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Through
GEORGIA



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MARCHING

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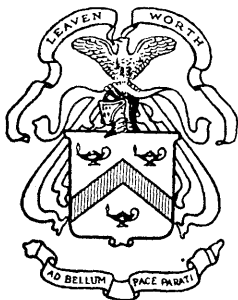
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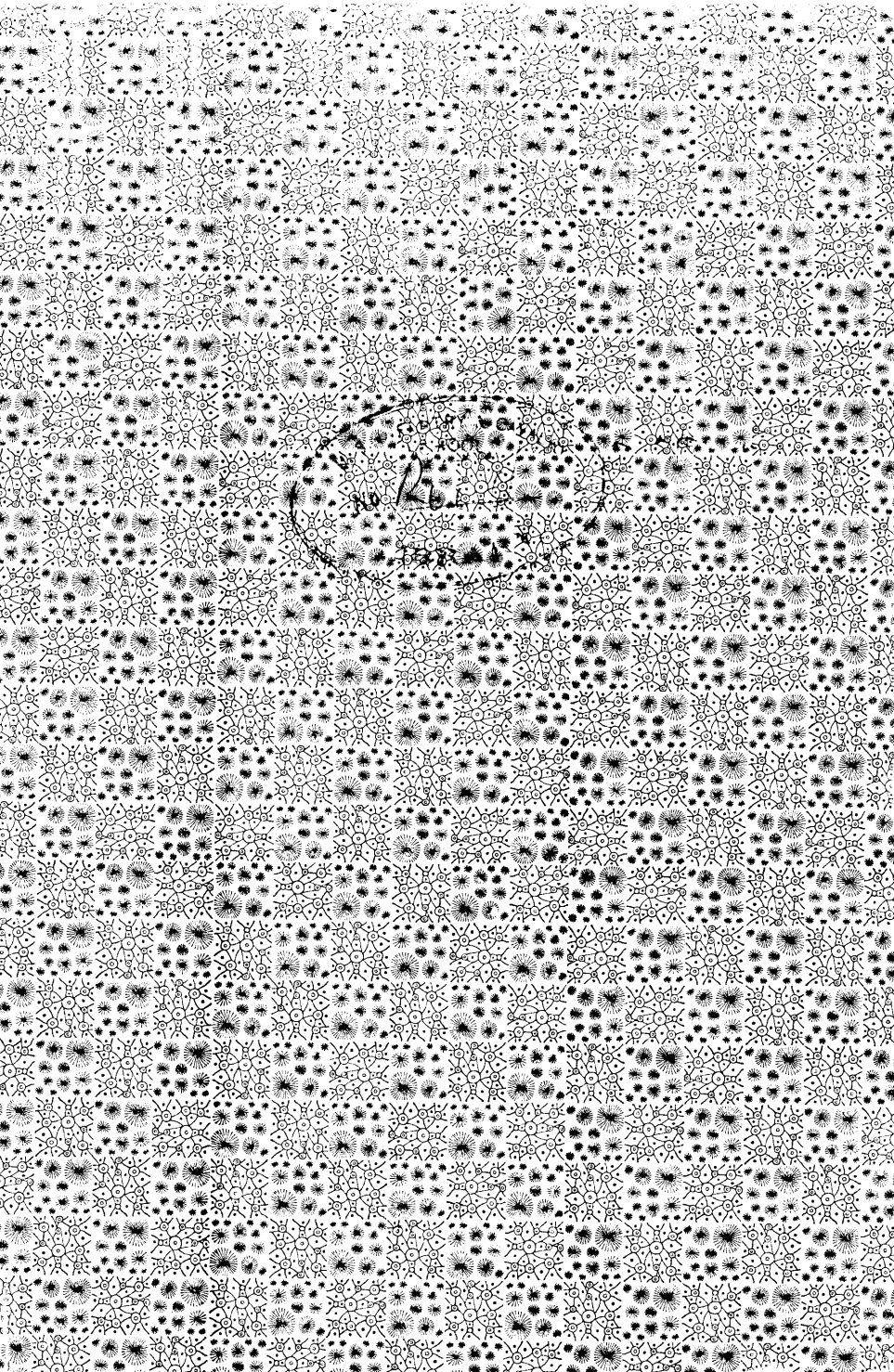
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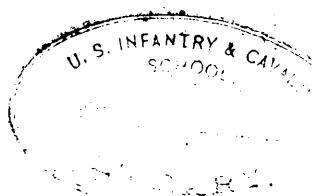
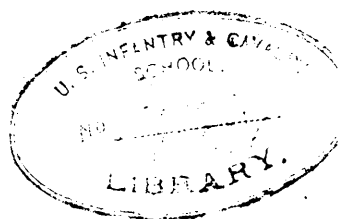
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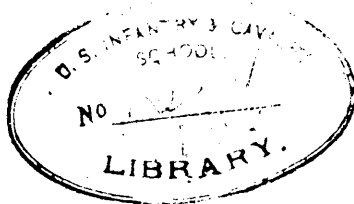
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"Marching through Georgia."



MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Bring the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing another song,
Sing it with a spirit that will move the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—“ Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free! ”
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—“ Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee,” etc.

Yes and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen for years;
Neither could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—“ Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee,” etc.

“ Sherman's dashing Yankee Boys will never reach the coast! ”
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—“ Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee,” etc.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—“ Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee,” etc.

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MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

PEN-PICTURES OF EVERY-DAY LIFE

IN GENERAL SHERMAN'S ARMY, FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE ATLANTA
CAMPAIGN UNTIL THE CLOSE OF THE WAR

BY

F. Y. HEDLEY,

ADJUTANT THIRTY-SECOND ILLINOIS INFANTRY, MEMBER OF SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF
THE TENNESSEE.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. L. STODDARD.

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DEDICATION.

TO MARY S. LOGAN,

WIFE OF MAJOR GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN, HIMSELF A CONSPICUOUS REPRESENTATIVE OF THE VOLUNTEER SOLDIERY OF THE NATION, AND THROUGH HER TO THE NOBLE WIVES, MOTHERS AND SISTERS OF THE VOLUNTEER SOLDIERS, WHOSE GENEROUS DEEDS, WEARY ANXIETIES AND TEARFUL MOURNINGS DURING THE GREAT STRUGGLE, WERE THE MOST SACRED SACRIFICES MADE AT THE ALTAR OF PATRIOTISM, THESE PAGES ARE DEDICATED WITH AFFECTION AND REVERENCE.

THE AUTHOR.

ACCEPTANCE.

I thank you for the honor you do me in dedicating your book to me, and through me to "The Noble Wives, Mothers and Sisters of our Volunteer Soldiers." We have been drifting too rapidly from the memories of those terrible marches and battles and anxieties, and I am glad that you have written as you have, for the narrative will reawaken a spirit of gratitude to those who battled and suffered, and stimulate patriotism in the breasts of those who have grown up since the days of war.

With great respect,

MARY S. LOGAN.

PREFACE.

This volume does not pretend to be a tactical history of the campaigns of which it treats, and the grand movements of the Army are only mentioned in the most general way. Neither is it meant to extol the achievements of any particular individual or command.

It is intended to be, as its title indicates, a series of Pen-Pictures of the Every-Day Life of the Soldier during the campaigns beginning with the movement against Atlanta—how he lived, how he marched, and how he fought on skirmish line and in the line-of-battle. Its descriptions and incidents are drawn from the personal experiences of the author and those of his immediate comrades, and his recollection of events is freshened and confirmed by very complete diary entries, made at the time. They are from the standpoint of soldiers in the ranks, with whom the writer served as one of their number during a portion of the time covered by the narrative, and from whom he was never so far removed but that he was fully acquainted with their actions and sentiments.

These experiences, save in a very few instances, are such as were peculiar to no one soldier, but common to all, and any one of sixty thousand of "Sherman's Men" might say that his own history is contained in these pages. The incidents will prove at least suggestive enough to enable such a one to recall almost forgotten scenes. To his children they may not be uninteresting, telling as they do the story of what their father saw and did "While we were marching through Georgia;" and it may happen that some young man, who is hereafter to bear arms in the service of his country, will draw from the narrative an inspiration to unselfish and patriotic effort.

The author offers no apology for his style of writing. He has

made no endeavor to meet the possible requirements of critics, but has written for those who by reason of experience or sympathy can enter into the spirit which actuated the Volunteer Soldier during the War for the Union. Many of these pages have been submitted to the criticism of one of the most prominent leaders of these men, and he has been pleased to say: "You write with great facility, and bring back to me, both in language and style, the occurrences of the war most vividly." With such commendation the author does not hesitate to place his work before his old comrades.

THE AUTHOR.

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L

checks a true love for the man
who fought the Civil War to a
successful Conclusion. And that L.
wishes them one and all the largest
measure of honor and happiness
on this Earth. I wish all my old
Soldiers to retain the love they had
for "Uncle Billy"

Very yrs.

W. F. Chapman

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

CHAPTER I.

THE DRUMMER-BOY.



IT was a country town in Illinois, on an April morning, nearly a quarter of a century ago ; a generation now old enough to bear arms has grown up since that day.

Following close upon the news of the firing on the flag, a public meeting had been held in the old brick church, which also served as a school house ; and a civil engineer, who had figured in the militia service, delivered a lecture on "Fortifications," sketching upon the blackboard the outlines of Fort Sumter, and noting the position of the attacking batteries, as nearly as it was possible to locate them by the published reports. Newspapers were not so enterprising then, and diagrams and maps did not accompany their narratives. The speaker was a quiet man, and his slow and meas-

ured speech, delivered with a foreign accent, and abounding in technical terms understood by but a few, fell upon the audience with depressing effect. The people cared nothing for science — their hearts were full of sentiment. They had expected an appeal to their patriotism, and a leader to direct them in the path of service for country, but they were disappointed and left in uncertainty. A day or two afterward, President Lincoln issued his proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers — how immense the number seemed then ! — and public sentiment began to crystallize.

R-r-r-r-r !

Right merrily the Drummer-Boy rattled away, as if his very life depended upon the effort. His little frame shook with excitement, and his eye sparkled as if his most ardent ambition were now realized. As he plied the drumsticks he kept up a running fire of remarks, addressed to the excited youths who stood about him, or in answer to questions, never losing a stroke or missing a beat the while.

“ Yes, you bet I’m going ; an’ so’s Dan Messick, and Tom Johnson, and Watts Towse, and Johnny Rice, an’ all the boys that’s wuth shucks ! Why, we kin git up a whole company right here ; an’ Palmer, he knows Lincoln, an’ he kin git us them short rifles with swords on the end, like Major Burke brought home from Har-

per's Ferry. An' bein' volunteers, we kin drill as we please, and 'lect our own officers, and 't ain't like reg'ler soldierin' at all. Why, I seen Ellsworth's Zoo-zoos drill last summer, and you kin bet they do it nice ! That's the kind of drill we want ! And 't won't take so long to learn it, 'cause most of the boys was in the marching companies 'fore 'lection, and they got so's they could march good enough for anything, and they handled their torchsticks first-rate, but I reckon there's some difference between them and guns. But all you boys come up to the court-house to-night, and Palmer'll tell us all about it !”

God bless the little Drummer-Boy ! The favorite design for soldiers' monuments throughout the country, seems to be the figure of the perfect soldier, fully armed and equipped, his whole bearing bespeaking the hardy veteran of many hard-fought battles and wearisome campaigns. More suggestive, and more completely typical of the aroused patriotism and enthusiasm of a people, and of their capability for putting sentiment into action, would be that of the Drummer-Boy.

When the flag was assailed, and all that it represents was put in jeopardy, the inspiring rat-a-tat-tat of his drum was heard in every village and at every cross-road ; and the young farmers from the fields, the apprentices from the shops, and the lads from the school-houses, fell in behind him and marched into

camp. He was the youngest and smallest of them all, but for the time he was the most conspicuous. His own rank was not high, but all rank sprang from him. It took one hundred men to make a captain, a thousand to make a colonel, and five thousand to make a general ; but the Drummer-Boy made them all.

In camp he had it all his own way, and he made the most of his opportunities. He began at five o'clock in the morning, and the men were obliged to obey the call, and appear in line in various stages of dress and undress, to respond to roll-call. Then he dragged them out to the wearisome guard-mounting, and later marked time for them at squad drill, company drill and battalion drill. Towards evening he summoned them to the color-line for dress-parade, a perfunctory ceremonial regarded with great contempt by volunteers, as an amusement which should be left entirely to holiday soldiers. At nightfall he interrupted the seductive game of euchre, and dispersed the gathering at the deceptive chuck-a-luck table, calling the men to their quarters to answer to another roll-call. Then, perhaps, in the middle of the night, when all were wrapped in slumber, dreaming sweet dreams of home, which they called, but not irreverently, "God's Country," he would beat the long roll, and bring them out into the darkness and storm, sometimes to meet the enemy, but more frequently to resist a charge of stampeded mules from the wagon

train. In all these persecutions he had firm allies in the captain and colonel, who would put on extra duty, or buck and gag, any who failed to respond to all these irksome calls.

But there were occasions when the Drummer-Boy performed a service in which all honored him. What comrade does not remember the long marches, when the soldier, overloaded with gun, knapsack, and what all, with rations scant and water scarce, trudged along the dreary road, until the limbs were weary and the spirit broken; disgusted with the service, with his comrade and with himself; cursing the "Confederacy" and his own government in one and the same breath. Then it was that the Drummer-Boy, as weary and worn as the soldier in the ranks, tightened up his snares, put energy into his little tired frame, and rattled merrily away. How the sound stirred the sluggish blood in every vein! How it braced up every muscle! What a mighty shout went up from the lips of the men, and with what hearty determination did they push forward on their way!

Then how all missed him during the long months from Chattanooga to Atlanta, when the army was constantly in action, or seeking unsuspected points of advantage by swift and secretive marches, and he was forbidden to play lest his drum should give information to the enemy, and attract too much of their attention. And when the end of the campaign came at last,

and Sherman told the anxious friends at home, "Atlanta is ours, and fairly won!" and the drums and fifes and brass bands again broke the dreary stillness with their exultant strains, how all voices rose and swelled, and drowned out all other sounds! And again, when the men had exhausted themselves with shouting, how glorious was the harmony of martial music to their ears! What would have been the victory without it?

Recall that magnificent panorama in May of 1865, when, at the close of the war, two hundred thousand men of the Army of the Union marched in triumphal procession down Pennsylvania avenue, in the national capital. What would this have been without the drummer? A grand pantomime—a pageant without a soul—a picture without color—a flash of lightning without the thunder peal. It might have awakened admiration, but never enthusiasm. It might have dazzled the eye, but it could never have fired the heart.

Nor was the Drummer-Boy merely a musician. He was a soldier as well. Technically known as a non-combatant, he was seldom elsewhere than at the front; and he has given up his life, musket in hand, in the line of battle, or in the act of giving water to a wounded comrade under fire.

But what has been his reward?

Nearly a quarter of a century has gone by since

the vast Army of the Union sprang into being. A generation has grown up since it fulfilled its mission, and its returning heroes resumed the garb and duties of every-day life. Year by year, old soldiers have been wont to assemble to renew the friendships of years ago. These gatherings have been prolific of orators, and at each meeting eloquent addresses have been made by speakers of all grades, from that of Major General up to High Private—the latter rank higher now, because, alas! there are so few of them!—telling of scenes of battle and victory and death. The exploits of all arms of the service, infantry, cavalry and artillery, have been dwelt upon; and there have been many descriptions of the achievements of some individual command, to whose particular effort the successful issue of the war has been shown to be due. The mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts of the soldiers, have been lovingly remembered and gratefully eulogized for sending to their dear ones at the front the delicacies they so often failed to receive—no fault of the fair donors, God bless them! The chaplains have received due recognition for lifting up the voice of supplication on the right side of the question, and interpreting scripture to the confounding of the enemy. Sometimes a quartermaster has distinguished himself by coming to the front—he was not often credited with such performances in war-days—in vindication of his own calling, and to whitewash

the character of that much misunderstood branch of the service, the government mule. Occasionally a sutler steps forward and lays claim to a little cheap credit—a commodity for which he charged the boys very high, when in the heyday of his glory; and in one instance an army surgeon has even been known to lay claim to honor for valuable assistance in putting down the rebellion, by putting down the throats of the soldiers a great deal of quinine mixed with a very little whisky (the panacea for every ill in the early days), and furnishing them unlimited quantities of blue ointment.

But amid all this jubilation, the most significant figure of war-days has been overlooked—the Drummer-Boy, the real recruiting sergeant for the Armies of the Union!

CHAPTER II.

THE SCHOOL OF THE SOLDIER.



LOOK here, sonny! You'd just as well go right back home! Uncle Sam wants *soldiers*, he does, and has no use for *boys*! The mustering officer says recruits must be eighteen years old, five feet four inches high, weigh at least one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and be free from

all physical defect. You are only seventeen; you are two inches too short, and you don't weigh enough by thirty pounds. Even if you were mustered in, you couldn't carry a knapsack, and your gun would be so long that you couldn't load it. You take good advice. Go home on the first train, sonny, and let *men* attend to this business!"

The speaker was the elder of a number of young men sitting on the bank of Clear Lake, near Springfield, Illinois. They had followed the Drummer-Boy into camp from the town before mentioned, and not yet

having been received into the service, were still clad in the garb they had brought from home. The majority were young farmers; the speaker whose dogmatic utterance is quoted, was a school teacher, and the one he addressed so contemptuously was an undersized lad who had but lately been promoted from the position of printer's "devil" to that of compositor at the case.

About these men, gathered school, workshop and farm companions, until the requisite number for a company was made up, and all were presented to the medical officer for examination. Every man was intensely patriotic, and it was with much misgiving that he stripped himself, opened his mouth to show his teeth, and passed under the measuring standard, fearing lest he should be rejected and sent home, there to become the scorn and laughing-stock of his neighbors. All but two passed the dreaded ordeal successfully, and the company was mustered into the service of the United States. Among the successful candidates was the printer-boy, but to preserve the truth of history it is necessary to explain that he was obliged to muster in as a musician, the regulations for the enlistment of such being less proscriptive than for the ranks. This, however, was by private arrangement with the colonel; and a few days afterward, the lad, who had never handled either drum or fife, was, at his own request, "reduced to the ranks," and took his place in the line,

at the tail-end of his company, the shortest man therein, or in the regiment, for that matter.

Now the education of the soldier began. As a sentinel on camp-guard he was armed with a club, there being a scarcity of arms ; and so solemnly was he impressed with the importance of his duties, and the penalty for any sin of omission, that when, as occasionally happened, he went to sleep on post, he felt as one risen from the dead, upon learning that he was not to be shot *this time*, but merely put in the guard-house, or bucked and gagged. He was carefully instructed in the salutes due to officers, and so religiously did he endeavor to discharge these important requirements, that on one occasion, when corporal of the guard, he turned out his entire force to present arms to a hospital steward, whose gaudy chevrons he, in his ignorance, took to be at least the insignia of a brigadier-general. He was drilled from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, and when he moved himself clumsily he was relegated to the "awkward squad." This, perhaps, was in charge of a corporal who, at home, had been a green farm boy, and the butt of his boyish pranks ; and when he resented what he conceived to be the overbearing conduct of this petty officer, clothed with a little, so little, brief authority, and expressed himself, in language disallowed by polite society, and forbidden by the "articles of war," he learned how vast a difference had been built up

between the two by a pair of worsted stripes. Perhaps the lesson was a difficult one to master, and the young soldier revolved it in his mind for a couple of days while engaged in the pleasant recreation of grubbing out an immense stump, with a guard standing over him, armed with musket and bayonet. At another time he would be tempted to mutiny and desertion, when, being detailed for "fatigue," he found that duty to be cleaning up in front of the tent of the captain, who, at home, was a carpenter or painter.

At a later day he struggled with the dreadful task of crowding into his knapsack a supply of clothing, and a general assortment of notions, almost sufficient to stock a cross-roads store. There were an extra pair of pants; two changes of under-clothing; several pairs of home-made socks; a "house-wife" with its wealth of pins, needles, thread and buttons, put up by sister; a Bible from his mother; a portfolio with writing material; a bottle of extract of ginger, or cholera cure, for use in case water proved to be unwholesome; a water-filter; a patriotic song-book, and a "Manual for the Soldier;" a box of collars and a couple of cravats; and finally, a "boiled shirt" or two. Then, more awful mystery yet, came the packing of the great-coat to the upper outside of the knapsack. To roll it so that it could be kept within reasonable compass, and not exceed the capacity of the straps which were to confine it, was an accomplishment but few mastered. However, it was not

long before the poor fellow learned that he had no use for such an assortment of goods, or, at any rate, had not the disposition to transport them. So, little by little, the great packs were reduced ; the owner gazing ruefully upon the treasures with which he parted so reluctantly from time to time.

Then the soldier was overjoyed when the time came to draw arms. Heretofore there were in the camp but a few old-fashioned flint-lock muskets of the time of the Mexican war. These had been committed to the care of a few smart fellows who were members of militia companies before the war, and who, as "drill-masters," now displayed their dexterity in the manual of arms and bayonet drill, before gaping crowds of unarmed warriors on the parade-ground. But now the recruit had a gun of his own, and was at last a full-fledged soldier. It little mattered that the weapon was a clumsy old "Belgian," thrown away as useless by its petty crowned owner in Europe ; or an old government musket altered from a flint-lock ; it was a gun, and the soldier asked no questions. He learned to curse it before long, however, for he found that its destructive power was rather in his own direction than in that of the enemy.

The recruit was now completely armed and equipped, and he was ordered to take his place in the ranks for inspection and review. It was one of

the hottest days of midsummer, and, what with the heat and the paraphernalia he carried, comprising all the weapons and supplies drawn from the ordnance officer and quartermaster, the ordeal was a severe one. He was marched in column, by platoon and company front, at common time, quick time, and double quick. Finally, the pace was increased to a run, which continued for nearly an hour, and the recruit, all but exhausted, put forth his best efforts, fearing that in case he failed in this final test, he would be ignominiously discharged from service.

Perhaps the most astounding revelation of all to the young soldier was the fact that he was actually to be paid for his services. Never to be forgotten is the day when it was first announced that a real paymaster would come into camp and count out to each man twenty-two dollars for two months' time. In his ignorance and patriotic zeal, the recruit had never anticipated anything of this nature. To serve his country was his sole ambition, and the approval of his own conscience, and the plaudits of his friends, would be an all-satisfying reward. When he had been actually paid, he looked upon his money as something to be gotten rid of as speedily as possible; he felt that to hoard it would be to give opportunity for reflections upon his patriotism. Hence he at once sought out the sutler, and soon exhausted his little fortune, paying a

dollar for a can of blackberries, twenty-five cents for a very ordinary cranberry-pie, and for other articles at the same rate. Thereafter he was frequently in debt to this despoiler, and pay-day never again came often enough.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST DEAD.



SHORTLY after the capture of Fort Henry, General Grant ordered a reconnoissance up the Tennessee river, to develop the enemy's new line. The wooden gunboats "Tyler" and "Lexington" were dispatched for this duty, and upon the former was embarked the company referred to in the preceding chapter, while a companion company from the same regiment took passage on the latter.

It was a pleasurable excursion for men long accustomed to the irksome routine of camp duties, and wearisome marchings through swamps and brakes. The skies were bright, the atmosphere clear and invigorating. The shore on either side was putting on the verdant beauty of field and wood; and the fresh spring breezes were laden with the odors of

fragrant flower and shrub. It was in the last days of February, and the surroundings were novel to those accustomed to the bleak winters of an Illinois prairie; so that, in spite of their loyalty to their own loved home, and their determination to see nothing admirable in Dixie, their spirits broke out with joyous exuberance, while their patriotism was stimulated by the cheers and benedictions of those, native to the soil, who flocked to the river's edge to look upon the flag of their country. A pathetic poem was printed in *Harper's Weekly* shortly afterward, depicting such a scene:

* * * * *

"And the south wind fondly lingers
 'Mid the veteran's silvery hair;
 Still the bondsman, close beside him,
 Stands behind the old arm-chair,
 With his dark hued hand uplifted,
 Shading eyes, he bends to see
 Where the woodland, boldly jutting,
 Turns aside the Tennessee.

"Thus he watches cloud-born shadows
 Glide from tree to mountain crest,
 Softly creeping, aye and ever,
 To the river's yielding breast.
 Ha! above the foliage yonder,
 Something flutters, wild and free!
 'Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!
 The flag's come back to Tennessee!'"

* * * * *

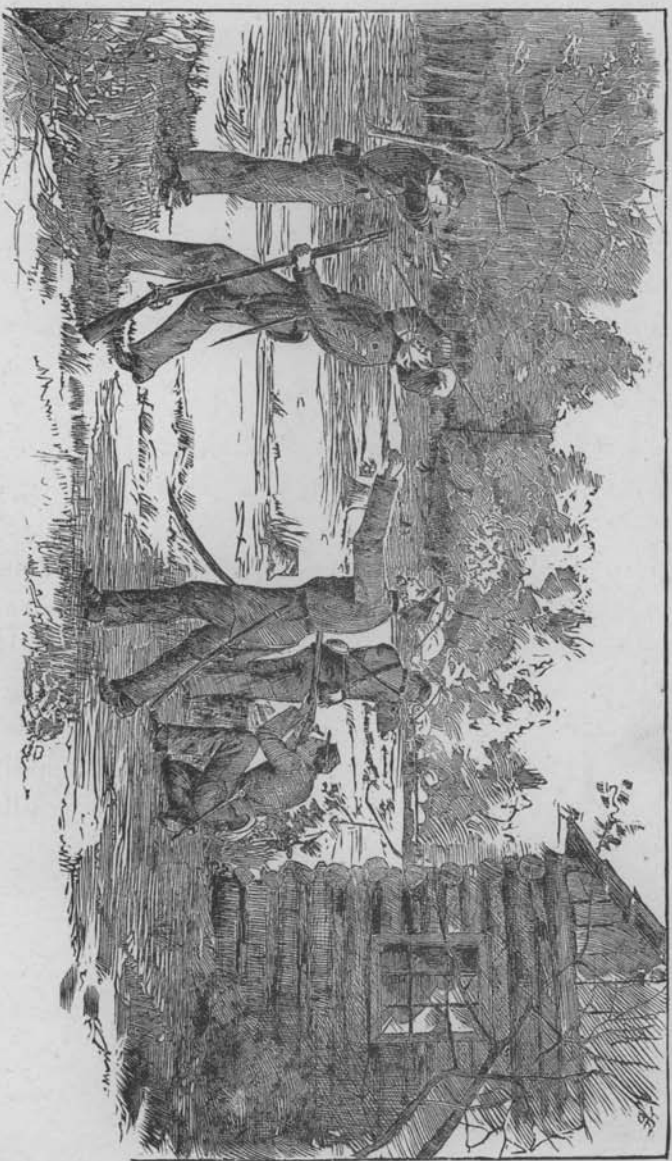
Among those who came to the river's bank to greet the flag, were many young men seeking to escape the

neighborhood sentiment, or practical conscription, which sought to drive them into the service of the "Confederacy." Several of these enlisted in Company "C"; and in one instance sixty patriotic young Tennesseans, clad in their native butternut garb, and armed with their sporting shot-guns and rifles, came in a body, and were mustered into the national army.

The days passed merrily away, and where all were in the happiest mood, Dan Messick, orderly sergeant of Company "C," was the happiest and merriest of all. A compactly built young man of about nineteen years, with a full round face, and an eye which twinkled with humor, or if necessary flashed in command, he was one whom his comrades not only respected, but loved. But his career, begun with so much promise, was soon brought to a mournful end.

The vessels steamed up river, at times slowing their speed in order to examine the shores at points where an enemy might lurk. At Clifton they stopped to load a transport with wheat and flour from a mill operated for the Confederate army; and at Chickasaw Bluffs a midnight sally was made upon a party of rebel officers, who were merry-making at a farm-house near the river, and they were brought away as prisoners.

Having passed Savannah, the heights just north of Pittsburg Landing came into view about ten o'clock on the morning of March 1st. The troops were not aware that the commander of the gunboat had been



THE FIRST DEAD.

informed by well-disposed citizens that the enemy was engaged in fortifying this position, with a view to again closing the stream so recently opened by the downfall of Fort Henry; and as field-glasses were not included in the equipment of private soldiers, they detected nothing suspicious. A few minutes later they had cause for wonderment when the engines slowed down, the wheels revolving just sufficiently to hold the vessel nearly motionless against the current. At the same moment the commander of the gunboat, Lieutenant-Commander Gwin, in complete uniform, with his sword by his side, appeared upon the bridge. His glass was fixed intently upon the heights, as if he expected trouble, and every eye followed the direction of his gaze, but without being any the wiser.

Presently a puff of smoke rose from the heights, then a heavy ball flew over the "Tyler" and splashed the water astern. The gunboat at once opened with her heaviest guns, 68-pounders, which were in her bow, firing shell at first, then grape-shot, steaming meanwhile nearer the battery. The "Lexington," somewhat farther down stream, opened fire a few minutes later. The enemy answered briskly, but without effect, for a short time, and then abandoned their guns.

Pittsburg Landing, which had been concealed behind the heavily wooded bluffs, now came into view, a mere landing place for steamboats, with a log-house upon the summit of the short and rather steep hill

which rose from the water's edge. Infantry and cavalry were in sight. The latter were stampeded by a few well directed shots from a 24-pounder howitzer upon the "Tyler's" upper deck; but the infantry continued to deliver an effective fire, crippling three gunners, and leaving upon the vessel's sides, pilot-house and chimneys, marks which she bore to the close of the war.

The gunboats were well abreast of the landing, maintaining only sufficient headway to resist the current. Meanwhile, Messick counted off fifteen files from the right of Company "C," and they were ordered into the yawls, which by this time had been lowered to the water. Under cover of the fire of the gunboats, and of the muskets of the soldiers left aboard, the boats pushed off to the shore. The first to spring to land was Messick. A portion of Company "K," from the "Lexington," joined the party, and all advanced up the hill, the gunboats meanwhile being necessarily silent. Then the little band, not fifty men in all, reached the summit, and the enemy, occupying the timber which fringed the clearing on all but the river side, opened a fierce fire, which was handsomely returned. "Load as quick as you can, and give them the devil!" yelled the captain, himself a native Tennessean, and the boys dashed past the log-house toward the timber, which secreted the enemy, firing as they went. The captain was partially disabled by a

bullet in his leg, but continued in command. Seeing the folly of rushing upon a superior force, so well posted, he ordered the men to fall back to the log-house, from whose windows, and the spaces between the logs, a fire could be maintained without great exposure. Messick was some paces in advance of the house, and presented a most conspicuous mark. He wore his first sergeant's bright red sash, not around his waist, as was usual, but over the shoulder and across the breast, after the fashion of an officer-of-the-day. He was seen to load his piece, take deliberate aim and fire, and then turn partially about to reload, when a ball struck him in the head, and he fell at full length, dead. An effort was made by some of the men to reach the body and drag it behind the house, but the enemy's fire was too fierce to permit it. At this moment it was discovered that the enemy's cavalry, taking advantage of the silence of the gunboats, were endeavoring to interpose between the little detachment and the landing, and a retreat was ordered. One of the men, while on the way to the boats, managed to pick up a new Enfield rifle, lost by the enemy, a rare weapon in those early days, when the Union troops could boast nothing better than the old altered flint-lock firing "buck and ball." Another made the possession of a snare drum inscribed with the words, "Captured from the Yankees at Manassas." A third, descending the hill in great haste, unfortunately thrust

the point of his gun into the ground, and found himself propelled into the river, with no other injury than a thorough ducking. As the soldiers pulled off in their boats, the enemy followed them to the brow of the hill and poured down a fierce fire, to which the gunboats and troops aboard made hot reply.

March 2d and 3d, the gunboats, with the troops yet on board, passed and repassed the landing repeatedly, firing shell at intervals, but eliciting no reply. On the 4th, an officer and a party of soldiers landed under a flag of truce. They found that the enemy had withdrawn the guns from the earthworks commanding the river, and retired toward Corinth.

This was the first chapter of the campaign culminating in the fall of Corinth. The expedition had been eminently successful. It had prevented the fortifying of the bluffs at Pittsburg Landing, the most formidable defensive point on the river. Ten days later, General Grant's army arrived and made an unmolested landing.

March 15th, Company "C" found eighteen graves to certify to the skirmish fought two weeks earlier. The burials had been made so hastily that the toes of the dead protruded through the ground. Seventeen of the bodies were those of the enemy, the other was that of Messick. A sorrowful moment it was for the little company, mostly beardless youths, as they stood around the grave of their first dead, one whom they

had loved so well, and for whose future they had cherished such lofty anticipations. He was a gallant soldier and a true comrade, born to command, with a spirit of dash and enthusiasm which inspired his fellows, and a boyish warm-heartedness which won the love and confidence of all. He was one who may be held up as a fit type of the American Volunteer whose shadowy image is honored and mourned in so many homes; and this weak tribute to his memory may be justly dedicated to the aged parents throughout the land, whose lives have never ceased to be embittered from such a death:

“ The old man desolate,
Weeping and wailing sore
For his son who is no more!”

CHAPTER IV.

THE GROWTH OF A REGIMENT.



THE company mentioned in the preceding chapter was part of a regiment which, in after days of battle and march, acquitted itself neither better nor worse than any one of a thousand others, drawn from the various States of the loyal North.

At the beginning, the regiment regarded itself as a most formidable organization, equal to almost any undertaking. If so required, it would undoubtedly have essayed the invasion of the seceded States, alone and unaided. But its colonel, who had held a subaltern's position in the Black-Hawk affair, which by a poetic license had been dignified with the title of "War," determined to make his command absolutely invincible; and he secured from the War Department special authority to recruit and add to it a battery of artillery, and a company of cavalry. These

were secured, and, in the light of a later experience, it is comical to look back at that complex regiment on parade, with its ten companies of infantry, and artillery and cavalry on either flank, all making vain endeavors to obey the commands laid down in the blue-book for one arm of the service alone. The absurdity of the combination was soon apparent, and before entering upon active service the organization was broken up, the cavalry and artillery being sent to join appropriate bodies of their own kind, and the infantry put upon proper footing as an actual regiment.

The regiment lay at Bird's Point, Missouri, opposite Cairo, Illinois, during part of the winter of 1861-2. It was one of the few comprising General Grant's little Army of the Tennessee in the beginning, the force being divided between Cairo, Bird's Point, Missouri, and Fort Holt, Kentucky. Headquarters were at the first-named place, from which, before the coming of General Grant, emanated military orders with the somewhat pompous preamble, "Headquarters, Grand Cairo and Dependencies."

At a later day the regiment assisted in the investment of Fort Henry, and a portion of it took an unimportant and almost bloodless part at Fort Donelson, while other detachments made expeditions into the interior and up the Tennessee river.

Then came the ascent of the Tennessee river, already opened up by the engagement described in

the foregoing chapter. This was one of the finest pageants of the war. The thirty-five thousand men comprising the army of invasion were embarked upon sixty transports, led by the gunboats. The fleet displayed bunting in profusion ; and with many of the regiments were brass bands, whose music echoed from shore to shore. Several of the boats were provided with calliopes, and their patriotic melodies, softened by distance, sounded enchantingly. As far as the eye could reach, up stream and down, rounding bends and threading their way among miniature islands, the long line of vessels stretched away, a magnificent panorama ever in motion.

March 16th, General Sherman's division disembarked at Pittsburg Landing, followed the next day by General Hurlbut's. The regiment of which this narrative treats, was a part of the latter command. Original journal entries show that camp discipline was rigidly enforced. Company and battalion drills and dress-parades were invariably performed each day. There was reason enough for this, not only in a military sense, but for the moral effect. Illness increased rapidly among the troops, caused by unwholesome water. For nearly all complaints the surgeons had one sovereign panacea, whisky and quinine, prepared at the hospital tent by the barrellful, and administered with a tin cup. Unfortunately for those who had a taste for

the liquor, it was so unsparingly drugged that its use as a beverage was impossible.

March 29th, a new camp was laid out, one mile farther south. Camp-guards surrounded each regiment, and a picket was posted, but no works constructed. On the 31st, General Hurlbut reviewed his division for the first time, preparatory to a review by General Grant on April 2d. April 4th, a heavy rain began to fall, continuing all night and part of the 5th. About eight o'clock on the night of the former day, scattering firing was heard to the front, and the regiment, with others, was sent in that direction. A march of five miles was made, and the troops were ordered back to camp without encountering an enemy or learning the cause of the alarm. This was two days before the battle of Shiloh, and rebel prisoners taken in that engagement said that the Union forces that night marched inside their lines, and might have been captured, but for fear of causing an alarm.

Sunday morning, April 6th, a beautiful spring day, the troops were preparing breakfast, when sounds of conflict came from the right front. The battle of Shiloh had begun !

A few moments later, the long roll sounded, and the troops went into ranks on their color-line, and soon marched in the direction of the firing. At the side of the road they passed Colonel Pugh, of the 41st Illinois regiment, a gallant old white-haired man who

had seen service in Mexico. There was a remarkable squeak in his voice, and no one who heard his words that morning will ever forget their forceful meaning or peculiar intonation : "Boys ! fill your canteens ! Some of you 'll be in hell before night, and need water !"

Farther up the road, the troops meet the stragglers from the front, some wounded, and all terror-stricken. Brave encouragement they give to men going into battle : "It's no use, boys ! We're all cut to pieces !"

On presses the column. At a turn in the road it changes direction to the right. In a fence-corner the surgeons have established their field hospital, and here are spread out their operating tables, and a glittering array of knives and saws, exposed to the sight of raw troops. It is horribly suggestive. No wonder many turn pale, or that the lad, who at home was an innocent Sabbath-school scholar, should take from his pocket a pack of playing cards and throw them away. He has perhaps a superstitious feeling that such property may bring him ill luck ; besides, if he is to be killed, he does not care to have his mother hear that he has fallen into habits she would not countenance.

Here is a gap in the rail-fence, and the column passes through, and forms in line of battle in an orchard of young peach trees. Other regiments connect with it, right and left. A battery of artillery gallops up on

either flank and unlimbers. That on the left opens fire with great vigor upon the enemy, now plainly in sight; that on the right stampedes without firing a gun—the cannoneers cut the traces, mount their horses, and gallop wildly to the rear.

In front, and on the extreme edge of a field which lies beyond the orchard, is a dense forest, occupied by the enemy. The troops march bravely toward it. The colonel sees that he is not strong enough to carry the position, and he orders "About face." The men march rearward in line of battle. Here and there the line bulges; the men are gradually quickening their pace; there is every provocation for a stampede. The commander orders "Steady!" and the gallant fellows set their teeth hard, and, with muskets at shoulder, regain the accustomed drill step. "Battalion, halt! About face! Lie down, and no firing without orders!" The regiment has not fired a gun, but it has received severe punishment. Its retrograde movement, under fire, is a magnificent exhibition of pluck for raw troops.

The enemy's batteries have now opened. They fire solid shot, which strike the ground a couple of hundred yards in advance, and reach the troops in ricocheting. Admirable range the gray-coated artillerists have! A small tree near by, not thicker than a stove-pipe, is bruised with the marks of five cannon-balls within the height of a man. A cannon shot knocks out

the corner-post of a shed, letting fall the roof, and with it a squad of venturesome fellows who have climbed up to witness the panorama in front. Now the enemy fires shell and grape-shot. One of the iron missiles tears a cruel groove in the skull of a color-guard. Another knocks off the muzzle of a lad's gun as he is capping it for another shot. He completes the operation, and discharges his weapon, but when he brings it again to his side, he finds that he can not squeeze his cartridge-ball into the ragged muzzle. "Don't that beat the devil !" is his exclamation to his commander. The next moment he has another gun, which has been thrown away by a comrade, who flees in mortal terror, only to die in two days, not from a hurt, but from simple fright !

Now out of the forest in front marches the gray line of battle. On it comes, without a break in its ranks. The Union troops open upon it a terrific fire, each man loading and discharging his gun as rapidly as possible. The gray line cannot withstand the storm of leaden hail—it loses its pace, halts, and then recoils. Three times it attempts to pass over that dreadful field of death, and as often does it fall to pieces, and hasten back to shelter in broken fragments. More than a score of years afterward a rebel captain who was in the charge confessed to a soldier who opposed him that day, that the slaughter in the peach-orchard was

the most horrible action in which he was engaged during the entire war.

Our regiment is now shifted to the left of the Corinth road, and engages the enemy at short pistol-range. The ground is broken and densely wooded—it is not far from the famous “Hornets’ Nest.” The fire on either side is horrible. The thick underbrush is literally mowed down by bullets. Men are shot in half-a-dozen places at once. The dead lie where they fall; the wounded drag themselves below the brow of the hill for protection from further harm. The ammunition is nearly exhausted. Where are the field-boxes of cartridges? Fatal blunder! there are none where they are most sorely needed. Here and there the soldiers drop behind the hill and take from the cartridge-boxes of the dead and wounded what ammunition is left, and resume their places in the line, only to repeat the act, again and again. So intent are they upon their errand, that one lad does not recognize the close friend and comrade whom he despoils. Twenty years afterward the two meet to talk of the battle, and the former learns, for the first time, whose form it was he bent over in that hour of desperate effort.

This is the key to the position of the Union army, and here the enemy makes his most heroic effort. A Tennessee brigade is broken under the terrible fire it encounters; one of its regiments rallies and advances three times, only to fall back again and again. Har-

ris, the Governor of Tennessee, appeals to his troops to make a final effort, and save the fair name of their State. General Albert Sidney Johnston, the idol of the Confederates, now places himself at their head—leads them to the assault, and is mortally wounded.

In this valley of death the regiment loses more than one-half of the men who went into action. Little wonder that, with a line so thinned out, in a dense wood, a young soldier, on his return to the front from a search for cartridges, thinks himself deserted, and takes his way to the rear. At the head of the ravine the old colonel hails him : “Where are you going ?” “To find the regiment !” “Well, go to the front ! All that are left are there !” “All right, sir ! I thought they were all gone !” and the lad again goes into action.

Every cartridge at last is gone ! “Fix bayonets !” is the command of the colonel. But the left is crushed, and the enemy comes with a wild, surging charge from that flank, firing as they advance. Every field officer is killed or disabled, the brave old colonel falling last of all, with a ball which he carries to this day. There is little semblance of organization now, and the men seek the rear as best they can. There are scores of regiments in the same plight, and the last hour of the day is given to seeking their own members, and reforming, to hold the lines that night, and prepare for a fresh struggle on the morrow.

The troops are without either food or water, and their thirst is aggravated by the salty taste of the cartridges they have been biting all day. Neither have they tents nor blankets, for the enemy has possession of their camp. Then the rain begins to fall, and the men draw their gun-locks under their coat-skirts, and sit up against the trees, seeking to shelter themselves as best they can. All night long the earth shakes with the concussion of the great guns on the gunboats, and the explosion of their shells in the enemy's lines. But neither army cares for a night engagement, and the hostile lines confront each other in comparative silence. In the morning the Union troops advance and sweep the enemy from the field, the fresh men of Buell's army taking a glorious part in the victorious onset.

For some days after the battle, this regiment was firmly of the opinion that it had sustained the fiercest of the enemy's assaults on that terrible Sunday; and that the blunder of some other troops was the cause of the temporary disaster. But the men soon came to learn the important truth, that in this, as in nearly all conflicts between armed men, each portion of the line has all it can attend to, and its best effort and most fearful sacrifice, are equally necessary, no more and no less, to a successful issue.

The siege of Corinth followed, a most wearisome and exhausting campaign. General Halleck was now

in command, and the troops were literally worn out with the excessive duty put upon them. Six weeks were consumed in passing over the thirty miles between Pittsburg Landing and Corinth. At every advance, earthworks, strong enough for permanent fortifications, were thrown up, with abattis in front. The discipline was more severe than ever before. No soldier was permitted to visit another regiment. The reveille sounded at five o'clock in the morning. From six to seven the troops were drilled at double-quick without arms. Squad and company drill lasted from ten to eleven; battalion drill from two to four; and dress-parade took place at four o'clock. By the casualties of the battle, the exposure, and labor during the siege, a company of ninety men, who left Illinois less than a year before, was reduced to twenty-three effectives, and this proportion probably existed throughout the army.

There was constant skirmishing, but no severe action, during the siege of Corinth, and the city fell into the hands of the Union troops, May 28th. The retreating enemy was followed a few miles, the army being then recalled and posted along the railroad between Corinth and Memphis, making frequent wearisome, and generally profitless, marches into Mississippi, pursuing or pursued. The battle of Hatchie River was an incident of this campaign. It was fought by General Hurlbut's division, which intercepted the forces of

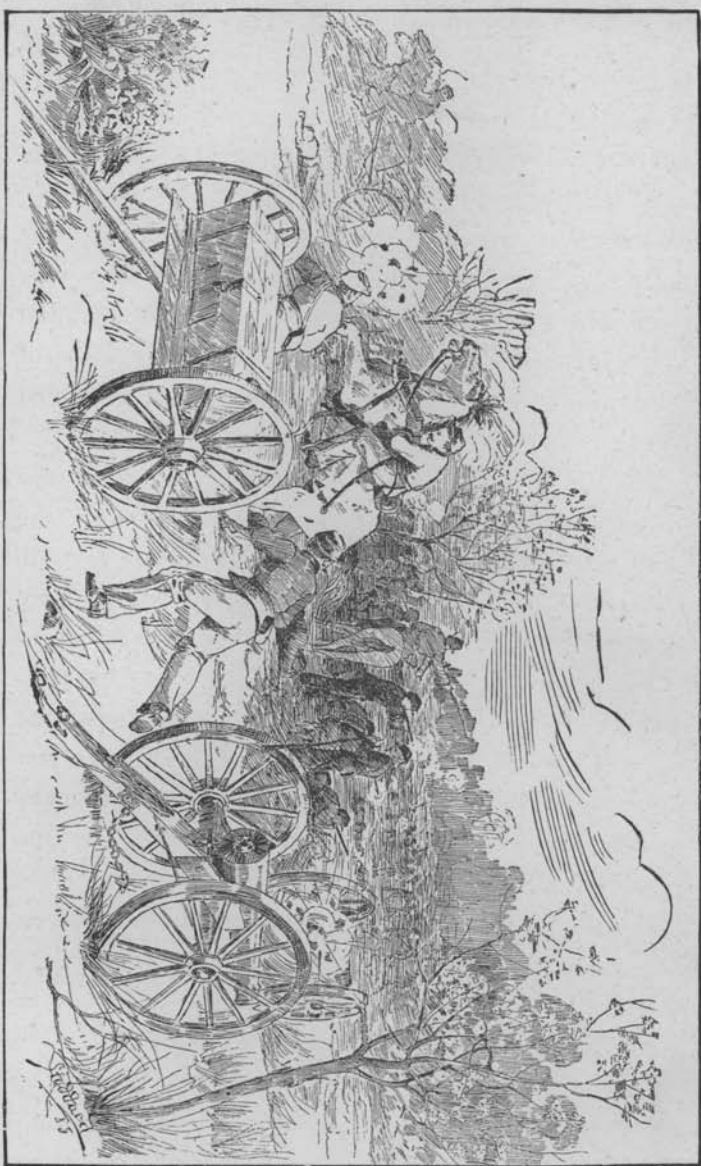
Price and Van Dorn, after their repulse at Corinth in October, 1862.

The efficiency of the army had been greatly improved by the withdrawal of the old muskets. For these were substituted Enfield and Springfield rifled muskets, both admirable weapons. About the same time the complete "regulation" uniform was issued. This consisted of a ridiculous dress-coat of dark blue, with brass shoulder-scales; a tall, stiff felt hat, looped up on one side with a brass eagle, while in front was displayed a brass bugle. A feather and heavy blue cord completed the head-dress. The men had a great contempt for this assortment of military millinery, and exhibited a remarkable faculty for losing all the ornaments, which were not readily replaced; the hat crown they persisted in turning down to about one-third its normal height. The officers finally recognized the impossibility of maintaining such a uniform, and the troops soon took up with the comfortable blouse and fatigue cap, which were their distinguishing marks during the later years of the war.

During the marches in Tennessee and Mississippi, in the summer of 1862, large numbers of negroes flocked to the army. The Emancipation Proclamation had not yet been penned, and all these poor people were driven back to their masters, save a few able-bodied men (sixty to a regiment), whose use was permitted as teamsters and cooks. The slaves

imagined that the coming of this army meant their liberation from bondage. Men, women and children followed the troops for miles, carrying knapsacks and bringing water for the weary soldiers. Their distress on being repulsed was pitiful to behold. At this time foraging was strictly forbidden, and severe punishment awaited the hungry soldier who entered a field for potatoes, or shot a pig. It was the day of the "rose-water war policy," so mercilessly ridiculed by Orpheus C. Kerr.

In September, 1862, the first great blow was struck against slavery, and the discipline of the army was put to its crucial test. President Lincoln had issued his cautionary proclamation, setting forth that, on the first day of January following, in the event of still existing rebellion, he would proclaim the freedom of the slaves. The majority of the troops were not in sympathy with this measure, and there was every prospect of wide-spread desertion. In many instances commissioned officers did not attempt to conceal from the men their own opposition, and expressed the intention of resigning. In this crisis, Colonel Logan, of the 32nd Illinois regiment, took a decided stand. He caused the proclamation to be read at the head of his command, and said that any officer tendering his resignation for this reason, or expressing disaffection, would be reported, with a recommendation for his dishonorable dismissal for insubordina-



THE PEACH ORCHARD AT SHILOH.

tion and disloyalty. The effect of this determined action was most salutary. Not a resignation was offered, and the brewing storm passed away. Other commanders were equally patriotic, many in spite of personal convictions ; there was no further open disaffection in the army.

In the winter, occurred the march through Mississippi, the intention being to reach the rear of Vicksburg. The campaign was brought to an abrupt close by the disaster at Holly Springs. That important supply depot was yielded to the enemy, by its commander, without firing a shot.

A few months later, the regiment was a part of the army engaged in the operations against Vicksburg, being under fire almost daily for three months. The incidents of the siege would require a volume in themselves. The bombardment at night by the gunboats and mortars was indescribably grand. The labors of the army were arduous, but there was less work with the spade than at Corinth. The troops learned that slighter works were sufficient protection, and they husbanded their strength for the skirmish line. The Union army made some advance almost every night, and frequent dashes by day. The end came, July 4th, 1863, when the enemy displayed the signal of surrender. It was not long before the national colors were unfurled from many points in the city ; and the fleet of gunboats steamed up to the

wharf, each vessel firing a national salute as she rounded to. The next day a large part of the Army of the Tennessee marched out to Jackson, and defeated General Joseph E. Johnston, who was threatening the Union rear, returning afterward to Vicksburg.

The remainder of the year was devoted to expeditions into Louisiana and the interior of Mississippi, which, while important in the general plans of the war, are not necessary to this narrative.

Now began preparations for the campaign against Atlanta. The army was in magnificent trim for the task. True, it had lost many a gallant soldier, who, if living, would have done yet greater service for his country, and won honorable distinction for himself. Alas, such are the fortunes of war ! Aside from this, campaigning had proved a severe school, and it yielded admirable results. It was a most thorough winnowing process. The sickly and infirm had been retired from service ; the half-hearted had dropped by the wayside ; the coward and camp-bully, generally synonymous terms, had deserted. The company mentioned in the opening chapter will serve to illustrate the casualties incident to these campaigns. Its ninety men at the outset had been reduced to thirty-five when the Atlanta campaign began. Anticipating the narrative, it may be mentioned that but twenty-six of the number marched out of Atlanta to the Sea. Only sixteen remained to the end, to be mustered out with the colors

at the close of the war ; and among these was the lad who was bade go home, because he would never make a soldier. He participated in all the campaigns of the Army of the Tennessee, from first to last, without a wound, a day in hospital, or absence on sick leave.

Such was the history of one regiment. Its experience was not peculiar ; with little exception, it was that of most volunteer regiments in the field.

CHAPTER V.

THE ARMY AND ITS PERSONNEL.



HATTANOOGA, Tennessee, within the shadow of famous old Lookout Mountain, was the scene of extraordinary bustle and preparation during the month of April, 1864. Forces were being concentrated and equipped for what was destined to be one of the most brilliant and successful

campaigns of the war, if, indeed, it did not surpass all others in brilliancy of conception, completeness of execution, and thoroughness of results. It was directed against Atlanta, and out of it grew the important, but frolicsome, march to Savannah, and the campaign of the Carolinas. So closely did these events succeed one another, and so intimately blended were their consequences, that the March to the Sea may be said to have begun at Chattanooga, and to have ended with General Joseph E. Johnston's

surrender to General Sherman at Raleigh, North Carolina. These operations covered a period of twelve months, during which time almost every day was spent in marching or fighting, and frequently both. There were many severe battles, and at all times sharp skirmishing, sometimes here, sometimes there, and often along the entire line. But it was ever a grand "Forward!" from first to last.

The troops selected for these important undertakings were the choicest of the nation, the veterans of the campaigns narrated. Many of them having nearly completed a three years' term of service, re-enlisted, and were designated by the War Department as "Veteran Volunteers," and authorized to wear the chevrons indicative of long and arduous service. They were just returning from home, after enjoying a brief furlough, granted in consideration of their re-enlistment. Every man was a seasoned veteran, toughened by exposure, and taught self-reliance through the workings of that first law of nature, self-preservation. His bearing proclaimed a high degree of pride in his soldierly record, a conscientious belief in his mission, and an unfaltering faith in the successful issue of his cause. He was not only a perfect soldier himself, but he was a schoolmaster to the raw recruits brought to the front from time to time to replace the fallen and disabled, who, taught by his example, learned the full duty of

soldiers in vastly less time than he had acquired it, and became almost veterans by his side, before the campaign had fairly opened.

The largest body of troops was the Army of the Cumberland, the heroes of Stone River and other hard fought fields, commanded by Major-General George H. Thomas, a grand soldier, whose every feature proclaimed him to be as unyieldingly steadfast as the "Rock of Chickamauga," which name he bore. His own distinguishing characteristics were reproduced in his men, and their superb staying power, and capacity for giving and taking severe punishment, were appreciated by Sherman, who always sent them to hold an enemy while others sought his weak point. The Army of the Ohio, under Major-General Schofield, with many of the same traits, performed a similar mission in conjunction with it. Last, was the Army of the Tennessee, fresh from the victories of Vicksburg and Jackson, and the relief of the beleaguered garrison at Chattanooga—trained to long and rapid marches, swift in motion and as true to its mark as the arrow, which was the distinguishing badge of one of its corps. This command, as Sherman expressed it, was the "snapper to his whip-lash ;" and it was thrown from flank to flank as necessity required, marching often by night to attack the enemy at an unexpected point by day. It was commanded by Major-General James B.

McPherson, one of the bravest who ever wore a sword, though as gentle and lovable as a woman.

Subordinate to these officers was a brilliant array of corps, division, and brigade commanders. Among the former were Logan, Blair, Dodge, Howard and Palmer; among the latter, Belknap, Gresham, the Smiths, Leggett, Mower, Force, Phillips, Rowett and others. Auxiliary to these forces, and principally engaged in protecting provision trains and covering the flanks of the army, but at times making rapid and destructive raids upon the enemy's communications, were large bodies of cavalry, commanded by Stoneman, Garrard and Kilpatrick.

In supreme command was Major-General William T. Sherman, the most unique figure of the war period. Spare of form, and careless in dress, he would have found difficulty in securing a position on a brigadier's staff in the early days of 1861, when gay trappings commanded a premium, and dress-parades and grand reviews passed for "war." But when he spoke he revealed his extraordinary mental powers and wealth of nervous energy. Whether ordering a movement of troops to meet an unexpected contingency, or listening to a report of disaster or success, he instantly comprehended the full import of the event; and, equal to any emergency, gave his commands with snappish promptness, and at the same time so explicitly that there could be no mistake as to his meaning. In some quarters he

had been censured for not being a "fighting general;" he treated the sneer with a smile. "Fighting is the least part of a general's work, the battle will fight itself," he said, on one occasion. To him the actual conflict was an incident, which he knew could be trusted to the courage and ability of the officer actually upon the spot. Not that he was wanting in the qualifications of a general; he possessed them in the highest degree, his mind constantly grappling with great general plans. His men once in position, where he wanted them, and there were those to direct the battle, who had naught else to do.

General Sherman had won great renown as General Grant's chief lieutenant at Vicksburg, and in relieving the Union army beleagured in Chattanooga. History tells how competent he was for the chief command in the great task now set before him; but no one, not with him, can realize how completely he was master of his forces and resources. Not a detail was unknown to him. With wonderful directness and promptitude, he ordered the movements of this vast army, at times separated into numerous columns and detachments, all acting independently, so far as they themselves knew, yet all co-operating in the grand plan of their chief. Like Grant, he was a rare judge of men, and he was seldom mistaken in his estimate. The weak points of this brigade commander, the strong points of another, were

ever in his mind. He knew the various posts along his railroad communications, hundreds of miles to the rear, and their commanders. If the telegraph told him that a block-house was attacked, he knew whether the officer in charge would surrender to a cavalry dash, or resist a division of infantry with artillery. He knew, at all times during a campaign, just how many rations and rounds of ammunition there were in his wagon trains ; how his men were in health and spirit; and the condition of the feet of his cavalry and artillery horses. With all this intimate knowledge of officers, men and means, and an army having unbounded confidence in itself and in him, Sherman was absolutely invincible.

Yet a little more than two years before this, he had been semi-officially denounced as a "crank" (although this precise term was not then in vogue), and considered unfit for the command of more than a brigade, because, at a moment in the first year of the war, when some one high in authority prophesied an end of the struggle "in sixty days," he insisted that two hundred thousand men would be needed to occupy Kentucky, and carry on offensive operations! But this was not far from the number Fate had now committed to his charge, to work out the greatest problem of the day—the annihilation of the war-supporting resources of the "Confederacy," and the

transfer of his army to the battle fields of the East, to co-operate with Grant in the destruction of Lee.

And more ! He was to write his own name high among those of the great masters of war ; and to plan campaigns that would be models for study by generations of soldiers yet unborn. His strategy was marvelous, and he found a worthy adversary in General Joseph E. Johnston, the opposing commander. Move succeeded move, like rook and pawn on the chess-board, one giving a check here, the other there. Sherman maneuvered so as to gain position after position with the minimum loss of men and material ; Johnston retreated so skillfully before him that he scarcely lost a tin-cup. That the one should achieve victory where the other sought to withhold it, is high praise. No other such struggle of Titans was witnessed during the war.

As a writer, General Sherman was in many respects inimitable, and were he not a soldier he should have been an author. His orders, reports and letters, were often couched in homely but vigorous phrase, somewhat after the manner of Lincoln, emphasizing his points in such manner as to fasten them indelibly upon the mind. Once, while preparing for the great campaign, he said : "Beef and salt are all that is absolutely necessary to life, and parched corn once fed General Jackson's army on this very ground." Citizens, at various places along the line of

his march, clamored to be fed; and the kind-hearted Lincoln urged Sherman to supply their necessities. He answered: "The railroad can not supply the army and the people too. One or the other must quit, and the army don't intend to do so, unless Jo. Johnston makes us. Let their friends relieve them by wagon, as they would before railroads were built." The enemy having endeavored to wreck railroad trains by planting torpedoes on the track, he wrote to a subordinate: "Order the point suspected to be tested by a car-load of prisoners or citizens implicated; of course an enemy can not complain of his own traps." Newspaper correspondents were a special abomination in his eyes, provoking him to great wrath, and spasmodic profanity of a highly original pattern. "They are," said he, "as a rule mischievous. They are the world's gossips; they pick up and retail camp scandal, and gradually drift to the headquarters of some general who finds it easier to make reputation at home than with his troops. They are also tempted to prophesy events, and state facts, which reveal to an enemy a purpose in time to guard against it." The present editor of a great newspaper in the Mississippi valley, then a correspondent with the army, incurred the personal displeasure of the irascible General at, or immediately after, the battle of Shiloh, and was treated by him in such a manner as never to be forgiven; even to this day the out-

raged scribe allows no opportunity to pass without giving the General a sharp rap in partial payment of the old score.

Since the war, if it be possible, General Sherman has grown even more completely into the affections of those he once commanded in the field; and his appearance at any of the numerous soldiers' reunions calls forth greater enthusiasm than that of any other general of the war period. This is largely due to his unaffected heartiness, when among those who wore the blue in the dark days of the Rebellion. He is the most approachable of men, as accessible to the private soldier as to the major-general; and his intercourse with all, whether in private, or upon public occasions, is such as to impress all with his entire honesty when he said, in a letter to the author of this narrative: "I cherish a real love for the men who fought the civil war to a successful conclusion, and I wish them, one and all, the largest measure of honor and happiness on this earth."

CHAPTER VI.

MAKING READY.



THE column about to move southward from Chattanooga was to consist of nearly one hundred thousand men, and the plan of campaign contemplated a frequent departure from the railroad, and dependence upon the wagon trains for subsistence.

The army was to be re-clothed as far as possible, and these stores, together with food and ammunition for infantry, cavalry and artillery, and forage for animals, in sufficient quantities for a thirty days' supply, were all to be sent from Louisville, Kentucky, the base of supplies, nearly four hundred miles distant, over a single pair of rails traversing a hostile region. Although the road was guarded by several thousand men, posted along its length, in forts, stockades or block-houses, at towns, rivers, and water and wood stations, the enemy often made serious breaks, destroying scores of engines,

hundreds of cars, and burning or carrying away vast quantities of stores, which were greatly needed at the front. At its ordinary capacity, when undisturbed, the railroad could do little more than provide for the necessities of the army.

To accumulate supplies for a forward movement, in the face of such difficulties, demanded close economy and extraordinary effort. All items of the army ration which could possibly be dispensed with, were stricken out, little being transported save hard bread, bacon, sugar, coffee and salt. Beef was driven from Louisville on the hoof. Only the most necessary articles of clothing were issued. Shoes and stockings, absolutely indispensable to the march, were provided in abundance; little attention was given to supplying outer garments; the men were generally willing to wear the same coats and trousers they had brought with them from Vicksburg. True, in many cases, these dilapidated articles exposed more of the human anatomy than they concealed, but their wearers did not expect to see company which would be fastidious about such things. Many of the line officers were scarcely more presentable than their men, and with them partook of the same limited fare.

But supplies failed to accumulate. Cutting red tape with a stroke of his pen, Sherman ordered all railroad cars reaching Louisville, from whatever direction, to be loaded with supplies and sent to the front;

and in spite of the angry protests of railroad officials all over the country, his order was obeyed to the letter. Henceforth, trains on the "United States Military Railroad" were motley enough, and it may be said, without exaggeration, that in many of them there were not more than three cars belonging to any one road, and nearly all came from north of the Ohio river.

A few passenger cars were run as far south as Nashville, but none beyond that point; and an officer or soldier seeking his command at the front was obliged, on leaving Nashville, to find a place on the top of a freight car, as a member of the armed guard which accompanied each train. He was frequently fired at by guerrillas from behind trees and hills, and often his train was thrown from the track, by some obstruction or a displaced rail, and he was attacked at a great disadvantage by a considerable force of the enemy. But this route, rough as it was, was one of pure delight compared with the dirt-road assigned to most of those returning from home or hospital. The latter were organized into temporary companies or detachments, and obliged to drive and guard beef herds, or wagon trains, until they reached their destination.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of securing railroad transportation, and the urgent necessity requiring it entirely for military purposes, sanitary and christian commissions and volunteer philanthropists from every

State having a soldier in the field, sought the freedom of the road, only to be denied by the lynx-eyed Sherman. One of these well-meaning functionaries complained to his governor that the great general had treated him with discourtesy. The governor appealed to Stanton, Secretary of War, who lectured Sherman, whereupon the indignant general retorted in this characteristic way: "Even a single passenger is a small matter, but he is two hundred pounds avoirdupois, and his weight in bread and meat would feed one hundred men for a day. For mercy's sake allow us for the period of our brief campaign to have the exclusive use of our single track of rail, every foot of which we must guard, and every inch of which has cost us a precious life."

' And this slender artery of life, upon which depended the very existence of a hundred thousand men, and perhaps that of the nation itself, was soon to be indefinitely extended, to keep pace with the army pressing southward, every additional mile costing more lives, adding to the risk of breakage by the enemy, and diminishing the moving column to the extent of the detachments left behind for its protection. Important bridges and strategic points were guarded by veteran troops, posted in earthworks with artillery; but for the greater part the defenses were block-houses and stockades, garrisoned by "short term" men enlisted for the purpose. It was a service of vast importance, but

monotonous and inglorious, and the rudely painted sign displayed at each of these minor posts, addressed to passing trains, "Please throw us a paper!" told a pathetic story of loneliness and anxiety. In many cases these little garrisons were fiercely attacked and made gallant and successful resistance. The heroic defense of Allatoona, referred to hereafter at length, is almost as famous as the "Charge of the Light Brigade"—it was certainly far more momentous in its results.

The Railway Construction and Repair Corps, made up of civilians, was an all-important ally. Large detachments were stationed at suitable points, and dispatched to each break in the road as soon as one occurred. As a matter of fact, this corps was perpetually in motion. So thoroughly was it equipped, and so zealously did it push the work, that the enemy frequently heard the engine whistle at the front, within a few hours after they had inflicted damage which they believed could not be repaired in a week. Duplicates of bridges and important trestles were kept in reserve to replace those destroyed, each timber being numbered and fitted ready to put in place. Some of this work was almost marvelous. But the grandest achievement of the corps was the replacement of the bridges over the Chattahoochee, Etowah and Oostanaula, which had been destroyed by the retreating enemy. These structures, being within the enemy's lines, could not be dupli-

cated from the store-house, and most of the timber had to be cut out of the forest, on either side of the streams. They were from six to twelve hundred feet long, and from eighty to one hundred feet high, yet they were replaced in two to five days. The moral effect was marvelous. The Union troops were led to believe that their communication with home could never be interrupted, save for a few hours at a time ; while the enemy was fully convinced that Sherman and his men were all but omnipotent, and that destructive measures were of little avail to arrest their progress. Indeed, there was a story in those days to the effect that Johnston had determined to blow up an important railroad tunnel in order to stop the invaders, whereupon one of his men remarked, "There is n't no use in that, 'cause Sherman carries 'long duplicates of all the tunnels !"

Not less important was the service rendered by the Telegraph Corps, also made up of civilians, and under the charge of Colonel J. C. Van Duzer, who was designated "Superintendent of United States Military Telegraphs." Colonel Van Duzer was an operator at Carlinville, Illinois, early in 1861, and, on that dreadful April morning, gave to the people of that place information of the first firing upon the flag at Sumter. He was accomplished in his profession ; and a genial, whole-souled man.

At every fort and block-house was stationed one



ON THE SKIRMISH LINE.

See page 107.

or more of Colonel Van Duzer's corps. Each operator had for his equipment a navy revolver, and a miniature pocket "sounder," which frequently served a good purpose. At times, he was driven out of his office by a dash of rebel cavalry, or, perhaps, an infantry force seeking a lodgment upon the railroad. He usually made his escape, and the first thing he did, after bidding a hasty good-bye to his assailants, was to climb a telegraph pole, attach his pocket instrument, and notify General Sherman at the front, of the number and designs of the enemy, and the direction in which they had gone. Rarely did the rebels learn anything of importance from this trusty servant. He dealt in a cipher code, which was unintelligible save to the initiated, and even this was frequently changed.

Another important adjunct was the Signal Corps. Its members were chosen from officers and men of the army, with a special view to intelligence, daring and adaptability. Each detachment carried a white flag bearing a black square, colors recognizable at a great distance; and signals were conveyed by certain movements to right and left, vertical and horizontal, indicating different letters of the alphabet. The letters signaled stood for other letters, so that a cipher code was necessary to the interpretation of a message, and the key was changed at frequent intervals. The officer in command of each detachment carried powerful field-glasses, and also a fine portable

telescope, in order to distinguish signals at a great distance. The Signal Corps always sought the most conspicuous eminences, whence they could overlook a large scope of country, and detect the movements of the enemy; and frequently they erected a temporary observatory in the top of a tree, in full view, and within easy range, of the hostile riflemen. Some of their deeds were of momentous importance, as at Kenesaw Mountain, after the fall of Atlanta, when Sherman signalled to Allatoona, and encouraged its gallant little garrison to protract its resistance to Hood's desperate assault, until reinforcements could reach it. This service of the Signal Corps was fraught with great personal danger, as when, before Atlanta, on the memorable 22d of July, the observing officers held their position in a tree almost on the very line of battle.

With each column marched a Pioneer Corps, whose position was as near the advance as was safe, and which rendered invaluable service in repairing roads and bridges. As it traveled, it "blazed" its way on trees by the roadside, that troops following might make no mistake as to direction. Each army corps had its own peculiar "blaze," which was so familiar to all, that a straggler knew at a glance whether he was following Logan, or Blair, or Palmer, although there might not be a soldier or wagon in sight.

Each army corps had a distinguishing badge, the

color — red, white, blue, or yellow — indicating the divisions. The badge was worn by the men upon coat or hat ; and it was inscribed upon the wagons of the supply and ammunition trains. Some of these emblems were peculiarly suggestive of the traits of the commands to which they belonged ; as the “ Arrow,” worn by the Seventeenth Corps, noted for its rapid movements, and sureness in reaching a place when wanted ; the “ Cartridge-Box ” of the Fifteenth Corps, famous for its fighting qualities, and capacity for making itself heard ; and the “ Acorn ” of the Fourteenth Corps, which stood firm in action as the oak before the storm. Less significant were the “ Star ” of the Twentieth Corps, the “ Cross ” of the Sixteenth, and others.

It was this complete system of organization, this close attention to seemingly small matters, in very many particulars peculiar to it alone, that raised this army to so high a degree of efficiency, and gave to its chief such a wonderful mastery over it. Well might he say, as already quoted in these pages, “ The least part of a general’s work is to fight a battle.”

Napoleon once remarked that he had overrun Europe with the bivouac. Sherman had caught the same inspiration. Wagon trains were cut down to the smallest possible number of wheels and animals. Early in war days each company was provided with a six-mule wagon, and three were considered necessary for regimental headquarters. Even then, when a

movement was ordered, it became necessary to abandon much camp paraphernalia because of insufficient transportation. The cutting down process had been going on gradually, until now but one wagon was allowed to a regiment, and that for ammunition mainly, regimental officers being only permitted space enough for a tent-fly, a small mess-kit, and a few light valises; and this species of property was always the first to be abandoned, if it became necessary to lighten the load, on account of broken-down animals or unusually bad roads. [A pack-mule for carrying cooking utensils was permitted to each company, but was often dispensed with.

Each army corps, of fifteen to twenty thousand men, had a commissary and ammunition train of about five hundred wagons. The various headquarters were provided with one or two tents each, to shelter the general and staff, Sherman himself setting the example. He was closely imitated, save by General Thomas, who took with him so large a headquarter train, that it went by the name of "Pap Thomas' Circus."

The "lightening of the army" involved a grim contradiction of terms. The number of animals was lessened, and their burdens decreased, but additional loads were put upon the troops. The endurance of the man surpassed that of the beast. General Sherman estimated that the soldiers of each corps d'armee carried upon their persons the equivalent of three hundred

wagon loads; but this estimate includes arms and personal effects which would not be transported for the troops in any event. The men became almost pack-horses, and, encumbered as they were, their long and rapid marches were nothing short of marvelous. Each man carried his gun and accoutrements, forty rounds of ammunition in his cartridge-box, and one hundred and sixty more in his pockets, knapsack, or haversack. His blanket and light rubber blanket were made into a long roll, the ends tied together, so as to admit of being carried upon the shoulder. This roll generally contained an extra shirt, a pair of socks, and a half-section of a "dog-tent," or piece of light ducking, which, when buttoned to the half carried by a comrade, made a very fair shelter for two men. Occasionally a soldier carried an extra pair of pants or an overcoat, but this evidence of extravagance was regarded with contempt by most of the men. Knapsacks were often discarded entirely. The provision issued to the soldier was a much abridged ration, but it brought up the total weight of his burden to good thirty pounds, or more, no light load to carry for days at a time, in all weather, and over all kinds of road. He habitually had a three days' supply of hard bread and fat pork, and this was to last from seven to ten days in case of necessity.

But if Uncle Sam limited the boys as to their bread and meat, he more than made it good with his lavish

issues of sugar and coffee. And here let it be recorded, that coffee accomplished more toward suppressing the rebellion than any other one article, unless it be gunpowder itself. It was generous in quantity, beyond reproach as to quality, and "the boys" knew how to extract its subtlest virtues. Each one carried an old oyster can in which, after bruising the fragrant berry upon a stone, with the butt of his musket, he brewed the delicious beverage—the *summum bonum* of human comfort, the panacea for all ills. Black as the face of a plantation negro, "strong enough to float an iron wedge," and innocent of lacteal adulteration, it gave strength to the weary and heavy laden, and courage to the despondent and sick at heart. The withdrawal of the coffee ration would have moved the army homeward a great deal sooner than could Johnston or Hood. In fact, a dastardly experiment on the part of a soulless contractor almost provoked a great mutiny at one time.

It was when Halleck's army lay in front of Corinth, in 1862. For about two weeks there was issued to the troops, in lieu of the coffee berry, an extract which purported to be essence of coffee, compounded with sugar and milk. It came in half-gallon tin cans, and so much resembled patent wagon grease that it went by that name. A teaspoonful, stirred into a tin cup of hot water, was supposed to produce first-class home coffee, but taste and stomach revolted against the

villainous compound; and the pale air was streaked with oaths of the most ornate and florid phraseology, abounding in the most picturesque imagery of the hadean future of the patentee and contractor, their heirs, administrators and assigns forever. The commissary department never had the temerity to attempt another issue of the vile stuff.

The troops were now ready to move out of Chattanooga. "The pomp and circumstance of glorious war" were to be left behind with the sick, the tents, and the surplus baggage. The army was at its fighting weight, stripped to the buff, ready and willing to give and take hard knocks. Henceforth, for twelve months to come, until the end of the war, there were to be no daily drills or parades, except for a few days after the capture of Atlanta, and again at Savannah. The drum and fife were seldom to be heard, and the army marched and fought its way to the Sea and to Grant, to the prompt and stirring summons of the bugle.

CHAPTER VII.

EN AVANT.



USING the language of General Grant, "heretofore the armies in the East and West had acted independently and without concert, like a balky team, no two ever pulling together."

General Grant had lately been transferred to the East as General-in-Chief, and General Sherman had succeeded to the supreme command in the West. Both were thorough soldiers; they were also intimate friends, rejoicing in each other's successes, and not only willing but glad to be so placed as to co-operate. They used the telegraph freely, and maintained a voluminous private correspondence, exchanging views with reference to the movements of the armies, East and West, suggesting means to this or that end, and each conforming his course to that of the other. In short, complete confidence and concert of action existed, and the war was carried on, from Chattanooga to Virginia, with a definite plan.

May 4th, 1864, General Grant crossed the Rapidan, moving toward Richmond; and, twelve hours later, General Sherman put his army in motion in the direction of Atlanta. Each was fully determined to furnish so much employment to the enemy in his front that no forces could be spared by either to confront the other.

Sherman's army numbered ninety-three thousand men for battle. Against him, Johnston had at the outset sixty thousand effectives, which number was shortly to be increased to seventy thousand. The latter army, being upon the defensive, and operating on interior lines, was by all rules of war more than equal to its assailant. This ratio was substantially maintained during the campaign ending with the fall of Atlanta; hence it will be seen that the federals had no material advantage over the enemy.

General Sherman's first step was the occupation of Dalton, naturally a strong point, and a railroad junction of great importance to the enemy. The direct route was impracticable. It lay through the pass known as Buzzard Roost, cleft by nature through Rocky Face, a formidable spur of the Alleghany range of mountains. The Army of the Cumberland, under General Thomas, occupied the northern entrance to the pass, supported by the Twenty-third Corps under General Schofield; while the Army of the Tennessee, under General McPherson, began that series of flank-

ing movements for which it was soon to become famous. McPherson's line of march lay southward to Snake Creek Gap, which gave an easy access to Resaca, to the south of Dalton, occupied by the enemy under General Johnston. This movement was begun in excellent order, McPherson passing through Snake Creek Gap without difficulty, only meeting, at the farther end, a cavalry force, which was easily dispersed. On arriving in front of Resaca, however, he found the works so complete and well manned that he doubted his ability to take them by assault, and he fell back to Snake Creek Gap. Sherman was greatly disappointed, and used the only harsh language he ever uttered toward McPherson, who was, indeed, his most trusted lieutenant. He said: "Such an opportunity does not occur twice in a single life, but at the critical moment McPherson appears to have been a little timid. He could have captured half of Johnston's army, and all his artillery and wagons." At the same time he robbed his censure of much of its sharpness by saying that McPherson was perfectly justified by his orders.

Meanwhile, Thomas and Schofield fought Johnston hard at Rocky Face, until the failure of McPherson's movement upon Resaca was known, when Sherman ordered a concentration of his army upon the latter point. As soon as this became known to Johnston he abandoned Dalton, and both armies faced each other at Resaca.

The strength of the enemy's position here, and the nature of their works, proved to be all that McPherson had asserted, and the entire army found serious employment for some days. The enemy's line was developed May 14th, and the next day was a continuous engagement, more or less severe, along the entire line, the Army of the Tennessee taking the brunt of the work, and gaining a heavily fortified ridge from which it might reach, with its guns, the railroad bridge across the Oostanaula river. The enemy made repeated and desperate attempts to dislodge McPherson, but without success. That night Johnston abandoned Resaca.

From all over the South came a fierce howl of rage on account of this disaster, and Johnston was censured so severely that at a later day he thought proper to vindicate himself, in language which is a fine tribute to the army which opposed him. "My own operations," he said, "were determined by the relative forces of the armies, and a higher estimate of the Northern soldiers than our Southern editors and politicians were accustomed to express, or even the administration seemed to entertain. Observation of almost twenty years of service had impressed on my mind the belief that the soldiers of the regular army of the United States, almost all Northern men, were equal in fighting qualities to any that had been formed in the wars of Great Britain and France. General Sher-

man's troops, with whom we were contending, had received a longer training in war than any of those with whom I had served in former times. It was not to be supposed that such troops, under a sagacious and resolute leader, and covered by entrenchments, were to be beaten by greatly inferior numbers."

Johnston, however, so far heeded the clamor as to issue a general order, promising to give battle at Cassville; and his troops, as was discerned from the utterances of prisoners, were constantly taught that they were not retreating because the fortune of war was going against them, but because their general was only drawing the enemy on to certain destruction.

On the 17th, General Johnston went into position at Adairsville, but the Army of the Cumberland pressed him closely in front, while the Army of the Tennessee threatened him seriously on one flank, and that of the Ohio on the other. He therefore decided to retreat to Cassville, where he entrenched heavily, and issued to his troops orders for battle. He failed to make a stand, however, and, on the 20th, retreated farther southward.

General Johnston always considered the abandonment of Cassville as suicidal, but fixed the responsibility upon Generals Hood and Polk, who maintained that their position would be enfiladed by the federal artillery, and that they would be unable to hold it. General Johnston says of this: "Although the

position was the best we had occupied, I at last yielded, in the belief that the confidence of the commanders of two of the three corps of the army, of their inability to resist the enemy, would inevitably be communicated to their troops and produce that inability." An angry discussion grew out of this affair, and many statements have been made on either side, General Hood in particular entering a bitter denial. In face of these conflicting statements, it is extremely difficult to arrive at the truth.

Upon abandoning Cassville, the enemy retreated across the Etowah river, burning the railroad bridge behind him, although immediately and hotly pursued. Here Sherman halted his army for a brief time, for much needed rest, as well as to enable the Construction Corps to repair the railroad, and give opportunity for reloading the provision trains, which were well nigh exhausted.

Meanwhile, a division under General Jeff. C. Davis made a rapid movement upon Rome, Georgia, somewhat to the right and rear, and entered that place after a brisk engagement, in which he lost about one hundred and fifty men. This success not only relieved the principal column from constant threat, but it also made an easy pathway for General Frank P. Blair, who was marching from the Tennessee river with two divisions of the Seventeenth Corps, returning from "veteran furlough."

Allatoona was the next obstruction, and a most formidable one. General Sherman determined to avoid it by a movement to the right, and on the 23d, General Thomas moved his command toward Dallas, taking twenty days' rations in haversack and wagon. He had approached near New Hope Church, when he found that the enemy had abandoned Allatoona and was again in his front. A sharp engagement ensued, in which the enemy was driven some little distance, to the vicinity of the church, where he entrenched, and Generals McPherson and Schofield were called to close up with the remainder of General Sherman's army, then in line. In this movement General McPherson was sharply attacked in the vicinity of Dallas, but his men, by brisk work, had succeeded in throwing up slight fortifications, and repulsed the enemy, inflicting considerable loss. Some days afterward General Sherman occupied Ackworth, again reaching the railroad, and the Construction Corps was set to work rebuilding the bridge over the Etowah.

During the month, since leaving Chattanooga, Sherman had driven the enemy nearly a hundred miles, fought six battles, captured twelve guns and two thousand prisoners, and killed and wounded fifteen thousand of the enemy. His own loss in killed and wounded was about ten thousand men.



CHAPTER VIII.

AN INCIDENTAL FORCED MARCH.

THE main army was joined at Ackworth by General Frank P. Blair, with the Third and Fourth divisions of the Seventeenth Corps. General Sherman had been

loath to leave Chattanooga before the arrival of these troops, who had been home on the thirty days' veteran furlough granted to all soldiers re-enlisting for another term of three years. They could not be assembled in time, however, and he had been obliged to begin the campaign without them. They were now greatly needed to make up for the losses thus far; besides, General Sherman's intimate acquaintance with them, dating back to the early days on the Tennessee river, led him to depend upon them in an unusual degree.

General Blair's command had rendezvoused at Cairo, and was to be transported by boat to Clifton, on the Tennessee river, thence marching across the country by way of Huntsville, Alabama. There were some

curious incidents connected with this march. General Blair, a gallant officer, was noted for strong self-assertion, and a disposition to make this trait quite conspicuous when he happened to be in a position where he could do so. Notwithstanding urgent and repeated orders from General Sherman to hurry his command to the front, he tarried at Cairo, taking things quite easily. Possibly he had some excuse for dilatoriness. The transports were under the control of a high officer of the quartermaster-general's department, clothed with extraordinary powers by the Secretary of War, who was not disposed to regard the emergency as sufficient to call for any unusual effort. Nearly all the steamboats chartered by the government were engaged between Cairo and ports on the lower Mississippi, and the diversion of any of them to a trip up the Tennessee seemed to him too unimportant an undertaking to engage in.

At this juncture, Colonel John I. Rinaker, of the 122d Illinois Regiment, commanding the post of Cairo, received telegrams from General Sherman, enquiring as to the whereabouts of General Blair's command, and directing him to take any measures necessary to expedite its departure, if it had not already gone. Colonel Rinaker at once issued orders for the seizure of any boats coming into port, and it happened that the first to arrive were fast side-wheel steamers, engaged in general trade on the lower Mississippi.

The officers of the vessels entered loud objections, appealing to the quartermaster in charge of river transportation, who directed them to pay no attention to Colonel Rinaker's orders, suggesting that other and smaller boats would soon arrive, which would answer the purpose as well. Even this assurance was a great concession, but Rinaker refused to release the boats, and General Gresham, who was extremely anxious to reach the front, at once embarked his brigade and proceeded up river, closely followed by the remainder of General Crocker's division and that of General Leggett. General Gresham, in particular, was highly pleased with Colonel Rinaker's action, and expressed his obligations to him in warm terms.

The march from Clifton was an exceedingly unpleasant experience. Thirty days of high living at home, feasted by mothers, wives, and sisters, upon all the enervating delicacies to which they had so long been strangers, together with balls and late suppers, had softened the muscles of the men, while their pampered appetites rebelled against short rations of coarse food. But there was urgent necessity for these troops at the front, and delay was not to be tolerated. The men did not understand the requirements of the case as did General Blair, who had been goaded almost to desperation by the sharp and frequent messages of General Sherman, bidding him push forward in the shortest possible time, and they swore horribly at

their commander for the rapid pace to which he continually pushed them. Sixteen miles a day was the shortest march expected; as a matter of fact, more frequently from eighteen to twenty miles was the distance actually accomplished. This was no small task, loaded down as the men were with rations and ammunition; besides, the weather was extremely hot. During the greater part of the march, the column was annoyed by Roddy's rebel cavalry, which, while not sufficiently strong to do any great damage, was numerous and alert enough to keep the blood warm and cause great watchfulness.

May 26th, the troops reached Decatur, Alabama, on the Tennessee river, one of the most picturesque situations visited by the army during the entire war. Later in the day, a pontoon bridge was laid and they crossed to the east side.

Before reaching Rome, much of the route lay over a very mountainous region. Sand Mountain, a spur from the southern continuation of the range of which the famous Lookout Mountain is the most conspicuous member, was particularly dangerous. This was not a single peak, as the name would imply, but a succession of mountains, of no great altitude, yet very precipitous. In the sides of these, immediately overlooking an almost perpendicular descent of hundreds of feet, a roadway had been cut, so narrow as to furnish room for only one team. A sudden pitch



See page 104.

sidewise, or a rough jolt against one of the many huge boulders which lay in the roadway, was sufficient to upset a wagon and send it tearing down the mountain side, end over end. Several such accidents actually occurred, but fortunately no human life was lost, the teamsters being fortunate enough to leave their saddles and reach a place of safety before the crash came. The passage of the train necessarily put a great deal of arduous labor upon the troops, and it was by no means unusual to see a squad of soldiers bolstering up a wagon, in order to keep the center of gravity within the limit of safety.

Considerable straggling from ranks occurred during the march, and severe measures were taken to repress it. In one instance, by the personal order of General Blair, and under his own eye, one of the offenders was "spread-eagled" at the tail-board of a wagon, his arms being extended, and his hands tied to either end of the gate, his face to the wagon. Unable to see through the vehicle, or look down at the road, his punishment was painful enough in the passage over the mountain, as he was jerked violently from side to side, with every motion of the wagon. When night came, the wagon pulled in to the place selected for General Blair's headquarters; and the general, recognizing his victim, and appreciating the fact that the breach of discipline had been sufficiently punished, ordered him to be cast loose, and provided a good

supper and a canteen of "commissary;" then dismissed him, with an injunction to remain in the ranks thereafter. The soldier accepted the liquor, if not the advice, as the *amende honorable*, and bore no malice.

Near Warrenton, Alabama, a country post-office yielded a large mail sent out from the rebel army, under General Bragg, in the September previous. The letters had been held at this place on account of the impossibility of forwarding them to their destination, and were sealed as when the writers sent them out. The Yankees, having no respect for the sanctity of such communications, distributed and opened them, the contents in many instances provoking great merriment. The following extract from one of these letters gives an inside view of the feeling, not only in the enemy's ranks, but at their homes as well:

"MERIDIAN, Sept. 23d, 1863.

"DEAR MOLLIE: * * As I know you will hear nothing at Natchez favorable to our cause, I will give you all the particulars known so far in regard to our great victory. On the 18th, after several unsuccessful attempts, Bragg forced Rosecrans to battle near Ringgold, Georgia, which has continued up to the present time, and is still raging. Bragg has gained a great, glorious and crushing victory. Rosecrans destroyed Chattanooga yesterday, crossed the Tennessee river, and is flying towards Nashville, hotly and vigorously pursued by Bragg, with the noble army of veterans who have already thrashed him soundly, taking over six thousand prisoners, fifty-two pieces of artillery, and innumerable small arms, etc. Bragg will make his victory still more disastrous to 'the best government the world ever saw.' It is his intention to drive the enemy across the Ohio river before he stops. Where are now the beautiful Misses ———, who cursed Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy when Vicksburg fell? Also, those cowardly

sneaks who have given up all hope; the men who have treated the Yankees with such favor, and entertained them at their houses? Their shameful conduct will never be forgotten. * * Expect me home in about fifteen days. I think by that time you will all be once more free.

* *

With much love, as ever,

WILL."

Rain fell almost without intermission during the latter part of the march, but shortly before reaching the Coosa river the sun again shone out, and dried the men's clothing upon their persons. The river, already greatly swollen, was rising rapidly; and, as the pontoon train was almost hopelessly anchored in mud, far in the rear, the troops were ordered to ford the stream. Being averse to again marching in water-soaked clothing, they removed their shoes, socks and trousers, and strapped them upon their knapsacks; then, tucking their shirts under their arm-pits, plunged in, dressing themselves on gaining the farther shore. An elderly woman, connected with the Sanitary Commission, who swam her horse across in time to witness the passage of the strange procession, remarked that she had never seen anything like it before.

June 8th, General Blair's command reached Kingston, Georgia, and opened communication with the main body of the army, which was some miles farther south.

CHAPTER IX.

KENESAW MOUNTAIN.



YE never gazed upon a grander scene than that spread before the vision from the summit of Ackworth's rugged hill that bright June day, more than twenty years ago. To front and rear, the valleys stretched away in wide expanse of field, and orchard, and grove. The air was laden with the incense of flower and fruit. Fleecy clouds floated athwart the blue expanse above, intercepting here and there the bright sunshine, and mottling the landscape with alternate patches of light and shadow, which chased each other from field to field, across hillock and stream.

Through this fine setting passed a magnificent panorama. Following the meanderings of numerous roads, hither and thither, to right and to left, up hill and down dale, in sunshine and in shadow, long lines of blue, tipped with shining steel, threaded their way.

Here, borne by a mounted orderly, a yellow guidon, inscribed with the familiar devices belonging to general headquarters, spoke the presence of the supreme chief and his staff. At intervals, similar banners emblazoned with arrow, or cartridge-box, or acorn, designated the places of corps commanders; others with these emblems in red, white, or blue, told of the presence of division and brigade generals, enabling the practiced eye to recognize and name each command as far as the devices could be discerned. Between and among these, behind and in front, as far as the eye could reach, floated countless national colors, each marking a regimental organization. So far did they lie below the point of observation on Ackworth, that regiments seemed to be but companies, and no sound came up from the mighty host. In rear of each division followed the artillery, the bright brass of the Napoleons alternating with the dull color of the steel Rodmans. And then, away in the background, rising and falling with hill and valley, outlined against the bright green of field and wood, or the clear blue sky, the long wagon train stretched out, the white canvas covers seeming, in the distance, like the sails of ships at sea.

Far to the front, bounding the entire southern horizon, rose majestic Kenesaw, "the Twin Mountain," and its adjacent peaks, as if planted there to stay the steps of the onward pressing hosts, bidding

them go thus far and no farther. But already, almost at their very base, white puffs of smoke rose in defiance from the rifles of the federal advance; while high overhead, at Ackworth, waved the tell-tale flags that bore the directions of the great war-chief to the troops opening the conflict.

June 10th, the army reached Big Shanty, a railroad station lying almost at the foot of Kenesaw Mountain. It was already famous, having been the scene of a remarkable occurrence early in 1862. In order to break the Atlanta railroad and prevent the rebels from reinforcing their army, opposing General Grant at Shiloh, General Mitchell sent twenty picked men to this place, then far in the interior of the "Confederacy." They went disguised, pursuing different roads, and in accordance with their prearranged plan came together at Big Shanty, then a rebel camp. Watching an opportunity, they stole a light freight train, while the crew were at dinner, and made off at the utmost speed in the direction of Chattanooga. Their intention was to burn various large bridges after passing over them; but hot pursuit was made by another train, and they were unable to accomplish their purpose. They soon consumed all the wood and water aboard the tender, and found the engine otherwise becoming useless, the brass journals having actually melted in the wild run; and, when near Chattanooga, the daring fellows found themselves obliged to jump

from the engine and seek concealment in the woods. The enemy hunted them down, however, and hung several of their number. A thrilling account of this remarkable adventure has been recently written by one of the survivors, now a Methodist minister.

Near by, and towering grandly upward, rose Kenesaw, a formidable range, nearly three miles long. Known as "the Twin Mountain," it might be better described as a single eminence with a slight break or depression about one-third the distance from its northern end. To the northwest lay Pine Mountain, and to the south, Lost Mountain, two almost conical peaks, connected with Kenesaw and each other by heavily timbered ridges. It was the most perfect natural fortification Sherman's army ever encountered, and the enemy made the most of the advantages it afforded. Their line from Kenesaw to Pine Mountain was generally semi-circular, the concavity being presented to the Union troops. From base to peak, these everlasting hills bristled with batteries and swarmed with men. Their elevation gave them a bird's-eye view of the federal skirmish and battle lines, and their flags could be seen waving from peak to peak, signaling every movement of their assailants. While everything transpiring in the Union army was distinctly noted by them, their own movements were concealed by the heavy timber which veiled their lines. A partial compensation for this

was found in the fact that the federal signal officers had deciphered the enemy's code, and could read their flags almost as readily as they themselves. Indeed, it was by means of these signals that General Sherman learned of the death of Polk, the rebel Bishop-General, a few days later. It is not improbable, however, that the enemy was equally quick-witted, and acquired much valuable information in a similar way.

The enemy's line was soon developed by the federal skirmishers, those of Blair's Seventeenth Corps occupying the left, near the north flank of Kenesaw; Logan's Fifteenth Corps and Dodge's Sixteenth Corps joining them on the right. Then came Thomas, with the Army of the Cumberland, in front of Pine Mountain, and the interval between that and Kenesaw. Schofield lay under Lost Mountain.

Before the close of the day, the skirmish line was feeling the enemy along his entire front of nearly ten miles, while here and there a battery threw a few experimental shells.

The next morning, a sunless, cheerless, drizzling day, General Sherman rode to the front, with a single staff officer and an orderly. Dismounting, he seated himself upon a fallen log near the railroad track. Colonel Van Duzer had just taken from his pocket a light piece of wire, scarcely larger than a horse hair. This he spliced to the telegraph wire which dangled

from a pole near by, and attached it to his pocket-instrument, not larger than an ordinary snuff-box. Seating himself beside the general, he began tapping the delicate little key, the general dictating. A half-hour later, Van Duzer's ear was closely bent to the miniature sounder, and his lips moved as he gave Sherman the answering message. The latter made a gesture, expressive of satisfaction, then mounted his horse and rode away. A few moments afterward, Van Duzer told the writer that the general had reported satisfactory progress to headquarters at Washington, receiving in return an answer, expressing great satisfaction, and conveying warm congratulations.

Later in the day, a daring federal engineer ran his locomotive up the railroad immediately under Kenesaw, and drew the fire of the rebel batteries. He blew his whistle defiantly, and then backed away without injury, while the vast Union army cheered and cheered, until the hills of Georgia rang with the sound. It was terribly exasperating to the enemy, and their skirmish line opened a spiteful fire, which was as viciously returned, night alone putting an end to the noisy but comparatively harmless conflict.

CHAPTER X.

ON THE LINES.



P to this time, the entire army had been engaged with the enemy at no one time, and the actual fighting had covered a small front. At Kenesaw, Johnston made his first decided stand, obliging Sherman to bring into use all the means at his disposal. Here the whole army went into line of battle, shoulder to shoulder, and from the 10th of June until the fall of Atlanta, in September, nearly three months later, there was scarcely a day but every division, brigade and regiment was under fire. The line was not far from ten miles long, and a picture of a single day's experience of any one regiment would be a faithful portraiture of what was transpiring along the entire front of the army each and every day of those three eventful months, except upon occasions when the

grand skirmish rose to the dignity of a general action. Not that all the troops were engaged in similar degree. At times a part of the army was occupied in desultory skirmishing, while near neighbors were seriously employed. Again, these conditions would be reversed. On the whole, the experiences of the various commands may be regarded as balancing fairly at the end of the campaign, honors and losses being impartially divided.

And now the thin Line of Blue, deployed as skirmishers, pushed the Line of Gray steadily backward against Kenesaw. It was man against man — equally courageous, equally self-reliant, equally fervent in his endeavor. Rarely did either see more than a half-dozen of his enemy, more frequently but one, often none at all, sometimes only able to locate his position by the puff of smoke from his rifle. Yet, Blue and Gray were but short rifle-range apart, and a movement of the line-of-battle, constantly in easy supporting distance on either side, would have brought more than one hundred thousand men into an almost hand to hand conflict, and unloosed the throats of nearly half a thousand pieces of artillery!

At times, the soldier in Blue made a dash forward, gaining a score of yards of ground; but generally he crept warily from tree to tree, or crawled upon the ground, availing himself of every little hillock or inequality, to take advantage of his adversary, who,

whether advancing or retreating, was as wary as himself. No matter what his position, his eyes were always to the front, and the slightest motion of the enemy was greeted with a shot from his ever ready Enfield. Loading his gun—it was a muzzle loader then, and he was obliged to bite his paper cartridge, and drive the charge home with his ramrod—was reduced to a science, which set at defiance all the minute and machine-like movements peculiar to the manual of arms. Behind a tree, without exposing a surplus inch of his anatomy, or prone on the ground, rolled upon his side or lying on his back, he drove his charge home, and was ready for instant action. He in Gray was equally quick and fertile of expedients. Not a foot of ground was lost or gained without a sharp struggle, and a list of killed and wounded on either side. A line was generally entrenched almost as soon as it was established, some of the men carrying spades, and others rails, against which they threw a little dirt. On level ground they sometimes dug a hole, in which to kneel down or stand up, so that they might peer over at their enemy. The best work in constructing these slight but valuable fortifications was often done by night, and the morning nearly always found the skirmish-line better prepared to inflict injury upon the enemy than it had been the night before. Frequently two or three men would occupy the same hole, and then all sorts of devices

were used to circumvent the enemy, One would raise his cap on a ramrod to draw his fire, while a comrade took the opportune moment to spot the Gray who took the bait. Often the skirmishers were obliged to leave shelter before they had "warmed their holes," as they expressed it, to make a sudden dash upon the enemy, for the purpose of securing more ground, and sometimes it was their opponents who stirred them out in turn, and made them take a hurried trip to the rear. At times, having located their enemy's position during the day, they would make a midnight dash, noiselessly, without firing a gun, taking the Gray "in out of the wet," and bearing him back as a prisoner. Occasionally the Blue would keep his prisoner with him in his rifle-pit until he was relieved and could take him into camp. In such cases the two fraternized most heartily, the Yankee sharing his provisions with the "Johnny," and the latter dividing tobacco with his captor; both "swapping lies" the while, comparing notes as to where they had met before, and what they did upon that occasion, interspersing these reminiscences with highly imaginative prophecies of the outcome of the campaign; the Yankee meanwhile losing no opportunity to take a crack at his captive's relatives and friends. If the Blue line made itself particularly annoying to the Gray, and being the assailant, it generally did this daily, the enemy would sweep the ground with grape, canister, and shell, pro-

voking a warm return fire from the federal artillery. This usually quieted both skirmish lines, and the occupants of the rival rifle-pits would remain under cover until the artillery duel was over, when they would blaze away at each other with more spirit than before. A storm had the same effect. No matter how severe the skirmishing might be, it would speedily die away under the effects of a rain; and as soon as the sun shone out again, the firing would re-commence with redoubled vigor, regardless of provocation or possible result.

At nightfall, or just before, when the ground to be occupied could be sufficiently discerned without attracting the attention of the enemy, the skirmishers were relieved by others of their comrades. These would bring provisions to last a day, and they in turn would enter upon a round of experiences such as have been described.

A figure on the skirmish line, familiar perhaps to the entire army, was a vagabondish fellow, whose regiment is not remembered. He conducted his part of the campaign entirely after his own fashion. Armed with a rifle having telescopic sights, and laden with a spade, a couple of haversacks of provisions, and a brace of canteens, he would find an eligible location, dig a hole, and stay there until his rations or ammunition were exhausted, when he would go to the rear for a fresh supply, only to return and resume his

murderous work. He was a dead shot, and the terror of the enemy's artillerists, whose guns he had frequently silenced. Great effort had been made to kill or capture him, but without success.

There were many comical incidents even where death stared every man in the face. The skirmishers of Gresham's division of Blair's corps one day found an apple orchard in their front. Their mouths watered for the rare fruit, but it was certain death to walk to the trees. Some of the men, by slow and tedious effort, dragged themselves upon their stomachs until they reached the much desired goal, then flopped over upon their backs, and brought down the apples by throwing sticks into the trees. The enemy poured a hot fire through the orchard, and succeeded in killing one man and crippling others. At a later day, Blue and Gray arranged a truce on their own responsibility, and met here to enjoy the fruit and exchange opinions with reference to the war. The average Southern soldier could not by any means compare with the Northerner in intelligence or discernment, for school houses and newspapers were too unequally divided between the two sections. Some of the ideas of the Southerner were extremely crude. The typical Gray—he of the “poor white trash,” who made up the great majority of Georgian and Carolina troops, “Cornercrackers” and “Tar Heels,” as they were known—saw only one cause for the conflict: “What

did you'uns come down here to steal we'un's niggers for?"

It was a remarkable fact that the bitterness of the Southerner increased as he had less interest in negro property, by reason of his utter poverty, which absolutely forbade his owning even one "nigger." His views on the conduct of the war were equally comical. One whom the author recalls to mind, expressed a sentiment frequently heard from his fellows, that "Sherman didn't fight f'ar," that Johnston had offered to fight him at a dozen different places, but "Sherman darsn't take it up, and only flanked him." But "Sherman would soon git to whar he couldn't flank no mo', and then he'd have to fight, and Johnston'd lick him." Strange as it may appear, the same ideas were expressed, but in better language, by the Atlanta papers, which frequently fell into federal hands. One of these, by the way, was an old friend with a new face—the *Memphis Appeal*, which, on the occupation of that city by the federals, in 1862, was moved, and became the *Grenada Appeal*. Like the Wandering Jew, it was obliged to "on," and after three or four more removals finally brought up at Atlanta, as the *Atlanta Appeal*. The boys in Blue, who were always alive to an opportunity for a joke, had long before dubbed it the "Moving Appeal," which it was, in spirit and in fact.

So went life on the skirmish line. And death, too!

For each night, when the new line went out, it found that some of those who had gone forth a few hours before, to battle for country, had been "relieved from duty" by that dread commander, whose army is the grim and silent majority, and whose decrees are inexorable.

And others of the gallant skirmish line crawled painfully back, or were borne tenderly by comrades, pierced by bullet or bruised by shell, to drag out a maimed existence, or perish miserably in hospital.

The line of battle was habitually from one to five hundred yards in rear of the skirmish line, the distance depending greatly upon the conformation of the ground, and always strongly entrenched. The men were as expert in the use of the spade and the ax as with the rifle, and two hours' work made a very fair protection. Earth was thrown up to the height of two or three feet, sometimes higher. Frequently head-logs were placed upon the parapet, the ends resting upon skids leaning inwardly, and to the ground. The space between the head-log and the parapet permitted the troops to aim their rifles at the enemy with little exposure of themselves, while the skids provided a way for the head-log to reach the ground without doing injury to the men, in the event of its being dislodged by a cannon ball. Immediately behind these works the troops erected their shelter tents. They were not allowed to leave their quarters, but were kept

continually on the ground, ready to move forward at any moment to support the skirmish line, make an onslaught upon the enemy, or to resist an attack. No music was permitted, and frequently fires were forbidden. The latter regulation was, however, a dead letter, except in very rare cases, where the men themselves could actually see its necessity by immediate danger. Coffee was their staff of life, and they must have it, no matter what risk attended. The most disheartening event that could happen a soldier was to be called into line just as his coffee pot was beginning to bubble.

At night, the men in the line of battle rested lightly, with their arms at their sides, and seldom undressed. Firing on the skirmish line, more or less noisy, continued all night, and frequently some unusual stir on the part of the enemy, real or fancied, provoked a lively fusilade, causing the troops on the main line to fall into ranks, ready for such emergency as might arise, at times remaining under arms until after daylight.

Even when in repose, the casualties in the line of battle, hidden perhaps from sight of the enemy, were often as numerous as on the skirmish line, for it caught nearly all the bullets that overshot the skirmishers. David Kimball, now superintendent of newspaper distribution in the Chicago post-office, will long remember his own experience. He was seated

just within a light barricade of logs, built to protect his field-desk, with his back to the enemy, when a rifle-ball flew over and nipped a piece of skin from his neck. It was amusing to see him throw his hand upon the injured spot, and hear him express himself in language not authorized by the Book of Common Prayer!

But when the enemy opened with his batteries it was really hot! The shells burst at the most awkward moments, while the solid shot whistled through the trees, tearing off huge branches, and making it generally uncomfortable. Eccentric enough these missiles were, and their ways past finding out. In one case an elongated shot—a “lamp-post,” as that sort of a projectile was called—struck the root of a tree in front of a staff tent, belonging to General Giles A. Smith’s headquarters. The shot glanced, and followed the trunk twenty feet upward, tearing off the bark, and finally cutting away a large limb which, in its fall, nearly wrecked tent, and occupants as well. The next shot cut down a tree which fell upon a “fly” adjoining, spraining the leg of an ordnance officer, and breaking one for his orderly.

These slight drawbacks did not disturb the spirits of the men. They gathered in knots near their color-line, playing the “little game” of euchre or seven-up, discussing the campaign, and prophesying as to the next movement. In every regiment

was someone who had seen somebody, who had heard somebody from headquarters say, etc., etc., and then he would relate the news. There was no newspaper, no intelligence whatever from the outside world, but surmise and imagination amply supplied the deficiency. Canards, more or less plausible, were set afloat, seemingly without any foundation, but they had the rare merit of being innocent lies, that injured no one. If it were a tale of disaster, it had happened to Grant, or had occurred out in Missouri, or down in Texas—it was never at home. It is highly suggestive of the unbounded self-confidence of this army, that there was never bad news from any part of itself. Palmer, away over on the right, or Schofield as far to the left, might have had a severe battle; he might have lost two or three thousand men; yet the story was passed over as unimportant. It would not affect the general result, and the corps which had come to grief, would make up for it to-morrow or the day after. But after every story, probable and improbable, had been told, and commented upon; and after the men had exhausted their ideas with reference to the immediate future, all would agree that nobody knew anything about it, except "Uncle Billy," and that he was a "long-headed cuss" who "would work it out all right." Fertile subjects for discussion at these veritable camp-fires were the occurrences on the skirmish-line, the men who had just come in, leading off, narrating with remarkable

vividness, and more vigor of expression than could be permitted in these pages, every incident of the day.

"Between deals" the good and the bad traits of those who had "turned up their toes," as the boys expressed it, were discussed with remarkable freedom, and the old adage, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*," was set at utter defiance. If, as sometimes happened, a soldier had been killed near the skirmish-line while looking on, it was unanimously voted that he was "a — fool," and "it served him right,"—there were opportunities enough for a man to be killed while in the strict line of duty, without poking around where he had no business. Not that these men were heartless, but they regarded death as a necessary and familiar incident to soldiering, and they had grown into the habit of putting the best face upon their surroundings. It would have been a spiritless army if the troops had gone into mourning over every comrade lost.

At intervals, in the line of battle, on little spurs, were redoubts occupied by the field batteries. These were favorite resorts of the general officers, presenting favorable opportunities for reconnoitering the enemy's lines. Often a corps commander with his staff, and the division and brigade commanders, came to such places on this errand, and their presence invariably attracted a considerable number of soldiers, curious to know the meaning of such a gathering. Such an unusual throng could not fail to attract the

attention of the enemy, and his batteries would open a fierce fire, driving all but the gunners to shelter. A laughable circumstance occurred at one such time in the vicinity of Spear's Fifteenth Ohio Battery. A wagon loaded with intrenching tools belonging to the Pioneer Corps, was covered with darkies, curiously looking on, when a solid shot plumped into the vehicle, and there was an irruption of picks, spades and "Contrabands," as if they had been vomited out of a volcano. The darkies reached solid ground almost before the tools had ceased to fly, and "lit out for tall timber" at an astonishing gait.

Artillery duels were of daily occurrence, and some splendid practice was done. Clayton's First Minnesota Battery of Rodman guns was particularly efficient, having gunners whose fire was as true to the mark, as that of a good rifleman. The range of these splendid guns was marvelous. In a trial between this battery and one of Parrott guns, belonging to Osterhaus' division of Logan's Corps, the former pitched shells entirely over Kenesaw Mountain, while the latter barely reached the summit.

A well known figure during these events was that of Mr. Davis, the skillful artist of *Harper's Weekly*, who was on the ground making sketches for that journal. He was frequently under fire, but his work at such times bore little resemblance to the actual scenes



GEN. GRESHAM WOUNDED.

See page 141.

he intended to depict. He merely outlined the ground and positions, and then filled in guns and troops from memory, when and where he could work with less strain upon the nerves.