



THE STRUGGLE FOR ATLANTA.*

ON the 18th of March, 1864, Grant and Sherman were together at Nashville. Grant, having received promotion, immediately set out for Washington, and Sherman accompanied him as far as Cincinnati. That meeting and journey are of interest. They involve the thorough discussion and planning of eventful campaigns. Men of different callings differ in their conception and execution of plans. Soldiers like Grant and Sherman consider first the forces at their disposal, and next a plan of operations. Grant had now under his general charge all the Union armies,—the Army of the Potomac, under Meade; that of the Ohio, near Knoxville, under Schofield; that of the Cumberland, under Thomas, near Chattanooga; that of the Tennessee, under McPherson, scattered from Huntsville, Alabama, to the Mississippi; that of the Gulf, under Banks, in Louisiana; besides subordinate detachments, under Steele and others, in Arkansas and farther west.

Grant took the whole field into his thought. He made three parts to the long, irregular line of armies, which extended from Virginia to Texas. He gave to Banks the main work beyond the Mississippi; to Sherman the middle part, covering the hosts of McPherson, Thomas, and Schofield; and reserved to himself the remainder. The numbers were known, at least on paper; the plan, promptly adopted, was simple and comprehensive: Break and keep broken the connecting links of the enemy's opposing armies; beat them one by one; unite for a final consummation. Sherman's part was plain. Grant's plan, flexible enough to embrace his own, afforded him "infinite satisfaction." It looked like "enlightened war." He rejoiced

at "this verging to a common center." "Like yourself," he writes to Grant, "you take the biggest load, and from me you shall have thorough and hearty coöperation."

As soon as Sherman returned to Nashville, he began organizing his three armies. He made his calculations so as to protect most faithfully one line of supply which runs through Louisville, Nashville, and Chattanooga, guarding it against enemies within and without his boundaries, and against accidents. He segregated the men of all arms for this protection. Block-houses and intrenchments were put at bridges and tunnels along the railway. Locomotives and freight cars were gathered in, and a most energetic force of skilled railroad men put at work or held in reserve under capable chiefs.

Now, when this vital work was in progress, through which sufficient supplies for 100,000 men were protected and through which large dépôts of surplus stores were accumulated, Sherman had, besides the large guards of his line, enough more men to count upon for an effective field force,—50,000 with Thomas, 35,000 with McPherson, 15,000 with Schofield, making a total of 100,000.

And, indeed, this fact gratified him; for had not sundry people, two years before, held him up as worthy of special distrust because he had declared that two hundred thousand men would be required to hold and push successfully this very line of operations? Finally his country, through Grant, had intrusted to him the means and the men that he required.

A few changes of organization were made. Slocum's corps, the Twelfth, and mine, the Eleventh, were consolidated, making a new Twentieth

* A paper on the Atlanta campaign, by General Joseph E. Johnston, will appear in the CENTURY magazine for August.—EDITOR.

eth, and Hooker was assigned to its command. I went at once to Loudon, East Tennessee, to take the Fourth Corps and relieve General Gordon Granger, to enable him to have a leave of absence. Slocum was sent to Vicksburg, Mississippi, to watch from that quarter the great river; while Hooker, Palmer, and myself, under Thomas, were to control the infantry and artillery of the Army of the Cumberland. In a few days I moved Wagner's, afterward Newton's, division and T. J. Wood's of my new corps to Cleveland, East Tennessee. Rations, clothing, transportation, and ammunition came pouring in with sufficient abundance, so that when orders arrived for the next movement, the 3d of May (1864), my division commanders, Stanley, Newton, and Wood, reported everything ready. This very day Schofield's column, coming from Knoxville, made its appearance at Cleveland. There was now the thrill of preparation, a new life everywhere. Soldiers and civilians alike caught the inspiration.

The Unionists, of whom there were many in East Tennessee, were glad, but the Confederates grew pale with apprehension.

TUNNEL HILL.

RINGGOLD and Catoosa Springs, Georgia, were the points of concentration for Thomas's three corps. We of his army were all in that neighborhood by the 4th of May. It took till the 7th for McPherson to get into Villanow, a few miles to the south of us. Schofield meanwhile worked steadily southward from Cleveland, East Tennessee, through Red Clay, toward Dalton, Georgia. The reader should know that Chattanooga, Cleveland, and Dalton were united by railway lines. These lines form an almost equilateral triangle. Dalton, its south-east vertex, was the center of the Confederate army, under Joseph E. Johnston. Pushing out from Dalton, toward us at Catoosa Springs, Johnston occupied the famous pass through

Taylor's Ridge, Buzzard's Roost Gap, and part of the ridge itself; and held, for his extreme outpost in our direction, Tunnel Hill, near which our skirmish line and his had first exchanged shots.

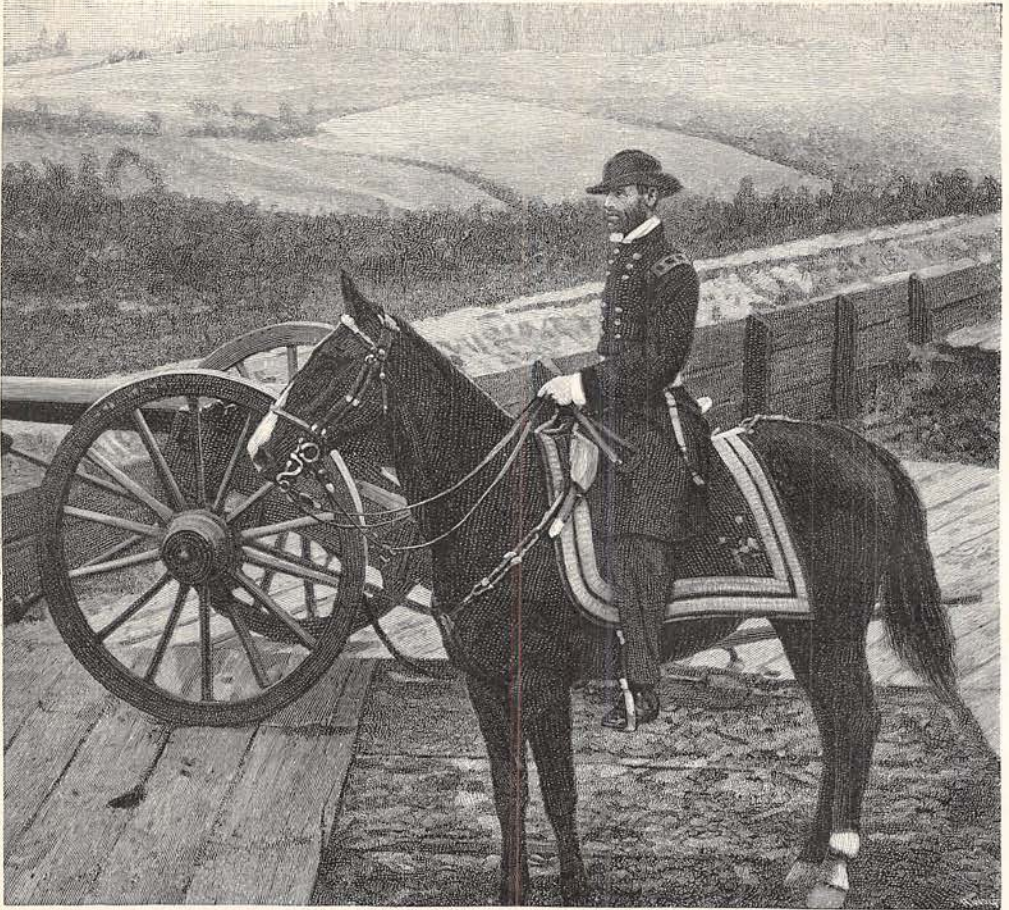
His northern lines ran athwart the base of the triangle, somewhere between Dalton and Red Clay.

Johnston had, according to his official return for April, a force of 52,992. At Resaca, a few days later, after the corps of Polk had joined him, it numbered 71,235. Our three field armies aggregated then, in officers and men, 98,797, with 254 pieces of artillery. The Confederate commander had about the same number of cannon. McPherson had thus far brought to Sherman but 24,465 men.

When the Army of the Cumberland was in line, facing the enemy, its left rested near Catoosa Springs, its center at Ringgold, the railway station, and its right at Lee's Tan-yard. My corps formed the left. Catoosa Springs was a Georgia watering-place, where were several large buildings, hotel and boarding-houses, amid undulating hills, backed by magnificent mountain scenery. Here, the morning of the 6th, I met Thomas and Sherman. Sherman had a habit of dropping in and explaining in a happy way just what he proposed. He at first intended that Thomas and Schofield should simply breast the enemy and skirmish with him on the west and north, while McPherson, coming from Alabama, was to strike the Atlanta railroad at least ten miles below Resaca. McPherson failing in getting back from furlough some of his troops, was not now deemed strong enough to operate alone; hence, instead, he was brought to Chattanooga and sent thence to Villanow, soon after to pass through the Snake Creek Gap of Taylor's Ridge, all the time being kept near enough the other armies to get help from them in a case of emergency. By this it was ardently hoped by Sherman that McPherson might yet succeed in getting upon Johnston's communications near Resaca. Thomas here urged his own views, which were to give Schofield and McPherson the skirmishing and demonstrations, while he (Thomas), with his stronger army, should pass through Snake Creek Gap and seize Johnston's communications. He felt sure of victory. Sherman, however, hesitated to put his main army twenty miles away beyond a mountain range on the enemy's line, lest he should thereby endanger his own. He could not yet afford an exchange of base. Still, in less than a week, as we shall see, he ran even a greater risk. But who shall criticise and condemn? In the game of war, as in other games, the risks usually increase with the excitements of the struggle.



BUZZARD'S ROOST GAP.
(FROM A WAR-TIME SKETCH.)



GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN AT ATLANTA. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Early in the day, May 7th, the Fourth Corps, arranged for battle, was near a small farm-house in sight of Tunnel Hill. Two divisions, Stanley's and Newton's, abreast in long, wavy lines, and the other, Wood's, in the rear, kept on the *qui vive* to prevent any surprises, particularly from the sweep of country to the north of us. The front and the left of the moving men were well protected by infantry skirmishers. It was a beautiful picture — that army corps, with arms glistening in the morning light, ascending the slope. By 8 o'clock the few rifle-shots had become a continuous rattle. First we saw far off, here and there, puffs of smoke, and then the gray horsemen giving back and passing the crest. Suddenly there was stronger resistance, artillery and musketry rapidly firing upon our advance. At 9 o'clock the ridge of Tunnel Hill bristled with Confederates, mounted and dismounted. A closer observation from Stanley's field-glass showed them to be only horse artillery and cavalry supports. In a few moments Stanley's

and Newton's men charged the hill at a run and cleared the ridge, and soon beheld the enemy's artillery and cavalry galloping away. "The ball is opened," Stanley called out, as I took my place by his side to study Taylor's Ridge and its "rocky face," which was now in plain sight. We beheld it, a craggy elevation of about five hundred feet, extending from a point not far north of us, but as far as the eye could reach southward. Its perpendicular face presented a formidable wall, and its Buzzard's Roost Gap, already made terrible by a former bloody trial of arms, afforded us no favorable door of entrance.

DALTON.

THOMAS'S three corps, Palmer occupying the middle and Hooker the right, were now marched forward till my men received rifle-shots from the heights, Palmer's a shower of them from the defenders of the gap, and Hooker's a more worrisome fusillade from spurs of the ridge farther south. Thomas could not sit down behind this

formidable wall and do nothing. How could he retain before him the Confederate host? Only by getting into closer contact.

On the 8th, I sent Newton some two miles northward, where the ascent was not so abrupt. He succeeded by rushes in getting from cover to cover, though not without loss, till he had wrested at least one-third of the "knife edge" from those resolute men of gray. Quickly the observers of this sharp contest saw the bright signal flags up there in motion. Stanley and Wood gave Newton all possible support by their marksmen and by their efforts to land shells on the ridge. The enemy's signals were near to Newton. He tried hard, but failed, to capture them. In the night two pieces of artillery, after much toil, reached the top, and soon cleared away a few hundred yards more of this territory in bloody dispute. On the 9th of May, Thomas put forth a triple effort to get nearer his foe, notwithstanding some of us thought we were quite near already. First, Stanley's division reconnoitered that Buzzard's mouth into the very "jaws of death," till it drew the fire from newly discovered batteries, and set whole lines of Confederate musketry-supports ablaze. At this time I had a narrow escape. Stanley, Captain Kniffin of his staff, several other officers, and myself were in a group, watching a reconnaissance. All supposed there were no Confederate sharpshooters near enough to do harm, when *whiz* came a bullet which passed through the group; Kniffin's hat was pierced, three holes were made in my coat, and a neighboring tree was struck.

Thomas made a second effort. Palmer sent Morgan's brigade up one of the spurs south of the gap. It encountered the hottest fire, and suffered considerable loss in killed and wounded. One regiment, the 66th Illinois, drove back the enemy's first line, and, like Newton's men, came within speaking distance of their opponents. Here arose the story, to the effect that a witty corporal proposed to read to them the President's Emancipation Proclamation, and that they kept from firing while he did so. Still farther south, through Hooker with the Twentieth Corps, and almost beyond our hearing, Thomas made his third push. Fifty in this action were reported killed, and a larger number wounded, and among them every regimental commander engaged. Similarly, but with easier approaches than ours, Schofield kept Johnston's attention at the east and north. Such was the demonstration, while McPherson was making his long *détour* through Villanow, Snake Creek Gap, and out into Sugar Valley. He found the gap unoccupied; and so, with Kilpatrick's small cavalry detachment ahead, followed closely by Dodge's Sixteenth Corps with Logan's Fifteenth well

closed up, he emerged from the mountains on the morning of the 9th, at the eastern exit.

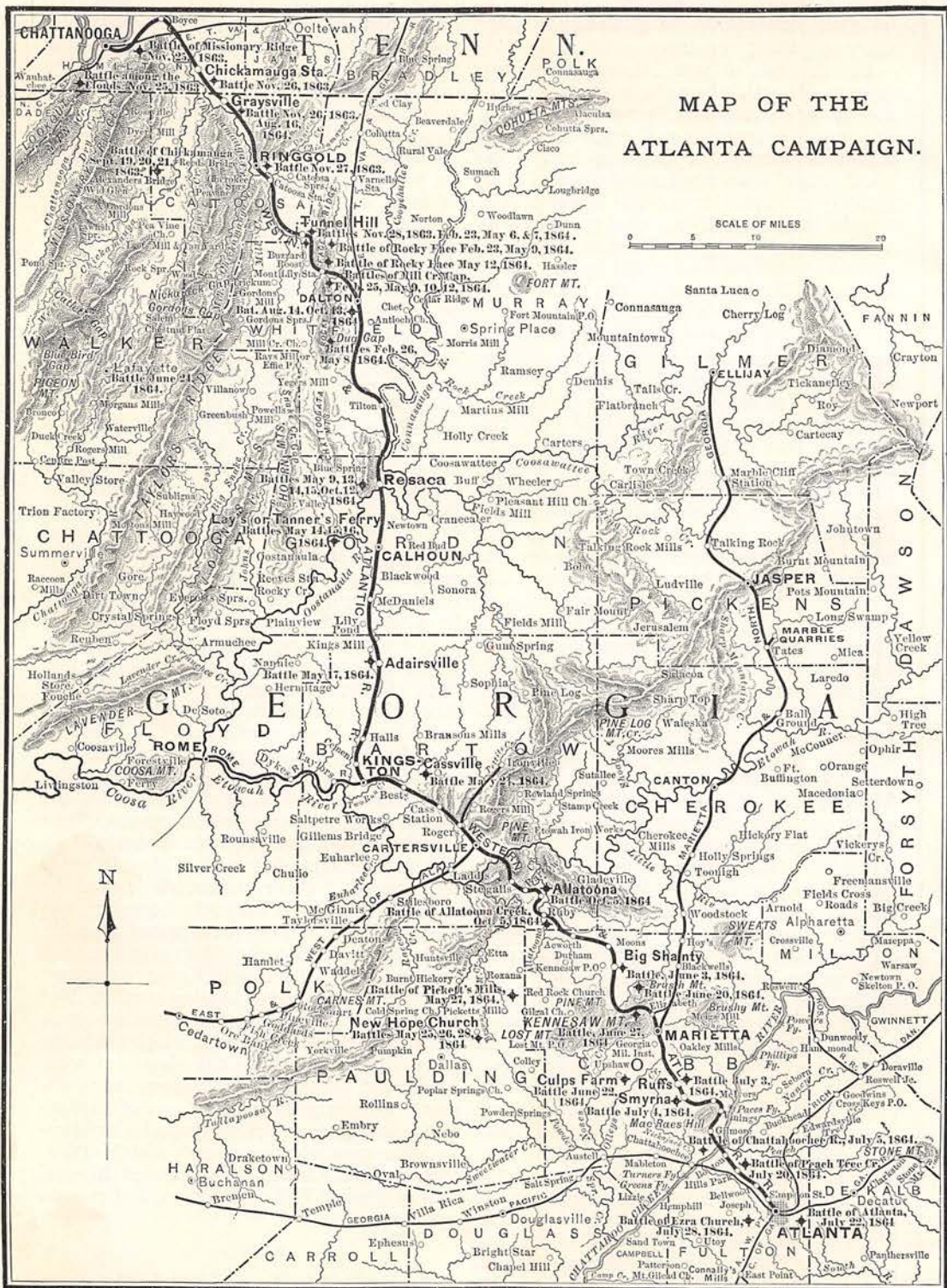
Immediately there was excitement — the cavalry advance stumbled upon Confederate cavalry, which had run out from Resaca to watch this doorway. Kilpatrick followed up the retreating Confederates with dash and persistency, till they found shelter behind the deep-cut works and guns at Resaca. In plain view of these works, though on difficult ground, Logan and Dodge pressed up their men, under orders from McPherson "to drive back the enemy and break the railroad." And pray, why were not these plain orders carried out? McPherson answers in a letter that night sent to Sherman: "They [probably Polk's men] displayed considerable force and opened on us with artillery. After skirmishing [among the gulches and thickets] till nearly dark, and finding that I could not succeed in cutting the railroad before dark, or in getting to it, I decided to withdraw the command, and take up a position for the night between Sugar Valley and the entrance to the gap." At the first news, Sherman was much vexed, and declared concerning McPherson's failure to break the enemy's main artery: "Such an opportunity does not occur twice in a single life, . . . still he was perfectly justified by his orders."

Our commander, believing that Johnston would now speedily fall back to Resaca, at once changed his purpose. Leaving me at Rocky Face with the Fourth Corps and Stoneman's small division of cavalry to hold our line of supply, Sherman pressed after McPherson the armies of Thomas and Schofield. But Johnston was not in a hurry. He terrified me for two days by his tentative movements, till our skirmishing amounted at times almost to a battle. But the night of the 12th of May, he made off in one of his clean retreats. At dawn of the 13th, the formidable Buzzard's Roost Gap was open and safe, and our men passed through. Stoneman rushed into the village of Dalton from the north, and the Fourth Corps, eager and rapid, kept close to the chasing cavalry. Not far south of Dalton we came upon a bothersome Confederate rear guard, which made our marching all that long day slow and spasmodic, yet before dark of the same, my command had skirted the eastern slope of Taylor's Ridge for eighteen miles, and joined skirmishers with Sherman, who was already with McPherson abreast of Resaca. Thus we ended the combats of Tunnel Hill and Dalton, and opened up Resaca.

RESACA.

As soon as Johnston reached the little town of Resaca, he formed a horse-shoe-shaped line, something like ours had been at Gettysburg. He

MAP OF THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.



rested Polk's corps on the Oostenaula River; placed Hardee's next, running up Milk Creek; and then curved Hood's back to strike the Conasauga River. After the Confederates had thrown up the usual intrenchments, and put out one or two small advanced forts with cannon, the position was as strong as Marye's Heights had been against direct attack. We spent a part of the 14th of May creeping up among the bushes, the rocks, and the ravines.

Early that morning, while this was going on, Sherman, who had worked all night, was sitting on a log, with his back against a tree, fast asleep. Some men marching by saw him, and one fellow ended a slurring remark by: "A pretty way we are commanded!" Sherman, awakened by the noise, heard the last words. "Stop, my man," he cried; "while you were sleeping last night, I was planning for you, sir; and now I was taking a nap." Thus, familiarly and kindly, the general gave reprimands and won confidence.

McPherson rested his right upon the Oostenaula River, opposite Polk. My impression is that Palmer and Hooker came next; and then that brave young officer, Cox, commanding the Twenty-third Corps, against a storm of bullets and shells, swung his divisions round to follow the bend in the enemy's line. I watched the operation, so as to close upon his left. T. J. Wood's division moved up in a long line, with skirmishers well out, and then Stanley's carried us to the railway. Stanley's chief of artillery arranged two or three batteries to keep the enemy from walking round our unprotected left. The air was full of screeching shells and whizzing bullets, coming uncomfortably near while line after line was adjusting itself for the deadly conflict. Our fighting at Resaca did not effect much. There might possibly have been as much accomplished if we had used skirmish lines alone. In McPherson's front, Logan had a battery well placed, and fired till he had silenced the troublesome foes on a ridge in his front; then his brave men, at a run, passed the ravine and secured the ridge. Here Logan intrenched his corps; and Dodge, abreast of him, did the same. Afterward, McPherson seized another piece of ground across Camp Creek, and held it. The evening of the 14th, a vigorous effort was made by Polk to regain this outpost, but he was repulsed with loss.

The detailed account gives great credit to Charles R. Woods, Giles A. Smith, and J. A. J. Lightburn. 100 prisoners and 1300 Confederates *hors de combat* are on Logan's list. This work forced Johnston to lay a new bridge over the Oostenaula. The divisions of Absalom Baird, R. W. Johnson, Jeff. C. Davis, and John Newton plunged into the thickets and worked

their way steadily and bravely into the reëntrant angles on Hardee's front. On Schofield's field, one of his divisions, Judah's, had a fearful struggle, losing six hundred men; the others, coming to its help, captured and secured a part of the enemy's intrenchments. Hood assailed my left after 3 p. m. The front attack was repulsed, but heavy columns came surging around Stanley's left. Everybody, battery men and supporting infantry, did wonders; still, but for help promptly rendered, Sherman's whole line, like the left of Wellington at Waterloo, would soon have been rolled up and displaced. But Colonel Morgan of my staff, who had been sent in time, brought up Williams's division from Hooker's corps as quickly as men could march. Stanley's brave artillerymen were thus succored before being forced to yield their ground, and Hood, disappointed, returned to his trenches. The next day, the 15th, came Hooker's attack. He advanced in a column of deployed brigades. Both armies watched with eager excitement this passage-at-arms—the divisions of Butterfield, Williams, and Geary were here. They seized some trenches and cheered, but were stopped before a sort of lunette holding four cannon. The Confederates were driven from their trenches; but our men, meeting continuous and deadly volleys, could not get the guns till night. A color-bearer, Hess, of Colonel Harrison's brigade, while his comrades were retiring a few steps for better cover of the ground, being chagrined at the defiant yell behind him, unfurled his flag and swung it to the breeze. He was instantly killed. A witness says: "There were other hands to grasp the flag, and it came back, only to return and wave from the very spot where its former bearer fell." A Southern writer, who watched this contest, says:

"On came the enemy, cheering loudly, and confident that their superior numbers would insure them success. They approached to within fifty yards of the line, firing rapidly on our men; a sheet of fire, a deafening roar, which sounded like the eruption of a volcano, was the answer; and the dead and wounded lay piled up before our works."

While the main battle was in progress, Dodge had sent a division under the one-armed Sweeney to Lay's Ferry, a point below Resaca. Under the chief engineer, Captain Reese, he laid a bridge and protected it by a small force. Sweeney, being threatened by some Confederates crossing the river above him, feared that he might be cut off from the army, so that he suddenly drew back about a mile beyond danger. On the 15th, however, he made another attempt and was more successful; formed a bridge-head beyond the river, threw over his whole force, and fought a successful battle against Martin's Confederate cavalry, before



THE BATTLE OF RESACA, GEORGIA. (FROM "THE MOUNTAIN CAMPAIGNS IN GEORGIA, ETC.," PUBLISHED BY THE WESTERN & ATLANTIC R. R. CO.)

Walker's infantry, which was hastily sent against him from Calhoun, could arrive. Besides Sweeny's division, Sherman dispatched a cavalry force over the pontoons, instructing them to make a wider détour. The operations in this quarter being successful, there was nothing left to the Confederate commander but to withdraw his whole army from Resaca. This was effected during the night of the 15th, while our weary men were sound asleep. At the first peep of dawn, Newton's skirmishers sprang over the enemy's intrenchments to find them abandoned.

ADAIRSVILLE.

IN the ensuing pursuit, Thomas, crossing the river on a floating bridge, hastily constructed, followed directly with the Fourth and the Fourteenth corps.

Stanley had some sharp fighting with Stewart's Confederate division, which was acting as Johnston's rear guard. It was, in fact, a running skirmish, that lasted till evening, at the close of which we encamped for the night near the enemy's empty works at Calhoun. Meanwhile, McPherson had been marching on parallel roads to the right toward Rome, Georgia, Jeff. C. Davis's division from Thomas's army sweeping farther still to the right, and Schofield, accompanied by Hooker, to the left toward Cassville.

Our enemy between these columns, with his entire force, made a brief stand on the 17th of May at Adairsville, and fortified. About 4 P. M. Newton and Wood, of my corps, Wood on the right, found the resistance constantly increasing as they advanced, till Newton's skirmishers, going at double-time through clumps of trees, awakened a heavy opposing fire. A little after this, while I was watching the developments from a high point, Sherman with his staff and escort joined me. Our showy group immediately drew upon it the fire of a battery, shells bursting over our heads with indescribable rapidity. Colonel Morgan's horse was very badly lamed; Fullerton, the adjutant-general, was set afoot, and several horses of the escort killed or crippled. Captain Bliss, of Newton's staff, had one shoulder-strap knocked off by a fragment, badly bruising him. The skirmishing of Newton and Wood kept increasing. In fact, both parties, though desiring to avoid a general battle, nevertheless reënforced, till the firing amounted for a time to a real engagement. It had not been discontinued at sunset, and it was not till after 9 o'clock that the rattling of the musketry had diminished to the ordinary skirmish, and the

batteries had ceased, except an occasional shot, as if each was trying to have the last gun. The losses in my command in this combat were about two hundred killed and wounded. The morning of the 18th found the works in front of Adairsville with few reminders that an army had been there the night before. Hooker and Schofield had done the business. Johnston's scouts during the night brought him word that a large Federal force was already far beyond his right near Cassville, threatening his main crossing of the river; and also that McPherson was camping below him at McGuire's Cross-roads, and that our infantry (Davis's division) was already in sight of the little town of Rome, where, under a weak guard, were foundries and important mills. We began now to perceive slight evidences of our opponent's demoralization. I captured a regiment and quite a large number of detached prisoners. The whole number taken, including many commissioned officers, was about four thousand.

The rapidity of the repairs of the badly broken railroad seemed miraculous. We had hardly left Dalton before trains with ammunition and other supplies arrived. While our skirmishing was going on at Calhoun, the locomotive whistle resounded in Resaca. The telegraphers were nearly as rapid. The lines were in order to Adairsville the morning of the 18th. While we were breaking up the State arsenal at Adairsville, caring for the wounded, and bringing in Confederate prisoners, word was telegraphed from Resaca that bacon, hard-bread, and coffee were already there at our service.

Johnston, by his speedy night work, passed on through Kingston, and formed an admirable line of battle in the vicinity of Cassville, with his back to the Etowah River, protecting the selected crossing.

This was his final halt north of that river, so difficult with its mountain banks. Johnston remained here to obstruct and dispute our way one day only, for Schofield and Hooker had penetrated the forests eastward of him so far that Hood, still on Johnston's right, insisted that the Yankees were already beyond him in force.

Upon this report, about which there has since been much controversy, Johnston ordered a prompt withdrawal. The morning of the 21st of May, bright and clear, showed us a country picturesque in its natural features, with farm and woodland as quiet and peaceful as if there had been no war. So Sherman, taking up his headquarters at Kingston, a little hamlet on the railway, gave to his armies three days' rest.*

* It was Sunday morning when my friend E. P. Smith, of the Christian Commission, afterward Commissioner of Indian Affairs, was ringing the church bell at Kings-

ton. The rope unexpectedly caught his trousers near his shoe and rent them sadly from bottom to top. Sherman, being just then disturbed by the ringing, sent a



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

A glance at the map [page 446] shows the Etowah flowing nearly west thirty miles from Allatoona to Rome. Sherman's headquarters at Kingston were midway. While the armies were resting, the right (Davis's division) at Rome, the left (Schofield and Hooker) near Cartersville, and the remainder at Kingston, the railroad and telegraph lines were repaired to Kingston; baggage, temporarily

guard to arrest the supposed "bummer." So my friend, in spite of indignant protest, was marched to Sherman's ante-room and kept under guard for an hour. Then, in that plight, being admitted to his presence, Sherman looked up from his writing and asked abruptly:

abandoned, came back to officers and men; necessary supplies, at the hands of smiling quartermasters and commissaries, now found us. The dead were buried, the sick and wounded made more comfortable, and everybody got his mail and wrote letters home. Meanwhile Sherman and his army commanders were endeavoring to find the location of their enemy.

Johnston was holding the pass of Allatoona

"What were you ringing that bell for?"

"For service. It is Sunday, General," Smith replied.

"Oh! is it?" answered Sherman. "Didn't know it was Sunday. Let him go."

strongly, and probably rested his right at that natural fortress, and extended his army along the ridge of Allatoona Creek toward the south-west, possibly to Lost Mountain, where that stream rises. He was picketing a parallel ridge in front of his line, along another creek, the Pumpkin Vine. This is substantially where we found this able and careful enemy; only he pushed a little to the left and forward as we came on, till Hardee was at Dallas, and Hood at New Hope Church. Our march was resumed the morning of the 24th of May, Thomas crossing his own pontoons south of Kingston; Hooker, though contrary to the plan, went in advance of Schofield's column over a bridge at Milam's, east of Kingston; Davis being at Rome, went straight forward from that place; and McPherson did the same from his position, laying his bridges so as to take the road to Van Wert. Stoneman's division of cavalry, fording the river above Schofield, covered the left. Garrard's division was near McPherson and Davis, while McCook's cleared the front for the center. The whole country between the Etowah and the Chattahoochee over which we marched appeared desolate enough. Sometimes there were old pine forests, half cleared, with tall burnt and blackened stumps; very few openings and very few farms, and those few small and poor; other parts covered with trees having dense underbrush, which the skirmishers had great difficulty in penetrating. The instant one left the ordinary "hog-backs" he plunged into deep ravines or ascended abrupt steeps. There was much loose, shifting soil on the hills, also many lagoons and small streams bordered with treacherous quicksands.

NEW HOPE CHURCH.

VERY SOON on the first day, the usual skirmishing with the cavalry began, but there was not much delay. Hooker, coming into Thomas's road the next morning, the 25th, led



CONFEDERATES DRAGGING GUNS UP KENESAW MOUNTAIN.
(FROM THE "VALENTINE," PUBLISHED BY THE WESTERN & ATLANTIC R. R. CO.)

our column, taking the direct road toward Dallas. It was showery all day, and one can imagine the disheartening effect of this unfavorable weather on men and animals as they toiled over roads growing constantly worse. To relieve the situation as much as possible and keep well closed up, Thomas had my corps take advantage of country roads to the right, that would bring us into Dallas by the Van Wert route. McPherson and Davis had already come together at Van Wert. Now, suddenly, Geary's division found a bridge over Pumpkin Vine Creek on fire, and hostile cavalry behind it. The cavalry soon fled, and the bridge was repaired. Hooker, thinking there was more force in that quarter, pushed up the road toward New Hope Church. He had gone but a short distance before he ran upon one of Hood's brigades. It was an outpost of

Stewart's division, put there to create delay. Hooker soon dislodged this outpost and moved on, driving back the brigade through the woods, till he had come upon the enemy's main line.

The sound of cannon speedily drew Sherman to the point of danger. He immediately ordered the necessary changes. Williams's division, having passed on, faced about and came back. Butterfield's hastened up. These, each forming in parallel lines, promptly assaulted Hood's position. Again and again Hooker's brave men went forward through the forest only to run upon log barricades, which were so thoroughly manned by the enemy, and so protected by well-posted artillery, that to take them under a galling fire was impossible. Of course, this meant for Hooker a succession of bloody repulses. The heaviest shower of the day, accompanied with lightning and thunder, was going on during these awful charges. I received word, turned to the left by the first opportune road, and deployed Newton's division to the right of Hooker by 6 P. M. The remainder of my command came up over roads deep with mud and obstructed by wagons. In the morning all the troops were on hand. Any attempt to sketch the ghastly pictures of that terrible night would fail. The nearest house to the field was filled with the wounded. Torch-lights and candles lighted up dimly the incoming stretchers and the surgeons' tables and instruments. While the doctors could stand on their feet or move their arms, their arduous work was unceasing. The very woods seemed to moan and groan with the voices of sufferers not yet brought in.

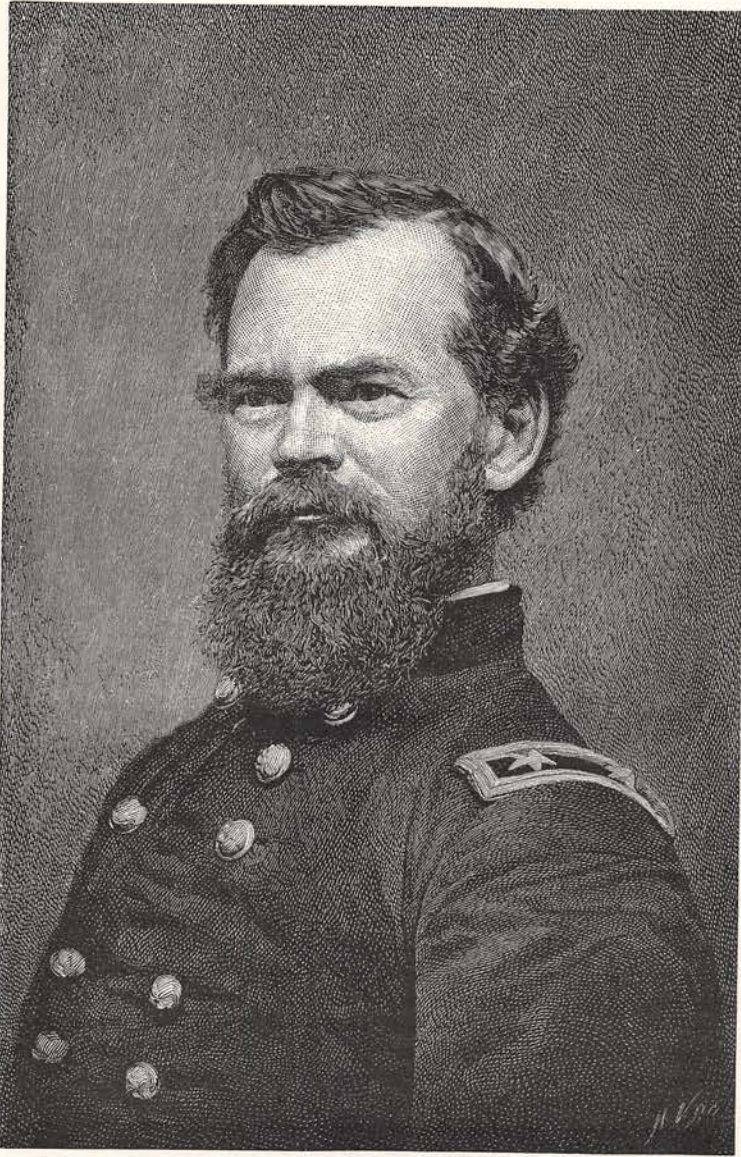
McPherson, with Davis for his left, took position at Dallas, having Logan on his right, and Garrard's cavalry still beyond. There must have been a gap of three miles between McPherson and us. Schofield was badly injured by the fall of his horse in that black forest while finding his way during the night to Sherman's bivouac, so that for a few days Cox took his command. Cox, with his Twenty-third Corps, and Palmer with his (the Fourteenth), swung in beyond me, as my men were moving up carefully into their usual positions in line of battle. Now the enemy kept strengthening his trench-barricades, which were so covered by thickets that at first we could scarcely detect them. As he did, so did we. No regiment was long in front of Johnston's army without having practically as good a breastwork as an engineer could plan. There was a ditch before the embankment and a strong log revetment behind it, and a heavy "top-log" to shelter the heads of the men. I have known a regiment, in less than an hour after it reached its position, with axes and shovels to shelter itself completely against musketry and artillery.

PICKETT'S MILL.

It would only weary the reader's patience to follow up the struggle step by step from New Hope Church to the Chattahoochee. Still, these were the hardest times which the soldiers ever experienced. It rained continuously for seventeen days; the roads, becoming as broad as the fields, were a series of quagmires. And, indeed, it was difficult to bring enough supplies forward from Kingston to meet the needs of the army. Sherman began to pass his armies to the left. First, I was sent with two divisions to attempt to strike Johnston's right. I marched thither Wood's division, supported by R. W. Johnson's, and connected with the army by Cox on my right. At Pickett's Mill, believing I had reached the extreme of the Confederate line, at 6 P. M. of the 27th I ordered the assault. Wood encountered just such a position as had Hooker at New Hope Church, and was similarly repulsed, suffering much loss. R. W. Johnson's division was hindered by a side-thrust from the hostile cavalry, so that we did not get the full benefit of his forward push. We believed that we should otherwise have lodged at least a brigade beyond Hindman's Confederate division. But we did, however, what was most important: we worked our men all that weary night in fortifying. The Confederate commander was ready at daylight to take the offensive against us at Pickett's Mill, but did not, because he found our position and works too strong to warrant the attempt. With a foot bruised by the fragment of a shell, I sat that night among the wounded in the midst of a forest glade, while Major Howard of my staff led regiments and brigades into the new position chosen for them. General R. W. Johnson had been wounded, Captain Stinson of my staff had been shot through the lungs, and a large number lay there, on a sideling slope by a faint camp-fire, with broken limbs or disfigured faces. It was a mute protest against the business of war.

DALLAS.

THE next day, the 28th, McPherson made an effort to withdraw from Dallas, so as to pass beyond my left; but as Hardee at the first move quickly assailed him with great fury, he prudently advised further delay. This battle was the reverse of mine at Pickett's Mill. The enemy attacked mainly in columns of deployed regiments along the front of Dodge's and Logan's corps, and was repulsed with a dreadful loss, which Logan estimated at two thousand. Now, necessity pressing him in every direction, Sherman, mixing divisions somewhat along the line, gradually bore his armies to



MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES B. McPHERSON, KILLED JULY 22D, 1864. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

the left. The 1st of June put Stoneman into Allatoona, and on the 3d, Schofield's infantry was across the railroad near Ackworth, having had a severe and successful combat en route.

PINE TOP.

BEING now far beyond Johnston's right, and having seized and secured the Allatoona Creek from its mouth to Ackworth, Sherman was ready, from Allatoona as a new base, to push forward and strike a new and heavy blow, when, to his chagrin, in the night of the

4th of June, Johnston abandoned his works and fell back to a new line. This line ran from Brush Mountain to Lost Mountain, with "Pine Top" standing out in a salient near the middle. He also held an out-post in front of Gilgal Church abreast of Pine Top. Slowly, amid skirmishes and small combats, for the most part in dense woods, we continuously advanced. On my front we seized the skirmish-holes of the enemy, made epaulements for batteries there, and little by little extended our deep ditches or log-barricades close up to and abreast of Johnston's. As we settled down

to steady work again, McPherson was near Brush Mountain, having pushed down the railroad. F. P. Blair's corps (the Seventeenth) from Huntsville, Alabama, had now joined him, making up for our losses, which were already, from all causes, upward of nine thousand. This accession gave heart to us all. Thomas was next, advancing and bearing away toward Pine Top, and Schofield coming up against the salient angle near Gilgal Church. To tell the work of these two opposing hosts in their new position is a similar story to the last. There was gallant fighting here and there all along the lines. Here it was that my batteries, opening fire under the direct instruction of Sherman, drove back the enemy from the exposed intrenchments on Pine Top. It was at this time that General Polk was killed. McPherson, by overlapping Hood, skirmished heavily, and captured the 40th Alabama regiment entire. Schofield, brushing away the cavalry, penetrated between Lost Mountain and Gilgal Church, put his artillery on a prominent knoll, and, with rapid discharges, took Hardee in reverse.

MUD CREEK.

THAT night, the 16th of June, Johnston again went back to a new line, already prepared, just behind Mud Creek. Our troops, being on the alert, followed at once with great rapidity. Just where the old lines joined the new (for Johnston's right wing was unchanged), I saw a feat the like of which never elsewhere fell under my observation. Baird's division, in a comparatively open field, put forth a heavy skirmish-line, which continued such a rapid fire of rifles as to keep down a corresponding hostile line behind its well-constructed trenches, while the picks and shovels behind the skirmishers fairly flew, till a good set of works was made four hundred yards off and parallel to the enemy's. One of my brigades (Harker's), by a rush, did also a brave and unusual thing: it captured an intrenched and well-defended line of the enemy's works and took their defenders captive. Again, another (Kirby's brigade), having lost Bald Hill in a skirmish, retook it by a gallant charge in line, under a hot fire of artillery and infantry, and intrenched and kept it.

CULP'S FARM.

HOOD, who had been massed opposite McPherson, made a forced night-march, and suddenly appeared on the other flank fronting Schofield and Hooker. With his known method of charging and firing, he delivered there a desperate attack on the 22d of June.

He was, after a hard battle, repulsed with heavy loss. This was the "Battle of Culp's Farm." Here it was that Hooker received a reproof from Sherman for an exaggerated report, which inferentially, but wrongly, blamed Schofield. Hooker was ever after incensed at Sherman.

KENESAW.

AGAIN, by the gradual pressure against Johnston's right and left, Sherman forced him to a new contraction of his lines. This time it was the famous Kenesaw position which he assumed. With his right still at Brush Mountain, he extended a light force over the crest of the Kenesaws, and placed a heavier one along the southern slope, reaching far beyond the Dallas and Marietta road. He drew back his left and fortified. The whole line was stronger in artificial contrivances and natural features than the cemetery at Gettysburg. The complete works, the slashings in front, and the difficulties of the slope toward us under a full sweep of infantry and of artillery cross-fire made the position in itself next to impregnable.

For reasons similar to those which influenced Lee to strike twice for Little Round Top, Sherman ordered an assault here with the hope of carrying the south slope of Kenesaw, or of penetrating at some weak point of Johnston's long front. Schofield, well southward, advanced and crossed Olley's Creek, and kept up enough fire and effort to hold a large force in his front. McPherson, on the left, did the same, quite a serious engagement being sustained by Logan's corps straight against the unascendable mountain. Logan's losses from the trenches in his front, and from artillery that raked his men as they advanced, were very heavy. Seven regimental commanders fell from death or wounds. But the dreadful battle, hard to describe, was left to Thomas. He commanded two attacks, one opposite Confederate Loring's left, the other in front of Cheatham. Newton's division led my attack, and Davis that of Palmer. Like Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, the movement was preceded by a heavy cannonade. Then our skirmishers sprang forward and opened; and quickly the enemy's skirmish-line was drawn back to their main work.

Harker, commanding one brigade, led his column rapidly over the open ground. Wagner did the same on Harker's left, and Kimball put his brigade in close support. The enemy's fire was terrific, the missiles passing and crossing and filling the valley. Our men did not stop, unless struck, till they had gained the edge of the felled trees; a few penetrat-

ed, to fall close to the enemy's parapet; but most sought shelter behind logs and rocks, in rifle-holes, or depressions of the ground.

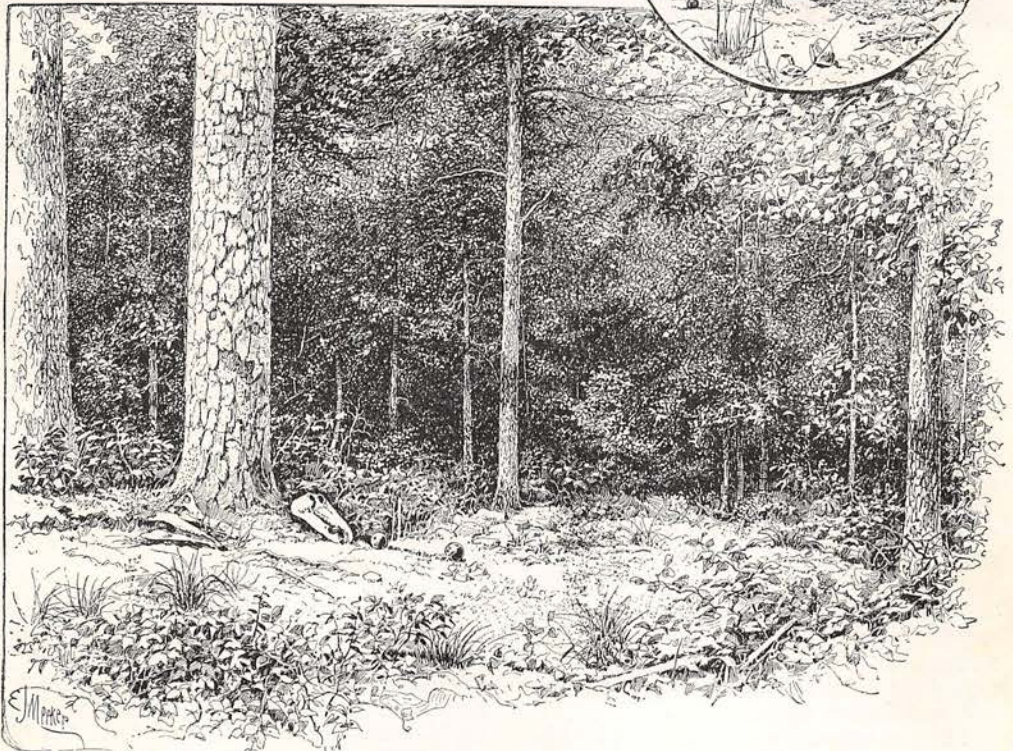
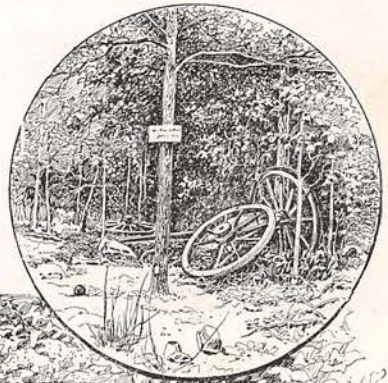
Harker, moving with them, cheered on his men; when they were forced to stop, he rallied them again and made a second vigorous effort, in which he fell mortally wounded. Davis's effort was like Newton's; he met the same withering fire from rifle-balls and shells. But his men managed to make a shelter, which they kept, close up to the hostile works. Here they stayed and intrenched. Among those who fell were brigade commanders Colonel Daniel McCook and Colonel Harmon. Our losses in this assault were heavy indeed, and our gain was nothing. We realized now, as never before, the futility of direct assaults upon intrenched lines which were already well prepared and well manned.

McPherson's starting, and Schofield's boldness, set the Confederates again in motion. The morning of the 3d of June, Sherman turned his spy-glass to the Kenesaw crest, and saw our pickets "crawling up the hill cautiously." The strong works, from which so many blows distressful to us had been dealt, were found vacant.

Johnston had made new breastworks six miles below, at Smyrna Camp Ground, and another complete set, by the labor of slaves and new levies, where the railway crosses the Chattahoochee. Thomas, taking up the pursuit, followed his enemy through Marietta and beyond. My command skirmished up to the Smyrna works during the 3d. The next day Sherman paid us a Fourth of July visit. He

SMYRNA CAMP GROUND.

PLAINLY there was now nothing left for Sherman to do but to send his left army (McPherson's) to follow up the right (Schofield's), across Olley's Creek, and force his cavalry to Sandtown and the Chattahoochee far below Johnston's force. The first sign, namely,



SCENE OF GENERAL MCPHERSON'S DEATH, ON THE EAST SIDE OF ATLANTA. (FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

A 32-pounder cannon set in a granite block for a base now marks the spot of General McPherson's death. A large pine stands within a few feet of the monument which faces a partly improved roadway that is called McPherson Avenue.



THE BATTLE OF ATLANTA, JULY 22D.

Fuller's division (of the Sixteenth Corps) rallying to hold their ground after being forced back by the first charge of the Confederates in their flank attack. (From the painting by James E. Taylor.)

could not at first believe that Johnston would make another stand north of the river. "Howard," he said to me, "you are mistaken; there is no force in your front; they are laughing at you!" We were in a thinnish grove of tall trees, in front of a farm-house. "Well, General," I replied, "let us see." I called Stanley, whose division held the front. "General, double your skirmishers and press them." At once it was done. The lines sped forward, capturing the outlying pits of the enemy, and took many prisoners; but a sheet of lead instantly came from the hidden works in the edge of the wood beyond us, and several unseen batteries hurled their shot across our lines, some of them reaching our grove and forcing us to retire. Sherman, as he rode away, said that I had been correct in my report. While we kept the Confederates busy by skirmishing and battery firing, a set of demonstrations to the north and south of us finally resulted in gaining crossings of the river at Roswell, Soap Creek, Powers's and Paice's ferries.

The first effected was by Schofield pushing out from Soap Creek boats loaded with men, crossing quickly, and surprising the Confederate cavalry and cannon in his front. This was

done on the 9th of July. As soon as Johnston knew of it, he left those grand works near the river, burned his bridges, and hastened his retreat to Atlanta. The weather had become good, and there was great animation and manifest joy on our side. It was gratifying to escape from such fastnesses and dismal forests as those which had hampered us for over a month, and we now firmly believed that the end of the campaign was sure.

Our armies made a right wheel — Thomas, on the pivot, taking the shortest line to Atlanta; McPherson, on the outer flank, coming by Roswell to Decatur, with Schofield between.

PEACH TREE CREEK.

As the several columns were crossing the famous Peach Tree Creek my corps was divided. I was sent, with Stanley and Wood, to connect with Schofield, causing a gap of two miles. Newton remained Thomas's left; on Newton's right was Ward; next, Geary; then, Williams; last, Palmer's corps; all, having crossed over, were stretched out along the creek. There was at that point but little open

ground, mostly woodland, and very uneven with cross-ravines.

Just at this time, much to our comfort and to his surprise, Johnston was removed, and Hood placed in command of the Confederate army. Johnston had planned to attack Sherman at Peach Tree Creek, expecting just such a division between our wings as we made.

Hood endeavored to carry out the plan. A. P. Stewart had Polk's corps, and Cheatham took Hood's. Hardee on the right and Stewart on his left, in lines that overlapped Newton's position, at 3 o'clock of the 20th of July, struck the blow. They came surging on through the woods, down the gentle slope, with noise and fury like Stonewall Jackson's men at Chancellorsville. As to our men, some of them were protected by piles of rails, but the most had not had time to barricade.

Stewart's masses advanced successively from his right, so Newton was first assailed. His rifle and cannon, firing with utmost steadiness and incessantly, soon stopped and repulsed the front attack; but whole battalions went far east of him into the gap before described. Thomas, behind the creek, was watching; he turned some reserved batteries upon those Confederate battalions, and fired his shells into the thickets that bordered the deep creek, sweeping the creek's valley as far as the cannon could reach. This was sufficient; in his own words, "it relieved the hitch." The hostile flankers broke back in confusion. In succession, Ward, Geary, Williams, and Palmer received the on-coming waves, and though their ranks were shaken in places, they each made a strong resistance, and soon rolled the Confederates back, shattered and broken. Hardee would have resumed the assault, but an order from Hood took away a whole division (Cleburne's), for McPherson was too rapidly approaching Cheatham and the defenses of Atlanta from the east.

The battle of the 20th did not end till Gresham's division, on McPherson's left, had gone diagonally toward Atlanta, sweeping the hostile cavalry of Wheeler before it past the Augusta railroad, and skirmishing up against an open knob denominated Bald Hill.

Gresham, himself a fine officer, during his brisk

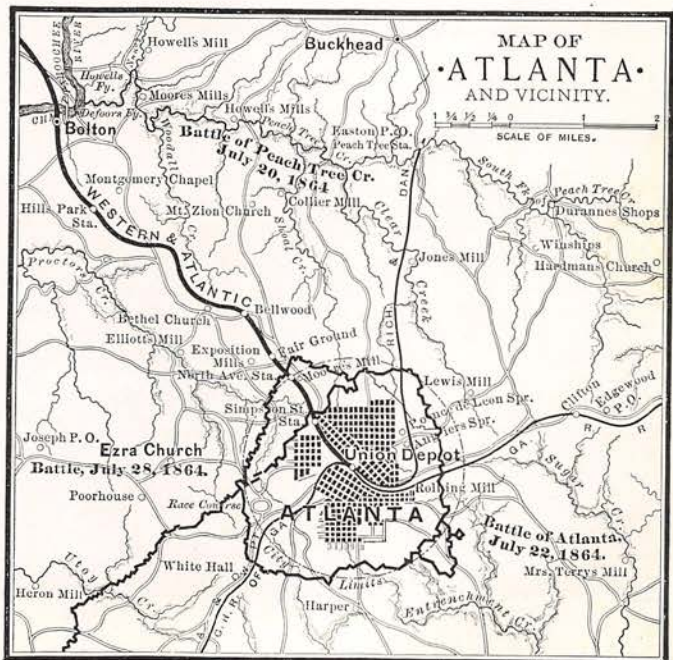
movement was severely wounded. Wheeler had here made a desperate and successful stand; and soon after, in the evening, that division (Cleburne's) which was taken from Newton's sorely handled front was brought hither and put into the trenches, in order to make secure the right of Hood's line. The Bald Hill was an important outpost.

THE BATTLE OF ATLANTA.

THE 21st, a fearfully hot day, was spent by all in readjustment. Thomas brought his three corps forward, near to the enemy. The gap in my lines closed as we neared the city. Schofield filled the space between the Fourth (mine) and Logan's corps. McPherson, to get a better left, ordered Blair to seize Bald Hill. General Force, of Leggett's division, supported by Giles A. Smith, who now had Gresham's place, charged the hill and carried it, though with a heavy loss. No time ran to waste till this point was manned with batteries protected by thick parapets and well secured by infantry supports.

Atlanta appeared to us like a well-fortified citadel with outer and inner works. After Thomas had beaten him, Hood resolved to give up the Peach Tree line; so, after dark, he drew back two corps into those outer works.

Hardee, however, was destined to a special duty. About midnight he gathered his four divisions into Atlanta: Bate led the way; Walk-



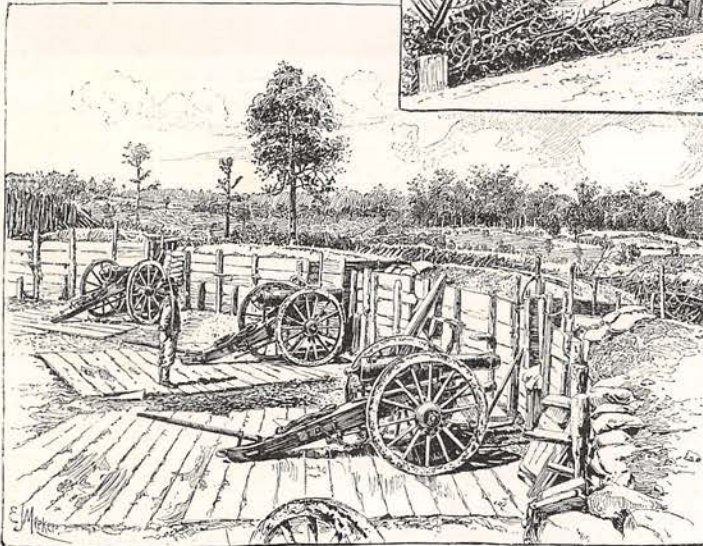
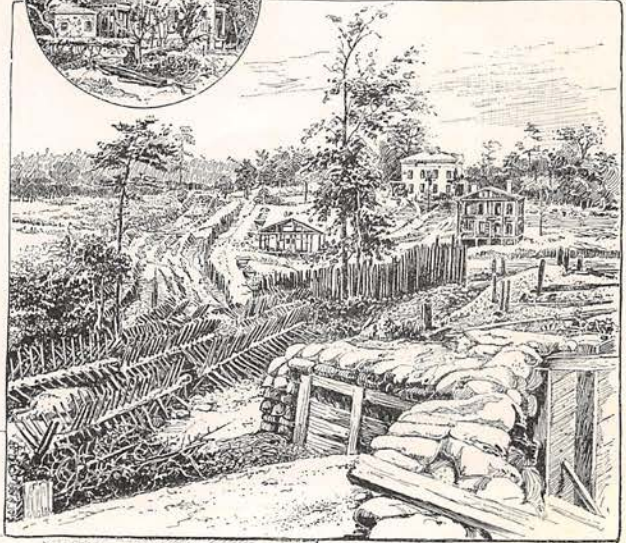
FROM "THE MOUNTAIN CAMPAIGNS IN GEORGIA; OR WAR SCENES ON THE W. & A." PUBLISHED BY THE WESTERN & ATLANTIC R. R. CO.



BATTLE OF ATLANTA, JULY 22D, 1864 — THE CONTEST ON BALD HILL: 4TH DIVISION, 15TH CORPS, IN THE FOREGROUND. (FROM THE PANORAMA OF "ATLANTA" IN MINNEAPOLIS.)

er came next; Cleburne, having now left the vicinity of Bald Hill (for he was soon to go beyond it), followed; then came Maney in rear. They pushed out far south and around Gresham's sleeping soldiers; they kept on eastward till Hardee's advance was within two miles of Decatur, and his rear was nearly past Sherman's extreme left. There, facing north, he formed his battle front; then he halted on rough ground, mostly covered by forest and thicket. He had made a blind night-march of fifteen miles; so he rested his men for a sufficient time, when, slowly and confidently, the well-disciplined Confederates in line took up their forward movement. Success was never more assured, for was not Sherman's cavalry well out of the way, breaking a railroad and burning bridges at and beyond Decatur? And thus far no Yankee except a chance prisoner had discovered this Jacksonian march! The morning showed us empty trenches from Bald Hill to the right of Thomas. We

on the 21st, toward Atlanta. Dodge remained for the night with head of column a mile or more in rear of Blair's general line. Fuller's division was nearest Blair's left, and Sweeny's not far from the Augusta railroad, farther to the north. McPherson spent the night with Sweeny. His hospitals and main supply trains were between Sweeny and the front. About midday McPherson, having determined to make a stronger left, had set Dodge's men in motion. They



1. EFFECT OF THE UNION FIRE ON THE POTTER HOUSE, ATLANTA.
 2. VIEW OF THE CONFEDERATE LINE AT THE POTTER HOUSE, LOOKING EASTWARD.
 3. VIEW OF THE CONFEDERATE DEFENCES OF ATLANTA, LOOKING NORTH-WEST.
- (FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

marched, as usual, by fours, and were in long column pursuing their way nearly parallel to Hardee's battle front, which was hidden by the thick trees. Now danger threatened: at the first skirmish shots Dodge's troops halted and faced

quickly closed again on Atlanta, skirmishing as we went. McPherson's left was, however, near enough already, a single valley only lying between Blair's position and the outer defensive works of the city. The Sixteenth Corps (Dodge), having sent a detachment under General Sprague to hold Decatur, to support the cavalry and take care of sundry army wagons, a thing successfully accomplished, had marched,

to the left and were in good line of battle. The Confederate divisions were advancing: fortunately for Dodge, after the firing began Hardee's lines nearing him had to cross some open fields. McPherson was then paying a brief visit to Sherman near the Howard house. The attack was sudden, but Dodge's veterans, not much disturbed, went bravely to their work. It is easy to imagine the loud roar of artillery



BATTLE OF ATLANTA, JULY 22D—RECAPTURE FROM THE CONFEDERATES OF DE GRESS'S BATTERY. I.

The view is west toward Atlanta; the Confederates in capturing the battery charged along the Georgia Railroad from the rolling-mill (see map, page 457), and took advantage of the cover of the railroad embankment and cut.

and the angry sounds of musketry that came to Sherman and McPherson when the sudden assault culminated and extended from Dodge to Blair's left. McPherson mounted, and galloped off toward the firing. He first met Logan and Blair near the railway; then the three separated, each to hasten to his place on the battle-line. McPherson went at once to Dodge; saw matters going well there; sent off aides and orderlies with dispatches, till he had but one or two men left with him. He then rode forward to pass to Blair's left through the thick forest interval. Cheatham's division was just approaching. The call was made, "Surrender!" But McPherson, probably without a thought save to escape from such a trap, turned his horse toward his command. He was instantly slain, and fell from his horse. One of his orderlies was wounded and captured; the other escaped to tell the sad news. Our reënforcements were on the way, so that Cheatham was beaten back. While the battle raged, McPherson's body was brought to Sherman at the Howard house. I wrote next day: "We were all made sad yesterday by the death of

General McPherson,—so young, so noble, so promising, already commanding a department!" I closed my report concerning him thus: "His death occasioned a profound sense of loss, a feeling that his place can never be completely filled. How valuable, how precious the country to us all, who have paid for its preservation such a price!" Logan immediately took the Army of the Tennessee, giving his corps to Morgan L. Smith. As soon as Hood, from a prominent point in front of Atlanta, beheld Hardee's lines emerging from the thickets of Bald Hill, and knew by the smoke and sound that the battle was fully joined, he hurried forward Cheatham's division to attack Logan all along the east front of Atlanta. At the time, I sat beside Schofield and Sherman near the Howard house, and we looked upon such parts of the battle as our glasses could compass.

Soon we saw the line of Logan broken, with parts of two batteries in the enemy's hands. Sherman put in a cross-fire of cannon, a dozen or more, and Logan organized an attacking force that swept away the bold



BATTLE OF ATLANTA, JULY 22D — RECAPTURE FROM THE CONFEDERATES OF DE GRESS'S BATTERY. II.

The recapture was made by troops of Logan's Fifteenth Corps. (This picture is a reproduction from the Panorama of Atlanta.)

Confederates by a charge in double time. Blair's soldiers repulsed the front attack of Cheatham's and Maney's divisions, and then, springing over their parapets, fought Bate's and Maney's men from the other side. The battle continued till night, when Hood again yielded the field to Sherman and withdrew. The losses on both sides in this battle of Atlanta were probably nearly even — about four thousand to each. Our gain was in morale.

EZRA CHURCH.

SHERMAN now drew his half-circle closer and closer, and began to manoeuvre with a view to get upon the railways proceeding southward. The Army of the Tennessee was assigned to me by the President, and I took command on the 27th of July, while it was marching around by the rear of Schofield and Thomas, in order to throw itself forward close to Atlanta on the south-west side, near Ezra Church. Skirmishing briskly, Dodge was first put into line facing the city; next, Blair, beside him; last, Logan, on the right, making a large angle with Blair. He was not at night

quite up to the crest of the ridge that he was to occupy. In the morning of the 28th he was moving slowly and steadily into position. About 8 o'clock Sherman was riding with me through the wooded region in rear of Logan's forces, when the skirmishing began to increase, and an occasional shower of grape cut through the tree-tops and struck the ground beyond us. I said: "General, Hood will attack me here." "I guess not—he will hardly try it again," Sherman replied. I said that I had known Hood at West Point, and that he was indomitable. As the signs increased, Sherman went back to Thomas, where he could best help me should I need reinforcement. Logan halted his line, and the regiments hurriedly and partially covered their front with logs and rails, having only a small protection while kneeling or lying down. It was too late for intrenching. With a terrifying yell, Hood's men charged through the forest. They were met steadily and repulsed. But in the impulse a few Confederate regiments passed beyond Logan's extreme right. Four regiments came from Dodge; Inspector-General Strong led thither two from Blair, armed with repeat-

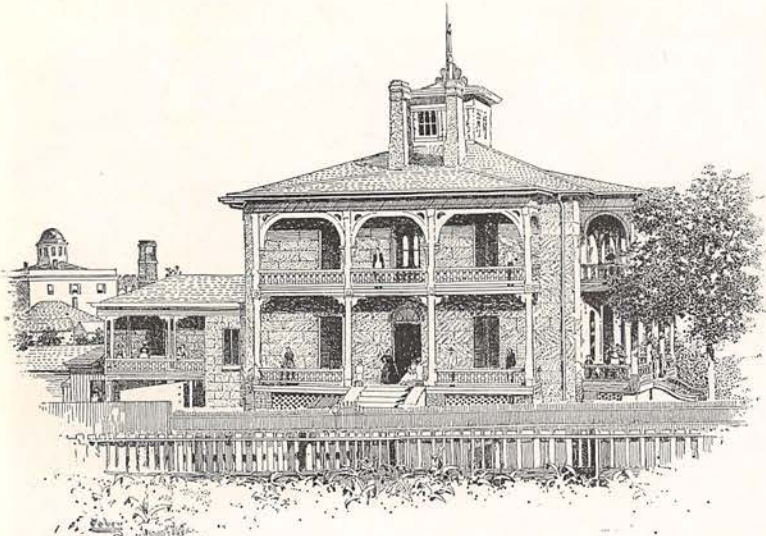
ing rifles; and my chief of artillery placed several batteries so as to sweep that exposed flank. These were brought in at the exact moment, and after a few rapid discharges, the repeating rifles being remarkable in their execution, all the groups of flankers were either cut down or had sought safety in flight.

This battle was prolonged for hours. We expected help from Morgan's division of Palm-

"Major-General Logan was spirited and energetic, going at once to the point where he apprehended the slightest danger of the enemy's success. His decision and resolution animated and encouraged his officers and men to hold on at all hazards."

JONESBORO'.

FOR a month, Hood kept to a defensive attitude, and, like a long storm, the siege operations set in. Sherman worked his right, with block after block, eastward and southward. Schofield and part of Thomas's command had passed beyond me, digging as they halted. Every new trench found a fresh one opposite. The lines were near together. Many, many officers and men were slain or wounded, and sent back to the hospitals. Dodge, while reconnoitering, was badly hurt; Ransom took his corps, and Corse a division in it. Hooker, already vexed at Sherman, was incensed at my assign-



THE "CALICO HOUSE," GENERAL SHERMAN'S HEADQUARTERS IN ATLANTA—
ALSO FOR SEVERAL MONTHS A HOSPITAL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

er's corps, coming back from Turner's Ferry; but the Confederate cavalry kept that in check. Our troops here exhibited nerve and persistence; Logan was cheerful and hearty and full of enthusiasm. He stopped stragglers and sent them back, and gave every needed order. Blair was watchful and helpful, and so was Dodge. After the last charge had been repelled I went along my lines, and surely I felt proud and happy to be intrusted with such brave and efficient soldiers. Hood, again having lost three times as many as we, withdrew within his fortified lines. Our skirmishers cleared the field, and the battle of Ezra Church was won; and with this result I contented myself. One officer, who was a little panic-stricken, ran with the first stragglers to Sherman, and cried substantially, as I remember: "You've made a mistake in McPherson's successor. Everything is going to pieces!" Sherman said: "Is General Howard there?" "Yes, I suppose he is." "Well, I'll wait before taking action till I hear from him!" So Sherman sustained and trusted me, and I was content. Of General Logan, who has so recently gone from us, I wrote, after this battle:

ment, resigned, and went home. Slocum came to command the Twentieth Corps. Palmer, having a controversy concerning his seniority, left the Fourteenth Corps, and Jeff. C. Davis took his place. Hazen passed from a brigade in the Fourth (Stanley's) to M. L. Smith's division of Logan's corps. F. P. Blair, in a report, condensed the work of his corps, which exemplifies the whole, in these words:

"The command was occupied for twenty-eight days in making approaches, digging rifle-pits, and erecting batteries, being subjected day and night to a galling fire of artillery and musketry."

Sherman now having his supplies well up, beginning the night of the 25th of August, intrenched Slocum's strong corps across his railroad communication to defend it; then made another grand wheel of his armies. Schofield this time clung to the pivot. My command described an arc of twenty-five miles' radius aiming at Jonesboro', while Thomas followed the middle course. Both southern railways were to be seized, and the stations, bridges, culverts, rails, and ties to be destroyed.

Preceded by Kilpatrick, we made the march rapid enough considering the endless plague

of the enemy's horse artillery supported by Wheeler's cavalry, and the time it took us to break up the West Point railroad. At Renfro Place we were to encamp the night of the 30th of August. Finding no water there, and also hoping to secure the Flint River bridge, six miles ahead, I called to Kilpatrick for a squadron. He sent me Captain Estes, a most energetic young man, and the horsemen needed. I asked Estes if he could keep the enemy in motion. He gave a sanguine reply, and loped off at the head of his men. Wheeler's rear-guard was surprised, and hurried toward the river. Hazen's infantry followed, forgetting their fatigue in the excitement of pursuit. We reached the bridge as it was burning, extinguished the fire, crossed over in the dusk of the evening under an increasing fire from hostile cavalry and infantry, but did not stop till Logan had reached the wooded ridge beyond, near Jonesboro'. The command was soon put into position, and worked all night and during the next morning to intrench, and build the required bridges. Hood had sent Hardee by rail, with perhaps half of his command, to hold Jonesboro'. My Confederate classmate, S. D. Lee, who had had the immediate assault at Ezra Church, here appeared again, commanding Cheatham's corps. At 3 p. m. the 31st, the Confederates came on with the usual vigor, but were met by Logan and Ransom, and thoroughly repulsed. Hood now abandoned Atlanta, and managed to unite with Hardee. Thomas, joining my left flank, fought mainly the battle of the 1st of September.

During this rest Blair and Logan went home on leave of absence; the field-force of the Army of the Tennessee was consolidated into two corps, Osterhaus temporarily commanding the Fifteenth, and Ransom the Seventeenth. Thomas went to Nashville, Wagner's division was sent to Chattanooga, and Corse's division to Rome. Colonel Tourtelotte had a small detachment at Allatoona Pass.

Hood had been threatening for some time to break Sherman's long line of communication and supply. Sherman could not divine where the blow would fall. He was already arranging for a campaign southward; but he wanted Grant's formal sanction, and he wished to make proper provision for Hood.

At last, the 2d of October, Hood had passed on his way back beyond the Chattahoochee. Sherman had waited for this till he was sure that the first attempt against his line would be south of the Etowah. Now, leaving one corps, Slocum's, at Atlanta, he followed Hood with the remainder of his force. Hood stopped near Dallas, and sent French's division to take the garrison of Allatoona and the *dépôts* there. From the top of Kenesaw, Sherman

communicated with Corse, who had joined Tourtelotte at Allatoona, and taken command. The popular hymn, "Hold the Fort," was based upon the messages between these chiefs and the noble defense that the garrison successfully made against a whole Confederate division. Sherman was coming, and French,



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN M. CORSE, WHO "HELD THE FORT" AT ALLATOONA. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

several times repulsed with great loss, withdrew, and joined Hood at New Hope Church.

Taking up his northward march, Hood avoided Rome and aimed for Resaca. Schofield was warned, and got ready to defend Chattanooga, while Sherman now made forced marches so as to overtake his enemy and force him to battle. Finding us on his heels, Hood, picking up two or three small garrisons, but leaving untouched those that showed great pluck, like that of the resolute Colonel Clark R. Wever at Resaca, rushed through Sugar Valley and Snake Creek Gap, choking it with trees. My command following rapidly through the pass (October 16th), cut away or threw the gap-obstructions to the right and left, and camped close up to Hood's rear-guard. He again refused battle, and we pursued him beyond Gaylesville, Alabama. Between Gaylesville and Rome, General Ransom, a gallant and promising young officer, died from overwork and exposure due to our forced marches.

Taking advantage of a rich country, Sherman recuperated his men and moved slowly back to the Chattahoochee. Now, with the full consent of Grant, he hastened his preparations for his grand march to the sea.