CHAPTER VIII.

FROM MILLEN TO THE SEA-COAST.

Millen, December 3d.—Pivoted upon Millen, the army has swung slowly round from its eastern course, and is now moving in six columns upon parallel roads southward. Until yesterday it was impossible for the Rebels to decide whether or not it was General Sherman's intention to march upon Augusta. Kilpatrick had destroyed the bridge above Waynesboro', and, after falling back, had again advanced, supported by the 14th Army Corps, under General Davis. South of this column, moving eastward through Birdsville, was the 20th Corps, commanded by General Slocum. Yet farther south, the 17th Corps, General Blair in command, followed the railroad, destroying the track as it advanced. West and south of the Ogeechee, the 15th Corps, General Osterhaus in immediate command, but under the eye of General Howard, has moved in two columns.

Until now, Davis and Kilpatrick have been a cover and shield to the real movement of the army. At no time has it been possible for Hardee to interpose any serious obstacle to the advance of our main body, for our left wing has always been a strong arm thrust out in advance, ready to encounter any force which might attempt to bar the way.

The Rebel councils of war appear to have been completely deceived, for we hear it reported that Bragg and Longstreet are at Augusta, with ten thousand men made up of militia, two or three South Carolina regiments, and a portion of Hampton's Legion, sent there for one month. It is

possible, now that the curtain has been withdrawn, and as it may appear that we are marching straight for Savannah, that these generals, with their ten thousand men, may attempt to harass our rear, but they can accomplish nothing more than the loss of a few lives. They can not check our progress.

The work so admirably performed by our left wing, so far as it obliged the Rebels in our front constantly to retreat, by threatening their rear, now becomes the office of the 15th Corps, which is divided, and will operate on the right and left banks of the river. These two columns are marching, one day in advance of the main body, down the peninsula formed by the Savannah and Ogeechee rivers, with a detachment thrown over to the south side of the latter stream.

These flank movements are of the greatest necessity and value. They have taken place in the following order: first, the right wing, with Kilpatrick's cavalry, moved upon Macon, in the early part of the campaign; next, after disappearing from that flank, to the great amazement of the Rebels, the same troops marched across our rear and suddenly appeared upon our left flank, supported by Davis, and demonstrating savagely upon Augusta; and now Howard is performing the same office on our right. This style of manœuvring has not been practiced on account of any apprehension that we can not run over and demolish any Rebel force in Georgia, for all the troops of the enemy in the state could not stand for a moment against this army on any battle-field; but because General Sherman neither wishes to sacrifice life needlessly nor be detained. A very small force of infantry or cavalry in position at a river-crossing could delay a marching column half a day, or longer: our flanking column prevents this. Besides, our soldiers

have tired of chickens, sweet potatoes, sorghum, etc., and have been promised oysters at the sea-side—oysters roasted, oysters fried, oysters stewed, oysters on the half shell, oysters in abundance, without money and without price. In short, the soldiers themselves don't wish to be delayed!

The railroad, which has received our immediate attention within the last week, is altogether the best I have seen in the state, though the rail itself is not so heavy as the T rail on the Augusta and Atlanta road. The rail on the Georgia Central is partially laid with the U, and partly with light T rail, but it is all fastened to parallel string-pieces, which are again fixed to the ties. The station-houses are generally built of brick, in the most substantial manner, and are placed at distances of fifteen or twenty miles apart. They have been destroyed by our army all the way along from Macon. The extensive dépôt at Millen was a wooden structure of exceedingly graceful proportions. It was ignited in three places simultaneously, and its destruction was a brilliant spectacle; the building burning slowly, although there was sufficient wind to lift the vast volume of smoke and exhibit the exquisite architecture traced in lines of fire. This scene was so striking that even the rank and file observed and made comments upon it among themselves—a circumstance which may be counted as unusual, for the taste for conflagrations has been so cultivated of late in the army that any small affair of that kind attracts very little attention.

An anecdote will illustrate this tendency to destruction. An Irishman, while engaged, a day or two ago, in the useful occupation of twisting rails, remarked:

"When the war is over General Sherman will buy a coal-mine in Pennsylvania, and occupy his spare time with smoking cigars and destroying and rebuilding railroads."

Other spectacles greet our vision as we march.

We daily traverse immense corn-fields, each of which covers from one hundred to one thousand acres. These fields were once devoted to the cultivation of cotton, and it is surprising to see how the planters have carried out the wishes or orders of the Rebel Government; for cotton has given way to corn. A large amount of cotton has been destroyed by our army in this campaign, but it must have been a small portion even of the limited crop raised, as our destruction has chiefly been upon the line of the railroads. As nearly as I can learn, two thirds of this cotton has been sent over the Georgia Central Railroad to Augusta by way of Millen; thence a limited amount has been transported to Wilmington for trans-Atlantic shipment; the remainder is at Columbia, South Carolina, at Columbus, Georgia, and at Montgomery, Alabama. I think it will be found, however, when the facts are known, that no large amounts of cotton are stored in any one place. The policy of scattering the crop is probably the wisest the Rebels could have adopted.

It is well ascertained that the country west of the Savannah River is expected to furnish supplies for the Rebel armies in the West; for although corn and beef are sent from this district to Lee's army, he draws the bulk of his supplies from the states east of the Savannah, and there is no region so prolific as that about Columbia. I note this fact because I wish to correct the impression, so general at the North, that the Eastern armies are fed from the Southwest. One thing is certain, that neither the West nor the East will draw any supplies from the counties in this state traversed by our army for a long time to come. Our work has been the next thing to annihilation.

Ogeechee Church, December 6th.—For two days past the army has been concentrated at this point, which is the nar-

rowest part of the peninsula. General Howard is still on the west side of the Ogeechee, but he is within supporting distance, and has ample means of crossing the river, should it be necessary, which is not at all probable.

Kilpatrick has again done noble work. On Sunday last, while marching toward Alexander for the purpose of more thoroughly completing the destruction of the railroad bridge crossing Brier Creek, he found Wheeler near Waynesboro' and fought him several times, punishing him severely in each instance, driving his infantry and cavalry before him through Waynesboro' and beyond the bridge, which was completely destroyed. Kilpatrick, having performed this feat, rejoined the main body of our army, then marching southward.

One important object of this eccentric movement of Kilpatrick is to impress the Rebel leaders with the conviction that we intend to march upon Augusta. To divide and scatter their force is our main purpose. Let them keep a large army in Augusta until we reach the sea, and then they can go where they please!

In the course of our march to-day, we came upon a fine stately mansion, situated in a pleasant region, and surrounded by beautiful grounds, which were carefully and tastefully arranged. On entering the house, we found the reverse of a beautiful picture. It was a scene of shocking confusion: articles of furniture, soiled and broken, were strewn about the floors; household utensils lay in ill-assorted heaps; crockery, shattered into pieces, was beyond the mender's art. This was the work, not of our soldiers, but of Wheeler's Rebel cavalry, who had been on picket duty at this place on the previous night. The negroes left upon the place, who explained the cause of all this ruin, also told us that their master and mistress were hidden in the swamp,

with sundry animals and articles of value. A party of our soldiers went in search of the fugitives, and found them in a dreadful state of fright. The negroes did not seem to sympathize with their late owners, and three of them discussed in my hearing the propriety of absconding. One of the three was an old woman who claimed to have come from Africa—a strange, weird creature, who spoke in a patois which I could not have understood perfectly but for the replies of her companions, two black men, who were busily engaged in appropriating to their own use such articles of household furniture as happened to strike their fancy. One of these men seemed somewhat unwilling to make the venture for freedom; the woman clutched him by the arm and spoke vehemently:

"Shame yer, black man, stay yere!—be whipped like der dog!"

She hissed the last words between the fangs protruding from her thick lips, while her wrinkled face and glaring eyes worked with terrible passion.

The man seemed frightened, and with reason. He took up the load of bedding which he had laid down, and replied:

"How you know dese people, mammy? Didn't massa say dese Yanks kill us all? Didn't de Yankee ball cum jus' yere," pointing to his head, "dis mornin'? I'se feard."

"You're fool, Sam! Dese—" retorted the woman. The rest of the sentence was lost in the distance, as the decrepit creature energetically led the way to the line of our soldiers then passing along the road.

A significant feature of this campaign, which has not before been mentioned in this diary, received a marked illustration yesterday. Except in a few instances, private residences have not been destroyed by the soldiers, but there has been at least one exception, for an excellent reason.

Yesterday we passed the plantation of a Mr. Stubbs. The house, cotton-gin, press, corn-ricks, stables, every thing that could burn was in flames, and in the door-yard lay the dead bodies of several bloodhounds, which had been used to track and pull down negroes and our escaped prisoners. And wherever our army has passed, every thing in the shape of a dog has been killed. The soldiers and officers are determined that no more flying fugitives, white men or negroes, shall be followed by hounds that come within reach of their powder and ball.

During our brief stay in Millen, we saw another sight which fevered the blood of our brave boys. It was the hideous prison-pen used by the enemy for the confinement of Federal soldiers who had become prisoners of war. A space of ground about three hundred feet square, inclosed by a stockade, without any covering whatsoever, was the hole where thousands of our brave soldiers have been confined for months past, exposed to heavy dews, biting frosts, and pelting rains, without so much as a board or a tent to protect them after the Rebels had stolen their clothing. Some of them had adopted the wretched alternative of digging holes in the ground, into which they crept at times. What wonder that we found the evidence that seven hundred and fifty men had died there! From what misery did death release them! I could realize it all when I saw this den, as I never could before, even when listening to the stories of prisoners who had fled, escaping the villains who rushed after them in hot pursuit, and foiling the bloodhounds which had been put upon their track. God certainly will visit the authors of all this crime with a terrible judgment.

Jeff. Davis knew that the people of the North would see the condition of the prisoners who were maltreated at the

Belle Isle Prison, and it is fair to suppose that, for the sake of humanity, and even with a slight regard for his own reputation, he would have sent for exchange the men who appeared to the best advantage—although there is a current theory that, with an atrocity which beggars belief, the starvation and exposure of our soldier prisoners is a settled policy, for the purpose of killing off as many of them as possible.

December 8th.—The army has been advancing slowly and surely, but as cautiously as if a strong army were in our front. The relative position of the troops has not materially changed during the past few days, except that we are all farther south. From fifteen to twenty miles distant lies Savannah, a city which is probably in some perturbation at the certainty of our approach. If the Rebels intend fighting in defense of the city, the battle will be an assault of fortifications; for as yet we have only skirmished with parties of cavalry, and the enemy has not yet seen the head of our infantry column, and can only judge of our strength through injudicious publications in the newspapers at the North. It can not well be conceived by those not in the field of operations what serious injury is caused by the publication of the number and contemplated movements of our armies. In a way which it is unnecessary to mention, such injuries have occurred during this campaign.

General Howard has just returned from a bold and successful movement. Fearing that we should detach a force for the purpose of destroying the Gulf Railroad, which they are using to its utmost capacity just now, the Rebels pushed a force across the Ogeechee. While this body was covered by a strong river-side line, General Corse, of Allatoona memory, shoved his division between the Little and Great Ogeechee, thirteen miles in advance of our main column, to

the canal which runs from the Ogeechee to the Savannah River. He bridged the canal, crossed it with his division, and now holds a position out of which Hood's whole army could not drive him. This bold step has forced the Rebels to evacuate the line of works stretching from river to river, and they have now fairly sought refuge within the fortifications of Savannah.

December 9th.—We are gradually closing in upon the city. General Howard holds the position gained on the other side of the canal yesterday, and has advanced the larger part of his command in its support. Portions of our army are now within eight miles of Savannah. General Blair's column lost several officers and men, some of them by hard fighting, as the Rebels withstood the advance with pertinacity.

One officer and several men were severely wounded by the explosion of shells and torpedoes which the Rebels had buried in the road. This was cowardly murder. In the entrance to forts, or in a breach made in a line of works, such implements may be used to repel the assault, but the laws of war do not justify an attempt of the kind which has been so disastrous to-day. The Rebel prisoners were marched over the road, and removed ten of these treacherous, death-dealing instruments.

General Davis is to-night at Cherokee Hill, having crossed the Charleston Railroad, partially destroying the bridge spanning the Savannah. General Slocum is advancing upon our left, covering our front to the Savannah River. He has also been opposed by the Rebels, but, as with the other columns, the opposition only accelerated the progress of the troops, who hurry forward on the double-quick at the sound of the guns, eager to get into the fight. To-morrow we

may expect to concentrate our army so as to form a continuous line about the city of Savannah.

December 10*th.*—The army has advanced some six miles to-day, and has met every where a strong line of works, which appear to be held by a large force, with heavy guns in position. Their line, although extended, is more easily defended because of a succession of impassable swamps which stretch across the peninsula. All the openings between these morasses and the roads which lead through them are strongly fortified, and the approaches have been contested vigorously, but with little loss to us. General Sherman seems to avoid the sacrifice of life, and I doubt his making any serious attack until he has communicated with the fleet.

We have now connected our lines, so that the corps are within supporting distance of each other. The soldiers are meanwhile in most cheerful spirits, displaying the unconcern which is the most characteristic feature of our troops.

The necessity of an open communication with the fleet is becoming apparent, for the army is rapidly consuming its supplies, and replenishment is vitally important. Away in the distance, across the rice-fields, as far as the banks of the Ogeechee, our signal-officers are stationed, scanning the seaward horizon in search of indications of the presence of the fleet, but thus far unsuccessfully. On the other side of the river, within cannon range, stand the frowning parapets of Fort McAllister, its ponderous guns and rebel garrison guarding the only avenue open to our approach.

This evening a movement of the greatest importance has begun. Hazen's division of the 15th Corps is marching to the other side of the river. Fort McAllister must be taken. To-morrow's sun will see the veterans whom Sherman led

upon the heights of Missionary Ridge within striking distance of its walls. Warm words have been uttered by the Generals of the 15th and the 17th Corps because the second division has been assigned the honor of this expedition. The possibility of repulse, the fear of wounds and death, do not seem to be considered in the rivalry. These brave men of ours have seen too many wounds, and death has passed too near them to suggest any terrors now. The glory of the flag and victory is the noble thought which animates and stimulates officers and men alike.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STORMING OF FORT McALLISTER.

Fort McAllister, December 13th.—Fort McAllister is ours. It has been gallantly and bravely won. I saw the heroic assault from the point of observation selected by General Sherman at the adjacent rice-mill.

During the greater part of to-day the General gazed anxiously toward the sea, watching for the appearance of the fleet. About the middle of the afternoon he descried a light column of smoke creeping lazily along over the flat marshes, and soon the spars of a steamer were visible, and then the flag of our Union floated out. What a thrilling, joyful sight! How the blood bounded, when, answering the signal waved above us, we saw that the brave tars had recognized us, and knew that our General was here with his army!

The sun was now fast going down behind a grove of water-oaks, and as his last rays gilded the earth, all eyes once more turned toward the Rebel fort. Suddenly white puffs of smoke shot out from the thick woods surrounding the line of works. Hazen was closing in, ready for the final rush of his column directly upon the fort. A warning answer came from the enemy in the roar of heavy artillery—and so the battle opened.

General Sherman walked nervously to and fro, turning quickly now and then from viewing the scene of conflict to observe the sun sinking slowly behind the tree-tops. No longer willing to bear the suspense, he said:

"Signal General Hazen that he must carry the fort by assault, to-night if possible."

The little flag waved and fluttered in the evening air, and the answer came:

"I am ready, and will assault at once!"

The words had hardly passed when from out the encircling woods there came a long line of blue coats and bright bayonets, and the dear old flag was there, waving proudly in the breeze. Then the fort seemed alive with flame; quick, thick jets of fire shooting out from all its sides, while the white smoke first covered the place and then rolled away over the glacis. The line of blue moved steadily on; too slowly, as it seemed to us, for we exclaimed, "Why don't they dash forward?" but their measured step was unfaltering. Now the flag goes down, but the line does not halt. A moment longer, and the banner gleams again in the front. We, the lookers-on, clutched one another's arms convulsively, and scarcely breathed in the eager intensity of our gaze. Sherman stood watching with anxious air, awaiting the decisive moment. Then the enemy's fire redoubled in rapidity and violence. The darting streams of fire alone told the position of the fort. The line of blue entered the enshrouding folds of smoke. The flag was at last dimly seen, and then it went out of sight altogether.

"They have been repulsed!" said one of the group of officers who watched the fight.

"No, by Heaven!" said another; "there is not a man in retreat—not a straggler in all the glorious line!"

The firing ceased. The wind lifted the smoke. Crowds of men were visible on the parapets, fiercely fighting—but our flag was planted there. There were a few scattering musket-shots, and then the sounds of battle ceased. Then the bomb-proofs and parapets were alive with crowding

swarms of our gallant men, who fired their pieces in the air as a *feu de joie*. Victory! The fort was won.

Then all of us who had witnessed the strife and exulted in the triumph, grasped each the other's hand, embraced, and were glad, and some of us found the water in our eyes.

In half an hour we were congratulating General Hazen, and in an hour more Generals Sherman and Howard were pulling down the stream, regardless of torpedoes, in search of the signaled vessel of the navy.

General Sherman opened the communication in person, sending a message home and appointing an hour of meeting for the next morning with Admiral Dahlgren and General Foster.

This evening we have enjoyed unrestricted opportunities of examining Fort McAllister. It is a large inclosure, with wide parapets, a deep ditch, and thickly-planted palisades, which latter are broken in several places where our men passed through. The dead and wounded are lying where they fell. Groups of soldiers are gathered here and there, laughing and talking of the proud deed that had been done. One said:

"If they had had embrasures for these guns," pointing to them, "we should have got hurt."

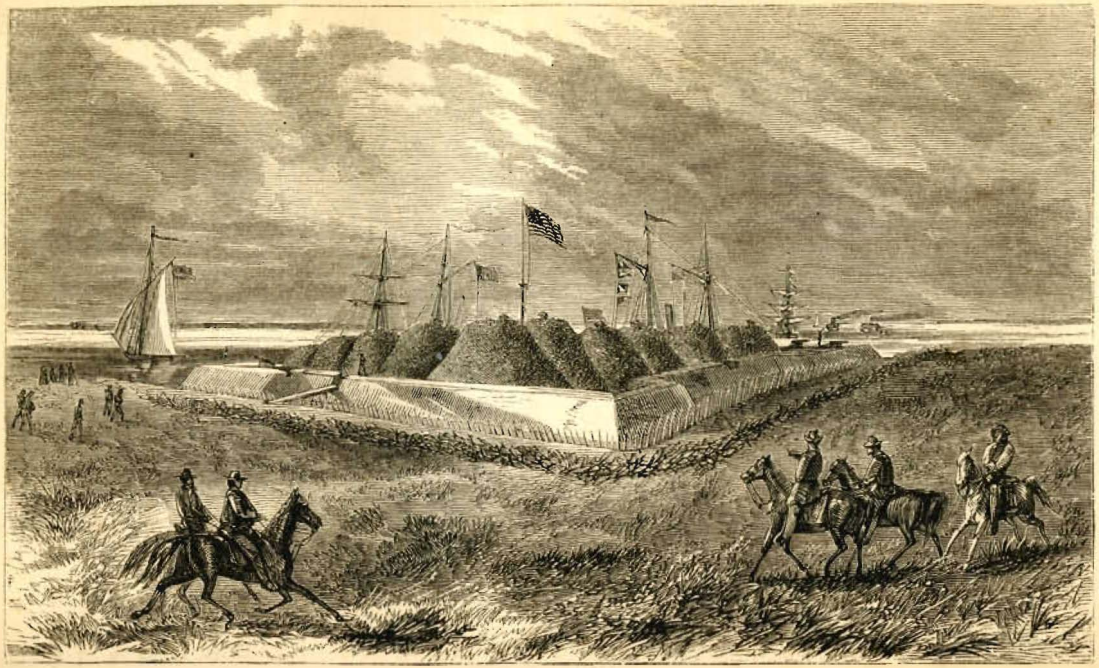
"It's of no use; you can't defend a work of this sort with guns *en barbette*," said another.

This soldier was right. There were twenty-one guns, large and small, in the fort, all mounted *en barbette*, and the deadly aim of our sharpshooters had killed many of the garrison at their pieces. The artillery did very little execution, for we have lost only ninety men killed and wounded, and many of these were injured by the explosion of the torpedoes which the Rebels had planted in the glacis of the work.

Major Anderson, who commanded the fort, tells me that he did not anticipate an assault to-night, and was hardly prepared for it when it came. In the history of the war there will scarcely be found a more striking example of the wisdom of quick and determined action than this assault. Had we waited, built intrenchments and rifle-pits, and made the approaches which attend siege operations, we would have lost many men and much time; and time at this crisis of the campaign is invaluable.

The victory of Fort McAllister, and the way it was done, is a grand ending to this most adventurous campaign. It is in reality the end, for here terminates our march. We set out for a new base, and we have found it. The capture of Savannah is another matter, and with its siege will begin a new campaign. Our soldiers are electrified by the brilliant episode just enacted, and are eager to go wherever the General directs.

General Hazen, the hero of Fort McAllister, is a West Point graduate, and not yet thirty-five years of age. In person, he is rather squarely built, is above the medium height, and has a fine, open, manly face; resolute withal, but that kind of resolution which does not seem to need constant assertion. You are impressed with it at the first glance, and rest there, always after, with confidence. His manner is that of an accomplished and refined gentleman. On the field of battle he is alert, self-assured, concentrated, brave, and capable. He has performed noble service during this war, from the bloody field of Shiloh until this day. He will never fail when the honor of the nation demands his presence in the front of the battle; but he can add few brighter leaves to his chaplet of fame than those of the storming of Fort McAllister.



FORT McALLISTER.

CHAPTER X.

EVACUATION OF SAVANNAH BY THE REBELS—ITS OCCUPATION BY SHERMAN — INTERVIEW BETWEEN SECRETARY STANTON AND THE COLORED CLERGYMEN — TALKS WITH THE PEOPLE.

Savannah, December 20th.—The fall of Fort McAllister has been quickly followed by the evacuation of this great commercial city, which we gain without a battle. I have already written of the nature of the obstacles which confronted us, and the life-blood which must of necessity have been shed had we been forced to capture it by assault. I most devoutly thank God that, through the splendid strategy of our General, the lives of our brave soldiers are spared to their wives and homes, and for future use to dear old fatherland.

Two events combined to insure this important result: first, the capture of Fort McAllister by direct assault, a feat which seems to have impressed the Rebels in a manner which can only be appreciated by talking with the deserters who constantly come into our lines in squads, and who assert that the soldiers in Savannah did not hesitate openly to declare that it was a useless sacrifice of life to defend the city. This terror was shared by the citizens in a magnified degree; and now we know for a certainty that the mayor and alderman, with a large body of citizens, waited upon General Hardee and insisted upon the surrender of the city.

The second reason was a flank movement, which was in

process of operation. In two days more we should have had a division operating with Foster upon Savannah by way of Broad River, which would have rendered escape impossible. Practically, all avenues to the city were closed up by our army, which stretched from the Savannah to the Ogeechee rivers, and by Foster's troops, which covered the Savannah and Charleston Railroad.

The path by which Hardee finally escaped led through swamps which were previously considered impracticable. The Rebel general obtained knowledge of our movement through his spies, who swarmed in our camp.

It was fortunate that our troops followed so quickly after the evacuation of the city by the enemy, for a mob had gathered in the streets, and were breaking into the stores and houses. They were with difficulty dispersed by the bayonets of our soldiers, and then, once more, order and confidence prevailed throughout the conquered city.

We have won a magnificent prize—the city of Savannah, more than two hundred guns, magazines filled with ammunition, thirty-five thousand bales of cotton, three steamboats, several locomotives, and one hundred and fifty cars, and stores of all kinds. We had not been in occupation forty-eight hours before the transport steamer Canonicus, with General Foster on board, lay alongside a pier, and our new line of supplies was formed.

Christmas.—An incident connected with our occupation of the city illustrates the watchfulness and daring of our officers and soldiers. Colonel Barnum, of New York, commanding a brigade in the 20th Corps, a brave soldier, who bears scars and unhealed wounds from many a battle-field, was in command in the immediate front upon our extreme left, and near midnight crept out beyond his picket lines,

which were only three hundred yards from the Rebel works. Not hearing the voices of the enemy, and not seeing their forms passing before their camp-fires, he suspected that they had evacuated their lines, notwithstanding that he could hear the boom of their guns, which echoed through the dark forests away off to the right. He selected ten of his best men, and cautiously scaled the parapets of the outside Rebel line; passing rapidly and silently from these to the fortifications from whose bastions frowned the black muzzles of ponderous 64-pounders. Although their camp-fires still burned brightly, no Rebels were to be seen. Sending back for reinforcements, he marched from earth-work to earth-work, and finally entered the city just as the early morning light appeared in the eastern horizon; while the forms of the retreating enemy could be seen flying into the gray mist across the marshes on the other side of the river.

The hero of this dashing exploit is one of the best soldiers in the army—a bold fighter, a rigid disciplinarian, the most generous of hosts, and one of the best of fellows generally.

General Frank P. Blair's corps was the first to reach the actual defenses of Savannah. As usual, he was with the advance. One who had never seen General Blair except in the field as a corps commander would find it difficult to realize that he has occupied so prominent a position in the political arena; for, while it may not be said that he is a born soldier, yet he possesses in a marked degree many of the qualities which constitute a good commander. Under all circumstances he never loses that perfect coolness and self-command which render him master of the situation and inspire the confidence of the soldiers. This imperturbability never deserts him. One day, when the Rebels renewed an attack upon his lines with furious vigor, although they

had already been repulsed several times, sustaining terrible losses, Blair removed his cigar from his mouth, as he watched their onset, and quietly observed:

"See the fellows! There they come again, right through the woods. What in thunder do they want?"

They wanted to carry his line, but they failed; and Blair continued smoking, as if nothing had occurred.

General Blair is one of the most hospitable and popular men of the army. As the commander of the 17th Corps he is identified with the history of the Army of the Tennessee —a gallant, heroic band of men, it may be added, the record of whose deeds yet remains to be written. The General wears a full sandy beard and moustache, which conceal the lower part of his face. His eyes are of a light hazel color, full of humor and good nature—an expression, however, that is somewhat qualified by the overhanging brow, which has a *noli me tangere* air, as much as to say, "If I must fight, it shall be war to the hilt." In height the General is about five feet eleven inches. His frame is finely proportioned; and he makes a good appearance on horseback. He selects excellent horses, and knows how to ride them. In the army he has the reputation of a kind, generous, discreet, and brave soldier.

General Geary, commanding a division in the 20th Corps, is now the military governor of Savannah. He is a tall, stalwart, soldierly man, with a full black beard and an open and inviting face. He has a hearty, hospitable manner which pleases every body; is sensible, discreet, and firm; understands precisely the nature of his duties, and executes them noiselessly but effectively. The citizens are delighted with him, and they may well be so; for no city was ever kept in better order. Clean streets, careful and well-instructed guards, perfect protection of property, and a gen-

eral sense of comfort and security, indicate the executive capacity and the good judgment of the General.

Already the public squares which checker the city are filled with the wooden houses built by the ingenious hands of our soldiers. Very few of the citizens have left their homes, and officers and soldiers are in close affiliation with the people. The army is acclimatized in Savannah.

The people here re-echo the sentiment which has greeted us ever since we left Atlanta, that our uninterrupted march, ending with the conquest of this chief commercial city of Georgia, has closed the war so far as they are concerned. They hope and pray that our army will march through South Carolina, which region they denounce with bitter reproaches as being the cause of the war; and I have no doubt but that they would almost as readily fight for Massachusetts as for a state with which they have never been on terms of good-will and harmony.

We hear that the Rebel troops lately in occupation here are scattering. Hardee has already lost that portion of his troops who answered to the call of Governor Brown. After crossing the Savannah they left the ranks almost simultaneously, and their general, whose reputation rests chiefly upon his compilations from French works on military tactics, has now only the mere shadow of an army—that portion which had been drawn from every garrison between this point and the army under Lee in Virginia, including Macon and other posts beyond the call of Hood. I do not criticize Hardee for the course he has pursued. If he had followed the instructions of Beauregard, who, by the way, took good care to leave the city some days before there was a probability of its capture by assault, there might have been a host of dead men lying out in the cold moonlight; but the result would have been the same. If we had began an as-

sault, we should have entered the city at whatever cost, and the garrison might not have met with the mercy generously shown to the brave defenders of Fort McAllister. Hardee acted wisely and well; he withdrew his troops at a critical moment, and saved his command, at the expense, it is true, of valuable material; but there is a large balance in his favor to the credit of good sense and humanity.

But I do not propose to enter into a discussion which, by this time, must be actively carried on between Jeff. Davis and Hardee; they may fight out the paper battle to their own mutual content or disgust, as it may be. We are in Savannah, in the full enjoyment of superb quarters, fish, oysters, and other good things, and our army relishes the condition of affairs.

January 1*st*, 1865.—Before the evacuation of the city, General Sherman had been busily engaged in planning a new flank movement; visiting Hilton Head in person for this purpose, and traveling night and day during his journey to that place and back. For a part of the way he was conveyed by steam-boats, but when that mode of conveyance failed him, pushed through swamps and creeks in row-boats and "dug-outs." And here I may properly bear witness to that faithful indefatigability which is one of the elements of greatness in this man. He is never idle in camp, and while he has the highest confidence in his generals, he always examines the situation with his own eyes. I do not know a man more indifferent to danger than he, although he never foolishly exposes himself; and there could not be a captain who, never hesitating in an emergency where a bloody sacrifice is essential, yet guards so well the lives of his soldiers. I know that it is his constant aim to gain grand results without paying the costly penalties of war. Cer-

tainly this campaign has been a signal illustration of this quality in the General's character.

Along the whole line of our march General Sherman has never lost an opportunity of talking with and advising the negroes who came to our camp, and his great heart has overflowed in kindly counsels to these poor people. Since his arrival in this city he has kept open house for all who choose to call upon him, white or black. His rooms in the splendid mansion of Mr. Green, a British resident, are constantly thronged with visitors, and the negroes are greeted by him with the same courtesy that is extended to the whites. In truth, I honestly believe the General entertains a more profound respect and love for these loyal blacks than for the rebellious white men who formerly called themselves masters.

The negroes all tell the General that the falsehoods of the Rebel papers never deceived them, and that they believed that his "retreats" were victories; that they would serve the Union cause in any and all ways that they could, as soldiers, as drivers, or pioneers. Indeed, the faith, earnestness, and heroism of the black men is one of the grandest developments of this war. When I think of the universal testimony of our escaped soldiers, who enter our lines every day, that in the hundreds of miles which they traverse on their way they never ask the poor slave in vain for help; that the poorest negro hides and shelters them, and shares the last crumb with them—all this impresses me with a weight of obligation and a love for them that stir the very depths of my soul.

A memorable interview has taken place here between the Secretary of War and the colored clergymen of the city. These good men represented almost every religious denomination. I was present during a portion of the interview,

which occurred at General Sherman's headquarters, and I shall never forget the impressive spectacle. Mr. Stanton sat at a table, asking questions and making notes of the replies; now and then putting down his pen and adjusting his spectacles in a surprised way, as if he could not comprehend how these men came to possess such a clear consciousness of the merits of the questions involved in the war. Their replies were so shrewd, so wise, so comprehensive, that, as Mr. Stanton afterward observed, "they understood and could state the principles of this question as well as any member of the Cabinet."

General Sherman stood near the fireplace, occasionally walking to and fro, or making some pregnant suggestion, which would call forth new thoughts or start another train of remark.

In one corner of the room, watching with curious and interested gaze this singular interview, stood General Townsend, a gentleman who has for many years fulfilled with rare justness and courtesy the onerous duties of Adjutant General of the United States Army.

The black clergymen, fifteen or twenty in number, were grouped about the room, sitting and standing. With all due respect for the clerical profession, I doubt if twenty white ministers of the Gospel could have been called together so suddenly out of one of our Northern cities (certainly not in the South) who could represent so much common sense and intelligence as these men. Nor would an average score of clergymen present an array of nobler heads. In an artistic sense, the negroes would certainly have the advantage of color.

This conference lasted until the small hours of the morning, when the visitors were sent home with words of kindness and counsel.

It is surprising to all of us to see how admirably the negroes of the city behave, in view of their knowledge that our coming sets them at liberty from the control of their masters. They take no advantage of their freedom in any way in their conduct to those who ill treated them in former days, except that they leave them for the sake of obtaining remunerative employment. They put on no "airs," as the Southern people term it, but are uniformly quiet and respectful. One of them said to me:

"We don't wish to do any thing wrong. We know that you came here to set us free; we expect you to tell us what to do, and we shall act in accordance with that. Some of these masters have treated us shamefully, whipped, and imprisoned, and sold us about; but we don't wish to be revenged on them. The Bible says that we must forgive our enemies. They have been our enemies, and we forgive them. Thank God! we are slaves no longer."

It is shameful that the negro, even in a state of freedom, can not escape the cupidity and persecution of the white man. Since we have been here, negro men have rushed frightened to General Sherman's headquarters begging for protection from the "land-sharks," who, it appears, have seized all the able-bodied negroes they could lay their hands upon, and locked them up until they could be mustered into the service. The wretches who perpetrate this outrage take the names of these men and the evidence of their enlistment to the North, and sell them as substitutes for the army. General Sherman was exceedingly angry, and at once gave orders to have the negroes released, threatened the recruiting agents with severe punishment if violence was again used, and assured the negroes that they were free to go where they liked for work, and that they could become soldiers if they chose, but that they should not be forced into the army.

While the army is recuperating for another campaign, a crowd of civilians have found their way here from the North. They are eager creatures, seeking fortune in a cotton-bale. How they are able to run the blockade at the War Office is a wonder; but here they are in spite of the wise prohibition of Mr. Stanton; many of them with papers in their pockets signed by Mr. Lincoln, permitting them to purchase ten, twenty, or a thousand bales of cotton. General Sherman detests these speculators with all his soul. Several of them called upon him, and the interview was amusing.

"How are you, General?" said a black-haired, pale, hungry-faced man.

"Ah!" the General replied, "*you* are down here. What are you after in Savannah?"

"Well, General, I did so well in banking operations at Memphis that I thought I would try my hand in cotton. I have an order from Mr. Lincoln," etc.

Several others repeated in substance the same story. At last the General turned round, and with a manner any thing but agreeable to the individuals he addressed, said:

"You know that the Secretary of War is here?"

With some trepidation, his auditors replied in the affirmative.

"Well," he added, "I have peremptory instructions to arrest every man who came here without proper authority, and I shall execute these orders if I have to put in the guard-house the most intimate friend I have. You have come to the wrong place, gentlemen."

"You won't get me unless you do it in an hour, for I shall take the first boat to New York," said the Israelitish ex-banker.

The news of the order for arrest got about town in a few

hours. The next morning not one of the greedy speculators was to be found in the city.

January 2d.—The early colonists, when navigating the waters of Tybee, Ossabaw, and Warsaw Sounds, must have rejoiced greatly when they came to the high bluff where the substantial city of Savannah now stands. No matter how great the floods which descended the mighty river, overflowing the widely-extended swamp lands—it could never encroach upon the site they had chosen for their new settlement. Standing upon the balconies of the lofty warehouses which line the river bank, the spectator gazes toward the east and north over leagues of rice lands. Here and there a solitary tree or a negro hut breaks the monotonous level; in the far distance, toward the sea, groups of water-oaks, which have taken root in the sandy soil, fringe the horizon; below, the river rushes past, turbid with the washings from the myriad streams and creeks in the mountains of Tennessee. As we see it now, the surface of the stream is covered with hundreds of vessels. Ships are unloading at the piers; steamboats are surging painfully against the tide; rafts and rowboats are filled with curious soldiers, who are enjoying the novel spectacle of a sea-port for the first time. Down the river, where a line of dark spots marks the sunken "cribs" which the stupid people placed there to prevent the approach of the "Yankees," an object in the form of a tower lies gently reposing: it is a huge turreted monitor, which is best left sleeping. On the other side of the stream, snugly at anchor, swings the cutter Bibb, the flag at her stern showing that her worthy commander, Captain Boutelle, is on board. When a child, I remember hearing of Boutelle's surveys in Charleston Harbor and the Savannah River.

Little did I expect to meet him one day on the Ogeechee, fishing for Rebel torpedoes.

The wide piers, or wharves, at our feet are thronged with thousands of laborers in army blue. They are loading supplies with the long tiers of wagons which stretch through the admirably-built causeways to the main street above. Hundreds of them, thousands come here daily on a similar errand. Certainly in the most prosperous times there could not have been more life and movement in Savannah than we see here to-day.

Savannah is not so beautiful a city as Portland, in Maine, or Rome, in Georgia, where Nature has showered her graces with prodigal hand; nor has the artist here supplied the place of Nature. The city is not celebrated for its works of art, nor for fine architectural displays. A pretty fountain adorns one of the numerous parks; an unobtrusive monument to the memory of Pulaski occupies the centre of another; and one or two churches of substantial material and graceful form attest the wealth and good taste of the builders; but for all this it would be an extravagance of words to say that Savannah is beautiful.

There is a strong element of good society in the city. In the old time the port had excellent commercial advantages. Cotton and rice, in large quantities, were exported; and there grew up, with an active trade, a wealthy class of merchants, refined and cultivated. Then there were plantation owners, who made this place their home. Rich in lands, slaves, and gold, they lived luxuriously; and, like other people in other ages, who owned the human beings whose labor was the source of their wealth, they came to despise any man who gained his daily bread by the sweat of his own brow. In the course of time these people have come to believe themselves the aristocracy, born to rule

their fellow-beings. If you choose to trace out the surroundings of the most violent of traitors, you will find that they belong to this class.

A highly cultivated lady said to me:

"It is terrible, sir! All my slaves have left me; my plantation is broken up. I don't know but the land will be given to my slaves. I have no money, or but little. I shall have to starve or work."

"Well, madam," I replied, "I really wouldn't advise you to starve. Supposing you do work?"

"But I never did such a thing in all my life!" she answered.

Mrs. ——, who had always passed her summers at the North, and had lived a life of perfect ease, found her income of $20,000 a year swept away at a single blow. With the most charming innocence she protested to me,

"I really fear, sir, that I shall have to submit to the disgrace of giving lessons in music."

I was rude enough to reply:

"Madam, I hope so."

While we occupied Savannah nothing occurred to interrupt the quiet and order which belongs to a large city. In truth, the citizens averred that never, even in peaceful days, was there so much of order; that they never felt so secure in the possession of their property and in the safety of life and limb as now.

While I have no doubt that the most of these people actually sympathize with their relatives and friends in the Rebel army, I am equally sure that they rejoiced that the city was in the hands of our army and under the government of the old Union. Not that they love the "Yankees" more than of yore, but they have learned to respect and even honor men whom in the days before the war they

hated and despised. "*Nous avons changé tout cela*," and they have learned that we may be generous as enemies and gentle as friends, while they no longer suffer the deprivation of seclusion from the civilized outer world.

A foreigner visiting the city would not suppose that it was so lately a prize of battle. Ladies walk the streets with perfect confidence and security, and the public squares are filled with children at play; the stores and theatres are open; soldiers are lounging on the doorsteps of the houses in cheerful conversation with fair damsels; carriages whirl by, wherein the blue coat and brass buttons are in close proximty—any thing but warlike—to jockey hats and flowing ringlets. In truth, there is a delightful *entente cordiale* between the officers and ladies, which would never be disturbed, perhaps, could many of them be consulted. Yet to those who observe the movements in the different departments of the army there appear signs that this great host is unsettling its wings for another migration.

CHAPTER XI.

REVIEW OF THE GEORGIA CAMPAIGN.

In a military point of view there is no precedent to the campaign through Georgia, for the history of war records no similar conditions. The uninterrupted success of twenty-seven days of marching was not due to the lack of an enemy to oppose our progress, for there were garrisons at Augusta, Macon, Charleston, and Savannah, which, had they been concentrated under the lead of a man like Johnston, might have stayed our steps for a while. But the direction of columns, the disposition of troops, the selection of lines of operations, so confused and deceived Beauregard that no concentration or effective opposition was made until the last moment, when it was too late.

There can be no doubt that the gravest error yet committed by the Rebel leaders was the dispatch of Hood's army to a field of operations north of the Chattahoochee. The capture of Atlanta by our forces was in reality the death-blow to the Rebel cause, for the downfall of that place proved that the two great strong-holds of the Confederacy, Richmond and Atlanta, could not both be held at the same time. Had not the Rebel chiefs been afflicted with that supreme selfishness, that arrogant pride, which impelled and fostered this traitorous war, the fall of Atlanta would have been the signal for a concentration of all their forces upon the plains of Georgia or in South Carolina. Had Richmond and the sea-coast been abandoned, and a rapid concentration of their armies and garrisons effected, we

might not have been to-day in possession of Savannah, and the war would have been indefinitely prolonged.

It should not be inferred, however, that General Sherman would have remained in Atlanta, even if there had been a concentration of the Rebel forces. That city lost its military value the moment its machine shops, its arsenals, its factories, its system of railroads were destroyed; and it is a great error, or, rather, an under-estimate of the fertile brain of General Sherman, to suppose that the presence of Hood at Jonesboro' or any other place would have prevented our invasion of the South. The theatre for military operations was extensive. Whenever he had chosen to free himself from the vexatious guard of a line of communications four hundred miles in length, thus leaving the army at liberty to move, he had the choice of several important objectives. If he had deemed it imprudent or impossible to march upon Savannah direct, he had alternatives of equal value. There were ways of reaching salt water without marching straight toward the sea-coast. Skillful manœuvres would have been essential, some sharp fighting would have occurred, our march would have been slower, our work would have been delayed—nothing more. Sherman's army could not have been permanently arrested in the deed it meant to accomplish.

But the Rebels were not sufficiently sagacious to prevent us from doing as we intended. They presented a bold front near Atlanta; Hood crept up into Tennessee to meet the fate of a brave but desperate man when Thomas crushed him; Lee could not stir; and Sherman marched down to the sea.

Four co-operative movements of the Union forces took place during this campaign, but only two had marked significance.

1. General Foster was instructed to demonstrate upon the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, and, if possible, to make a lodgment at Pocotaligo or Grahamville. His soldiers made a brave attempt to effect this lodgment, but they were foiled. The Rebels were able to concentrate at the threatened point and drive our men back with some loss, defeating the object of the expedition.

2. A cavalry force left the banks of the Mississippi River, with instructions to move toward Selma, Alabama. This expedition returned after a short march without accomplishing any material results.

3. General Stoneman's cavalry started upon a similar expedition up the valley of the Tennessee. Stoneman was completely successful. He fought and routed nearly every force of the enemy who came in his way, capturing prisoners and stores, and destroying large and invaluable works erected for the manufacture of salt and saltpetre. He returned in safety, having admirably fulfilled his instructions.

4. The fourth and most important co-operative movement rose subsequently to the dignity of a separate campaign. A universally received rule in the art of war forbids the division of forces in the face of an enemy. Jeff. Davis and Hood's raid northward was undertaken in the belief that Sherman would not dare to violate this maxim. There were two reasons sufficient to justify General Sherman in the course he adopted. He knew that by detaching the 4th and 23d Corps to aid General Thomas, the re-enforcement, with the troops already within his control, would enable that General to oppose to Hood a largely superior army—an army not only sufficient to defend the line of the Tennessee, but at any moment to assume the offensive. More than this: the theatre of operations was not confined to the valley of the Tennessee. The vital strength of the rebellion

lay in that mighty army within the fortifications of Richmond. To break up and destroy the communications of that army, and thus to compel the evacuation of the Rebel strong-hold, was Sherman's mission and design. The future will decide whether or not the capture of Savannah and the victory of Nashville were steps toward that glorious achievement.

In closing this brief review of The March to the Sea, I can not refrain from noting one or two incidents of the campaign which naturally belong to this division of the subject.

As rumors of the approach of our army reached the frightened inhabitants, frantic efforts were made to conceal not only their valuable personal effects, plate, jewelry, and other rich goods, but also articles of food, such as hams, sugar, flour, etc. A large part of these supplies were carried to the neighboring swamps; but the favorite method of concealment was the burial of the treasures in the pathways and gardens adjoining the dwelling-houses. Sometimes, also, the grave-yards were selected as the best place of security from the "vandal hands of the invaders." Unfortunately for these people, the negroes betrayed them, and in the early part of the march the soldiers learned the secret. It is possible that supplies thus hidden may have escaped the search of our men; but, if so, it was not for want of diligent exploration. With untiring zeal the soldiers hunted for concealed treasures. Wherever the army halted, almost every inch of ground in the vicinity of the dwellings was poked by ramrods, pierced with sabres, or upturned with spades. The universal digging was good for the garden land, but its results were distressing to the Rebel owners of exhumed property, who saw it rapidly and irretrievably "confiscated." It was comical to see a group of these red-bearded, barefooted, ragged veterans punching the unoffend-

lay in that mighty army within the fortifications of Richmond. To break up and destroy the communications of that army, and thus to compel the evacuation of the Rebel strong-hold, was Sherman's mission and design. The future will decide whether or not the capture of Savannah and the victory of Nashville were steps toward that glorious achievement.

In closing this brief review of The March to the Sea, I can not refrain from noting one or two incidents of the campaign which naturally belong to this division of the subject.

As rumors of the approach of our army reached the frightened inhabitants, frantic efforts were made to conceal not only their valuable personal effects, plate, jewelry, and other rich goods, but also articles of food, such as hams, sugar, flour, etc. A large part of these supplies were carried to the neighboring swamps; but the favorite method of concealment was the burial of the treasures in the pathways and gardens adjoining the dwelling-houses. Sometimes, also, the grave-yards were selected as the best place of security from the "vandal hands of the invaders." Unfortunately for these people, the negroes betrayed them, and in the early part of the march the soldiers learned the secret. It is possible that supplies thus hidden may have escaped the search of our men; but, if so, it was not for want of diligent exploration. With untiring zeal the soldiers hunted for concealed treasures. Wherever the army halted, almost every inch of ground in the vicinity of the dwellings was poked by ramrods, pierced with sabres, or upturned with spades. The universal digging was good for the garden land, but its results were distressing to the Rebel owners of exhumed property, who saw it rapidly and irretrievably "confiscated." It was comical to see a group of these red-bearded, barefooted, ragged veterans punching the unoffend-

TREASURE SEEKERS.

ing earth in an apparently idiotic, but certainly most energetic way. If they "struck a vein" a spade was instantly put in requisition, and the coveted wealth was speedily unearthed. Nothing escaped the observation of these sharp-witted soldiers. A woman standing upon the porch of a house, apparently watching their proceedings, instantly became an object of suspicion, and she was watched until some movement betrayed a place of concealment. The fresh earth recently thrown up, a bed of flowers just set out, the slightest indication of a change in appearance or position, all attracted the gaze of these military agriculturists. It was all fair spoil of war, and the search made one of the excitements of the march.

CHAPTER XII.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

THE relation of a staff officer to his chief is necessarily of an intimate personal nature: I desire to speak of General Sherman from this point of view. His military deeds have passed into the pages of history: his social characteristics can only be recorded by those who have been admitted to the privilege of his friendship.

Late in the summer of 1864 I was relieved from detached service in the West, and ordered to report to the General commanding the Military Division of the Mississippi. I found General Sherman at Atlanta, seated in the parlor of his headquarters, surrounded by several of his generals, and shall never forget the kindness with which he received me. When he heard that I was a stranger in the Western army, he said, "Very well; I will retain you on my staff." The expression of gentleness, sympathy, and consideration which accompanied this brief announcement, made an impression upon me which will be fully understood by any officer who has had the fortune to be suddenly ordered to a strange and distant field of duty, where anxiety and embarrassment awaited him. The incident is introduced here because it gives the key-note to a striking feature in the character of General Sherman.

Not only is the General sensitively considerate of the feelings of his friends, but he will not permit abuse or ridicule of any one attached to his person. This characteristic is well known to the officers of his army. It has been some-

times said that his strong personal attachments exert an influence over his official relations; but this is not true. In all his actions he is governed by a high and conscientious sense of duty, embracing all the questions involved in the subject under consideration. His decisions are rapid, alike on light and important questions; but he first weighs with care and judgment the arguments advanced on both sides.

A striking evidence of his sense of justice and his unselfishness may be seen in his refusal to accept the commission of a Major General in the Regular Army which was offered him previous to the fall of Atlanta. In his letter declining the honor, he said:

"These positions of so much trust and honor should be held open until the close of the war. They should not be hastily given. Important campaigns are in operation. At the end, let those who prove their capacity and merit be the ones appointed to these high honors."

General Sherman's memory is marvelous. The simplest incidents of friendly intercourse, the details of his campaigns, citations of events, dates, names, faces, remain fresh in his mind. A soldier who may have addressed him long years ago in the swamps of Florida; some heroic deed of an officer or soldier at Shiloh; a barn or a hillside in Georgia; a chance expression of your own which you may have forgotten; the minutest particulars in the plan of a campaign; whatever he has seen, heard, or read, he remembers with astonishing accuracy. Napoleon had a similar trait.

He is also remarkably observant, especially of the conduct and character of the officers of the army. He sees what many persons suppose it impossible for his eye to reach. In an army of seventy thousand men, it might be reasonably imagined that the commanding general is too far removed from the great mass to know or be known by

them; but when it is remembered that Sherman has marched during this campaign alternately with one and another corps, it ceases to be a matter of surprise that he is thoroughly acquainted with the character of the different organizations. In truth, nothing escapes that vigilant and piercing eye, from the greatest to the minutest detail of the command.

General Sherman is sociable in the best sense of the word. When the responsibilities of the hour are cast aside—and he throws them off with the utmost facility—he enters into the spirit of a merry-making with all the zest and appreciation of the jolliest of the party. He has a keen sense of wit and humor, and not unfrequently he is the centre and life of the occasion. Sometimes he is familiar with others, but it would be a remarkable spectacle to see others take liberties with him. He converses freely, yet he is reticent to the last degree, knowing how to keep his own counsel, and never betraying his purposes. He is cautious, and often suspicious; yet no man ever accused him of deceit or dishonesty, either in word or deed. His unmeasured scorn and contempt are visited upon pretense, spurious philanthropy, arrogance, self-conceit, or boasting; but he never fails to recognize and pay a hearty tribute to unpretentious merit, courage, capacity, Christian manliness, and simplicity. He is not prodigal of promises, but his word, once given, is sacred as Holy Writ.

If the personal descriptions of the General given by the Rebel newspapers during his campaign were accepted as truth, he would appear as a creature of demoniac passion and cruelty, whose unrelenting spirit found pleasure in wreaking vengeance upon old men, women, and children; but Rebel journalism is known to be violent, unscrupulous, and libelous, as readily assailing the President with coarse

vituperation as his generals with wholesale falsehood. General Sherman is terribly in earnest in his method of conducting war, but he is neither vindictive nor implacable. He once said to a Methodist preacher in Georgia who had, by voice and example, helped to plunge the nation into war:

"You, sir, and such as you, had the power to resist this mad rebellion; but you chose to strike down the best government ever created, and for no good reason whatsoever. You are suffering the consequences, and have no right to complain."

While the General was speaking, his soldiers were rapidly emptying the preacher's barns of their stores of corn and forage. The anecdote illustrates Sherman's ideas of the way to make war.

Again: Alfred Rhett, while speaking of the refugees who had escaped from the tyranny of the slaveholders' despotism, said to Sherman, with an oath:

"These miserable miscreants should every one be killed!"

"That is a favorite hobby of mine," replied the General, with a peculiar expression which was possibly lost upon Mr. Rhett; and then he added:

"There is a class of persons at the South who must be exterminated before there can be peace in the land."

Yet there is a depth of tenderness, akin to the love of woman, behind that face which is furrowed with the lines of anxiety and care, and those eyes which dart keen and suspicious glances. Little children cling to the General's knees and nestle in his arms with intuitive faith and affection. During our sojourn in Savannah, his headquarters and private room became the play-ground of hosts of little ones, upon whom the door was never closed, no matter what business was pending.

General Sherman's integrity seems to pervade every ele-

ment in his character. His intense dislike of the men who have been interested in the war only to make money out of it is well known. From the first instant of the rebellion pecuniary considerations were cast aside by the General, and he has given himself wholly to the service of his country. He knows the value of money, but he can say, with honorable pride, that the atmosphere of integrity and honesty about him withers and destroys the lust of gain. Not even the taint of suspicion in this regard has ever been cast upon him, nor upon the officers associated with him.

His keen sense of commercial integrity finds an apt illustration in an incident of his career as a banker in California. At that time it was the habit of Eastern men to send funds to California for favorable investment, and Hardee and others of Sherman's old army friends sent remittances to him for that purpose. During the financial panic in 1857 the securities which had previously given the investors a high rate of interest suddenly became worthless; but Sherman refunded the money, which was accepted with the knowledge that the banker suffered the entire loss. He was under no legal or moral obligation to perform this act, but his strong feeling of conscientiousness demanded the sacrifice.

In person, General Sherman is nearly six feet in height, with a wiry, muscular, and not ungraceful frame. His age is only forty-seven years, but his face is furrowed with deep lines, indicating care and profound thought. With surprising rapidity, however, these strong lines disappear when he talks with children and women. His eyes are of a dark-brown color, and sharp and quick in expression. His forehead is broad and fair, sloping gently at the top of the head, which is covered with thick and light-brown hair, closely trimmed. His beard and moustache, of a sandy hue, are

also closely cut. His constitution is iron. Exposure to cold, rain, or burning heat seems to produce no effect upon his powers of endurance and strength. Under the most harassing conditions I have never seen him exhibit any symptoms of fatigue. In the field he retires early, but at midnight he may be found pacing in front of his tent, or sitting by the camp-fire smoking a cigar. His sleep must be light and unrestful, for the galloping of a courier's horse down the road instantly wakes him, as well as a voice or a movement in his tent. He falls asleep as easily and quickly as a little child—by the roadside, upon the wet ground, on the hard floor, or when a battle rages near him. No circumstance of time or place seems to affect him. His mien is never clumsy nor commonplace; and when mounted upon review he appears in every way the Great Captain that he is.

When sounds of musketry or cannonading reach his ears, the General is extremely restless until he has been satisfied as to the origin, location, and probable results of the fight in progress. At such moments he usually lights a fresh cigar, and smokes while walking to and fro; stopping now and then to listen to the increasing rattle of musketry; then, muttering "Forward," will mount old "Sam," a horribly fast-walking horse, which is as indifferent to shot and shell as his master, and starts off in the direction of the fire. Dismounting near the battle-line, he will stride away into the woods, or to the edge of a creek or swamp, until some officer, fearful of the consequences, respectfully warns him that he is in a dangerous position, when, perhaps, he retires.

One afternoon, during the Atlanta campaign, the General paid a visit to General Hooker, who had pitched his headquarters in a place almost as much exposed to the fire of the enemy as any that could have been found along the line. The two Generals seated themselves comfortably, with their

feet planted against the trees, watching the operations immediately in front, and in full view of the Rebels. Very soon a Rebel shell passed them, shrieking overhead, clearing the crockery from the dinner-table with amazing rapidity, and frightening the cook Sambo, who afterward excused himself on the ground that his mate had been killed the night before by one of "them things." Another shell quickly followed, demolishing a chair which had just been vacated by an officer. Meanwhile the rifle-bullets were singing and "fizzing" about in a reckless way, chipping the bark from the trees and cutting their leaves and branches. Still the two Generals sat, discussing military questions, with the utmost indifference, until the sun went down; while the staff-officers, not seeing any fun in the business, carried on their own conversation as companionably as could reasonably be expected in a spot where the protecting trees were five or ten feet apart.

General Sherman asserts that he never needlessly goes under fire, and that he calculates all the chances, avoiding useless exposure, which is undoubtedly true. *Mais*, as the French say.

The General's habits of life are simple. Primitive, almost, as first principles, his greatest sacrifice will be made when he resigns campaigning for a more civilized life. He has a keen sense of the beauty of nature, and never is happier than when his camp is pitched in some forest of lofty pines, where the wind sings through the tree-tops in melodious measure, and the feet are buried in the soft carpeting of spindles. He is the last one to complain when the table fare is reduced to beef and "hard tack," and, in truth, he rather enjoys poverty of food, as one of the conditions of a soldier's life. I remember that he apologized to our guest, the Secretary of War, one day at Savannah, because certain

luxuries, such as canned fruits and jellies, had found their way to his table.

"This," he remarked, "is the consequence of coming into houses and cities. The only place to live, Mr. Secretary, is out of doors in the woods!"

This simplicity of taste, which is so perfectly natural to the General, has served well in the campaigns of this war. It is easily seen that in making long marches, the most fatal clog to successful operations is excessive transportation, and the tendency of the army is constantly to accretion; but Sherman reduces baggage-trains to the minimum, and himself shares the privations of the common soldier.

General Sherman's patriotism is a vital force. He has given himself and all that he has to the national cause. Personal considerations, I am sure, have never influenced him. Doubtless he is ambitious, but it is impossible to discern any selfish or unworthy motive, either in his words or deeds. I do not believe it possible for a man more absolutely to subordinate himself and his personal interests to the great cause than he. His patriotism is as pure as the faith of a child; and before it family and social influences are powerless. His relatives are the last persons to receive from his hand preferment or promotion. In answer to the request of one nearly allied to him that he would give his son a position on his staff, the General's reply was curt and unmistakable:

"Let him enter the ranks as a soldier, and carry a musket a few years."

In no instance is it possible for the General to favor the advancement of soldiers upon mere political grounds; bravery and capacity are the considerations which weigh with him. When a paper is handed to him for indorsement, accompanied by questions relative to promotion, he leaves the

selection of the candidate to army or corps commanders, reserving his own opinion until the proper time.

The character of General Sherman's mind is growth. Perhaps the process is slow, but it is not the less sure. Several of the great progressive ideas of the day have had to battle with his reason against old-established prejudices; but, having once gained entrance, they become a part of his nature. He has had as great responsibilities to meet as any man of the age, but there has never been an instant when he was not equal to the occasion, even to the acceptance of a new truth. Few men have so harmoniously united common sense and genius as General Sherman. He can hardly be styled a representative man, but he is altogether original, and is, at the same time, a pure outgrowth of American civilization. He is a Democrat in the best sense of that word. There is nothing European about him. He is a striking type of our institutions, and he comprehends justly the National Idea.

selection of the candidate to army or corps commanders, reserving his own opinion until the proper time.

The character of General Sherman's mind is growth. Perhaps the process is slow, but it is not the less sure. Several of the great progressive ideas of the day have had to battle with his reason against old-established prejudices; but, having once gained entrance, they become a part of his nature. He has had as great responsibilities to meet as any man of the age, but there has never been an instant when he was not equal to the occasion, even to the acceptance of a new truth. Few men have so harmoniously united common sense and genius as General Sherman. He can hardly be styled a representative man, but he is altogether original, and is, at the same time, a pure outgrowth of American civilization. He is a Democrat in the best sense of that word. There is nothing European about him. He is a striking type of our institutions, and he comprehends justly the National Idea.

PART II.

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE CAROLINAS.

CHAPTER XIII.

MOVEMENT OF TROOPS—CROSSING THE SOUTH CAROLINA BORDER—THE ARMY UNDER FLY-TENTS.

EVERY thing was quiet in Savannah in the middle of January, and the most perfect order was maintained from day to day. It seemed as if Sherman and his army had determined to become permanent residents of the city, so smoothly ran the wheels of routine. Yet while each man in the army, with that easy philosophy of the soldier which teaches him to catch pleasure wherever he can, was making the most of his time, not one imagined that the march to Savannah had been made with no other purpose than to remain there. It was thoroughly understood by all the intelligent veterans who composed the legions of Sherman, that so long as Lee and his forces stood defiant at the Rebel capital, Richmond was the real objective of our campaign. How and when we were to reach that point were the questions discussed throughout the camp; but our men said that "while 'Uncle Billy' had the matter in his hands, it was sure to go right."

The new expedition had already been determined in the mind of our chief before we saw Savannah. So far back as the Alabama campaign, when Hood was racing toward the North, and the march of this army through Georgia was in its inception, and perhaps long before that time, when press-

ing his columns steadily forward to the Gate City, our Great Captain had studied the problem he meant to solve, grasping the grand plan of his campaign, mastering its details, and working out its probable results. The capture of Savannah was but a pivot upon which he swung his army; this campaign was but a part of the *grand idea.* The 15th of January saw the troops actually in motion for the new campaign, and it was soon known that South Carolina was to be the next field of operations. To those whom the world called wise and prudent this new invasion seemed the height of danger. "While," said some, "the campaign through Georgia was harmless and safe, this is a march into the jaws of destruction." Others saw that every step into the interior was a step toward Lee, who could throw his columns, by easy railroad transit, across our track. Hardee was already in our front with 30,000 men; a retreat to Savannah could not be accomplished over roads which we had already cut to pieces; our flanks would continually be exposed to surprise by the enemy; the approaches to Charleston by the land were infinitely more difficult than those of Savannah. Altogether, these good people in Savannah thought the undertaking hazardous in the extreme—in fact, impossible.

Nevertheless, the troops were in motion.

The better to see how and when it was done, it is essential to recur to the diary of the campaign.

Savannah, January 21*st.*—The grand movement of the right and left wings of the army, which has been going on quietly yet vigorously for several days, has received a severe check in the heavy rains of the past three days. Last week the 17th Corps and two divisions of the 15th were moved by water from Thunderbolt round to Beaufort, and from

there to the main land. Advancing toward the Charleston Railroad, they met the enemy, who fell back after a sharp skirmish. Our loss was light, and the troops went into camp under the fire of the Rebel batteries. The next day preparations were made for a detour which would have flanked the position. The Rebels did not wait for this, but evacuated their works, leaving three guns behind them; so we now occupy Pocotaligo, with a loss of ten men killed and wounded. The attempt of Foster to carry the same position a month ago cost him twelve hundred or fifteen hundred men. The 20th, 14th, and two divisions of the 15th Corps remained here; two divisions of the 20th crossed the rice lands opposite to the city and reached Hardeeville, opening communication with Howard at Pocotaligo. Then the rains fell in torrents, and a freshet came down the river, and there was from ten to fifteen feet of water where our wagon trains passed along safely a week ago. We have attempted to march up the river on this side, but the water covers all the roads, until they also are impassable. Mules and wagons actually sink out of sight. At Purisburg, where the crossing is made, our soldiers are doing picket duty in boats and scows. It seems as if we must wait until the water runs off.

Beaufort, January 25th.—A portion of the army, with its trains, is yet in process of transportation from Thunderbolt here. Our soldiers, upon landing in what they suppose to be the State of South Carolina, have the idea that they can commence foraging at once, and so the hen-coops of the worthy Union men, who are safely and snugly settled down here in their cheaply-purchased mansions, have suffered somewhat. The men restrained themselves as soon as they found how the matter stood, and no more damage will be inflicted.

The inhabitants were easily satisfied when they fully understood the ignorance of the soldiers as to their status. An unfortunate major general, however, did not escape so easily. Assigned to the house of a government official, his servants foraged on the premises without his knowledge, quickly clearing them of chickens, turkeys, etc. The owner of the house thought himself wronged, and refused to be comforted, although all sorts of apologies were offered.

Pocotaligo, January 27th.—From Beaufort to this place there is the same character of country as in the rear of Savannah—impénetrable swamps and wide-extended rice-fields, crossed by raised dykes or causeways. The heads of these were defended by finely-constructed forts, where it seems as if a few men could hold at bay an army. How it is that our soldiers are able to outflank and outmanœuvre the Rebels it is hard to tell, unless we take into account an advantage which is illustrated in an incident which took place on the skirmish-line a short distance from here when the two lines came within speaking distance.

Johnny Reb. commenced the conversation with the remark, "Who the —— are you? Strikes me you're pushing things!"

"You're right there, Johnny. We're Bill Sherman's raiders; you'd better git—we're coming for you straight!" The Rebels left the same morning.

From present appearances I judge we shall not move for several days. The balmy South, which I have heard of so long, is something we have yet to experience. We have either very heavy rains, or a harsh, biting wind, such as is now sweeping over the country to our great discomfort.

The 14th Corps is by this time on its way to Sister's Ferry, much higher up the Savannah River than Purisburg,

and at a much better crossing, having the additional advantage of reaching a high pine ridge which traverses the State of South Carolina as far north as Augusta, and nearly parallel to the river. The object of this movement of the left wing I can not understand, unless Branchville is our first objective. Many of the officers of the army think, and all of the navy hope and pray, that we are making direct for Charleston. I doubt it. We can not stay long before that city for want of supplies, unless we establish a new base in that vicinity, which is probably not anticipated; whereas, if we march into the northern and middle part of the state, our army can obtain supplies on the way, and accomplish its capture without a fight before its fortifications.

In the outset of the campaign orders of a general character were issued. All sick, wounded, and incompetent soldiers were left behind. Transportation was reduced to the smallest possible space. The amount of hard bread, coffee, and salt, the number of wagons for the different headquarters and for each regiment and battery, and the size of the supply-train, were specified. The number of officers to occupy a tent, and the kind of tent to be used, were also designated. Except for the uses of the adjutants' offices, the wall-tent, which we look back upon with tenderest gratitude, is forbidden, and two officers are permitted to share the "fly" which formerly was stretched over the wall-tent. This will answer when the weather is pleasant, for with half a dozen blankets one can sleep comfortably in the open air; but let the wind blow and the rain fall, and comfort in your fly is an open question. But we manage to rig up boughs and water-proofs, which keep out some of the wind and a limited amount of water.

When I think of the many hours passed in happy security in a wall-tent, no remorse embitters the recollec-

tion; for no shadow of doubt then crossed my mind but that I was enjoying the luxury of camp life, if not of all living.

Wall-tents are not the only luxuries now forbidden. Chairs, camp-cots, trunks, and all unnecessary personal baggage, are thrown out without exception. No officer is permitted to take with him more horses than the regulations allow, and he is also restricted in the number of his servants. In truth, General Sherman has reduced the army to its simplest and most effective fighting and marching conditions, rejecting as superfluities all that is not essential to its health, or that may clog its movements.

In all these personal sacrifices General Sherman demands nothing of his soldiers which he does not himself share. His staff is smaller than that of any brigade commander in the army. He has fewer servants and horses than the military regulations allow; his baggage is reduced to the smallest possible limit; he sleeps in a fly-tent like the rest of us, rejecting the effeminacy of a house; and the soldier in the ranks indulges in luxuries (the fruits of some daring forage raid, to be sure) which his chief never sees.

When we left Atlanta we thought the army had been stripped to the lowest possible point, but our experiences thus far prove that we can go several steps lower, and that a man may have but little and still be contented, if not comfortable. Farther than this, we discover how unnecessary, if not enervating, are the conventionalities and luxuries of city life.

CHAPTER XIV.

ADVANCE TO THE SALKAHATCHIE—IN THE SWAMPS—DESOLATION.

January 30th.—The actual invasion of South Carolina has begun. The 17th Corps and that portion of the 15th which came around by way of Thunderbolt and Beaufort moved out this morning, on parallel roads, in the direction of McPhersonville. The 17th Corps took the road nearest the Salkahatchie River. We expect General Corse, with the 4th Division of the 15th Corps, to join us at a point higher up. The 14th and 20th Corps will take the road to Robertville, nearer the Savannah River. Since General Howard started with the 17th we have heard the sound of many guns in his direction. To-day is the first really fine weather we have had since starting, and the roads have improved. It was wise not to cut them up during the rains, for we can now move along comfortably. The well-known sight of columns of black smoke meets our gaze again; this time houses are burning, and South Carolina has commenced to pay an instalment, long overdue, on her debt to justice and humanity. With the help of God, we will have principal and interest before we leave her borders. There is a terrible gladness in the realization of so many hopes and wishes. This cowardly traitor state, secure from harm, as she thought, in her central position, with hellish haste dragged her Southern sisters into the caldron of secession. Little did she dream that the hated flag would again wave over her soil; but this bright morning a thousand Union banners

are floating in the breeze, and the ground trembles beneath the tramp of thousands of brave Northmen, who know their mission, and will perform it to the end.

February 1*st.*—The 15th Corps has reached Hickory Hill to-night, making a fine march of twenty miles from Pocotaligo. The roads are much better, for we have found higher ground in each mile of our march until we reached this "hill," which can not have received any such cognomen because of its elevation, for it is simply a rising plateau, and would perhaps become submerged in the event of a freshet. General Howard is with the 17th Corps, eight miles east of us, on the Salkahatchie River Road. General Slocum, with the left wing, has not yet crossed the Savannah. The river is up again, and unknown distances of bridging must be accomplished before he can get fairly on his appointed way. This remark, however, does not apply to two divisions of the 20th Corps, which crossed the Savannah below Sister's Ferry, at Purisburg, and are to-night at Robertville. They will be able to join us sooner than the others, who are likely to be delayed several days.

During the march to this point we have had opportunities of observing a barren agricultural region, and a population of "poor whites" whose brain is as arid as the land they occupy. The wealthy landholders, who formerly held this region by a sort of feudal tenure, have all run away on the approach of our troops, leaving a contingent remainder of ignorant, half-civilized people, whose ideas are limited, and whose knowledge of the English tongue is, to say the least, extremely imperfect. A family of this class I found in full and undisputed possession of the mansion of an escaped magnate (I came near writing the word convict). The head of this family was a weak creature, with pale face,

light eyes, and bleached beard. His wife, a woman of about thirty years, was bowed, crooked, and yellow. She carried in her arms a dirty boy about three years old. A frightened young girl of thirteen, the woman's stepdaughter, completed the number of the household. The man entered freely into conversation on the subject of the war. He seemed to understand but little of the great principles which were at stake in the conflict, and, in point of fact, it is an open question whether he knew what a principle meant; yet even his dull intellect took in two points, namely, that the success of the Rebels would certainly establish the bondage of his own class to the aristocrats of the South, and that our own victories would secure freedom to the slaves. The emancipation of the blacks, he thought, "would be a derned shame;" but he immediately added: "I don't pretend to understand these questions; I don't know much anyhow!" To this remark I mentally gave my hearty assent.

He continued: "The poor whites aren't allowed to live here in South Carolina; the rich folks allus charges us with sellin' things to the niggers; so they won't let us own land, but drives us about from place to place. I never owned a foot of land all my life, and I was born and raised in this state. It was only a little while ago they cau't a man a sellin' to the nigs, so they tarred and feathered him, and put him into Georgia across Sister's Ferry. They hate the sight of us poor whites."

"And yet," said I, "you are the class that are now furnishing the rank and file of their armies. How absurd that is!" The man answered with a vacant, listless stare, and the remark, "It mought be so."

February 3d. — The 15th Corps have moved forward again, and are in camp at Loper's Cross Roads, the junction

where the Sister's Ferry Road crosses the direct road from Hickory Hill. Two divisions are encamped on the Sister's Ferry Road, as far as the place formerly called Barker's Mills. This point was occupied yesterday by a division of the 17th Corps coming up from Whippy Swamp. General Howard was heard from directly to-day; we have had intimations of his position since yesterday morning through the sound of cannon in his direction. He has been trying to make a crossing over the Salkahatchie at River's Bridge, up to last accounts unsuccessfully. Several officers and men have been killed and wounded since he left us at Pocotaligo.

We have again had news from our left wing. The two divisions which crossed at Purisburg have come up, and are in camp two miles from this point. The other part of this wing is still at Sister's Ferry, waiting for means to march.

A journey of thirty miles which I made to-day again afforded opportunities to talk with the people. As usual, the negroes were by far the most interesting. Alert, witty, and sensible, their intelligence is in every way superior to that of the lower class of white men who share these abandoned lands with them. I found the blacks generally aware that the Rebels intended to put them in the army, and much conversation on this point elicited curious illustrations of the state of feeling among the slaves.

I remarked to a jolly-looking black that I had heard the Rebels meant to make a soldier of him.

"But I wouldn't go!" was his reply.

"Suppose they offer you your freedom."

"Oh, dey lies a heap! I'se not belieb 'em; I wouldn't fight."

"Then they will force you to go. What will you do

when they get you into their army, and put a musket in your hands, and tell you to shoot the Yankees?"

"I nebber will shoot de Yankees; de first chance I git I run away!"

Three very queer specimens of white women were at the corner of the road as our column wound around to cross Jackson's Creek at Barker's Mills. The day was cold and windy, and now and then the rain would fall in torrents, to be thirstily absorbed by the sandy soil, except here and there in the roadway, where it stood in huge puddles to warn the wary teamsters that a quicksand stood ready to engulf their mules and wagons. It was a wild day, and a dreary place for three lone women. Supposing that they had been burned out of house and home by the soldiers, I asked the old woman (the other two were not more than sixteen) if I could be of any service to them.

"Anan?" was the reply.

"Can I help you in any way?"

"Oh no; we jist cum out h'yar to see the soldiers go by; never seed so many men in all my life. We live back here off the road a spell."

"How do you get a living?"

"We spin, and make cloth, and do our own farming."

I noticed that they were standing in the cold mud with their bare limbs and feet exposed, and asked them where were their shoes.

"We ain't got none; the rich people won't let poor folks like us have shoes."

All this time the two girls were peering out at us from beneath the long hoods covering their faces, so that we could only see their eyes. There was a simplicity and bashfulness in this action which was not only odd, but really charming, although the surroundings strongly suggested

the comical. I asked the old lady, who proved to be their mother, if they were frightened:

"Lor' bless you, sir, no; they are a little backward, that's all. They never seed so much company, sir, before to-day."

"I should think not," I replied. "If you don't look out, some of these blue-eyed Yankees will marry them and elope."

She nodded her head with satisfaction, and said, "May be."

I left them standing in the cold rain, gazing with curious, wondering eyes upon the long column of troops as it wound along the road and crossed the swollen river.

February 4th.—The army has had a remarkable experience in floundering through these South Carolina swamps; but Sherman's soldiers stop for nothing. Yesterday afternoon the swamps were conquered, the Salkahatchie was crossed, and a force of the enemy who offered a determined opposition to our passage of the stream were driven back. Under a heavy fire from Rebel infantry on the opposite bank of the river, Mower's division of the 17th Corps dashed through and obtained a footing on the east side. The river was too deep to ford, but our brave fellows spanned it by hand-bridges, or floats, upon which they launched themselves, regardless of the pelting storm of lead which was hurled upon them. The Rebels held strong intrenchments on the other side of the river, but, instead of remaining to defend them against our direct attack, ran away as soon as Mower had made a landing. Perhaps their flight was hastened by the fact that a lodgment was at the same time made some miles farther down the river. A division under General Giles E. Smith waded and swam the stream, and was fortunately able to effect a lodgment on the main

Charleston Road, just before the arrival of eight regiments which had been sent up to make good the position the Rebel commander had so successfully held. The gain of River's Bridge opened up the east side of the river as far as our army extends, so that this morning General Wood, commanding first division 15th Corps, found no enemy at Beaufort Bridge.

The bridge was partially destroyed, but not so much injured but that we can repair it before night. The woods resound with the music of the axes, and the cries of the pioneers, as they move timbers and other material to the river. On the other side of the bridge the Rebels had built a strong *tête du pont*, with embrasures and curtains, forming a work sufficiently capacious to contain a division of troops. The successful break made in one part of the Rebel line of defense is an illustration of the great principle in war, that when any part of an enemy's line is carried, and the foothold obtained is made permanent, the remainder of the line must be given up.

Major General Giles E. Smith, who commanded the division of the 17th Corps which swam the Salkahatchie below Mower's position, is a Western man, whose fame has been nobly won on almost every battle-field of this war west and south of the Blue Ridge. He is a manly and handsome soldier, nearly six feet in height, with a frame well-knit, genial blue eyes, light complexion, sandy hair and beard, and an open and cheerful countenance. With this prepossessing exterior, he is polite and hospitable, and of course is popular. As a soldier, he stands among the best. Always attentive to the wants of his command, his men are the last to be out of supplies or clothing. As a commander, he is brave and cool upon the field of battle, and manages his troops with admirable skill.

General Mower personally directed his part of the grand movement of yesterday. During the struggle to gain a footing for our troops on the opposite bank of the river, he stood or waded in the water, urging on the men, watching the course of events with keen glance, and frequently becoming the mark for the Rebel sharpshooters. He is a noble officer, and has won the admiration of his superior officers, and of none more than General Sherman.

No tidings from General Slocum or the left wing of the army have been received to-day. There is some speculation in the camp whether the delay of this column will endanger the main movement. Thus far, we have kept on our course without much regard to the left wing, but it is probable that we shall halt presently, in order to enable it to make a junction. As yet, the real objective of the campaign remains the secret of a few at head-quarters.

February 5th.—To-day I have examined the works at Beaufort Bridge, which were evacuated by the Rebels as soon as we made the crossing at River's Bridge. The place is remarkably strong, both in its natural advantages and in the line of works which defend the passage. A brigade, with a single section of artillery, could have held an army at bay. So it would seem, at least, when one wades and stumbles over the narrow road which leads for half a mile through the swamp. Emerging from the dense jungle before crossing the main branch of the stream, one may see upon its border a line of well-built works extending for a quarter of a mile on either side. Here are three embrasures, pierced for heavy guns, while the parapet is surmounted by the protecting head-log. If the enemy had not been flanked below, and could have defended this place, its capture would have cost us hundreds of lives.

As it is, we have gained the peninsula formed by the Salkahatchie and Edisto Rivers, and have now the choice of going to Augusta or Charleston. The latter place we can capture with less trouble than Savannah caused, even if a direct attack should be made upon the city, for the army could find an excellent base of operations at Bull's Bay. Still, I am certain that the General expects to take Charleston by operating a hundred miles away from its walls—a kind of strategy which has not always been practiced in this war.

General Williams is up with two of the divisions of the 20th Corps. Kilpatrick and his cavalry are at Allandale, and the remainder of the left wing have crossed the Savannah. The army here has made a short move to-day, and we are within a single day's march of the Charleston and Augusta Railroad. We hear that the Rebels intend defending it at several points, but they can not protect the whole line, and we will flank them somewhere.

The land improves as we advance into the interior. The region through which we are now traveling is rich in forage and supplies, and the army is once more reveling in the luxurious experiences of the Georgia campaign—turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens, nicely-cured hams, potatoes, honey, and abundance of other luxuries for the soldiers, and plenty of corn and fodder for the animals. The soil does not seem to be very prolific in Barnwell County, as it has a large proportion of sand, yet the planters, judging from their houses and the outbuildings, seem to have been wealthy. Nearly all these places are deserted, although here and there we find women and children, whom it is difficult to persuade they are not at once to be murdered. Wide-spreading columns of smoke continue to rise wherever our army goes. Building material is likely to be in great demand in this state for some time to come.

As we march on our way, incidents continually occur which for the moment call out the tenderest sympathies of our nature. It is grievous to see a beautiful woman, highly cultured and refined, standing in the gateway of her dismantled home, perhaps with an infant in her arms, while she calls upon some passing officers to protect her home from farther pillage; for the advance-guard, who have just been skirmishing with the enemy or some stragglers, have entered and helped themselves to what they needed or desired. No violence is done to the inmates, but household furniture is pushed about somewhat. The men of the house have all run away, as did Cain after killing his brother. Perhaps it is the best protection for their property to leave women at home, for the soldiers always respect a woman, even if they do sometimes enter a house. These people have one cry in common, now that they feel the bitterness of war. They pray God that it may cease upon any terms, any thing, any time, but give them peace. They say, with the most emphatic unanimity, that they never for a moment thought the war would come into South Carolina. Oh no, her sacred soil was forever to be free from the touch of the hated, despised Yankee!

But here we are; and where our footsteps pass, fire, ashes, and desolation follow in the path. When I hear their cries for help, their wails of pain, and gaze upon their faces pale with fear, I feel as I have never felt before how supremely selfish, how shameless and cowardly has been the action of this state from the first moment of rebellion up to this time. When urging and dragging her sister states into this hell of treason, she little dreamed that, encircled and protected by other states, by the mountains and the sea, her soil would be traversed by Union armies, or ever become the theatre of war. But we are on her soil, and

she meets with the fate she deserves. An armed force marching through the land is a fearful scourge.

Our command is in splendid health. Marching and the open air have brought out all the invalids. Day before yesterday we sent back a train with all the wounded, so they will be well cared for, and will not encumber us in our onward march. This is more than well. To be effective for marching or fighting, an army must be stripped of superfluities and encumbrances, and thus the old soldier reduces himself to a few simple necessities. He travels light. You may distinguish him from his fellows in the column by his small, well-packed knapsack and blanket tightly rolled; his well-ordered musket and accoutrements; his fine springy step, his determined *nonchalance*. This man has learned the best philosophy of soldiering by practical experience. This daily experience of marching, scouting, foraging, skirmishing, drilling, manœuvring, and fighting, joined to other natural qualifications, makes the American the best soldier in the world. I affirm this with some knowledge, for I have seen the English, French, Austrian, and Italian soldiers. I do not believe there is an army in the world, outside the United States, that could make such a march as we are making now. Road and bridge building, which we have learned to perfection, would stop them the first day out.

This comparison of European and American soldiers suggests another. General Howard, who has command of our right wing during this campaign, has often been called the Havelock of the army; and the parallel is not unnatural, for both the hero of the Indian campaign and our own distinguished General will rank in history as perfect types of the Christian soldier. General Howard is a man whose religious convictions are intense, positive, entering into and coloring every event of his life. When exposed to fire,

there is no braver man living than he. He does not go into action in the Cromwellian spirit, singing psalms and uttering prayers, but with a cool and quiet determination which is inspired by a lofty sense of a sacred duty to be performed. His courage is a realization of the strength of a spiritual religion rather than a physical qualification. The General is constantly censured for rashly exposing himself to the fire of the enemy; but it is difficult to say whether such censure is just or not, for every commander of a corps or an army should himself be the best judge of the necessities of the hour. Napoleon at the Bridge of Arcola was an example.

History shows that more battles have been lost or gained at heavy cost because the commanders did not know the nature of the ground they were fighting over than for any other reason. Such a criticism can never be applied to General Howard. He sees the whole field of operations, and has an admirable tactical knowledge of the best use to be made of its advantages. It is a high compliment to his worth as a man and a soldier that he should have been chosen by General Sherman to the command of the right wing of the army. General Sherman may not be a religious man in the sense that Howard is, but he valued and respected Howard all the more for his Christian faith and practice. In the direction of a march, in the accomplishment of an arduous or dangerous duty, when speed and certainty were required, he knew that Howard would never fail him. In the record of four campaigns, there stands no instance of his dereliction from duty; while many a march and battle-field bear witness to his energy, perseverance, soldierly skill, and manly courage.

Howard lost his right arm at Malvern Hill during the bloody Peninsular campaign. There is wondrous pathos in

an empty sleeve; but regret for Howard's affliction ceases when one looks into that kindly face, with its loving eye and generous mouth—a face full of patience, gentleness, and manly resolve.

It is a beautiful tribute to General Howard and his professed Christian belief, that his influence upon those about him is positive. There is but little use of liquor, and a most gratifying absence of profanity, about his head-quarters. I shall never forget his gentle rebuke to a soldier who, in the very presence of death, was swearing in a decided manner: "Don't swear so, my man. You may be killed at any moment. Surely you do not wish to go into the next world with dreadful oaths upon your lips."

CHAPTER XV.

OCCUPATION OF THE CHARLESTON AND AUGUSTA RAILROAD —BRANCHVILLE FLANKED—PASSAGE OF THE UPPER AND LOWER EDISTO—CAPTURE OF ORANGEBURG.

February 6th.—We have occupied at least two positions on the Augusta and Charleston Railroad — at Louray's (Bamburg) and at Midway. The Rebels supposed we should march direct upon Branchville, which they fortified strongly, concentrating a heavy force to receive us; but as Branchville is of no especial importance to us, provided the railroad is cut elsewhere, we have wasted no time or strength before their fortifications.

Already our troops are at work on the railroad bending and twisting the rails. Although we severed the only connecting link between the East and West when we took Savannah, yet this road has been of very great importance to the Rebels, both as a means of communication and for forwarding supplies from Augusta and Northern Georgia to Richmond. Every tie burned and every rail twisted is an irretrievable damage to the Rebels.

Kilpatrick's cavalry is on the railroad at Blackville, about twelve miles from Bamburg; Logan is at Bamburg with the 15th Corps; and Blair, under the eye of General Howard, is at Midway. We are therefore in full possession of the railroad, with no fighting except slight skirmishing by the heads of columns, and no serious loss of life, having gained an important advantage without the opposition we

expected. The real line of defense for the Rebels was the Big Salkahatchie, but, having lost that, they have now no strong defensible position this side of the Edisto. We learn that Wheeler, who is supposed to be in command of some eight thousand men, has retired across the Edisto. The refugees are moving generally in that direction, probably to make use of the Columbia Railroad. There is a rumor that one of Hood's corps is at Augusta.

Our left wing is yet in the rear. Yesterday it was at Duck Branch Postoffice, a point which it can have gained only by long marches. We should see their heads of column to-morrow, but for the heavy rain which commenced falling last night, and has continued throughout the day. How long they will be delayed by this intervention of Nature can not well be calculated. We have already cut up the roads, and the rain will make them much heavier.

General Corse, cutting loose from the left wing, has moved forward rapidly since he waded out of the river bottoms. He has found sandy roads which here and there give out, but the troops are so well used to corduroying, that a day's march would not seem complete without it.

February 10*th.*—Another important step is gained. We have crossed the south fork of the Edisto, and hold the main road beyond, while the left wing of the army, which has been delayed so long by the freshet that submerged the roads leading from Sister's Ferry, is at last coming into position with the remainder of the army. The fourth division of the 15th Corps, under General Corse, is coming rapidly forward by way of Hickory Hill and River's Bridge. Corse, however, has extraordinary disadvantages to contend against, marching, as he must, over roads already cut up by the preceding columns. Yesterday he made a severe march of

twenty miles; yet his troops joined their corps in fine condition, although somewhat fatigued.

The entire army, in a few days, will be once more united, or, at least, will be actually in co-operation. The heads of column of the different corps are all pointed northward, and it would seem as if the first grand movement of the Georgia campaign was to be repeated now. Then we threatened Macon and Augusta, and captured Milledgeville, the state capital. Now, wheeling this great force to the right, pivoted upon Savannah, we are marching north and east, demonstrating upon both Charleston and Augusta. Shall we continue the parallel, and advance upon Columbia, South Carolina's capital? A few days will tell the story.

Meanwhile the people of Charleston and Augusta are in great fear. Their newspapers are filled with frantic appeals to the citizens to resist the invader, and all sorts of preparations have been made for our reception. All the while we are perfectly sure that one or both cities are, beyond any possibility of doubt, within our power, even if we do not choose to go and take possession.

The crossing of the South Edisto was a feat worth mentioning somewhat in detail. It was Mower's fortune to have the lead. Upon the arrival of his division at the place known as Bennaker's Bridge, which he found burned, he was met with a sharp cannonading from the Rebels, who were in position on the other side. This was in the afternoon. He at once set to work to find means to cross the stream. A little lower down, by dint of wading and swimming, he managed to get into the water four pontoon boats. Upon these, about eight o'clock in the evening, just as the moon was rising, he crossed his division. This night attack was something the Rebels were not prepared for, accustomed as they are to the strange doings of the

"Yankees." The moon rose above the tree-tops in all her queenly splendor. Mower thought it was light enough to whip Rebels by. He was not well out of the swamp, and knew that the sooner he gained the high road the better. So, as we say in the army, he "went in," and the result was that the Rebels went out; that is, all who were not killed or captured.

Our first step in the campaign is an accomplished fact. A great result has been obtained with but little loss of life. Thank God for that! And it has all been done without cavalry and less than half our infantry. The detention of the left wing has not delayed the main operations. We wished to destroy the railroad, and, in any event, should have remained here the length of time it has taken the left wing to come up with us.

It is useless to conjecture what will be the next move. I think the army is altogether indifferent about the matter. It has such an abiding faith in General Sherman that it will go wherever he leads. "Leads" is the proper word, for he is always on the skirmish line, frequently pitching his camp there. He never rests contented with the reports of others; he must see the condition of affairs for himself, and so is generally to be found in the front.

Orangeburg, February 12th. — To-day another difficult task has been achieved. We have crossed the north fork of the Edisto, and occupy Orangeburg. At an early hour this morning the army was in motion, and soon afterward was actively engaged in skirmishing with the enemy all along the river, at different points, for fifteen miles. It is not easy to say who first crossed the river. Several lodgments were made at about the same hour, near noon. Generals Hazen and Woods, of the 15th Corps, got parties across,

and, flanking the works at Shilling's Bridge, captured some eighty Rebels. At Orangeburg Generals Force and Giles E. Smith crossed their troops about the same moment, although Force was upon the flank of the Rebels, who had barely time to escape from their works and get away in the cars in the direction of Columbia, our skirmishers firing into the train as it sped away up the road. Ninety Rebels, not so fortunate as their fellows, were captured, having failed to discover the change suddenly made in the time-tables.

The passage of these rivers, even though there may not be a large force of the enemy to oppose, is a triumph of patience, skill, hard work, and true valor. Each new attempt and every success adds to my warm admiration of our noble army, and yet more to my unbounded enthusiasm for our great leader. His far-reaching dispositions bring about the desired result with the certainty of a mathematical problem.

The city of Orangeburg, with a population of three thousand, is prettily situated upon the north bank of the Edisto; and from its position upon the ridge of high lands upon which the railroad runs to Charleston, it was really of more importance than Branchville, which the Rebels had taken great pains to fortify, and which we have easily flanked. The small detachment of Rebels which was stationed at the Junction will probably run away as fast as possible. Had the enemy concentrated a large force at Branchville there would have been some reason in making it a point of defense, but, after they left wide open the door by which Sherman could move forward toward the state capital, Branchville was worse than useless. After the Salkahatchie, the Edisto was the next line of strength, and Orangeburg a salient point, with splendid tactical advantages. As already remarked, there is no especial object to be gained by occu-

pying the Junction, when we can readily destroy both its diverging branches at other points.

Unfortunately a portion of the city of Orangeburg has been burned, but not by our soldiers. The fire was first started by a Jew, from a feeling of revenge upon the Rebels, who had destroyed fifty bales of cotton belonging to him. The high wind which prevailed spread the conflagration in spite of the efforts of our soldiers, who, under the orders of Generals Sherman and Howard, tried to extinguish the flames.

Although we obtain bountiful supplies for both our animals and men, yet the country we have passed through for two days past has been sterile and unfruitful. The land is higher and more rolling as we advance, and is covered with lofty pines and scrub oak. Near the rivers we find swamps where the roads are covered with water. More or less of corduroy has to be built, but the road was generally of sand, and our trains are not seriously delayed in their progress.

To-night we are encamped upon the place of one of South Carolina's most high-blooded chivalry—one of those persons who believed himself to have been brought into the world to rule over his fellow-creatures, a sort of Grand Pasha, and all that sort of thing. How the negro pioneers are making away with the evergreens and rose-bushes of his artistically arranged walks, flower-beds, and drives! These black men in blue are making brooms of his pet shrubs, with which they clear the ground in front of the tents.

We find very few wealthy planters; the inhabitants we meet, mostly women, are of the poorer class; they are frightened fearfully, and expect all sorts of outrages to be perpetrated, and appear to be correspondingly grateful that their lives and houses are spared. The stories they are told

and believe are so absurd that I will not repeat them. It is enough that these foolish, ignorant people have believed them. The negroes in this city remind me more of Georgia experiences than any I have seen in South Carolina before. I suppose it is because they are house servants, and have always lived in a city, where there has been more or less of refinement and education. But the plantation negroes are the most ignorant and debased of any I have ever seen.

As nearly as I can ascertain, it has been the effort of the South Carolina master to degrade his slaves as low in the scale of human nature, and as near the mules and oxen which he owns in common with them, as possible. It makes one's blood boil to see the evidences of the heartlessness and cruelty of these white men. I firmly believe that we are God's instruments of justice, and that they are at last called to account for this shameless crime.

A curious incident connected with our occupation of the railroad at Midway illustrates the dashing spirit of the men of Sherman's army, and the close of this chapter is a good place in which to relate it. When the 17th Corps struck the railroad near Midway, it was known that the enemy had erected fortifications at that town, and a lively fight was expected. Our head of column had halted, to give the troops time to build a road through a swamp about five miles from Midway, and a foraging party, regularly detailed, had started on an expedition to obtain supplies, while General Howard and his staff seated themselves to wait patiently by the road-side. Suddenly a strange figure, mounted upon a white horse, with rope halter and rope stirrups, came tearing down the road from the direction where the enemy were supposed to be. Halting suddenly before the General, he shouted:

"General, we've got the railroad—we've captured the

railroad, and the foraging parties have formed line of battle, intrenched, and will hold it against any force until you come up!" Sure enough, foraging parties, in their wanderings, had come out upon the railroad, and knowing, with that intelligence which distinguishes our troops, the importance of the position, had dropped chickens, turkeys, and sweet potatoes, and at once went to work to make good their hold. The bearer of dispatches was a bold forager, who mounted his captured steed, and, with his hastily-improvised equipments, sped back to headquarters to deliver the news.

It is impossible to pass the columns of the army without observing the excellent condition of the animals. The abundant forage found upon the plantations, and the short marches which we make, have put the horses, mules, and beef cattle in the best possible condition. Aside from the fact that it is a pleasant sight, and a matter of the first importance for our successful progress, it is gratifying to know that we are saving millions of dollars to the government; a fact to which General Meigs has borne emphatic testimony in a general order published for the information of his department.

Each day, as the army moves forward, large additions are made to the droves of cattle. Our conscription is remorseless. Every species of four-footed beast that South Carolina planters cherished among their live-stock is swept in by our flanking foragers, and the music of the animal creation mingles with the sound of the footfall of the army.

CHAPTER XVI.

MARCHING UPON COLUMBIA—SALUDA FACTORY—A VIEW OF SOUTHERN FACTORY OPERATIVES.

Fifteen Miles on the Road to Columbia, February 14th.—Yesterday, after destroying the railroad from Orangeburg to Louisville, the right wing of the army swung swiftly round and marched upon roads parallel to the Congaree River, concentrating at this point, ready to be launched upon the capital of South Carolina. The Rebels have built heavy fortifications at Congaree Creek, a stream which empties into the river of that name, crossing the state road, upon which we are marching, in a line nearly east and west. We have made a short march to-day in order to give the left wing time to swing round by way of Stedman's and toward Lexington. If they succeed in this movement the Rebels will be obliged to give up the line of the Congaree, and fall back upon the capital itself. Even this step will not help their condition, for the left wing will most likely continue its flank movement until the city is completely encircled. It is possible that the fifteen thousand Rebel troops said to be gathered there will make resistance, but it seems that their best plan would be to follow the example of Hardee at Savannah and evacuate the place. Defense will be a needless sacrifice of life, for we are certain to capture the city, and their opposition may place the inhabitants in a most unpleasant position.

Columbia is vastly more valuable to us in this campaign than Milledgeville was during the march through Georgia.

It is a city quite as large as Savannah. It contains the largest printing establishment in the Rebel states. It is the centre of a number of railroads which stretch up into the most fertile and fruitful agricultural district in the South. It is the home of thousands of those wicked instigators to treason who have made this state so hated and despised, South as well as North. Manufacturers of powder, arms, cloths, and other materials, are there. Columbia, therefore, is a richer prize and more important capture than any city in the South; for Augusta, the place next in importance, has been cut off by our destruction of fifty miles of the Charleston and Augusta Railroad, and is, therefore, no longer valuable to us or the Rebels.

The magnificent spectacle of a fire in the woods was the striking episode of our march yesterday. The army moved through a tract of hilly country which was thickly clothed with pine forests. Many of the trees were dead, and all had been scarped in order to obtain the resinous substance which formed their fruit and life. Accidentally or otherwise, the dry leaves and pine cones had caught fire, which ignited these trees, and for miles the woods were on fire. It was grand and sometimes awful to see the flames flying over the ground like a frightened steed. As we approached one of these forests, filled with flames and pitch-black smoke, it appeared as if we were about to realize the imaginings of childhood, and see dragons and terrible beasts guarding the entrance to some forbidden ground. Wagons, horsemen, and foot-soldiers, one by one disappeared in the gloom, to reappear here and there bathed in lurid light. Within, the fire singed our hair and clothes, while our maddened animals dashed hither and thither in an agony of fear. There was a terrible sublimity in this scene which I shall never forget; but it subsequently partook largely of the ridiculous

when the column went into camp, each man so sooty and begrimed that it was almost impossible to distinguish African from Caucasian.

On the State Road, eight miles from Columbia, February 15th.—We are gradually approaching Columbia, but not without a determined opposition. The Rebels successfully defended their strong line of works on the north side of Congaree Creek until about four o'clock this afternoon, when it was carried by our troops without much loss of life or limb. It was supposed that the enemy would make a determined stand at this point; but I think General Sherman trusted to the flank movement of General Slocum to force its evacuation, but that, for some reason not within our knowledge, Slocum has not come up in time. In fact, we have not heard from him or his column for three days past. The Rebels still hold a high hill three miles from the creek, which is crowned by an embrasured fort, with curtains leading off to the right and left into the woods. To-morrow we shall probably test the strength of this position.

Day before yesterday a brigade of the 17th Corps drove a force of the enemy up the Charleston and Columbia Railroad to the bridge crossing the Congaree, which was destroyed by the Rebels. As this was the chief object of the expedition, the party returned in good time.

We continue to find ample supplies of forage. In truth, there has not been a day of want since we started. Our experience in this campaign, like that of Georgia, proves the utter futility of attempting to force the inhabitants of a country to destroy supplies on what is supposed will be the line of march of an invading army. The people reason that the troops may not march over their roads; or if they pass

that way and find forage destroyed, vengeance would be visited upon the offenders; and again, *all* might not be taken, but something be left for their sustenance. And this reasoning is true. Although pretty clean work is made by our army, yet the people are generally allowed to carry into their houses a sufficient supply of corn, potatoes, etc., to keep them from starving.

A great many negroes have joined our columns, but it has been from no lack of caution upon the part of the masters. Anticipating the approach of the Union army, the slaveholders have driven off their horses, and, when they were able, their negroes, to some safe place. The latter, however, when they could do so, have hidden in the swamps, coming out to join us as we passed along. As usual, they are our best friends, giving invaluable information of the roads and the movements of the enemy. They are always our safest guides, and their fidelity is never questioned.

In View of Columbia, February 16th.—The point where I am writing is in full view of the capital of South Carolina. Persons on foot and on horseback are visible, passing to and fro in one of the main streets of the city. The only hinderance to absolute occupation is the Congaree River, which flows between our army and the city. Yesterday afternoon, after serious fighting, our soldiers drove the Rebels from an admirably intrenched position, several divisions of the 15th Corps going into camp upon the ground held by the enemy during the afternoon. About midnight the Rebels commenced shelling the camp, guided by the fires which covered hillside and plain. This mean kind of warfare they kept up until the morning, killing and wounding several, and disturbing the rest of all. At early dawn our troops were again on the move, and before nine in the morn-

ing the whole southern bank of the river was in our possession. We have not taken advantage of our position, by which we could shell the city in every quarter, except to test the range of our guns, and to drive away persons who were removing stores from the dépôts. In these instances the result was comical to us, the lookers on, although it must have been any thing but agreeable to those aimed at, who scattered in every direction.

Our attempts to cross the river below the city have met with earnest opposition. These efforts, however, were feints to withdraw attention from the real point of attack, which was at Saluda Factory, three miles above. We here found the bridges crossing the Saluda burned. After sharp skirmishing, we managed to get a few men across the river in boats. I never saw more spirited, determined fighting than that of those few hundred brave fellows. Usually our foragers have the advance, but in this instance the skirmishers had all the fun to themselves. Gaining the shelter of a rail fence thirty yards from the river, they formed a line, and at a given signal clambered over, and with inspiring cries ran across the open field for the woods, in which the Rebels were posted, and out of which the well-aimed shots of our soldiers instantly drove them. In two hours from that moment a pontoon had been stretched across the stream, and a division had driven the Rebels across the peninsula to Broad River, which it is necessary to bridge before we can enter Columbia. General Logan promises he will have a brigade across Broad River and bridge the stream before morning.

General John A. Logan, a man who always fulfills his engagements, is well known throughout the land. His speech in Congress, when he declared that if the Rebels attempted to close the Mississippi River "the men of the Northwest

would hew their way to the Gulf with their swords," will never be forgotten so long as the history of this war is read. Nor is any one likely to forget the General's personal appearance who has ever had an opportunity of seeing him. That lithe, active figure; that finely-cut face, with its heavy black mustache overhanging a sensitive mouth; that black piercing eye, that open brow, shaded by the long black hair—all make up a striking figure. Logan, too, is equally at home on the rostrum, leading the minds of men, or in the saddle, rallying his brave soldiers for the onset upon the foe. He possesses that mysterious magnetic power which calls forth the sublimest enthusiasm in men. On many of the battle-fields of this war he has ridden along the lines regardless of the storms of Rebel shell and bullets beating around him. He is a splendid representative of the Western men who have risen to high distinction by their energy, talents, and perseverance. He is a firm friend, a good hater, and an open fighter, and the pride of the famous fighting and marching 15th Corps.

The Saluda Factory, which is situated a few hundred yards above the pontoon bridge, is considered a place of sufficient note to be laid down on all the maps, new and old. The road leading to the factory buildings winds along the bank of the stream, which is prettily bordered with trees. When I visited the factory our skirmishers occupied the windows facing the river, and were exchanging shots with the Rebels, who lay concealed among the bushes and timber on the other side. This circumstance, however, did not hinder the operatives, all of whom were women, from hurrying through the building, tearing the cloth from the looms, and filling bags with bales of yarn, to be "toted" home, as they phrase it.

It must not be imagined that these Southern factory op-

eratives are of the same class with the lively and intelligent workers of New-England. I remember that while reading descriptions of Saluda Factory, and discussing the probabilities of finding it in our line of march through South Carolina, many of our officers drew fanciful sketches of pretty, bright-eyed damsels, neatly clad, with a wealth of flowing ringlets, and engaging manners. Such factory-girls were visible in the great mills of Lowell, and the enthusiastic Northerners doomed to fight on Southern soil were excusable for drawing mental pictures of them. But when we came to see the reality at Saluda Factory, sensations of disgust and mirthfulness struggled for the mastery—disgust at the repulsive figures whom we encountered, and amusement at the chopfallen air of the gallant young staff-officers who were eager to pay their court to beauty and virtue. It would be difficult to find elsewhere than at this place a collection of two hundred and fifty women so unkempt, frowzy, ragged, dirty, and altogether ignorant and wretched. Some of them were chewing tobacco; others, more elegant in their tastes, smoked. Another set indulged in the practice of "dipping." Sights like these soon put to flight our rosy ideals.

The residences of these people accorded with their personal appearance. Dirty wooden shanties, built on the river bank a few hundred feet above the factory, were the places called homes—homes where doors hung shabbily by a single hinge, or were destitute of panels; where rotten steps led to foul and close passage-ways, filled with broken crockery, dirty pots and pans, and other accumulations of rubbish; where stagnant pools of water bred disease; where half a dozen persons occupied the same bed-chamber; where old women and ragged children lolled lazily in the sunshine; where even the gaunt fowls that went disconsolately about

the premises partook of the prevailing character of misery and dirt. These were the operatives, and these the homes produced by the boasted civilization of the South.

The factory is a large stone building, filled with machinery for the manufacture of yarn and the variety of coarse cotton cloth known as Osnaburgs. The looms were dirty and rusty; the spindles were worn out by misuse; the spools appeared conscious that they had fulfilled their mission; the engine was out of joint and dirty. Filth and ignorance reigned over the entire business. As I left the premises and rode away down the glen, I passed a group of the degraded and unfortunate women already described toiling up the hill with back-loads of plunder. Some of our soldiers were helping them to carry their cloth and yarn.

In the old times it was a favorite argument of the slaveholders that their "peculiar institution" was a blessing to the negroes, and it was their habit to make comparisons between the condition of their slaves and that of our well-bred, intelligent factory operatives, asserting that the slaves were the higher and happier class of the two. We have seen what the slaves are; but here is a shocking exhibition of the disgrace and degradation which is visited upon white labor in the South. The visits we are paying our Southern brethren expose not a few of the shameless falsehoods and villanies of the slave oligarchy.