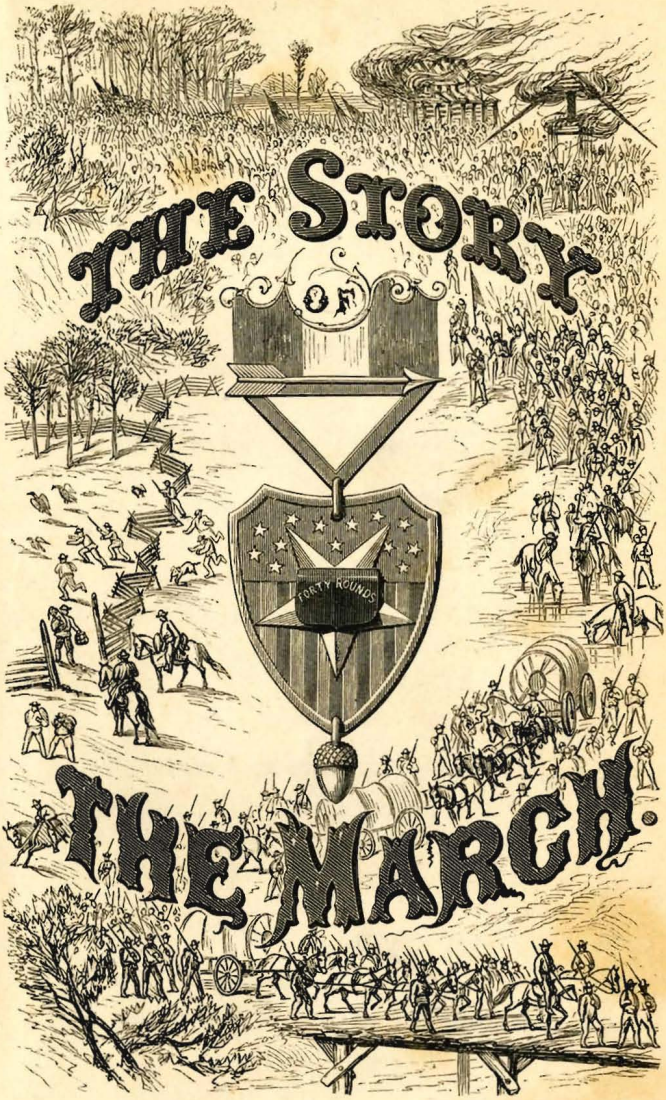
SHERMAN AND HIS GENERALS.


THE STORY
OF
FORTY ROUNDS
THE MARCH.

THE STORY

OF

THE GREAT MARCH.

FROM THE

DIARY OF A STAFF OFFICER.

BY

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With a Map and Illustrations.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.
1865.

PREFACE.

My service as aid-de-camp on the staff of Major General Sherman began with the fall of Atlanta. The remarkable features and events of the campaigns of Georgia and the Carolinas, visible to me during the whole of the Grand March, were noted daily in my journal. From that diary this Story of the March is compiled.

Sherman's army rests upon the laurels it has bravely won. Its heroes are now in other fields of duty, and a grateful Nation thanks them for their gallant deeds. I have told their story simply, and, I hope, honestly.

G. W. N.

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STORY OF THE GREAT MARCH.

PART I.

THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

CHAPTER I.

THE OPENING CAMPAIGN.

IT was a proud day for the soldiers of Sherman's army when they encamped in and around the city of Atlanta. Their previous campaign had extended through the hot summer months, and after their protracted manœuvring, marching, and fighting, they were glad enough to rest on the glorious triumphs they had so long anticipated and so nobly won.

In future years the thoughtful traveler in our Southern States may seek to trace the pathway of what is known as the "Atlanta Campaign;" and in surveying the field of operations, which extends from Chattanooga to Atlanta, must feel and acknowledge the military skill and tenacity which, step by step, contested the advance of a conquering foe, fought many a bloody battle, but ever retired in good order, never in demoralized flight. And if he be a friend of the restored Republic, his heart will thrill with admiration and pride for the gallant heroes who pushed forward day by day, bearing grandly at the head of their

resistless columns the Stars and Stripes, until over hill and plain, and emerging firm amid the smoke of victorious battles, the national standard waved in triumph over the Gate City itself—over the long-vaunted "impregnable" Atlanta.

Emerging from the mountain district of Tennessee, where Chattanooga lies cosily sheltered in a valley by the river-side, the explorer who visits this region in peaceful times will descend among the lesser hills of Upper Georgia. On each side of his way, and still more frequently directly across it, he will see and meet long lines of fortifications. The soil which formerly was devoted to the peaceful labors of the agriculturist has leaped up, as it were, into frowning parapets, supported and surmounted by logs, and guarded in front by tangled abattis, palisades, and *chevaux de frise*. By some river's bank he will find evidences of defense still more carefully constructed. Forts and redoubts will be reflected in quiet, rippling streams; *têtes du pont* still remain to guard the approaches to the water; and, as he passes on, the upturnings of the earth will become more and more frequent, till it would seem as if some giant plow-share had passed through the land, marring with gigantic and unsightly furrows the rolling plains, laying waste the fields and gardens, and, passing on to the abodes of men, upturning their very hearths, and razing even towns and cities. The hills of Allatoona frown upon him, with their forts and curtains peering above the rocky elevations. Before him rises the solemn Kenesaw, with its grandeur of "everlasting hill" intensified by the mute records of human warfare —with its impregnable front furrowed and crowned with the marks of war.

To General Sherman and the Army of the Union, the Atlanta Campaign, speaking in military technology, was "offensive." To Johnston and the Rebels it was "defensive-

offensive." With both, it was a magnificent exhibition of the grand tactics of the art of war.

In the great strategic combinations which had already taken shape in the far-seeing mind of General Sherman, this campaign was but an incident in the scheme. To Johnston, driven to the defensive, the series of operations embraced in his retreat from Chattanooga to Atlanta were tactical, and not strategical. It may be said, then, that in itself the Atlanta Campaign belongs to the art of Grand Tactics. It is essential to make this definition clear at the outset, because the subsequent operations of Sherman, including the pursuit of Hood's army and the campaigns of Georgia and the Carolinas, belong to the higher art in the conduct of war—that of Grand Strategy.

The months of August and September, 1864, passed in quiet, while the army rested at Atlanta, varied only by drills, dress parades, reviews, and the usual phases of camp life and duties. With the exception of temporary interruptions, the line of communication with Chattanooga was sustained, and the military world was astonished by some of the most remarkable quartermaster and commissariat feats ever known in the history of war. Here was a vast and hungry army of more than seventy thousand men, supplied not only for their daily wants, but with a surplus sufficient to provide rich and valuable stores of provisions at secondary bases. These supplies were forwarded over a line of railroad passing for four hundred miles through an enemy's country. This prodigious effort, which military men will appreciate better than others, will be a proud record for those to whom its inception and success are due—General Meigs, General Easton, Colonel Beckwith, and the various officers engaged under their command. The importance of the prudent foresight of General Sherman in establishing

these secondary bases will be better understood at a later period of this narrative.

While affairs were thus satisfactory, and even enjoyable, in the Union lines, and the Federal soldiers, far away from their starting-point, and in the centre of a hostile country, were provided with every necessity of life and many luxuries, discouragement and discontent prevailed in the Rebel camp and councils. With singular fatuity, the Rebel leader who had usurped the title of President displaced General Johnston, who had the confidence of the Southern army and the people, appointing to his command a headstrong and impetuous officer, who was at once obnoxious and imprudent. With equally inexplicable willfulness, Jefferson Davis continued his support of Hood even when fully informed of the distrust with which he was viewed. Moreover, Davis made a personal visit to Georgia, and at Savannah, Macon, and Augusta made foolish speeches, in which he prayed a little, threatened much, and promised more.

Taking up the order of events in the grand campaigns, I shall draw liberally upon the notes entered in my diary. These memoranda were written during the midday rest of the army, on fences and stumps by the wayside, by the light of the camp-fires in the night bivouac, in cities or towns at which we halted, wherever or whenever a moment's release from pressing official duties afforded leisure to jot down the fleeting impressions of our long and wonderful march.

Atlanta, September 16th. To-day our master of transportation sent the following dispatch to Colonel Warner, of General Sherman's staff, in reply to an inquiry:

"We have made the arrangements to send a train to Rough and Ready to-morrow at 11 o'clock, which will transport several hundred of the citizens going south, but

we will send you down on a locomotive at once if it is your order."

A flag of truce was pending between the opposing armies, and Colonel Warner was in charge of it on our side. An important question relative to the exchange of prisoners needed to be settled at once; so the order was given, and a few moments saw us mounted upon the engine, and rattling away over the shaky road which runs from Atlanta on the way to Macon. Our engineer was a young man, who pleasantly informed me that it was not the best policy to jump from the engine in the event of an upset. "Always stick to the machine," he said: "I have been overturned three times in the course of my experience, and never was injured beyond a light scratch on the nose. Always stick to the machine." With all respect to your opinion, I thought to myself, I shall jump at the first indications of danger; and I proceeded to impress upon the mind of Colonel Warner the fact of the superior management of railroads in England and on the Continent, where the engine-drivers are held to a strict accountability. Meanwhile our engineer, with a fixed, earnest gaze out of the side window, was holding firmly with one hand the handle of the throttle-valve, and with the other the "shut-off." I was busily engaged in digging the cinders out of my eyes, when we turned a sharp curve in the woods, and beheld a man by the embankment frantically waving a red flag, while a party of men not ten rods distant, who had just taken up a rail from the track, were waving their hats and shouting for us to stop. Our engine-driver—keen-eyed, alert, and clear-headed—at once saw the danger, reversed the machinery, put the tender-brake in operation, and the huge monster in an instant was quiet as a sleeping child. "A close rub, sir!" said my friend the engineer. "Six feet more, and

we should have pitched into the ravine there; that flag should have been a quarter of a mile farther back." In justice to myself, I should say that I "stuck to the machine," and in justice to our engineer, it should be added that no farther remark was made upon that trip derogatory to American railroad management.

Twenty minutes of travel carried us over the ten miles which intervened between Atlanta and the neutral ground, where the banished citizens are handed over to the Rebel officers, and the exchange of prisoners takes place. Rough and Ready as completely answers to the first part of its name as one could imagine, and perhaps to the latter half; for it appears to have been getting ready to be a town since its foundation, and is likely to remain in that condition for an indefinite length of time. Two miserable shanties, the respective quarters of the Federal and Rebel guards, separated for a distance of about two hundred yards, constitute the burgh of Rough and Ready.

Dismounting from our engine, we approached the hut nearest the Confederate lines. It was a characteristic specimen of the habitations of the poor class of whites at the South. A few refuse boards fastened upon an irregular frame; a disjointed window in a shattered sill; a battered door swinging upon a single hinge, formed its striking features; while several swords and pistols, hanging upon the side of the house, indicated the presence of soldiers. The single room was half filled with smoke, puffing lazily from a fireplace around which were scattered sundry dilapidated pots and pans; but we had little time, and it was not our business to take an inventory of the goods and chattels in the establishment. A pale, sickly woman, seated in the rickety porch, answered our question as to the whereabouts of Major Clare, a staff officer of General Hood, who represents the Rebel party in the truce.

"He's h'yar somewhar; round the corner of the yard, I reckon. Say, Betsy! whar's Major Clare?"

We made the circuit of the corner and found the major; a handsome, polite gentleman, by the way, who was seated near some ladies, in the midst of a collection of baskets and household goods. We were presented to the ladies, when the two officers stepped aside for the discussion of the business which brought them together, leaving me to attempt the somewhat difficult task of entertaining persons who had evidently just been ejected from their homes in Atlanta.

Of course the conversation turned upon the war and the order of removal issued by General Sherman. The youngest, a lady of refinement, remarked:

"It is very hard to be obliged to leave our home. We have not felt the war before, except in the cost of the luxuries of life. We did not believe your army would ever penetrate so far south; but I suppose our removal is one of the necessities of the situation, and we would much rather give up our homes than live near the Yankees. We will get far enough away this time."

A sentiment of commiseration filled my heart, and I ventured the remark:

"May I ask where you intend to go?"

"To Augusta, where your army can't come," was the reply.

"I would not be sure of that," I replied. "It is a long way from Nashville to Atlanta, and we are here."

"Oh yes," she rejoined, with ineffable scorn; "you will '*flank*' us, I suppose?"

"Possibly, madam."

"Look here, sir; there are not two nations on the face of this earth whose language, customs, and histories are different, and who are geographically separated as widely as the

poles, but what are nearer to each other than the North and South. There are no two peoples in the world who hate each other more."

"I hardly think there is the difference you describe," I answered. "It seems to me just as if you and I were Americans, with no vital points of difference between us which may not be settled some day. And then I protest against the idea that we 'hate you.' I understand public feeling at the North pretty well, and such a feeling does not exist there generally."

"Well, sir, *we hate you;* we will never live with you again. If you whip us, and any of these mean politicians in the South (and there are thousands of them who will be only too glad to do it) offer terms of reconstruction, we will throw ourselves into the arms of France, which only waits the chance to embrace us."

"Reconstruction will undoubtedly come about in time," I said; "but we shall not permit France or any other foreign power to interfere. France would embrace you without doubt, if she gets a chance; but it will be the hug of an anaconda that will swallow you whole, without mastication."

"Any thing rather than become subject to the North. We will not submit to *that* degradation."

"If you are defeated you will; and then you will have thoroughly learned what your people have never, before the war, in the slightest degree understood—how to *respect us.* I assure you friendship follows very close upon the heel of mutual respect."

"There is much truth in that, sir, and we are willing to confess that we never even believed the North would fight; and while there is a certain feeling of respect which has been forced upon us, we hate you all the more now, because we despised you before."

During this conversation, which I have written out because it is a fair picture of the opinions of the Georgians, frequently expressed to me, a long train of wagons and ambulances from Atlanta, provided by General Sherman, had driven into the space between the outposts, and deposited their freight of women and children, with their household furniture. These people seemed to be almost entirely of the lower class. The wealthier citizens removed from Atlanta when the firing began; those only remaining who were willing to take the risk of shot and shell, and the possibility of Federal occupation.

The dust from our wagons had hardly subsided when the sharp crack of the whip and the loud cries of train-master and mule-drivers announced the arrival of the Rebel convoy to remove the people whom General Sherman had refused to permit Hood to throw upon him as a burden. Bidding adieu to the ladies, and with a kindly grasp of the hand from Major Clare, we departed from Rough and Ready. For several miles from Atlanta our course lay through the encampment of troops comprising the armies of the Tennessee and Cumberland. To the right and left stretched long lines of splendidly-constructed rifle-pits; here and there, upon commanding points, heavily bastioned forts overlooked the country. The afternoon was slowly waning into evening. Groups of soldiers were scattered in the openings of the forests—some engaged in preparing supper, others watching the play of their fellows, and all enjoying a much-needed rest from the toils of a long and arduous campaign.

Atlanta, September 27th. The armed foot has pressed heavily upon this people, and they feel the unrelenting iron hand of Sherman grasping and holding their very life; and I am sure that, with a vivid consciousness of the terrors

of the past, and a dread foreboding of the future, they are ready for peace on almost any terms. Neither the newspapers nor the leaders say this, but there are strong indications in that direction. One of their newspapers proceeds deliberately to discuss the propriety of Governor Brown's acceptance of Sherman's invitation to come to Atlanta. A current report of such an invitation having been extended has thus much of truth—that while a prominent citizen of Georgia was dining with General Sherman one day, the former remarked, "I wish, general, that Governor Brown could see and talk with you." "Let him come," replied the general; "I have no objection to his coming within my lines. He shall pass safely in and out; there are valuable records here which he would no doubt like to get and preserve. Let him come; I would like to see him." I presume the invitation was duly delivered to the governor, but it is a question if he is prepared just at this moment to accept it. Perhaps we shall have the pleasure of finding him at Macon or Augusta.

The military situation is unchanged here, so far as our army is concerned. The soldiers are resting and enjoying themselves thoroughly; they glory in the past, and are as confident of the future as if it were their own. Their faith in Sherman is beyond all description. "He can't make a mistake," they say. "Wherever he puts us, we are going in, and we're just dead sure to whip the Rebs every time—*sure*." In view of the campaign from Chattanooga to the Chattahoochee, and after an inspection of the strong defenses of Atlanta, it is not surprising that our men have such faith in their leader. Had Atlanta been captured by direct approaches and attack, it would have taken months or years to reduce these fortifications, prepared with so much labor and skill. On the southern side of the city,

heavy bastioned forts, mounting ponderous sixty-four-pounders, were erected upon the hills, which are separated some two and three hundred yards from each other; they are connected, however, by carefully-constructed curtains, with occasional redoubts mounting field artillery. In order to get full sweep for these terrible missiles, the country for several hundred rods was cleared of heavy timber.

Approaching these defenses, if the brave assaulting columns, in struggling through the tangled brushwood and fallen trees, had not been torn in pieces by the fire of a hundred guns covering every point of advance, they would have met, some twenty yards from the fortifications, a carefully-constructed abattis, composed of the tops of small pine and cedar trees, placed one upon another, pointing outward; a few yards farther in there was a stockade of five or six rows of stakes driven firmly into the ground, their sharpened points viciously inclined outward; a few steps more, if able to break these or tear them from their places, our men would have found a *chevaux de frise*, over which a very meagre man or a small boy might crawl, but not one of our well-fed soldiers, with a musket in his hand.

But we will suppose all this surmounted; there is still a palisade of logs from eight to ten feet high, set firmly into the ground, pierced for musketry fire, with openings for the play of artillery. Now if, by some process—under the somewhat embarrassing circumstances a soldier at this point would probably find himself in—these palisades could be scaled or torn down, the assailants have yet to descend into a ditch, and surmount the scarp and parapet of the work in the face of the concealed and enfilading fire of a vigilant foe. The lines of works which I have here attempted to describe are the principal, but by no means the only fortifications. Exterior to them there are lines of rifle-pits,

with redoubts, surrounding the city, and interior lines of almost equal strength to the main line surrounding the whole.

Meanwhile, under Sherman's orders, the removal of the citizens of Atlanta outside of our lines was continued. The order was kindly but firmly executed, and the inhabitants, unfortunate, it is true, in being thus in the track of war, were allowed to choose which way they would go. If they wished to go North, they were freely provided with transportation; if they preferred to penetrate farther into rebeldom, they were conveyed in wagons, with their furniture and personal effects, to the lines of Hood's army at Rough and Ready Station. The Rebels howled forth threats and objurgations at what they termed a fiendish act of cruelty, but General Sherman little heeded their ravings. He had taken this step only after due premeditation. Atlanta was a captured city. He was at a great distance from his base of supplies, with a precarious line of communication, which was frequently interrupted by the Rebel guerrilla raids. It would have been an absurd incongruity daily to fill the mouths of the wives and children of men in arms against the government. The safety of his command was at stake; so he sent these people away, and the sober judgment of the Christian world has since justified him in the act.

CHAPTER II.

PURSUIT OF HOOD—THE DEFENSE OF ALLATOONA.

DURING the rest at Atlanta the army was not idle. All the time preparations were making for the coming campaign. The leading generals of the army had already discussed their future plans, and the soldiers—to whom a stationary camp, even were it pitched in a paradise, would soon become tediously monotonous—were inquiring of each other what was next to come, and anxiously looking forward to a farther march. But, though the plans had assumed shape, certain events were waited for before a fresh start could be made.

It is said that a mysterious power of divination is the gift of genius; that, if it can not lift the veil of futurity, it can at least see the shadows which coming events cast before them. What prophetic intuitions filled the mind of General Sherman as he paced the piazza of that house in Atlanta, utterly abstracted in thought, his head cast a little to one side, one hand buried in his side pocket, the other fitfully snapping the ashes from his cigar, are known only to himself; but certain it is that one bright morning we were awakened with orders to move. Hood had already crossed the Chattahoochee, and was forty-eight hours in advance. His objective point was then a mooted question, nor has the military problem yet been fully answered: perhaps he did not know it himself. There can be little doubt, however, that the leading purpose of Hood's march was to draw Sherman away from Atlanta by a bold movement in our

rear, threatening not only our line of communications, but our base of supplies. He thought that he could retort upon Sherman his own tactics, and force him, for want of supplies, to give up the bravely-won victories of the summer's campaign, and force us back upon Chattanooga.

Hood is said to be a rash man, with more zeal than prudence, and his vivid imagination may have pictured to him the advantages of retaliating upon Nashville the fate of Atlanta. He saw in his mind's eye the Tennessee capital, with its parlors and saloons brilliant with fashionable society, its vast stores of clothing, its millions of rations, its store of provision, its ammunition, cannon, and other trophies of war —in fact, every thing which he and his army could desire. And in the background of this picture were the green pastures of Kentucky, rich in cattle; and, still farther in the dim and hazy distance, the steeples and domes which marked the populous and wealthy cities of Ohio, teeming with treasures, and defenseless before the wild incursion of the desperate Confederate invader. It was with these suddenly-inspired hopes, this scheme of invasion and retaliation not wholly impracticable, that Hood started off on the errand of his master, Jefferson Davis.

Meanwhile it should be stated that, from the initiatory steps of Hood's movements, Sherman was accurately informed of all his proceedings. In the first instance, General Thomas was sent back to Chattanooga and Nashville to reorganize various scattered detachments of troops, to be used as coming events might require. General Slocum, with the 20th Corps, was left in Atlanta, while the 4th, 23d, 14th, 15th, and 17th Corps moved leisurely across the Chattahoochee up the line of railroad. Hood was known to be in the direction of Dallas, looking out for our approach.

All this time Sherman was watching, ready to take ad-

vantage of the slightest false movement of his enemy; and knowing the danger of the latter, he "gave him rope," pushing his own column by the left well up to Kenesaw. It was on the morning of the 5th of October that he saw the head of column of his right centre pushing out toward Pine Knob, which stands intermediate between Kenesaw and Lost Mountain. Behind the latter Hood was supposed to be lying.

Upon this day was fought the battle of Allatoona. It was a contest of vast importance, though it has not been as prominently before the public as other battles of smaller consequence. The post which it secured was a vital link in our communications. Here were stored a million and a half of rations, and here was a pass of the Allatoona range of hills, through which ran our railroad and our line of communications. Here, at the head of only fifteen hundred men, General Corse fought, from early dawn till noon, a force of no less than six thousand Rebels. A hard, obstinate fight was this battle of Allatoona—where men contested their ground foot by foot—where our soldiers were driven by the desperate assaults of overwhelming numbers from intrenchments to the hill, and from the hill to the fort—where, with half their number killed and wounded, with their chief bleeding and at times insensible, they yet fought on, inspired by his indomitable courage, until the Rebels, repulsed with fearful loss, gave up the struggle and fled from the field, leaving their killed and wounded in the hands of the brave defenders.

Standing on the top of Kenesaw, General Sherman saw the white puffs of smoke which told of the contest raging at Allatoona. He felt confident of the result; for, anticipating the possibility of this rash attempt of the Rebels, he had ordered Corse down from Rome to hold Allatoona until

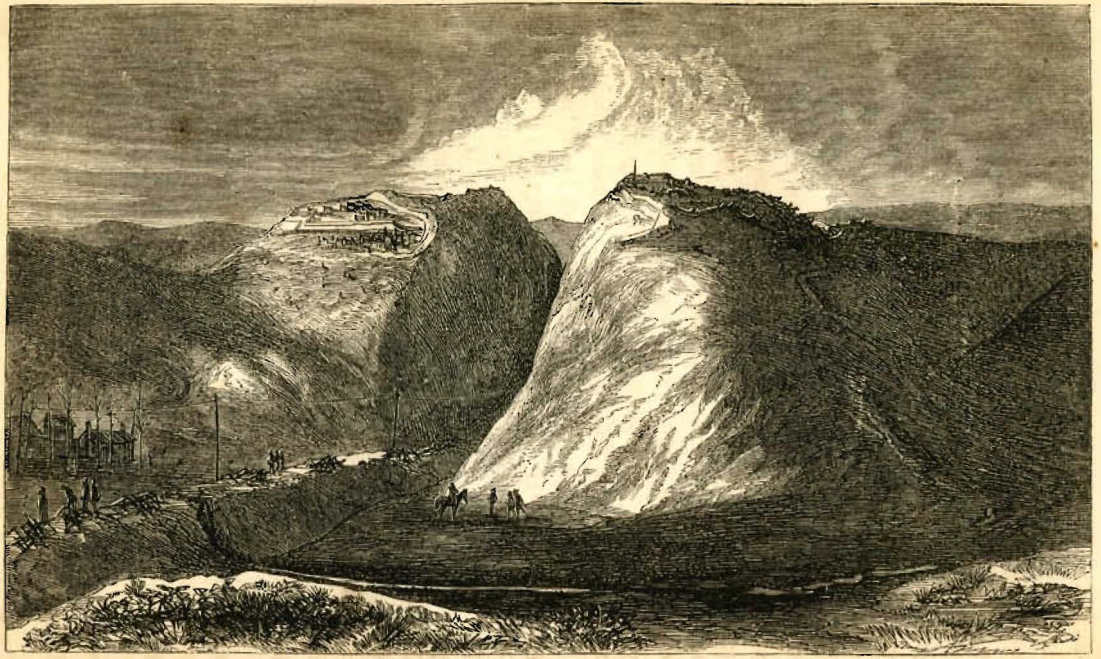
his columns could come up. He knew Corse to be quick of comprehension, determined in execution, and brave as the bravest.

The Hero of Allatoona Pass need have no nobler epitaph than the words of Sherman upon that morning of doubt and misgiving: "I know Corse; so long as he lives, the Allatoona Pass is safe."

It may be truly said that Corse is the embodiment of the defense of Allatoona. His quick comprehension is only equaled by the celerity of execution which has distinguished him upon many a battle-field. He is brave almost to rashness, and with that quality combines indomitable energy and perseverance. Corse is one of a large number of officers in the Western Army of whom it is sometimes said, when the firing comes sharp and frequent from an indicated direction, "Oh, Corse is in there, is he? He'll take care of that front, sure; he will wake them up," etc.

General Corse is of medium height, rather good-looking, open-handed, open-hearted, and genial. He is one of that class of men who make friends easily and seldom lose them. At the time of which I write, he commanded the 4th Division of the 15th Corps, the soldiers of which will always remember with pride the gallant Hero of Allatoona.

The battle in question was the decisive point of the campaign in pursuit of Hood. The same night, Corse, though severely wounded and suffering, went to Rome with his remaining troops. After the failure of the rash assault, the Rebel general passed by Rome, and threatened, but did not attack Resaca, for Sherman was now close in his track. Hood effected a temporary lodgment at Dalton. Then, collecting his hungry, barefooted men, and gathering what little plunder he could find, he fled over the mountains and down the valley at the rate of twenty-five miles a day to Gayles-



ALLATOONA PASS.

ville, and thence to Gadsden, where he rejoined his trains, to make his fatal march toward Nashville.

General Sherman waited some time at Gaylesville, until fully assured of the direction taken by his late antagonist. He then detached the 4th Corps, and subsequently the 23d, with orders to join General Thomas, who received full instructions as to the course he was to adopt.

CHAPTER III.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE SEAWARD MARCH — THE BURNING OF ATLANTA.

General Sherman at once made preparations to abandon all the posts south of Dalton. From Gaylesville and Rome he issued his orders concerning the new movement. The sick and wounded, non-combatants, the machinery, extra baggage, tents, wagons, artillery, ammunition stores, every person and every thing not needed in the future campaigns, were sent back to Chattanooga. The army was stripped for fighting and marching.

The movement thus begun was purely strategical in its character.

It would be hardly proper to say that General Sherman had opened the door for Hood to enter Tennessee, for his previous calculations for the new campaign had included Hood in his front; yet there can be no question that, after the Rebel leader had wandered off in the direction of Florence, leaving the Union general free to complete his arrangements, the latter was well satisfied that there was nothing to interfere with his grand projected march to the sea. The consciousness of this freedom of action, the certainty that he had intrusted the Chattanooga and Nashville line to the wise and prudent Thomas, with an army sufficient to repel the proposed invasion and overthrow the desperate invader, added zest and absolute confidence to his future operations.

Let us for a moment look at General Sherman as he ap-

peared at Gaylesville, seated upon a camp-stool in front of his tent, with a map of the United States spread upon his knees. General Easton and Colonel Beckwith, his chief quartermaster and commissary, are standing near. By his side are Generals Howard and Slocum, the future commanders of the right and left wings. General Sherman's finger runs swiftly down the map until it reaches Atlanta; then, with unerring accuracy, it follows the general direction to be taken by the right and left wings, until a halt is made at Milledgeville. "From here," the general says, "we have several alternatives; I am sure we can go to Savannah, or open communication with the sea somewhere in that direction." After studying the map a while, tracing upon the tangled maze of streams and towns a line from Savannah north and east, at Columbia, South Carolina, General Sherman looks up at General Howard with the remark, "Howard, I believe we can go there without any serious difficulty. If we can cross the Salkahatchie, we can capture Columbia. From Columbia"—passing his finger quickly over rivers, swamps, and cities to Goldsboro, North Carolina—"that point is a few days' march through a rich country. When we reach that important railroad junction—when I once plant this army at Goldsboro—Lee must leave Virginia, or he will be defeated beyond hope of recovery. We can make this march, for General Grant assures me that Lee can not get away from Richmond without his knowledge, nor without serious loss to his army."

To those who gazed upon the map, and measured the great distance to be traversed, from this quiet village away up in the mountains of Northern Alabama down to the sea, and thence hundreds of miles through a strange and impassable country away to the south again, and over wide rivers and treacherous bogs, the whole scheme, in the hands

of any man but he who conceived it, seemed weird, fatal, impossible. But it was at that moment in process of operation. General Sherman at once communicated the first part of his plan to General Grant, subsequently receiving his hearty approval, with entire freedom to act as he should deem best. The army was at once set in motion; the numerous threads spreading over a wide field of operations were gathered up; out of confusion came exquisite order. Detachments guarding various dépôts were sent to their commands, outposts were withdrawn, the cavalry were concentrated in one division, under the lead of a gallant soldier. Compact, confident, and cheerful, this well-appointed host, guided by that master mind, moved grandly on to the fulfillment of its high mission. The field of operations now entered upon belonged, as has been said, to the genius of strategy. Those who have written of this campaign always date its commencement as from Atlanta. Inasmuch as we trod upon hitherto unconquered soil when we went out from Atlanta, this statement is true; but the march really began at Rome and Kingston, and it is from this point that we take up the diary of events which occurred within the experience and knowledge of the writer.

November 13*th.*—Yesterday the last train of cars whirled rapidly past the troops moving south, speeding over bridges and into the woods as if they feared they might be left helpless in the deserted land. At Cartersville the last communications with the North were severed with the telegraph wire. It bore the message to General Thomas, "All is well." And so we have cut adrift from our base of operations, from our line of communications, launching out into uncertainty at the best, on a journey whose projected end only

the General in command knows. Its real fate and destination he does not know, since that rests with the goodness of God and the brave hearts and strong limbs of our soldiers. The history of war bears no similar example, except that of Cortés burning his ships. It is a bold, hazardous undertaking. There is no backward step possible here. Thirty days' rations and a new base: that time and those supplies will be exhausted in the most rapid march ere we can arrive at the nearest sea-coast; arrived there, what then? I never heard that manna grew on the sand-beaches or in the marshes, though we are sure that we can obtain forage on our way; and I have reason to know that General Sherman is in the highest degree sanguine and cheerful —sure even of success.

As for the soldiers, they do not stop to ask questions. Sherman says "Come," and that is the entire vocabulary to them. A most cheerful feature of the situation is the fact that the men are healthful and jolly as men can be; hoping for the best, willing to dare the worst.

Behind us we leave a track of smoke and flame. Half of Marietta was burned up—not by orders, however; for the command is that proper details shall be made to destroy all property which can ever be of use to the Rebel armies. Stragglers will get into these places, and dwelling-houses are leveled to the ground. In nearly all cases these are the deserted habitations formerly owned by Rebels who are now refugees.

Yesterday, as some of our men were marching toward the Chattahoochee River, they saw in the distance pillars of smoke rising along its banks—the bridges were in flames. Said one, hitching his musket on his shoulder in a free and easy way: "I say, Charley, I believe Sherman has set the river on fire." "Reckon not," replied the other, with the

same indifference; "if he has, it's all right." And so they pass along; obeying orders, not knowing what is before them, but believing in their leader.

From Kingston to Atlanta the rails have been taken up on the road, fires built about them, and the iron twisted into all sorts of curves; thus they are left, never to be straightened again. The Rebel inhabitants are in agony of wonder at all this queer manœuvring. It appears as if we intended evacuating Atlanta; but our troops are taking the wrong direction for the hopes and purposes of these people.

Atlanta is entirely deserted by human beings, excepting a few soldiers here and there. The houses are vacant; there is no trade or traffic of any kind; the streets are empty. Beautiful roses bloom in the gardens of fine houses, but a terrible stillness and solitude cover all, depressing the hearts even of those who are glad to destroy it. In the peaceful homes at the North there can be no conception how these people have suffered for their crimes.

Atlanta, Night of the 15th November. A grand and awful spectacle is presented to the beholder in this beautiful city, now in flames. By order, the chief engineer has destroyed by powder and fire all the store-houses, dépôt buildings, and machine-shops. The heaven is one expanse of lurid fire; the air is filled with flying, burning cinders; buildings covering two hundred acres are in ruins or in flames; every instant there is the sharp detonation or the smothered booming sound of exploding shells and powder concealed in the buildings, and then the sparks and flame shoot away up into the black and red roof, scattering cinders far and wide.

These are the machine-shops where have been forged and

ATLANTA IN RUINS.

cast the Rebel cannon, shot and shell that have carried death to many a brave defender of our nation's honor. These warehouses have been the receptacle of munitions of war, stored to be used for our destruction. The city, which, next to Richmond, has furnished more material for prosecuting the war than any other in the South, exists no more as a means for injury to be used by the enemies of the Union.

A brigade of Massachusetts soldiers are the only troops now left in the town: they will be the last to leave it. To-night I heard the really fine band of the Thirty-third Massachusetts playing "John Brown's soul goes marching on," by the light of the burning buildings. I have never heard that noble anthem when it was so grand, so solemn, so inspiring.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY.

BEFORE fairly entering upon a recital of the incidents attending the great march seaward, it is important to glance at the organization of the army, and to gain at least a general idea of its main features.

The grand army under the supreme command of General Sherman is divided into two armies, called the Right and Left Wings, each of which has a separate army commander —General Howard, of the right wing, and General Slocum, of the left. Each of these armies is composed of two corps, which are subdivided into divisions and brigades, with their proper commanding officers.*

In the long marches, when the army has covered a vast extent of country, this organization proves to be of the highest practical use. Each column marches within supporting distance of the others. Yet exceptional instances have occurred where one wing may be forced to act in a measure independent of the others, as when the communication is cut off by a stream difficult to cross, or by a mountainous district which can be but slowly traversed. At such times there is a complete organization united in one command, ready to act as the emergency may require. But, as before said, these instances are exceptional. The conditions of our success are attended with such weighty

* In addition to these, there is a cavalry corps, under the command of General Kilpatrick, who takes his orders directly fron General Sherman. This corps is the curtain behind whose gleaming folds our chief, marching with one or another column as circumstances dictate, gives his orders.

responsibilities and dangerous risks, that this great moving mass of men and material is never fairly out of hand.

The General commanding issues his orders, directed toward or including certain objective points, to reach which requires several days' marching. It is the office of the subordinate commanders to put in motion that apparently unwieldy, but really manageable, orderly mass of humanity, wherein every man has his place, and duties which must be performed; and by this beautiful and practical system an army of sixty or seventy thousand men is shifted from place to place with a safety and celerity almost magical.

The ease and rapidity with which an army of so great a magnitude as this moves through an enemy's country is a convincing evidence of the great perfection we have attained in the logistics of the art of war. It is impossible to appreciate this fact without understanding in some manner at least the system of military organization. From the distant stand-point of persons outside of the army, only the successive steps in the great military progress are noted. To-day the newspaper reader at home is informed that this town is occupied or that river crossed; the next week he hears of additional successes; now the army is at Milledgeville, six or seven days later it is on the Oconee, subsequently at Millen, and so on step by step; but to understand *how* each daily step is taken; how nicely all the parts of the machinery are set up and put in motion; to fully comprehend the "*savoir faire*," requires not only a knowledge of the art of war in logistics especially, but daily observations, and personal experiences.

General Sherman's intimate acquaintance with all this detail of the movement of an army, and the close attention he gives to it day by day, is one of the most notable traits of his character as a military man. Thus, while his genius for

strategic combinations exhibits the highest order of mind, General Sherman possesses a marvelous faculty in this science of logistics; a fact the more remarkable, as these two qualities, in their very nature diverse, are but rarely developed to any large extent in the same person.

As we are starting upon this new campaign, let us see who are the leading characters engaged.

General Sherman has a personal staff of five officers, none above the rank of major. Attached to his headquarters, but not technically members of his staff, are the chiefs of the separate departments for the military divisions of the Mississippi. Brigadier General Barry, chief of artillery, is a veteran soldier of sagacity and experience, and a most companionable gentleman of the old school.

Brigadier General Easton, chief quartermaster, is a man somewhat reserved in manner, punctilious in the execution of his duties, thoroughly comprehending and conscientiously fulfilling them.

Lieutenant Colonel Ewing is Inspector General. No one better understands the organization of this army, down to its last battalion, than he. His position would permit an incumbent so disposed to be exacting, censorious, and hypercritical, but Colonel Ewing is of a far different character. Though firm, he is as courteous as he is efficient.

Captain Poe, the chief of engineers, is a man of genius, of wide scientific knowledge, and unfailing practical executive capacity. Few officers have made themselves of greater value to the cause and the country.

Captain Baylor, chief of ordnance, is a quiet, modest gentleman, full of character, and with most thorough knowledge of the technicalities of his branch of the service.

Dr. Moore is chief medical director. He is also an able army officer of wisdom and experience. It is astonishing

how men of such large responsibilities accomplish so much work without making the machinery prominent. Perhaps, however, there is great power in being authorized to append to one's signature the words "by order of the General commanding." Dr. Moore, it may be added, is something more than a surgeon; he is an exquisite humorist, one of the dry, genial, Charles-Lamb-like wits, who delight the taste as well as excite the risibilities.

The most extraordinary working man in the army is perhaps Colonel Beckwith, chief of the commissary department. He has the exterior appearance of a subdued Methodist clergyman of the Church South. The interior of the man's brain it would be a curiosity to see. He does more work himself, and gets more work out of others, than any other man it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Beckwith is indeed a terror to evil-doers, and is the especial horror of lazy or indifferent workers. He has kept the army supplied with food under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, at which almost any other man would have been appalled. He requires few instructions, anticipates necessities, calculates closely, and executes with remarkable rapidity.

The Signal Corps is represented by Captain Bachtal, who is identified with the Army of the West during its entire history. It was he whose flag signaled over fifteen miles of hill and dale the order for Corse to fly to the defense of Allatoona. Captain Bachtal is a type of his corps, who are the ablest, coolest, and most daring men in the army. Standing in the most exposed positions, often in advance of the army, they waft from their little flags intelligence of the movements of friend or foe. Away from lines of travel, and in a mountainous country, these adventurous sentinels are indeed "like watchmen upon the hills," and their services are invaluable.

The right wing of the army is called the Army of Tennessee, and is commanded by General Howard. It is composed of two corps, the 15th and the 17th.

The 15th Corps is commanded by General John Logan. Its division commanders are General Woods, first division; General Hazen, second division; General Corse, fourth division. The third division exists only upon paper. It would take a volume larger than this to contain the magnificent record of this corps, which has been commanded successively by Generals Grant, Sherman, McPherson, Blair, and Logan. The fighting qualities of its men are unequaled, and they will march faster and farther, in a given time, than any equal number in the army.

The 17th Corps is commanded by General Blair. Its division commanders are General Force, first division; General Giles E. Smith, second division; General Legate, third division. General Legate, although laboring under severe chronic disease, always remained with his command until it became necessary to order him away to save his life. He is one of the most trustworthy officers in the army, doing his duty earnestly and faithfully.

The left wing of the army is called the Army of Georgia, and is commanded by General Slocum. It also contains two corps, the 14th and the 20th.

The 14th Corps is commanded by General Jeff. C. Davis. Its division commanders are General Carlin, first division; General J. D. Morgan, second division; General A. Baird, third division. General Baird is one of the most elegant officers of the army. Of medium stature, fine form, a prepossessing face, tawny side-whiskers and full mustache, a clear blue eye and a fair complexion, he personifies the ideal of a gentleman and a soldier. His manners are in perfect harmony with his appearance. Besides this, he is an ac-

complished soldier, distinguishing himself upon every occasion.

The 20th Corps is commanded by General Williams. Its division commanders are General Jackson, first division; General J. W. Geary, second division; General W. T. Ward, third division.

The cavalry corps is under the command of General Kilpatrick, who reports directly to General Sherman.

CHAPTER V.

BREAKING CAMP—A DAY'S MARCH—THE BIVOUAC.

AMONG the most characteristic features of the soldier's life is the important step of breaking camp, which is at once the close of a season of monotonous inactivity and the preliminary stage of a phase of exciting adventure. The same general details are on such occasions observed throughout the entire army, differing slightly in some of the corps, when the division which was in the centre or rear marches first, taking the place of the division which was in advance the day before.

The order of march is issued by the army commanders the preceding night, from them to the corps commanders, and then passed along until every soldier, teamster, and camp-follower knows that an early start is to be made. "The second division will be on the Milledgeville road promptly at five o'clock" reads an order, by way of instance.

At three o'clock the watch-fires are burning dimly, and, but for the occasional neighing of horses, all is so silent that it is difficult to imagine that twenty thousand men are within a radius of a few miles. The ripple of the brook can be distinctly heard as it breaks over the pebbles, or winds petulantly about the gnarled roots. The wind sweeping gently through the tall pines overhead only serves to lull to deeper repose the slumbering soldier, who in his tent is dreaming of his far-off Northern home.

But in an instant all is changed. From some commanding elevation the clear-toned bugle sounds out the *reveillé*,

and another and another responds, until the startled echoes double and treble the clarion calls. Intermingled with this comes the beating of drums, often rattling and jarring on unwilling ears. In a few moments the peaceful quiet is replaced by noise and tumult, arising from hill and dale, from field and forest. Camp-fires, hitherto extinct or smouldering in dull gray ashes, awaken to new life and brilliancy, and send forth their sparks high into the morning air. Although no gleam of sunrise blushes in the east, the harmless flames on every side light up the scene, so that there is no disorder or confusion.

The æsthetic aspects of this sudden change do not, however, occupy much of the soldier's time. He is more practically engaged in getting his breakfast ready. The potatoes are frying nicely in the well-larded pan; the chicken is roasting delicately on the red-hot coals, and grateful fumes from steaming coffee-pots delight the nostrils. The animals are not less busy. An ample supply of corn and huge piles of fodder are greedily devoured by these faithful friends of the boys in blue, and any neglect is quickly made known by the pawing of neighing horses and the fearful braying of the mules. Amid all is the busy clatter of tongues and tools—a Babel of sound, forming a contrast to the quiet of the previous hour as marked as that between peace and war.

Then the animals are hitched into the traces, and the droves of cattle relieved from the night's confinement in the corral. Knapsacks are strapped, men seize their trusty weapons, and as again the bugles sound the note of command, the soldiers fall into line and file out upon the road, to make another stage of their journey—it may be to win fresh laurels in another victory, or perhaps to find a rest which shall only be broken by the *reveillé* of the last trump.

A day's march varies according to the country to be traversed or the opposition encountered. If the map indicates a stream crossing the path, probably the strong party of mounted infantry or of cavalry which has been sent forward the day before has found the bridges burned, and then the pontoons are pushed on to the front. If a battle is anticipated, the trains are shifted to the rear of the centre. Under any circumstances, the divisions having the lead move unencumbered by wagons, and in close fighting trim. The ambulances following in the rear of the division are in such close proximity as to be available if needed. In the rear of each regiment follow the pack-mules, laden with every kind of camp baggage, including blankets, pots, pans, kettles, and all the kitchen-ware needed for cooking. Here will be found the led horses, and with them the negro servants, who form an important feature of the *ménage*.

Having placed the column upon the road, let us now follow that long line of muskets gleaming in the rays of the morning sunlight, and ride, heedless of the crack of the rifles, to the head of the column. The flankers are driving a squad of Rebel cavalry before them so fast that the march is not in the least impeded. The flankers spread out, on a line parallel to the leading troops, for several hundred yards, more or less, as the occasion may require. They search through the swamps and forests, ready for any concealed foe, and anxiously looking out for any line of works which may have been thrown up by the enemy to check our progress. Here the General of the division, if a fighting man, is most likely to be found; his experienced eye noting that there is no serious opposition, he orders up a brigade or another regiment, who, in soldier's phraseology, send the Rebel rascals "kiting," and the column moves on. A large plantation appears by the road-side. If the "bummers"

have been ahead, the chances are that it has been visited, in which event the interior is apt to show evidences of confusion; but the barns are full of corn and fodder, and parties are at once detailed to secure and convey the prize to the road-side. As the wagons pass along they are not allowed to halt, but the grain or fodder is stuffed into the front and rear of the vehicles as they pass, the unhandy operation affording much amusement to the soldiers, and not unfrequently giving them a poor excuse for swearing as well as laughing.

When the treasure-trove of grain, and poultry, and vegetables has been secured, one man is detailed to guard it until the proper wagon comes along. Numbers of these details will be met, who, with proper authority, have started off early in the morning, and have struck out miles away from the flank of the column. They sit upon some cross-road, surrounded with their spoils—chickens, turkeys, geese, ducks, pigs, hogs, sheep, calves, nicely-dressed hams, buckets full of honey, and pots of fresh white lard.

A Roman consul returning with victorious eagles could not wear a more triumphant air than this solitary guard. The soldiers see it, and gibe him as they pass:

"Say, you thar! where did you steal them pigs?"

"Steal!" is the indignant response; "steal!—perhaps you would like to have one of "*them*" pigs yourself."

An officer who is riding along gazes upon the appetizing show. He has recently joined, never has been on one of Sherman's raids, and does not know that a soldier will not sell his chickens for any price.

"Ah! a nice pair of ducks you have there, soldier; what will you take for them?"

Firmly, but respectfully, the forager makes answer, touching his cap the while, "They are not in the market. We *never* sell our stuff, sir—couldn't think of it."

The officer rides away through a battery of broad grins from the by-standers, and never again offers to buy the spoils of a forager.

There is a halt in the column. The officer in charge of the pioneer corps, which follows the advance guard, has discovered an ugly place in the road, which must be "corduroyed" at once, before the wagons can pass. The pioneers quickly tear down the fence near by and bridge over the treacherous place, perhaps at the rate of a quarter of a mile in fifteen minutes. If rails are not near, pine saplings and split logs supply their place. Meanwhile the bugles have sounded, and the column has halted. The soldiers, during the temporary halt, drop out of line on the road-side, lying upon their backs, supported by their still unstrapped knapsacks. If the halt is a long one, the different regiments march by file right, one behind the other, into the fields, stacking their muskets, and taking their rest at ease, released from their knapsack.

These short halts are of great benefit to the soldier. He gains a breathing-spell, has a chance to wipe the perspiration from his brow and the dust out of his eyes, or pulls off his shoes and stockings to cool his swollen, heated feet, though old campaigners do not feel the need of this. He munches his bit of hard bread, or pulls out a book from his pocket, or oftener a pipe, to indulge in that greatest of luxuries to the soldier, a soothing, refreshing smoke. Here may be seen one group at a brook-side, bathing their heads and drinking; and another, crowded round an old song-book, are making very fair music. One venturesome fellow has kindled a fire, and is brewing a cup of coffee. All are happy and jolly; but when the bugle sounds "fall in" and "forward," in an instant every temporary occupation is dropped, and they are on the road again.

This massing of brigades and wagons during a halt is a proper and most admirable arrangement. It keeps the column well closed up; and if a brigade or division has by some means been delayed, it has the opportunity to overtake the others. The 20th Corps manage this thing to perfection.

A great many of the mounted officers ride through the fields, on either side of the line of march, so as not to interfere with the troops. General Sherman always takes to the fields, dashing through thickets or plunging into the swamps, and, when forced to take the road, never breaks into a regiment or brigade, but waits until it passes, and then falls in. He says that they, and not he, have the right to the road.

Sometimes a little creek crosses the path, and at once a foot-bridge is made upon one side of the way for those who wish to keep dry-shod; many, however, with a shout of derision, will dash through the water at a run, and then they all shout the more when some unsteady comrade misses his footing and tumbles in at full length. The unlucky wight, however, takes the fun at his expense in the best of humor. Indeed, as a general rule, soldiers are good-humored and kind-hearted to the last degree. I have seen a soldier stand at a spring of water for ten minutes, giving thirsty comers cool draughts, although it would delay him so that he would have to run a quarter of a mile or more to overtake his company. The troops, by the way, kept their ranks admirably during this Georgia campaign. Occasionally, however, they would rush for a drink of water, or for a beehive which they would despoil of its sweets with a total disregard of the swarm of bees buzzing about their ears, but which, strange to say, rarely stung.

But the sun has long since passed the zenith, the droves

of cattle which have been driven through the swamps and fields are lowing and wandering in search of a corral, the soldiers are beginning to lag a little, the teamsters are obliged to apply the whip oftener, ten or fifteen miles have been traversed, and the designated halting-place for the night is near. The column must now be got into camp.

Officers ride on in advance to select the ground for each brigade, giving the preference to slopes in the vicinity of wood and water. Soon the troops file out into the woods and fields, the leading division pitching tents first, those in the rear marching on yet farther, ready to take their turn in the advance the next day.

As soon as the arms are stacked, the boys attack the fences and rail-piles, and with incredible swiftness their little shelter-tents spring up all over the ground. The fires are kindled with equal celerity, and the luxurious repast prepared, while "good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both." After this is heard the music of dancing or singing, the pleasant buzz of conversation, and the measured sound of reading. The wagons are meanwhile parked and the animals fed. If there has been a fight during the day, the incidents of success or failure are recounted; the poor fellow who lies wounded in "the anguish-laden ambulance" is not forgotten, and the brave comrade who fell in the strife is remembered with words of loving praise.

By-and-by the tattoo rings out on the night air. Its familiar sound is understood. "Go to rest, go to rest," it says, as plainly as organs of human speech.

Shortly after follows the peremptory command of "Taps." "Out lights, out lights, out lights!" The soldier gradually disappears from the camp-fire. Rolled snugly in his blanket, the soldier dreams again of home, or revisits in imagination the battle-fields he has trod. The animals, with dull

instinct, lie down to rest, and with dim gropings of consciousness ruminate over "fresh fields and pastures new." The fires, neglected by the sleeping men, go out, gradually flickering and smouldering, as if unwilling to die.

All is quiet. The army is asleep. Perhaps there is a brief interruption to the silence as some trooper goes clattering down the road on an errand of speed, or some uneasy sleeper turns over to find an easier position. And around the slumbering host the picket-guards keep quiet watch, while constant, faithful hearts in Northern and Western homes pray that the angels of the Lord may encamp around the sleeping army.

CHAPTER VI.

CAPTURE OF MILLEDGEVILLE—HOWELL COBB'S PLANTATION.

Milledgeville, November 24th.—We are in full possession of the capital of the State of Georgia, and without firing a gun in its conquest. A few days ago, the Legislature, which had been in session, hearing of our approach, hastily decamped without any adjournment. The legislative panic spread among the citizens to such an extent as to depopulate the place, except a few old gentlemen and ladies and the negroes, the latter welcoming our approach with ecstatic exclamations of joy: "Bress de Lord! tanks be to Almighty God, the Yanks is come! de day ob jubilee hab arribed!"—accompanying their words with rather embarrassing hugs, which those nearest the sidewalks received quite liberally.

General Slocum, with the 20th Corps, first entered the city, arriving by way of Madison, having accomplished his work of destroying the railroads and valuable bridges at that place. The fright of the legislators, as described by witnesses, must have been comical in the extreme. They little imagined the movement of our left wing, hearing first of the advance of Kilpatrick on the extreme right toward Macon, and supposing that to be another raid. What their opinion was when Howard's army appeared at M'Donough it would be difficult to say; and their astonishment must have approached insanity when the other two columns were heard from—one directed toward Augusta, and the other swiftly marching straight upon their devoted city.

It seemed as if they were surrounded upon all sides except toward the east, and that their doom was sealed. With the certain punishment for their crimes looming up before them, they sought every possible means of escape. Private effects, household furniture, books, pictures, were conveyed to the dépôt, and loaded into the cars until they were filled and heaped, and the flying people could not find standing-room.

Any and every price was obtained for a vehicle. A thousand dollars was cheap for a common buggy, and men rushed about the streets in an agony of fear lest they should "fall victims to the ferocity of the Yankees."

Several days of perfect quiet passed after this exodus, when, on a bright, sunshiny morning, a regiment entered the city, with a band playing national airs, which music had long been hushed in the capital of Georgia.

But few of the troops were marched through the city. Two or three regiments were detailed, under the orders of the engineers, to destroy certain property designated by the General Commanding. The magazines, arsenals, dépôt buildings, factories of various kinds, with store-houses containing large amounts of government property, and about seventeen hundred bales of coton, were burned. Private houses were respected every where, even those of noted Rebels, and I heard of no instance of pillage or insult to the inhabitants. One or two of the latter, known as having been in the Rebel army, were made prisoners of war, but the surgeons at the hospitals, the principal of the Insane Asylum, and others, expressed their gratitude that such perfect order was maintained throughout the city.

General Sherman is at the executive mansion, its former occupant having, with extremely bad grace, fled from his distinguished visitor, taking with him the entire furniture

of the building. As General Sherman travels with a *ménage* (a roll of blankets and a haversack full of "hard-tack"), which is as complete for a life in the open air as in a palace, this discourtesy of Governor Brown was not a serious inconvenience.

Just before his entrance into Milledgeville, General Sherman camped on one of the plantations of Howell Cobb. It was a coincidence that a Macon paper, containing Cobb's address to the Georgians as General Commanding, was received the same day. This plantation was the property of Cobb's wife, who was a Demar. I do not know that Cobb ever claimed any great reputation as a man of piety or singular virtues, but I could not help contrasting the call upon his fellow-citizens to "rise and defend their liberties, homes, etc., from the step of the invader, to burn and destroy every thing in his front, and assail him on all sides," and all that, with his own conduct here, and the wretched condition of his negroes and their quarters.

We found his granaries well filled with corn and wheat, part of which was distributed and eaten by our animals and men. A large supply of sirup made from sorghum (which we have found at nearly every plantation on our march) was stored in an out-house. This was also disposed of to the soldiers and the poor decrepit negroes which this humane, liberty-loving major general left to die in this place a few days ago. Becoming alarmed, Cobb sent for and removed all the able-bodied mules, horses, cows, and slaves. He left here some fifty old men—cripples—and women and children, with nothing scarcely covering their nakedness, with little or no food, and without means of procuring it. We found them cowering over the fireplaces of their miserable huts, where the wind whirled through the crevices between the logs, frightened at the approach of the Yankees,

who, they had been told, would kill them. A more forlorn, neglected set of human beings I never saw.

General Sherman distributed to the negroes with his own hands the provisions left here, and assured them that we were their friends, and they need not be afraid that we were foes. One old man answered him: "I spose dat you'se true; but, massa, you'se 'll go, way to-morrow, and anudder white man 'll come." He had never known any thing but persecutions and injury from the white man, and had been kept in such ignorance of us that he did not dare to put faith in any white man.

This terrorism, which forms so striking a feature of slavery, has had marked illustrations ever since we left Atlanta. The negroes were told that, as soon as we got them into our clutches, they were put into the front of the battle, and were killed if they did not fight; that we threw the women and children into the Chattahoochee, and when the buildings were burned in Atlanta we filled them with negroes to be roasted and devoured by the flames. These stories, which appear so absurd to us, are not too extravagant for the simple, untutored minds of the negroes. They are easily scared, and full of superstition. In almost any other instance such bloody tales would have frightened them entirely out of our sight to the woods and other hiding-places; but they assert, with much earnestness and glee, that "massa can't come dat over we; we know'd a heap better. What for de Yankees want to hurt black men? Massa hates de Yankees, and he's no fren' ter we; so we am de Yankee bi's fren's." Very simple logic that, but it is sufficient for the negroes.

Near Covington there was a certain large plantation. Before we arrived it was well stocked; I can't answer for its condition afterward. A jollier set of negroes I never

saw than these were when the blue coats came along. Horrible stories of our cruelty to the negroes were also told by their masters to frighten them, but the negroes never put faith in one word. I asked the head man: "Well, how do you like the Yankees?"

"Like him? Bully! bully! bully! I'se wanted to see 'em long time; heard a heap 'bout 'em. Say, Sally, dese here be gemmen dat's passing"—a compliment to our soldiers which they no doubt would have appreciated could they have heard it.

"Yass, sar, I'se hope de Lord will prosper dem, and Mr. Sherman."

"Why do you hope that the Lord will help the Yankee?"

"Because I tinks, and we'se all tinks, dat you'se down here in our interests."

"You're about right there; did you ever hear that President Lincoln freed all the slaves?"

"No, sar, I nebber heard sich a ting. De white folks nebber talk 'fore black men; dey mighty free from dat."

In other parts of the South the negroes I have seen seem to understand there is a man named Lincoln, who had the power to free them, and had exercised it. In this neighborhood there is a stratum of ignorance upon that subject. All knowledge of that nature has not only been kept from the blacks, but only a few of the whites are well informed. The lieutenant commanding the escort of General Sherman was born and has always lived in Milledgeville, is an officer of the first Alabama cavalry regiment, and tells me that he never saw a copy of the New York Tribune until he joined our army. His history, by the way, is a most interesting one, and will one day be worth the telling. His adherence to the Union grew out of his natural abhorrence of slavery, whose horrors he had witnessed from childhood. His name

is Snelling—a young man of good education, of high integrity, simple-hearted, and brave, who has been most useful to the cause of his country.

We are continually meeting with comical incidents illustrative of the ignorance of the people, and more especially of the funny side of negro character.

One old woman stood at her gate watching, with wondering eyes, a drove of cattle as they passed. "Lor', massy," said she, "whar did all them beef come from? Never seed so many in all my life."

"Those cattle were driven all the way from Chicago, more than one thousand miles."

"Goodness, Lor'; what a population you Yanks is!"

General Sherman invites all able-bodied negroes (others could not make the march) to join the column, and he takes especial pleasure on some occasions, when they join the procession, in telling them they are free; that Massa Lincoln has given them their liberty, and that they can go where they please; that if they earn their freedom they should have it, but that Massa Lincoln had given it to them any how. They seem to understand that the proclamation of freedom had made them free; and I have met but few instances where they did not say they expected the Yankees were coming down some time or other, and very generally they are possessed with the idea that we are fighting for them, and that their freedom is the object of the war. They got this notion hearing the talk of their masters.

"Stick in dar," was the angry exclamation of one of a party of negroes to another, who was asking too many questions of the officer who had given them permission to join the column. "Stick in dar, it's all right; we'se gwine along; we'se free."

Another replied to a question, "Oh yass, massa, de people

hereabouts were heap frightened when dey heard you'se coming; dey dusted out yer, sudden."

Pointing to the Atlanta and Augusta Railroad, which had been destroyed, the question was asked, "It took a longer time to build this railroad than it does to destroy it?"

"I would think it did, massa; in dat ar woods over dar is buried ever so many black men who were killed, sar, yes, killed, a workin' on dat road—whipped to death. I seed 'em, sar."

"Does the man live here who beat them?"

"Oh no, sar; he's dun gone long time."

At a house a few miles from Milledgeville we halted for an hour. In an old hut I found a negro and his wife, both of them more than sixty years old. In the talk which ensued nothing was said which led me to suppose that they were anxious to leave their mistress, who, by the way, was a sullen, cruel-looking woman, when all at once the old negress straightened herself up, and her face, which a moment before was almost stupid in its expression, assumed a fierce, almost devilish aspect.

Pointing her skinny black finger at the old man crouched in the corner of the fireplace, she hissed out, "What for you sit dar? you s'pose I wait sixty years for nutten? Don't yer see de door open? I'se follow my child; I not stay. Yes, anudder day I goes 'long wid dese people; yes, sar, I walks till I drop in my tracks." A more terrible sight I never beheld. I can think of nothing to compare with it, except Charlotte Cushman's Meg Merrilies. Rembrandt only could have painted the scene, with its dramatic surroundings.

It was near this place that several factories were burned. It was odd to see the delight of the negroes at the destruction of places known only to them as task-houses, where they had groaned under the lash.

General Sherman's opening move in the present campaign has been successful in the highest degree. First marching his army in three columns, with a column of cavalry on his extreme right, upon eccentric lines, he diverted the attention of the enemy, so that the Rebels concentrated their forces at extreme points, Macon and Augusta, leaving unimpeded the progress of the central columns. In this campaign—the end of which does not yet appear—it is not the purpose of the General to spend his time before fortified cities, nor yet to encumber his wagons with wounded men. His instructions to Kilpatrick were to demonstrate against Macon, getting within five miles of the city. That able officer has fulfilled his orders to the complete satisfaction of General Sherman.

The roads each column was to follow were carefully designated, the number of miles each day to be traveled, and the points of rendezvous were given at a certain date. All of these conditions were fulfilled to the letter. Slocum, with the 20th Corps, arrived at Milledgeville on the 22d instant, preceding Davis, with the 14th Corps, one day. On the same day Kilpatrick struck the Macon and Western road, destroying the bridge at Walnut Creek. The day following, Howard, with the 15th and 17th Corps, arrived at Gordon, and began the destruction of the Georgia Central Railroad.

It was near here that the most serious fight of the campaign has occurred up to this date. General Walcott, in command of a detachment of cavalry and a brigade of infantry, was thrown forward to Griswoldville, toward Macon, for demonstrative purposes merely. The enemy, about five thousand strong, advanced upon our troops, who had thrown up temporary breastworks, with a section of battery in position. The cavalry fell slowly back on either flank of the bri-

gade, protecting them from attack in flank and rear. The Rebels were chiefly composed of militia, although a portion of Hardee's old corps was present, having been brought up from Savannah.

With the ignorance of danger common to new troops, the Rebels rushed upon our veterans with the greatest fury. They were received with grape-shot and musketry at point-blank range, our soldiers firing coolly, while shouting derisively to the quivering columns to come on, as if they thought the whole thing a nice joke. The Rebels resumed the attack, but with the same fatal results, and were soon in full flight, leaving more than three hundred dead on the field. Our loss was some forty killed and wounded, while their killed, wounded, and prisoners are estimated to exceed two thousand five hundred. A pretty severe lesson they have received. It is said, "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*" This first step has been a most expensive one, and, judging from the fact that we have not heard from them since, they seem to have interpreted the proverb otherwise than in the recognized sense.

Near Tennille Station, on the Georgia Central Railroad, November 27th.—Since writing the above the army has moved forward all along the line. The Rebels seem to have understood, but too late, that it was not Sherman's intention to make a serious attack upon Macon. They have, however, succeeded in getting Wheeler across the Oconee at a point below the railroad bridge. We first became aware of their presence in our front by the destruction of several small bridges across Buffalo Creek, on the two roads leading to Sandersville, over which were advancing the 20th and 14th Corps.

We were delayed but a few hours. The passage was

also contested by the Rebel cavalry under Wheeler, and they fought our front all the way, and into the streets of Sandersville. The 20th Corps had the advance, deploying a regiment as skirmishers, and forming the remainder of a brigade in line of battle on either side of the road. The movement was executed in the handsomest manner, and was so effectual as not to impede the march of the column in the slightest degree, although the roll of musketry was unceasing. Our loss was not serious—about twenty killed and wounded.

As the 20th Corps entered the town they were met by the 14th, whose head of column arrived at the same moment. While these two corps had found the obstructions above mentioned, the army under General Howard was attempting to throw a pontoon across the Oconee at the Georgia Central Railroad bridge. Here they met a force under the command of General Wayne, which was composed of a portion of Wheeler's cavalry, militia, and a band of convicts who had been liberated from the penitentiary upon the condition that they would join the army.

The most of these desperadoes have been taken prisoners, dressed in their state prison clothing. General Sherman has turned them loose, believing that Governor Brown had not got the full benefits of his liberality. The Rebels did not make a remarkably stern defense of the bridge, for Howard was able to cross his army yesterday, and began breaking railroad again to-day. In fact, all the army, except one corps, is engaged in this same work. Wayne, with his army, was hardly able to reach this point, where he met General Hardee, who had managed to get around here from Macon. Our troops struck the railroad at this station a few hours after the frightened band escaped.

We had been told that the country was very poor east

of the Oconee, but our experience has been a delightful gastronomic contradiction of the statement. The cattle trains are getting so large that we find difficulty in driving them along. Thanksgiving-day was very generally observed in the army, the troops scorning chickens in the plenitude of turkeys with which they had supplied themselves.

Vegetables of all kinds, and in unlimited quantities, were at hand, and the soldiers gave thanks as soldiers may, and were merry as only soldiers can be. In truth, so far as the gratification of the stomach goes, the troops are pursuing a continuous thanksgiving.

In addition to fowls, vegetables, and meats, many obtain a delicious sirup made from sorghum, which is cultivated on all the plantations, and stored away in large troughs and hogsheads. The mills here and there furnish fresh supplies of flour and meal, and we hear little or nothing of "hard tack"—that terror to weak mastication. Over the sections of country lately traversed I find very little cultivation of cotton. The commands of Davis appear to have been obeyed; and our large droves of cattle are turned nightly into the immense fields of ungathered corn to eat their fill, while the granaries are crowded to overflowing with both oats and corn.

We have also reached the sand regions, so that the fall of rain has no terrors; the roads are excellent, and would become firmer from a liberal wetting. The rise of the rivers will not trouble us much, for each army corps has its pontoon, and the launching of its boats is a matter of an hour.

Frequent occasions occur for conversations with the people. In the upper part of the state, meeting with none but the poorer and more ignorant class, I was led to believe that the rich and refined class had fled farther south;

but, although I have made diligent search for the intelligent, intellectual aristocracy, I have met with failure and disappointment. There are rich men, whose plantations line the roads for miles: men and women who own, or did own, hundreds of slaves, and raised every year their thousand bales of cotton; but their ignorance is only equaled by that twin sister of ignorance, intolerance. I now understand as I never did before why it was that a few persons, who every year represented the South in Congress, were able to wield that influence as a unit. To be sure, the interest of slavery was all-controlling, yet it never would have brought this people to the pitch of civil war had the common people received the most common benefits of education. The solemn truth is, that the Southern people have never had any conception of the National Idea. They do not know what it is to be an American.

It must not be supposed that we do not meet many persons who claim to have been Unionists from the beginning of the war. The vote of Georgia was undoubtedly given by a large majority against secession, and almost every old man, when he sees his pigs and poultry killed in his very door-yard, and gazes with mournful eyes upon the wagons that are filled with his corn, protests that *he* always was a Union man. It seems hard, sometimes, to strip such men so clear of all eatables as our troops do, who have the art cultivated to the most eminent degree; but, as General Sherman often says to them, "If it is true that you are Unionists, you should not have permitted Jeff. Davis to dragoon you until you were as much his slaves as once the negroes were yours."

CHAPTER VII.

WAYSIDE INCIDENTS IN GEORGIA—AN ORIGINAL CHARACTER —COCK-FIGHTING.

November 28th.—Last night we camped near the house of a Mr. Jones, who has represented his district in the Legislature of Georgia. Mr. Jones may have been a good legislator, but he was certainly neither a valiant nor extremely affectionate man, for he ran away at the approach of our army, leaving behind him a sick wife and a child only a few days old. He also carried away with him all his able-bodied slaves, leaving some fifteen or twenty helpless blacks, kindly informing the latter that "they were welcome to their liberty." Several of these negroes—old, decrepit, and destitute—came to see General Sherman soon after our arrival, soliciting his advice. One of them had lost a leg; another was bent with rheumatism; another was suffering under chronic chills and fever; all were ill from diseases contracted during the long period of their hard work and no pay. These poor creatures said to our General, "We un'stan' dere is perfec' freedom to every body, and dat we'se free wid de rest. Massa told us we might go along wid you. He t'ought you might want him, so he runned away. But you see, Mister Sherman, we'se not well; we shall only be an encumberance on you'se. You has a mighty long road to go ober, and we should be in de way. We'se cum to you for advice and opinion."

The General answered them with the utmost kindness. He said:

"I approve of your resolution. It is excellent. As you said, you are already free; yet, in your condition, if you are well treated, you had better remain where you are until the means of transportation are more complete. We hope to remove all of you one of these days; meanwhile do your work cheerfully and honestly, and you will be much happier for so doing."

Tennille Station, November 28th.—The destruction of railroads in this campaign has been most thorough. The work of demolition on such long lines of road necessarily requires time, but the process is performed as expeditiously as possible, in order to prevent any serious delay of the movement of the army. The method of destruction is simple, but very effective. Two ingenious instruments have been made for this purpose. One of them is a clasp, which locks under the rail. It has a ring in the top, into which is inserted a long lever, and the rail is thus ripped from the sleepers. The sleepers are then piled in a heap and set on fire, the rails roasting in the flames until they bend by their own weight. When sufficiently heated, each rail is taken off by wrenches fitting closely over the ends, and by turning in opposite directions, it is so twisted that even a rolling-machine could not bring it back into shape. In this manner we have destroyed thirty miles of rails which lay in the city of Atlanta, and all on the Augusta and Atlanta Road from the last-named place to Madison, besides the entire track of the Central Georgia line, from a point a few miles east of Macon to the station where I am now writing.

Near Johnston, south side of the Georgia Railroad, November 29th.—We have not heard from that part of the army which is operating on the north side of the railroad since it

left us at Sandersville, nor from Kilpatrick until to-day, and that only indirectly, through a negro who reports that his master's son rode all the way from Louisville in great haste, reporting that Wheeler was fighting the Yankees, who were advancing on Augusta. General Sherman's second step in this campaign will have been equally successful with the first, if he is able to cross the Ogeechee to-morrow without serious opposition. The movement of Davis and Kilpatrick has been a blind in order to facilitate the passage over the Ogeechee of the main body of the army, which for two days past has been marching on parallel roads south of the railroad. Thus far we have reason to believe that the Rebels are ignorant of our principal movement, and are trembling with the fear that Augusta is our objective.

Kilpatrick is doing the same kind of work which he accomplished with such high honor when covering our right flank in the early days of the campaign. His column now acts as a curtain upon the extreme left, through which the enemy can not penetrate. He has a yet grander aim in view. If he succeeds, his name will not only stand at the head of our great cavalry generals, but it will be uttered with the prayers and blessings of the wives and children of the prisoners whom he may liberate at Millen, which is the point he aims for, and where have been incarcerated many thousands of our brave comrades. Kilpatrick started on the same day that our army left Milledgeville, the 25th instant. I have not mentioned the fact before in this diary, for fear that it might, in the casualties of war, get into the hands of the Rebels, and interfere with the movement. Heaven prosper it, say I.

All day long the army has been moving through magnificent pine-woods — the savannas of the South, as they are termed. I have never seen, and I can not conceive a more

picturesque sight than the army winding along through these grand old woods. The pines, destitute of branches, rise to a height of eighty or ninety feet, their tops being crowned with tufts of pure green. They are widely apart, so that frequently two trains of wagons and troops in double column are marching abreast. In the distance may be seen a troop of horsemen—some General and his staff—turning about here and there, their gay uniforms and red and white flags contrasting harmoniously with the bright yellow grass underneath and the deep evergreen. War has its romance and its pleasures, and nothing could be more delightful, nor can there be more beautiful subjects for the artist's pencil than a thousand sights which have met my eye for days past, and which can never be seen outside the army. There is, by the way, a most excellent artist accompanying the expedition, who is working for the Harpers. His sketches are artistically executed, and he has the genuine spirit of an artist in his choice of subject; but I would have wished that Johnson, Hennessey, or Kensett might have been here also, to give us, in enduring colors, scenes now passing away, which belong to the history of the great day in which we live.

The most pathetic scenes occur upon our line of march daily and hourly. Thousands of negro women join the column, some carrying household goods, and many of them carrying children in their arms, while older boys and girls plod by their side. All these women and children are ordered back, heartrending though it may be to refuse them liberty. One begs that she may go to see her husband and children at Savannah. Long years ago she was forced from them and sold. Another has heard that her boy was in Macon, and she is "done gone with grief goin' on four years."

But the majority accept the advent of the Yankees as the fulfillment of the millennial prophecies. The "day of jubilee," the hope and prayer of a lifetime, has come. They can not be made to understand that they must remain behind, and they are satisfied only when General Sherman tells them, as he does every day, that we shall come back for them some time, and that they must be patient until the proper hour of deliverance arrives.

The other day a woman with a child in her arms was working her way along among the teams and crowds of cattle and horsemen. An officer called to her kindly: "Where are you going, aunty?"

She looked up into his face with a hopeful, beseeching look, and replied:

"I'se gwine whar you'se gwine, massa."

November 30th.—With the exception of the 15th Corps, our army is across the Ogeechee without fighting a battle. This river is a line of great strength to the Rebels, who might have made its passage a costly effort for us, but they have been outwitted and outmanœuvred. I am more than ever convinced that, if General Sherman intends to take his army to the sea-board, it is his policy to avoid any contest which will delay him in the establishment of a new base of operations and supplies; if he is able to establish this new base, and at the same time destroy all the lines of communication from the Rebel armies with the great cities, so that they will be as much isolated as if those strong-holds were in our hands, he will have accomplished the greatest strategic victory in the war, and all the more welcome because bloodless. Macon, Augusta, Savannah, or Charleston are of no strategic value to us, except that they are filled with munitions of war, and that the two latter might be useful to

us as a base of supplies, with the additional moral advantage which would result from their capture. All these places, however, are vitally important to the enemy, as the source of a large part of their supplies of ammunition and commissary stores.

We have heard to-day from Kilpatrick and from Millen. Kilpatrick has made a splendid march, fighting Wheeler all the way to Waynesboro, destroying the railroad bridge across Brier Creek, between Augusta and Millen. It is with real grief that we hear he was unable to accomplish the release of our prisoners in the prison-pen at Millen. It appears that for some time past the Rebels have been removing our soldiers from Millen; the officers have been sent to Columbia, South Carolina, and the privates farther south, somewhere on the Gulf Railroad.

We have had very little difficulty in crossing the Ogeechee. The 20th Corps moved down the railroad, destroying it as far as the bridge. The 17th Corps covered the river at that point, where a light bridge was only partially destroyed. It was easily repaired, so that the infantry and cavalry could pass over it, while the wagons and artillery used the pontoons. The Ogeechee is about sixty yards in width at this point. It is approached on the northern or western side through swamps, which would be impassable but for the sandy soil, which packs solidly when the water covers the roads, although in places there are treacherous quicksands which we are obliged to corduroy.

This evening I walked down to the river, where a striking and novel spectacle was visible. The fires of pitch pine were flaring up into the mist and darkness; figures of men and horses loomed out of the dense shadows in gigantic proportions; torch-lights were blinking and flashing away off in the forests; and the still air echoed and re-echoed with

the cries of teamsters and the wild shouts of the soldiers. A long line of the troops marched across the foot-bridge, each soldier bearing a torch, and, as the column marched, the vivid light was reflected in quivering lines in the swift-running stream.

Soon the fog, which here settles like a blanket over the swamps and forests of the river-bottoms, shut down upon the scene; and so dense and dark was it that torches were of but little use, and our men were directed here and there by the voice.

"Jim, are you there?" shouted one.

"Yes, I *am* here," was the impatient answer.

"Well, then, go straight ahead."

"Straight ahead! where in thunder *is* 'straight ahead?'"

And so the troops shuffled upon and over each other, and finally blundered into their quarters for the night.

To-day I encountered an original character; an old man whom I will not name, but call him W. In the days when the railway was in operation he occupied the position of dépôt-master at this station. A shrewd old fellow, with a comical build, he was evidently born to be fat and funny—as he was. I first saw him sitting by a huge fire our men had kindled out of a pile of pitch-pine timber, originally cut for railroad ties. His face was grave as a Quaker's, but his eyes and the lower portion of his torso laughed most infectiously. He seemed to comprehend the war question perfectly, and expressed his opinions with a quaint volubility which kept his auditors in a roar of merriment. His speech ran thus:

"They say you are retreating, but it is the strangest sort of retreat I ever saw. Why, dog bite them, the newspapers have been lying in this way all along. They allers are whipping the Federal armies, and they allers fall back after the

battle is over. It was that ar' idee that first opened my eyes. Our army was always whipping the Feds, and we allers fell back. I allers told 'em it was a d—d humbug, and now by —— I know it, for here you are right on old W.'s place; hogs, potatoes, corn, and fences all gone. I don't find any fault. I expected it all.

"Jeff Davis and the rest," he continued, "talk about splitting the Union. Why, if South Carolina had gone out by herself, she would have been split in four pieces by this time. Splitting the Union! Why" (with a round oath) "the State of Georgia is being split right through from end to end. It is these rich fellows who are making this war, and keeping their precious bodies out of harm's way. There's John Franklin went through here the other day, running away from your army. I could have played dominoes on his coat-tails. There's my poor brother sick with small-pox at Macon, working for eleven dollars a month, and hasn't got a cent of the d—d stuff for a year. 'Leven dollars a month and eleven thousand bullets a minute. I don't believe in it, sir!

"My wife came from Canada, and I kind o' thought I would some time go there to live, but was allers afraid of the ice and cold; but I can tell you this country is getting too cussed hot for me. Look at my fence-rails a-burning there. I think I can stand the cold better.

"I heard as how they cut down the trees across your road up country and burn the bridges; why, dog bite their hides! one of your Yankees can take up a tree and carry it off, tops and all; and there's that bridge you put across the river in less than two hours—they might as well try to stop the Ogeechee as you Yankees.

"The blasted rascals who burnt this yere bridge thought they did a big thing; a natural born fool cut in two had more sense in either end than any of them."

Then, with a deep sigh and an expression of woful resignation, he added:

"It'll take the help of Divine Providence, a heap of rain, and a deal of elbow-grease, to fix things up again."

As we journey on from day to day, it is curious to observe the attentions bestowed by our soldiers upon camp pets. With a care which almost deserves the name of tenderness, the men gather helpless, dumb animals around them; sometimes an innocent kid whose mother has been served up as an extra ration, and again a raccoon, a little donkey, a dog, or a cat. One regiment has adopted a fine Newfoundland dog, which soon became so attached to its new home that it never strayed, but became a part of the body, recognizing the face of every man in it. These pets are watched, fed, protected, and carried along with a faithfulness and affection which constantly suggest the most interesting psychological queries.

The favorite pet of the camp, however, is the hero of the barn-yard. There is not a regiment nor a company, not a teamster nor a negro at head-quarters, nor an orderly, but has a "rooster" of one kind or another. When the column is moving, these haughty game-cocks are seen mounted upon the breech of a cannon, tied to the pack-saddle of a mule, among pots and pans; or carried lovingly in the arms of a mounted orderly; crowing with all his might from the interior of a wagon, or making the woods re-echo with his triumphant notes as he rides perched upon the knapsack of a soldier. These cocks represent every known breed, Polish and Spanish, Dorkings, Shanghais and Bantams—high-blooded specimens traveling with those of their species who may not boast of noble lineage. They must all fight, however, or be killed and eaten. Hardly has the army gone into camp before these feathery combats begin. The cocks use

only the spurs with which Nature furnishes them; for the soldiers have not yet reached the refinement of applying artificial gaffs, and so but little harm is done. The game-cocks which have come out of repeated conflicts victorious are honored with such names as "Bill Sherman," "Johnny Logan," etc.; while the defeated and bepecked victim is saluted with derisive appellations, such as "Jeff. Davis," "Beauregard," or "Bob Lee."

Cock-fighting is not, perhaps, one of the most refined or elevating of pastimes, but it furnishes food for a certain kind of fun in camp; and as it is not carried to the point of cruelty, the soldiers can not be blamed for liking it.