and these silent witnesses of the forward steps of our soldiers told us that no enemy was near. Cox's merit in this movement was that of prompt and vigorous action at the right moment.

Goldsboro', April 10th.—The grand army which begins a new campaign to-day is perhaps the finest organization in numbers and material that has ever taken the field in this country. The men are not raw recruits, hastily gathered together and pushed into the service to fill up a gap in wasted battalions, nor are they troops so long used to garrison life as to render them unserviceable for active work, but a grand army of veterans, who have marched and fought over one half the continent.

They set out under many favorable auspices; led by one of the Captains of the age, whose face and form have become familiarized by his presence upon a hundred battle-fields, the plaudits of the nation are yet ringing in their ears in praise of their splendid campaigns and battles in Georgia and the Carolinas. Lee's shattered columns are flying before the heroic soldiers of the Army of the Potomac.

The army is complete in all respects, and starts full of life and in the grandest of spirits. We hope to see the rebellion fully extinguished before the autumn leaves begin to fall.

PART III.

The Surrender and The End.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SMITHFIELD—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

Smithfield, April 12th.—Last night, the army, which had drawn out of Goldsboro' during the day, camped at a point ten miles from that place, on the main road leading toward Smithfield. The 20th Corps had the advance, on the road nearest the Neuse River, the 23d Corps following in the rear. The 14th Corps marched, four miles to the right, upon what is known as the Little River Road. In this movement our extreme right wing consists of the Army of the Tennessee, composed of the 15th and 17th Corps. We skirmished actively with Rebel cavalry all the way to this place, losing perhaps twenty men killed and wounded.

The country which we have traversed is rich in corn and fodder, notwithstanding its recent occupation by the Rebel armies. Handsome two-story houses are the homes of the owners of the most prolific farms in the Southern country. We see wheat-fields once more, and the yield of cereals is more like that of Ohio and Wisconsin. The people are intelligent, and profess a sort of half-way Unionism—*i. e.*, they want the war closed.

Johnston left this place on the 10th, moving toward Raleigh. A part of his force crossed at the bridge here, while the main body moved up to Battle's Bridge, thirteen miles above. As usual, the Rebels destroyed the bridges behind

Raleigh. Kilpatrick, who this afternoon passed ahead of our extreme left wing, came upon Hampton's cavalry in force, and is reported to have whipped the Rebels handsomely. At any rate, he captured a train of railroad cars which were returning to Raleigh. It appears that several citizens, including ex-Governors Swain and Graham, had received permission to go to General Sherman with a letter from Governor Vance, containing propositions which should protect the state from ravage and destruction. This permission was afterward countermanded by Hardee, who probably acted under the orders of Jeff. Davis, who has continued his journey southward, and is now at Greensboro'. Unfortunately, Kilpatrick interfered with authority which, for the moment, was superior to that of Hardee—the authority of several thousands of strong arms wielding good sabres. Kilpatrick, getting into Hampton's rear, drove three of his brigades from their position, scattering them in every direction, and capturing a large number of prisoners. The train containing the embassy was also cut off and taken. The passengers were prisoners, so far as civilians could be prisoners of war, for they had been turned back by Johnston's authority from the fulfillment of their mission. They were brought thence to the army, to receive General Sherman's response to Vance's letter. What this answer will be remains to be seen.

A few days ago Vance was fearfully belligerent and valiant in his threats to demolish this army; but affairs have suddenly changed.

The envoys from Raleigh say that the railroad between Greensboro' and Danville is cut, so that the dashing Stoneman is probably on the track. If we can reach the railroad first, Johnston will be in precisely the same situation that Lee was in on the Appomattox, and the result will most likely be the same.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE CAPITAL OF NORTH CAROLINA—ITS SURRENDER.

Raleigh, April 14th.—The capital of North Carolina was yesterday occupied by General Sherman. The victory was bloodless, with a single exception. A Rebel fired upon General Kilpatrick as he entered the public street, after the place had been surrendered by Hampton; and although the poor wretch harmed no one, he was hanged at once for his attempted assassination.

The movement of the army upon Raleigh was continued in the manner already described, with the difference that the right wing was divided—the 15th Corps crossing Battle's Bridge, while the 17th Corps proceeded farther, passing the Neuse River at Neuse Mills, directly opposite Raleigh. By this last movement, the city would have been approached from the northeast by one of our columns without impeding the march of the other, which advanced more directly from the east and south. The event, however, proved that there was but little need of caution in the advance upon the city, for Johnston did not intend making a fight here. The envoys who came to General Sherman on the night of the 13th were sent back, and arrived here just before the entrance of Kilpatrick, carrying the assurance of our commanding General that the persons and property of the state officers and citizens of Raleigh should be respected, provided no resistance was offered to our occupation of the city.

Raleigh, the City of Oaks, is a beautiful place. Situated

near the geographical centre of the State of North Carolina, and encircled by the range of hills which mark the first rise of land above the level fields and swamps which sweep down with the rivers to the ocean, its position is admirable, and its natural attractions striking. It is the place of residence of the oldest and best familes of the state — families whose names go back beyond the settlement of this country, and some of noble blood, who found their way across the waters with the great Earl. The memory of these family lineages and traditions are cherished by their descendants, and the stranger meets with much of the stately manners and courteous receptions of the olden time.

There is a large proportion of highly educated and refined people in the vicinity of Raleigh. We see little of that painful ostentation which is met in Charleston, Columbia, and other cities of the South, but a genuine civilization, marked by taste. The evidence of wealth and refinement impresses itself upon the eye of the stranger when he first enters this city, especially if it be his good fortune to wander through its wide streets in that season of the year when Nature puts forth her countless glories. The houses, which are large and of neat architecture, are surrounded by ample gardens, filled with flowers of every variety. The lawns, with their close-cropped carpets of green, remind one of an English country place; the walks are bordered with fragrant rose-bushes; and overshadowing the dwellings, along the drives and roadways, magnificent oak and elm trees stand. So great is the profusion of foliage, that the whole city can not be seen from any one point of view. The houses, peering out from their exquisite surroundings, present a thousand pictures of enchanting beauty.

The most prominent building in the city is the State-house, which stands in a central position, from which the

broad avenues and streets diverge at right angles. This building is constructed of a light granite similar to that at Columbia. A happy mingling of the Corinthian and Doric orders of architecture, with an imposing dome and cupola, give the structure an air of grace and dignity befitting the halls of legislation. Unfortunately, the crime of disunion has debased its noble proportions to other uses. When the city was occupied by the Federal troops, several Fresnel lanterns, stolen from United States light-houses on the coast, were found there, packed away; but when General Meigs, our faithful and watchful quartermaster general, visited the army upon one of his frequent tours of supervision and inspection, this property was carefully boxed up and sent to the Naval Department at Washington.

The State Library of North Carolina we found to be small and of modern selection. Several years ago it contained thousands of rare and valuable works, nearly all of which were then destroyed by fire.

In the chambers of the Senate and House of Representatives in the capitol hang several fine portraits. One of Washington, painted by Stuart, represents the Father of his Country in the attitude of guarding the national flag—the immortal figure making a significant reproach of those who daily enacted treason under its benignant eye. A bronze statue of Washington stands upon a pedestal in the court-yard. It is a copy from Houdon's statue in the Boston State-house and at Richmond.

There are several pretty churches in Raleigh, one of them, of Gothic architecture, built of brown freestone, and exceedingly elegant and modest, standing in the capitol square. At the foot of the avenue fronting south from the State-house, stands the governor's mansion, a musty old brick building, which, in derision, has been called the "Pal-

ace." When the frightened Rebel Governor Vance ran away, he managed to carry off all the furniture of this "palace" with him, so that, uncomfortable at any time, it was almost uninhabitable when General Sherman took possession and established his headquarters there.

A building of more pretension, and with little or no claim to beauty, is the Insane Asylum, situated upon a high hill in the outskirts of the city. I walked through the wards where the inmates of both sexes were confined, and thought they seemed more idiotic than insane. One of the few who showed evidences of intellect, even if it was a disordered one, I heard demanding his papers of General Sherman. This poor victim declared that he had remained there long enough; he "wanted his walking papers."

The General spoke kindly to him in these words:

"When the papers come up to me in regular shape I will attend to them. Meanwhile you must be quiet, and put your faith in God."

"In God?" answered the man, fixing his keen gray eye upon the face of his interlocutor.

"Yes, in God; you certainly believe in Him, and His power to take care of all of us."

The old man, who had been born and reared in Massachusetts, hitched his body a little upon one side, but did not remove his fixed gaze from the General's face as he rejoined:

"In God? Well, I think I do believe in a sort of Divine Providence; but when it comes to the question of power, it strikes me that for a man who has been walking about over the country whipping these cursed Rebels, you have a d—d sight more power than any body I know of!"

After this the General turned away.

There are a few other public buildings in Raleigh. A seminary for young ladies, called St. Mary's Hall, and an

asylum for deaf and dumb, are prominent institutions; but they have no pretension to consideration aside from the work they are intended to assist.

The beauty of Raleigh is in its elegant private residences. It was fortunate that our troops entered the city so speedily as they did; for Wheeler's cavalry had begun the work of pillage and outrage which have marked their infamous career at every city we have captured. They seem to make no distinction between friend and foe where plunder is possible. All through Georgia and South Carolina, and now in the capital of the old North State, the same scenes of lawlessness have been witnessed. They broke open the stores and entered the houses, robbing their own people of every thing they could get their hands upon, adding to theft such acts of personal violence as would have been shameful cowardice, if visited even upon an enemy.

The Federal troops at once restored order. General Walcott's division garrisoned the town, and in a few moments patrols marched through the streets, stationing guards at the proper points. No violence or disorder occurred from that moment, and the secession sympathizers, who had trembled with fear of Sherman's army, opened their eyes to the fact that these long-dreaded Vandals, as they had been taught to believe them, were Christian gentlemen, if they did make earnest war.

To the Union people who remained in Raleigh during these four long years of despotism, the raising of the old flag upon the capitol building was an event of prayerful joy. Until the army entered Raleigh, the Union sentiment, which was said to have existed in the state, had manifested itself in a very limited way. Here there could be no doubt about it. It may appear inconsistent for men to profess to have been loyal to the government all this while, in spite of

the fact that many of them, in accepting magistracies and other state offices, took oaths to sustain the Confederate government. All men will hail with unbounded honor those heroic patriots in the South who gave up home and property, and took up arms for the defense of our nationality; but at this hour of victory, when the beautiful Angel of Peace hovers over these blood-stained fields, let us be charitable to the men who have believed they could best serve the great cause by staying with their people, even at the expense of apparent disloyalty to the national government.

There can be no doubt that the presence of men like Holden, Warren, and Badger has been an element of great strength, to the injury of the Richmond despotism. The State of North Carolina has been as much under the influence of military terrorism as was ever Hungary or Poland; and, now that the Rebel bayonet is removed from the throats of the people, they will reassert their loyalty to the national government with more vehemence and unanimity than did Maryland or Missouri.

Upon the question of slavery there is but one opinion. The secessionists gave up the principle that they were originally fighting for, when they made soldiers of their negroes. This question was discussed just long enough, and sufficient action was taken by Davis and his friends to commit themselves thoroughly, and they do not hesitate to acknowledge the fact. As for those who have always been inimical to slavery, they seem to recognize in the President's proclamation a binding obligation to do away with slavery. Whether or not that grandest deed of all time was effective, except as a war measure, is sometimes questioned; but the people of the South have accepted it as a fixed and irrevocable fact that the slaves are no longer property, but FREE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A TALK WITH A REBEL COLONEL.

In one of the private residences in Raleigh I found the colonel of a Georgia Rebel regiment lying weak and helpless from the effects of a bullet wound in the leg, received in one of the desperate charges on our works at the battle of Bentonville, on the 19th of April. A Rebel surgeon, who had been left in charge of this officer, asked me to go and see him, "to cheer him up," and I went.

The colonel was the representative of a large class of young Southerners who entered into the war with all the passion and vigor of their enthusiastic tropical natures. A strong feeling of sympathy moved me as I gazed upon that handsome face, pale with suffering. The long black hair was tossed back from a high and intellectual forehead; the eyes glowing with an unnatural light; the smooth, white face and sensitive mouth, contracted with pain—all told the story of the war. The same type of the Southern race I have seen upon many a battle-field, lying cold and stiff in death.

The colonel said to me that it was a relief to him to talk, adding that he was glad to see me, and inviting me to take a seat. He then offered me a pipe which, he said, he had carried through the battles in Virginia, and pointed to some Southern tobacco of excellent quality. So we fell into a pleasant conversation about the war, and one engagement after another was fought over again.

"You might have broken up our army at Antietam," said the colonel. "I took in one hundred and ninety-five men, and brought out twenty. The rest were either killed or wounded. But we should have followed you up at Chancellorsville. We could have driven Hooker's army into the river, sir."

Soon afterward he said:

"The South lost its greatest General in Jackson's death."

Presently the conversation turned upon the cause of the war.

"I never believed that the Constitution recognized the right of secession," remarked the colonel. "I took up arms, sir, upon a broader ground—the right of revolution. We were wronged. Our property and liberties were about to be taken from us. It was a sacred duty to rebel."

"But," I answered, "supposing for an instant that you were wronged, or were about to have all those outrages committed upon you (which, of course, I deny), was there justification in taking up arms against a good government in anticipation of some wrong yet to be inflicted? Farther than this: you are an intelligent, and, I believe, a conscientious man. You say you were a Democrat in politics; how can there be justification for revolution under a government where there is universal suffrage? It is as much as to say that three men shall coerce five. Surely that is not democracy?"

"I must say that I never saw that point before," he replied. "Yet surely you do not mean to say that there might not have been acts committed by the North which would have justified revolution?"

"No," I rejoined; "the North could not have so wronged the South as to justify a revolution and the bloody scenes we have witnessed within the last four years. Minorities

have their rights; but it is not one of them to rule majorities."

The colonel said his mother had a large number of slaves, some of them old men and women, and many more little children, adding: "It makes my heart bleed, sir, when I think of what is to be their fate under this proclamation of emancipation. What is to become of them? Where are they to go? I love them, and they love their mistress and me. They must not be turned out upon the world to starve."

I suggested, in reply, that probably the government would provide some measures which would remove his apprehensions; and that, in the mean time, he could adopt a system of compensated labor and education for these people, which would anticipate the action of the government; adding that, at the same time, he would probably find himself more than repaid by the results.

"But," replied the colonel, "it is easy for you to suggest methods, you who have not the fearful responsibility upon your conscience as we have. Besides, these negroes are ignorant; they yearn for liberty, no doubt, but they do not really comprehend what liberty means. I shudder at the thought of the future of the South."

I answered: "Ignorance as to the meaning of the word 'liberty' is not confined to the negroes. I am not surprised that you anticipate serious troubles at the South, but they may be avoided if *you* will but recognize what liberty really is. If you attempt to exercise upon these people, who know they are free, the spirit of the mastership, you will find that they will assert themselves to the point of bloodshed."

"God help us!" sighed the colonel.

"God will help you; for, as you said a moment since, this

is all His work. But you must fully accept the equality of man before Him before you can take the first onward step."

Since the people of the South have become convinced that the rebellion is a failure, and that the power of the national government is to be maintained, they have begun to agitate this question among themselves. They fully acknowledge the fact that slavery is dead, and that the colored race are free; but they are utterly at a loss to understand how the Emancipation Act is to be put into practical operation.

I parted from the wounded colonel with the assurance that in this, as in all questions relating to reconstruction, there would be the wisest and most careful legislation.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE CONSTRUCTION CORPS OF THE ARMY.

THE interruption of the narrative of the march gives me an opportunity to speak of the Construction Corps of the army—a corps which has performed vast labors during these campaigns, and merits particular mention.

There is a story in the army, that one day in the Rebel camp there was great exultation and shouting because Forrest had injured a tunnel on our line of railway; whereupon an intelligent Georgian growled out:

"Oh, stop your noise; s'posin' Forrest has broken in the tunnil—Sherman's got a duplicate of it, and it's fixed up 'fore this time!"

This was a rough way of saying a good thing; for the Georgia soldier was nearer the truth than he thought. Officers of high rank in the Rebel service, as well as our own, have paid deserved compliments to the ingenuity and celerity of the men of our Construction Corps.

During our march this corps has been under the direction and management of Colonel Wright, who is one of the remarkable men developed by the war. His clear comprehension, ingenuity, energy, and forethought have been of vast service to us. He has employed a larger or smaller body of men as the exigency required. In the Atlanta campaign a large force was needed to repair the railroads, the lines of which were advanced, in running order, as fast as the troops marched. Colonel Wright performed almost as great a feat in this state. True to his promise to Gen-

eral Sherman, he ran a locomotive into Goldsboro' on the day of the arrival of the army there; whereupon the soldiers shouted with delight, for they saw visions of supplies, shoes, etc. And again, three days had not elapsed after our occupation of Raleigh, when a train of letter-bags and forage arrived from Newbern. In order to accomplish the last feat two bridges were built, one of them across the wide Neuse River, and eight miles of the railroad track were entirely relaid. Laying a rail-track at that place and time was no small matter; for it was necessary to cut the sleepers from the forest and take them to the road-bed, and rails were transported from below to take the place of those which had been removed by the Rebels.

To describe the work accomplished by this corps alone would be to tell the history of the Atlanta campaign. The bridge thrown across the Chattahoochee—more than one thousand feet in length, and one hundred feet in height—entirely made from timber freshly cut, was put up and a train of cars running over it in less than four days. One morning a freshet came down the always turbulent stream, and swept away some fifty feet of the bridge, disjointing the remainder; but within twenty-four hours a duplicate of the structure was up, and the trains again ran over it. And so, away back to Chattanooga and Nashville, across many a river, and creek, and ravine, these bridges and their duplicates were always ready to repair the devastation caused by Rebel raids.

Brave men are these of the Construction Corps. Often their labors are interrupted by the dash of Rebel cavalry, but they fight and work on. Night and day are alike to them. Their homes are upon the platform-cars; their food is taken as best they can; they work fast, and they work well, for they know that upon their efforts hangs the fate of

armies. Colonel Wright is a quiet man in appearance; not large, but rather thick-set, with a well-proportioned face, black eyes, full beard, and plenty of hair—all jet black. He never makes a promise without knowing exactly what he has to do, and his word never fails.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PURSUIT OF JOHNSTON — CONFERENCE BETWEEN SHERMAN AND JOHNSTON—A TRUCE.

Raleigh, April 19th.—Orders have been issued for a new movement of the army in pursuit of Johnston. Under the directions for this march, the right wing moved upon Morrisville and Durham's Station, along the railroad; the central column going more directly west, to the south of Chapel Hill, and the left wing advancing upon roads yet farther to the south. The first objective was the town of Ashboro', situated about sixty miles south by west from Raleigh, and thirty miles directly south of Greensboro', the point of junction of the Raleigh and Danville Railroads.

As the prospect of another arduous campaign loomed up before the soldiers, who had looked forward to North Carolina or Virginia as the final battle-fields of the war, there were some expressions of discontent; but when the different corps got fairly under way the grumbling ceased, and the men thought only of outmarching, outmanœuvring, outfighting, and beating the Rebels. There is an old saying that a "stern chase is a long one," and the army had a distinct recollection of Johnston's facility in falling back. That capable commander certainly displays masterly ability in the conduct of retreats, and our soldiers were not to be blamed for expecting a long run on the track of the Rebels. The condition of affairs on this march, however, was not that of the Atlanta campaign, so far as our army was concerned, although Johnston's situation was similar to what it had

been. The differences in our favor probably inspired General Sherman with the hope of bringing Johnston to bay; the promise of success in this effort lying in the fact that the Rebel forces could not leave the line of the railroad and subsist. Not only was Johnston forced to depend upon the railroad to supply his infantry, but Hampton's large cavalry command obtained its forage chiefly by the same means.

It will be seen, therefore, that General Sherman's proposed line of march to Ashboro', and thence probably to Salisbury, marked out a line which was nearly straight; while Johnston, moving upon the arc of a semicircle, would inevitably have been intercepted before crossing the Yadkin River, even with two days' start, and making no allowance for our own advantages in the ability to leave our trains in the rear, or, indeed, to have marched faster on any line than the disorganized and dispirited soldiers of the Rebel army could have done.

The new movement had begun; the faces of our soldiers had again been turned southward, and we were once more about to undertake a pilgrimage which, to say the least, was of uncertain end, when an unexpected event instantly arrested our progress. It was the dawn of PEACE.

On the 15th of April General Sherman received a letter from General Johnston, asking if some arrangement could not be effected which should prevent the farther useless effusion of blood. On the day following General Sherman's reply reached General Johnston. It was to the effect that he would gladly receive any propositions looking toward a cessation of hostilities; intimating, also, that he could offer terms of the tenor of those agreed upon between Generals Grant and Lee.

General Johnston answered this communication by proposing a personal interview with General Sherman, to be

held on the next day, at a designated point situated between the lines of the opposing armies. This proposition was at once accepted by General Sherman, with the single alteration of the time of meeting from ten o'clock in the morning to the hour of noon.

The day of this conference—Monday, April 17th—will be memorable in the history of the war. The fratricidal struggle of four long and weary years virtually ended on the day when two great men came together in the heart of the State of North Carolina, intent, with true nobility of soul and in the highest interests of humanity, upon putting a stop to the needless sacrifice of life. This conference was not held after days of bloody battle, when the heavens had been rent with the roar of artillery, the scream of shell, and the rattle and crash of musketry, but under better auspices than these. As General Sherman rode past his picket line upon that sunny spring morning, the ear was not pained by the moans and cries of mangled men, but the fresh breeze came laden with the fragrance of the pines, of apple blossoms, of lilacs, roses, and violets. The eye rested upon a thousand forms of beauty; for the rains and warm sun had quickened into life countless buds and flowering plants, until the hill-sides, and glens and bushes were brilliant in their robes of delicate green. Here and there in the forest, the deep-toned evergreen of some sturdy old pine or cedar was displayed in dark relief against the fresher verdure; but the prevailing tone of earth and sky was pregnant with the loving promise of spring. The scene was symbolic of the new era of peace then just beginning to dawn upon the nation.

The two Generals met upon the road, warmly greeting each other with extended hands. On the brow of a hill a few yards farther on there was a small farm-house, to which they repaired for consultation, while the general officers and

staffs who accompanied their respective chiefs fell, after a few moments, into amicable conversation. Kilpatrick and Wade Hampton soon got to fighting their cavalry battles over again, contented this time with making it only a war of words.

On this occasion I had my first view of the Confederate Generals. The study of their manners and personal appearance was a decided pleasure, for we had heard so much of their characteristics that curiosity had become whetted.

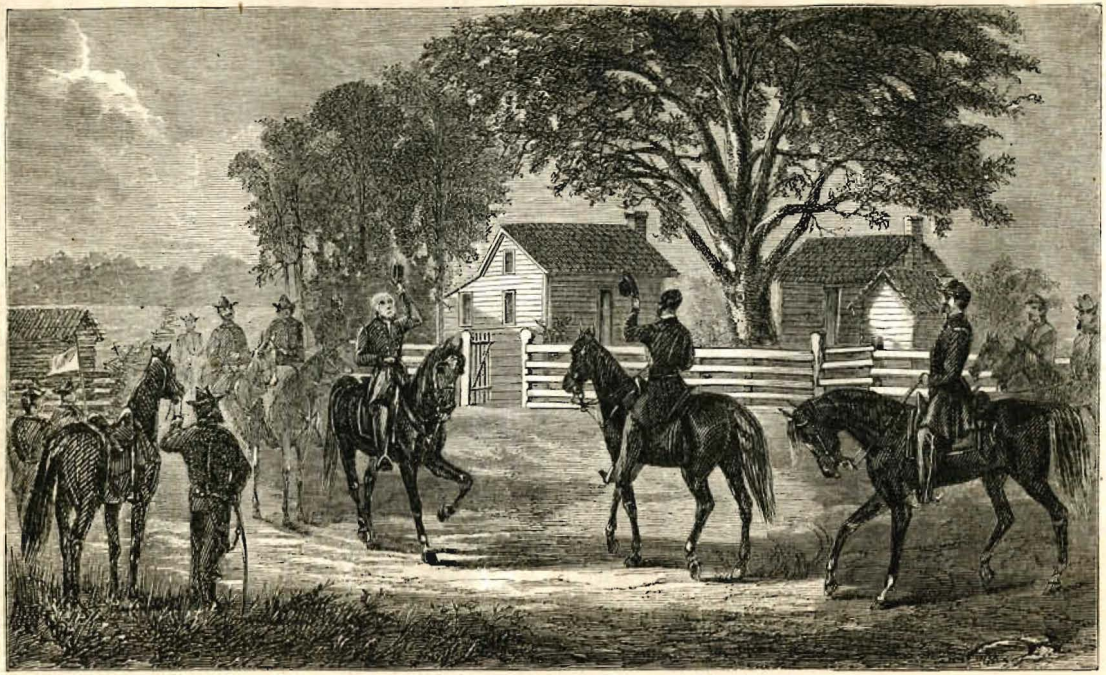
Wade Hampton, a large and powerful man, gave but little opportunity for a critical examination of the graces of his person; for during the morning he lay stretched, in an indifferent manner, upon an old carpenter's bench by the side of the house; and when he afterward followed his superior out of the inclosure, dangling after him an immense sword which must have been imported for the occasion, either nature or his tailor, or both, gave him an appearance of vulgarity and clumsiness which surprised those who had been educated to believe that a South Carolinian who owned many slaves was necessarily an elegant and refined gentleman. It should be said of Hampton's face—that is, what could be seen of it behind a beard which was unnaturally black for a man fifty years of age—that it seemed bold even beyond arrogance; and this expression was, if possible, intensified by the boastful fanfaronade which he continued during the whole period of the conference.

General Johnston, whom we had an opportunity of observing later in the day, is a man of medium height and striking appearance. He was dressed in a neat, gray uniform, which harmonized gracefully with a full beard and mustache of silvery whiteness, partly concealing a genial and generous mouth, that must have become habituated to a kindly smile. His eyes, dark brown in color, varied in

expression—now intense and sparkling, and then soft with tenderness, or twinkling with humor. The nose was Roman, and the forehead full and prominent. The general cast of the features gave an expression of goodness and manliness, mingling a fine nature with the decision and energy of the capable soldier. These were my impressions of General Joe Johnston, as I saw him, now assenting to some propositions of General Sherman, put forth in his acute, energetic manner, or when in conversation with a brother officer of the old army, General Barry, met here for the first time in many years; and these impressions are justified in the acts of the man, if we put aside his first offense against the state. As a soldier, he has been open and manly; and now, at this crisis in the fate of the cause he espoused, while his own army may not be said to be *in extremis*, he courageously steps forward and proposes to end the unnatural struggle by honorable capitulation of all foes in arms against the United States Government.

Such was the general nature of the propositions made by General Johnston in the first day's interview. General Sherman assented to the proposition to treat with General Johnston for the disarmament of belligerents besides those within his immediate command, but would not consent to a delay of four days, which was asked for in order, as Johnston said, that he might consult with others. The next day, and the same hour, were then fixed upon for another meeting.

On the 18th, with a proper degree of ceremony, the two Generals again met. Precisely at the hour of noon, Sherman and Johnston, with their staffs, rode to the top of the eminence opposite to the little farm-house already referred to, and the brilliantly-costumed crowd of staff officers, in full uniform, paused for a moment, as their chiefs rode forward



CONFERENCE BETWEEN GENERAL SHERMAN AND GENERAL JOHNSTON.

into the open space, lifting their hats courteously, and then, grasping each other by the hand, Sherman and Johnston dismounted and passed into the house. In a few moments one of the Rebel officers dashed off down the road in the direction of the escort which had accompanied General Johnston, and in a short time a tall gentlemen rode up, and, hurrying through the crowd of officers, quickly entered the house where the two Generals were in conference. Almost every person present recognized in the new-comer John C. Breckinridge, the Confederate Secretary of War.

The proceedings of the conference which ensued may only be known by the results which are before the world. In the negotiation, General Sherman refused to recognize any such authority as the "Confederate States," treating with Johnston and Breckinridge simply as insurgent generals. At the same time, the conditions agreed upon by the Rebels were understood to have been approved by Jeff. Davis.

As these terms embraced a settlement of the entire question at issue, involving responsibilities which General Sherman considered were not within the scope of his powers, an armistice was concluded, to last until an officer could be sent to Washington to obtain the approval of the President.

Large numbers of two newspapers published in Raleigh, the *Standard* and the *Progress*, were brought along in the cars with General Sherman's party, and distributed along the route. They contained a lecture by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered before the people of his church. The conciliatory, generous sentiments toward the humiliated South expressed in this discourse were received with surprise by both our army and the Rebel officers, who have mistakenly supposed Mr. Beecher to be an unreasoning fanatic. These charitable expressions of feeling were received with marked approbation by both our soldiers and the Rebels,

coming as they did at a critical moment, and from one who represented in a great measure the radical element in the North.

On the second day of these proceedings an indescribable gloom was cast over us by the terrible tidings of the assassination of President Lincoln. It is but just to say that the Union officers could not have expressed more horror and detestation at that dastardly act than did General Johnston and his friends. They seemed to understand that in Mr. Lincoln the South had, after all, lost the best friend it had in the government and at the North.

The conference ended, and the parties separated, to meet again so soon as an answer was received from Washington. Meanwhile the two armies were to remain in the same relative positions; that is to say, the line was to be kept inviolate, extending from Bennet's house, where the conference was held, southward to Chapel Hill. The Union army, as conquerors of the soil, were to forage upon the neighboring country, but not to encroach upon the line designated. Throughout the negotiation General Johnston appeared sincerely desirous to put a stop to the terrible incursions of our troops upon the houses. Indeed, several officers who returned from Lee's army since the surrender aver that the principal cause of the demoralization of that army at the time of the last fatal and decisive battles was, aside from the knowledge that Sherman's great host was marching upon their flank, that they were tortured with anxiety to know the fate of their families, whose homes lay in the track of our march in Georgia and the Carolinas. We saw then, as we never did before, how effective, in a moral sense, had been the terrible influence of these campaigns through the heart of the enemy's country. In that experience, too, the South has learned a lesson which will not be forgotten in this century.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE END.

Raleigh, April 25th.—Lieutenant General Grant has arrived, with an answer to the terms of settlement arranged between Generals Sherman and Johnston. The terms have been rejected. It is not my province, nor is this the proper place to discuss the propriety of the action of the government in this matter, or the wisdom of General Sherman's agreement with Johnston. It is painfully evident that that agreement has been misunderstood or misconstrued; and I may add, from personal knowledge of some of the circumstances attending the conference, that General Sherman had reasons for his action which he regarded as cogent and convincing.*

It is essential to the truth of history, however, that some of the principal reasons for this armistice and agreement should be briefly stated in this connection.

General Sherman knew that he could reach Johnston's army at any time; and, while it might have been impossible to bring the enemy again to bay as an organized force, it was certain that the Rebels would have been scattered by our attack. They would then have spread over the country in the form of many small commands, imposing upon us the fatiguing task of chasing squads. This duty would have

* General Sherman's own explanation of his course, as given in his official report of the conference with Johnston, is given in the Appendix to this volume.

required the constant employment of a large force, a farther sacrifice of life, and an enormous expense to the nation.

In a military point of view the armistice was favorable to us, and to Johnston's disadvantage. Wilson was marching north, working disaster to the Rebels, capturing their cities, and destroying their bridges and munitions of war. Stoneman also could join this command, when his cavalry would have been of great service in the event of the resumption of hostilities. He has done all the harm to the enemy that he can do in his present position.

April 26th.—The notice of forty-eight hours which was to be given by either party who chose to resume hostilities was yesterday evening sent to General Johnston, with the information that the government had refused to ratify the agreement proposed at the former conference. The truce was thus to terminate at noon of the 26th.

It is useless to deny that the officers and men of the army were chagrined and disappointed at this result; orders were at once issued to the troops to return to the camps, which had been temporarily abandoned. Orders were also given out to the entire army to hold itself in readiness to march, while the 17th Corps received directions to move to Jones's Cross-roads.

Yesterday evening a message was received from General Johnston, asking for another meeting with General Sherman, to take place at noon of to-day, and the latter has this morning gone to the front, while General Grant remains at headquarters awaiting the result of the re-opened negotiations. That there will be a surrender of Johnston's army there can be no doubt, for the Rebels are not in a condition to fight a battle. Johnston is as anxious as we to put his army in such a position that they will not break up into

predatory bands to maraud and desolate the country; nor do we desire to undertake a pursuit which would involve continued expenditure of means with no compensating results.

An odd question arose during the armistice just closed. As General Sherman foresaw, Wilson continued his operations, and, while Johnston withheld the troops which possibly might have gone to the rescue of Macon, Wilson rides forward and captures the city. The authorities, however, surrendered under protest, and with them Johnston demands that Macon, with Cobb and other prisoners, be released, on the ground that during the armistice war could not be waged within the limits of Sherman's command. This raised a nice point for discussion; but meanwhile Sherman refused to order Wilson from Macon, although he gave directions to release Cobb and the rest, as they remained in Macon, and were captured while under the impression that the armistice covered and protected them.

It is understood that this order was given by General Sherman in obedience to instructions received from the Secretary of War.

April 27th.—Yesterday the curtain of peace fell upon the closing act of this great tragedy of war which has been enacted during these eventful four years. Generals Sherman and Johnston again came together at the place of former conference, and the articles of capitulation were signed which surrenders all the Rebel forces in arms between this point and the Chattahoochee River, which includes Johnston's command. The terms of capitulation are the same as those arranged between Generals Grant and Lee. The officers are to retain their side-arms; the men are to be paroled until exchanged, and in the mean time not to take up arms

against the United States Government. All material of war is to be turned over to officers to be designated.

The evidence goes to show that Johnston has been induced to surrender quite as much by the discontent and threats of his own soldiers as by the Federal force in his rear. The Rebel troops see the utter folly of farther resistance, and refuse to fight longer. Johnston has pursued the only wise course left open to him.

It is to be presumed that there are those in the North who will ask why an unconditional surrender has not been demanded by Generals Grant and Sherman; but such persons can not reason so fairly, nor judge as wisely as those who have seen the utter desolation and humiliation of the South, even if it were not fearfully expensive, and almost impracticable, to hold as prisoners of war such large bodies of men.

The war is practically over. The South is crushed almost beyond hope of speedy resurrection. Its armies are destroyed; its manufactures ruined; its work-shops and public buildings in ashes; its commerce and agriculture swept away. For us and for them a new era begins. A great work is to be accomplished in the rehabilitation of a wasted region.

April 28th.—The orders are issued for the return of the army home. The 23d and 10th Corps, with Kilpatrick's gallant troopers, remain here to garrison the country. The rest—the faithful, patient 14th; the swift, tireless, heroic 15th; the tried veterans of the 17th; the noble, war-worn heroes of the 20th—companions of many a wearisome march and hasty bivouac—comrades upon many a battle-field—never defeated, always victorious, brothers always—are going to their homes, to be welcomed by the loving embrace of wife, mother, and sister—to meet the warm grasp of a brother's hand—to receive from the Nation the high honors she gladly and proudly pays to her gallant defenders.

Yet, in these hours of parting, let us not forget the brave and noble Dead! The companions of our journey who sleep in obscure but honorable graves, merit the meed of our profound and earnest homage. The memory of our dead is their noblest monument. Thousands of gallant spirits, whose remains are lying in the valley of the Tennessee, on the banks of the Oostanaula, by the Allatoona Pass, at Atlanta, and in the swamps of the Carolinas, live with us to-day. They shall never be forgotten while our hearts beat or the nation lives. The army pays them that tribute of respect which can only be given truly by the soldier who has stood side by side with the departed, hour by hour, day by day, year after year, in storm and sunshine, on the march or in the cloud of battle, in the bivouac or at the moment of sudden death. Peace to their ashes! May their memory be green, and our thought of them in coming years be that of love and pride!

GOING HOME.

On the 24th of May, Sherman's Army passed in review before the President of the United States in Washington. It was the last act in the rapid and wonderful Drama of the four gallant corps. With banners proudly flying, ranks in close and magnificent array, under the eye of their beloved Chief, and amid the thundering plaudits of countless thousands of enthusiastic spectators, the noble army of seventy thousand veterans paid their marching salute to the President of the Nation they had helped to preserve in its integrity—and then broke ranks, and set their faces toward Home. This was the farewell of Sherman's Army! So, too, ends the Story of the Great March.