

ARTICLE.

Fourth Monograph.

Published by the Sunday Magazine, 1907.

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No. 22, Vol.10.

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Campaigning with Sherman.

Resaca, etc.

How Atlanta was won.

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CAMPAIGNING WITH SHERMAN.

Before the opening of the Spring Campaign of 1864, Grant had been, through an Act of Congress, promoted to a rank new to our regulations, namely, that of Lieutenant General. He was then assigned to command all the Union Armies, and Sherman took the Military Geographical Division which he vacated.

On the 18th of March Grant and Sherman were together at Nashville, where Grant turned over to Sherman the Western Armies, and set out for Washington. Sherman, going with him as far as Cincinnati, had a thorough understanding with him as to the Spring work to be undertaken.

As soon as he could Sherman came to us, who had wintered in the neighborhood of Chattanooga. He called a meeting of <sup>the</sup> <sup>the</sup> Army Corps and Division Commanders. In the village,--Chattanooga was hardly more than a village then,-- we found our way to a small one-story house owned by a worthy citizen, Mr. J.T. Williams. Sherman and Thomas were already there when Hooker and I came in. <sup>Pherson</sup> ~~McClellan~~ and Schofield, classmates at West Point, entered the council room together; and soon the other officers invited were present. After a pleasant greeting to each, all standing, Sherman without ceremony took a seat beside a sizeable square table, while McCoy, one of his Aides, unrolled a Topographical chart, which had been prepared for the occasion. He first told us the general plan of Campaign that Grant desired to work out. "The objective points", he said, "are the armies of our opponents, for example, Lee's near the Rappahannock, Dick Taylor's beyond the Mississippi and Joe Johnston's at Dalton, Georgia." Sherman was chewing the end of an unlighted cigar. "The Johnston Army is our objective. We take the offensive, drive that Army out of Dalton; get into the interior; in-

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flict all the damage we can; and we must manage to keep our enemy so busy that he cannot send reinforcements elsewhere, particularly not to the East."

After leaving Grant, Sherman had sped around from Army to Army and brought back with him from the Mississippi McPherson now <sup>chief of</sup> the Army of the Tennessee, and Schofield, who had the "Army of the Ohio", having replaced Burnside at Knoxville. These two with Thomas had become Sherman's three army commanders. Hooker, dignified, smiling and handsome, sat beside General Thomas and I was near them. Thomas, during a pause when Sherman had stepped out of the room for a moment, complimented Hooker on his record. "Oh", said Hooker gracefully, "General Thomas, you are the maker of history." As soon as Sherman resumed his seat he told us that the 11th and 12th Corps would be consolidated and form the new 20th, and that Gen. Howard would have the 4th Corps as Gordon Granger, its present chief, (who was not present) would go away upon a leave of absence.

This was a specimen of Sherman's war meetings. He said of it: "We had nothing like a council of war, but consulted freely and frankly on all matters of interest then in progress or impending."

Schofield was to bring down from Knoxville 14,000 men. He was a scholarly man, wary and judicious, always helpful; about the size of Grant. McPherson was to furnish from his Department (of the Tennessee) 25000 men. In stature like Sherman, ten years younger, the completest of engineers, with a large head up, and a pleasant face. Thomas had in readiness his Army of the Cumberland and would take out at least 70000, which would include artillery and cavalry. Thomas was strongly built, of about Sherman's age. Just as the conferring was about to close, Sherman said, "We'll gather here," pointing to a place on the chart, "about the first of May."

I enjoyed this meeting. Sherman was especially cordial to me. "You see, Howard, the 4th Corps is scattered from here to beyond Knoxville.

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You'll have to go up to Loudon, East Tennessee, to relieve Granger and get your Corps together by the first of May." The future looked bright to me as I rode back to Lookout Valley that evening.

It was the 6th of May, 1864. The three armies had assembled near Catoosa Springs, at one time a popular summer resort between Chattanooga and Dalton. The place now was almost deserted, containing empty boarding houses, many trees newly leaved, a few trembling citizens, and a small crowd of curious black people. The morning was sunshiny as I rode into the village and stood near a neglected circular fountain, then without water. Soon Sherman and Thomas came up and dismounted, their orderlies taking their horses. A few other officers, including Schofield and McPherson, joined us there. With his map spread in front of him, over his knees, Sherman gave us the needed explanation. "Here, Thomas," glancing at the map and eastward upon the ascending slope, "here are your forces." "Up there to the left on that steeper incline, are yours, Schofield." "Oh, yes, <sup>re</sup> ~~Sto~~ <sub>Stoneman's</sub> man's cavalry and battery beyond! They are not in sight from here." "Down there to the right, McPherson, your men are massed(?) ready to pass Snake Creek Gap and strike Johnston's line south of Dalton." Thomas in his quite way here put in a word: "Send at once, General, the larger force ~~not~~ the smaller through the Gap." Sherman smiled, shook his head and replied, "I am not ready yet, Thomas, to exchange bases with Johnston." I caught the tones of a difference of opinion, but there was no unpleasant feeling as we separated and went off to our separate camps, having confidence in each other and hope for the future. As my camp was near Sherman's I visited him during the evening. Instead of a tent he had a tent fly stretched over some rails, leaned up against a fence. A fire was burning brightly near one end, and Sherman was standing near it with one or two callers warming their hands by the fire. A few camp stools were there.

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He had, close by, his mess-kit and another tent fly drawn over some poles held in place by slender crochet sticks. It was his dining hall for there were two long boards for a table. After a while Capt. Dayton, his Adjutant-General, was obliged to have a small common tent for his papers. I spoke of the simplicity of things for the Commander of Armies: "Yes, yes, Howard, I have cut off the baggage for everybody and I must set an example." "Thomas worries me; he insists on having a tent to sleep under!" Gen. Thomas had in a railway accident injured his back and shoulder, and really found it necessary to take more care of himself than did those around him. Otherwise he could not have endured the hardships of a campaign. Sherman liked Thomas and always closed his criticism with some kind word. "We can't do without Thomas even if we do have to take extra care of him."

The next morning my Corps in the center of the general line began the forward movement. My Division Commanders were Stanley, Newton and T.J. ~~Wood~~<sup>Wood</sup>. We were standing where we could see our several brigades, when the order "forward" was given. Sherman with his field-glass was on a prominent knoll and his signal station close at hand. All were gazing intently upon the long crest of Tunnel Hill. The troops with gay flags and bright arms sprang forward in the beautiful morning light. The Confederate Cavalry opposite soon appeared coming up from beyond the ridge. This added <sup>intense</sup> excitement to the scene. A battery here and there <sup>noisily</sup> hastened to place, which only served to deepen the feeling of experienced veterans. At a bugle call the outer line, in double time, ran forward and soon cleared the whole front. A few zip-zaps of the skirmish rifles, the cannon's roar, a few shrieks of exploding shells; <sup>it was a bloody skirmish,</sup> a few men killed and a hundred wounded-- that was all of the battle at Tunnel Hill. ¶ When I joined Stanley on the crest just taken, whence we could see Rocky-face Ridge behind which was Johnston's Confederate Army, Stanley cried out, "General, the ball is opened!" and indeed it had.

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# our men dragged their cannon up by ropes - many men were shot in the head as they climbed; the crest gained by big pistol shots & hand-grenades the Confederates were killed or wounded as they rolled down the East-slope!

It was Sherman's strange ball, a long dance for more than a hundred days. Sherman joined us there and expressed his satisfaction at this first move.

While McPherson was making his march southward toward Snake-Creek Gap Sherman usually kept near Thomas' points of observation, from which I came and went. Now he could see Newton's men climbing to the crest of the rocky barrier against bloody resistance; and then get glimpses of Schofield's Infantry <sup>shirking &</sup> trying to turn the northern extremity of the same hill; but his mind <sup>was</sup> seemed to be with McPherson. "All I want," I heard him say as I was leaving him to join Newton farther forward on the narrow ridge, "is to keep Johnston busy here, so as to give <sup>Mac-</sup> "Mac" time to get to Resacca."

When that night I came to report to Thomas the situation of my Corps, Sherman was there. I saw that something had gone wrong. "Howard," he said, "McPherson has lost the chance of his life!" Turning to Thomas, he added with considerable feeling, "Take now all your Army except Howard, and I will bring Schofield. We will push with all speed to Resacca through the Gap.

McPherson finding a considerable force in his front has retreated through the Gap. I will let Stoneman's Cavalry remain with Howard. Of course, Gen. Howard, you will get your orders ~~in form~~. Be sure to hold Johnston as long as you can; if he hears of my move he will go as fast as he can from your <sup>front</sup> ~~post~~ through Dalton to Resacca. As soon as he starts follow him up!"

Just as Sherman <sup>then</sup> said, it was ~~so~~ done. For a short time I had some apprehension that the Confederates would turn back on me. Gen. Newton said they surely would; but after some brisk fighting <sup>then</sup> and rapid cannon firing <sup>panicly</sup>,

I saw that it was but a rear guard affair. We pushed ahead, Stoneman and I, <sup>close on the heels of Johnston</sup> and worried <sup>his</sup> Johnston's rear, till I had joined Sherman with little loss of men or of time. <sup>up the wounded.</sup> We left some corpses & our ambulances brought

A two days battle ensued.

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A two days battle ensued. Hood's Corps was sent around Sherman's

*The enemy fired by alternate lines always advancing - our men resisting & falling back as they were turned.*

*There*

left. I had Stanley's Division ~~then~~. There was a wide space between Stanley and the Oustenaula <sup>river</sup> and the Confederates were pouring around that flank and driving back Stanley's men. The battle was <sup>a quarter of a mile broad &</sup> furious. I hurried off to Thomas. Sherman and Hooker were together near him. "Give me a Division right off! They've turned us by the River. Thomas called to Hooker, "Give Howard a Division ~~as~~ quickly ~~as possible~~." Col. Morgan, afterward commissioner of the Indian Bureau, was with me (he was my Senior staff officer).

*The new men ran into line ~~at~~ beyond their adversaries & fired in heavy shots;*

<sup>soon</sup> defeat over. This battle ended like so many others; by one of Sherman's Divisions almost getting at Calhoun upon Johnston's railway. He <sup>his army</sup> retired in the night. We followed at dawn of the next day, McPherson moving westerly towards Rome; Schofield and Hooker easterly towards Cartersville; and Howard and Palmer straight forward in pursuit. My Corps, Newton's Division ahead, had quite a battle, <sup>a rush upon the enemy's rear guard</sup> ~~the grieving of the~~ at Adairsville,

Sherman with his Chief of Engineers, Col. Poe, and Capt. Dayton overtook me during this engagement. <sup>while the noisy battle was at its height</sup> Sherman's attendants, Newton and mine made quite a show of mounted men. A Confederate battery got our range and blazed away, shells shrieking over our heads, some exploding <sup>in air</sup> ~~very near~~. One burst so near in our front, that Col. Poe was slightly wounded by a fragment. Newton's Aide, Capt. Huntington Jackson, had his shoulder-knot cut off, and was bruised besides; ~~or~~; and an orderly was worse wounded. The blood that was so freely flowing on our long skirmish line in plain sight had its counterpart here among the Generals. As we quickly separated and Sherman was riding off, he said, "You are too attractive, Howard, for me."

Hood seeing Hooker's and Schofield's advance past his eastern flank told Johnston that his position, then with his back to the Etowah was already turned, so Johnston immediately retired across that river. We had

*The enemy fired in almost total darkness & the men were turning*

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skirmished sharply at Kings~~ton~~, Cass~~ville~~ and Cartersville, but were saved by Hood from a dreadful battle at the river crossing. Sherman put his headquarters near mine at Kingston, a point midway between his flanking forces. A singular incident occurred here during the first of our three day's rest. Several officers were going to Gen. T.J. Wood's tent for refreshments. Wood turned to me and said jocosely, "Come, Howard, don't be singular, drink with the rest of us!" Sherman heard Wood's chaffing and said, "Come, Wood, let Howard alone. I want one officer who don't drink!"

There was a small house across the road from the little Kingston Church. Sherman sat at a window in the house facing the Church Sunday morning (May 22nd, 1864). General Corse was just then his Chief of staff. He came into Sherman's room and found him writing. A small flask of whiskey stood on the table beside his ink-stand. Sherman never took much stimulant, but when he was weary and desired to continue his writing he would take a swallow, as Seward was said to <sup>have taken</sup> take a sip of tea to put through a long speech. As he raised the flask for a swallow the church bell opposite began to ring. "Corse," said he, "send the guard and arrest that fellow who is ringing the bell, it annoys me." Corse did so. My friend, E.P. Smith, (afterwards Hon. E.P. Smith, <sup>of the</sup> ~~Commanding~~ Indian Bureau) was the fellow. The rope had caught the bottom of a trouser-leg and flying up had torn it to his thigh. When my friend, there alone, was laughing at his disaster and wondering what he should do, the grave order came from the door "fall in". "But look at me. I can't be seen in this predicament. Tell the man that sent you—" "No, no, they are not my orders. "Fall in." Between two armed men Smith marched over and saw Corse. "Why, General, he pleaded, "it is Sunday and I was ringing for Church." Corse went to Sherman. He looked up and asked what he wished. "I've had the man brot.; he belongs to the Christian Commission." "What was he ringing that bell for?" "For Church. He says its Sunday."

for Little Controversy

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(This was the bloodiest & most desperate  
of Hooker's rushes against Confederate abatis  
& hidden trenches) then

"Sunday, Sunday!.didn't know it was Sunday. Let him go."

Soon Sherman and Johnston were facing each other on the "Dallas line".  
We fought the battles of New Hope-Church, Dallas, Pine Top and Picketts' Mill with little relative change of position.

The 27th of May Sherman sent me with two divisions, Richard Johnson's and J.T. Wood's, a days march to turn the Confederate right and if possible strike a hard blow. My Aide, Capt. Stinson, had a rifle shot through his body. He was the nephew of James G. Blaine. I was wounded in my left foot and the battle beginning at 6 P.M. though <sup>shortly after</sup> short was like some thunder storms, terrific while it lasted. My men were <sup>8000 or</sup> much discouraged <sup>as some</sup> ~~800 were killed~~ and <sup>hundreds</sup> many more sadly wounded. The fighting and the night intrenching of our sturdy men <sup>withstood</sup> ~~prevented~~ Johnston's prepared attack the next morning, and caused him to swing back his whole line to a new position less favorable to him. I was with Sherman when he noticed the boldness of the Confederates on Pine Top. He ordered me to fire and stood looking on when one of my batteries banged away at the exposed places <sup>covered with logs</sup> around the pointed height. He then rode away. It was told him after the war that Johnston himself was up there with Polk, Hardee and others. They saw us getting ready to fire and scattered;"but General Polk, who was dignified and corpulent, walked back slowly x x x x was struck across the breast by an unexploded shell which killed him instantly." The signal officer interpreted the message that followed: "Send an ambulance for Gen. Polk's body." I saw more and more of Sherman every day <sup>as</sup> ~~for~~ he went from Corps to Corps during the battles of Muddy-Creek, Kenesaw, Kolb's Farm and Smyrna Camp ground. At Kenesaw his headquarters were near Gen. Thomas's center 600 yards to the rear of my line. He had wires run along on the ground to McPherson and to Schofield; also to his depot of arms and supplies. We received a bloody repulse there before those prepared works, losing many valuable

8  
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"Sunday, Sunday! didn't know it was Sunday. Let him go."

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 I saw two divisions of infantry in lines rush forward again & ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~thick~~ <sup>thick</sup> set large traps - and a third of the men were slain like pigeons in a <sup>detaining</sup> lives. "Howard", <sup>Sherman</sup> he said after the war, "I am sorry that I ordered that assault, though I believed myself justified at the time." # At Smyrna Camp July 4th, 1864, a half mile west from the Chattahoochee was a two story house standing in a pretty grove of quite sizeable trees. My own camp was there. In front was Stanley's Division in a long line with skirmishers intrenched in the usual rifle pits and short trenches. A Confederate Division in the edge of a thick wood faced <sup>us</sup> ~~me~~. Sherman rode over from the river to see me. "Howard," he said, "ther's no enemy in your front only pickets. He is laughing at you." "You are mistaken, General," I answered, "I have abundant evidence of the presence of a large force." He was so positive that I called Stanley and said, "Double your skirmish line and go ahead." <sup>my large calls</sup> It was ~~quickly~~ <sup>quickly</sup> done. We quickly captured <sup>bring going in the confusion,</sup> the skirmish rifle pits then the main line in the forest <sup>hostile</sup> ~~fired~~ <sup>opened a fearful fusillade</sup> and several hostile batteries wide apart. <sup>added continuous shot & shells</sup> I saw Sherman passing from tree to tree as the shells cracked over his head. He said to me <sup>raising conceally his left eye</sup> as he rode away, "Yes, General, you were right this time!"

(From here) along the Chattahoochee

We passed through a number of trifling small affairs; but Joe Johnston had prepared for us a warm <sup>or</sup> reception at Atlanta. We swung up; Thomas stretched out, holding both sides of the famous Peach Tree Creek. Schofield came next, and far over as if coming back from Augusta was the wary McPherson, having now an Army of three Corps, i.e.- about 33,000 men. Hood, by order of Jefferson Davis, having succeeded Johnston at Atlanta, sent all his available men, July 20th, to meet the <sup>Thomas's Army</sup> Army of the Cumberland just as it was well stretched out in line, occupying both <sup>banks that</sup> sides of the crooked Peach Tree Creek; then <sup>it was</sup> about one mile from Atlanta. In its beginning <sup>the struggle</sup> it was like Shiloh over again. Our men at first fell like trees <sup>before</sup> in a hurricane; it was a desperate charge straight in front such as Pickett made at Gettysburg; but Palmer's and Hooker's Corps were made up of veterans, who rallied

along the Chattahoochee. Sherman found's like you. Sherman & Davis were each side in the middle.



*after snatching back*

in an incredibly short time, and by cannon and small arms, gave fire for fire. Newton's gallant division never budged, catching an attack in front <sup>↑</sup> *↑ overcounting* and to the left of the Atlanta road, -- they repelled it both ways, while <sup>↑</sup> *↑ from big guns* Thomas in person covered them with battery discharges, which he had brought up and directed. Hood's dreadful assaults, his first attempt with the whole of his Army, <sup>↑</sup> *↑ given with all the energy of determined men* failed and he, after heavy losses, <sup>↑</sup> *↑ reluctantly* drew back his weary brigades within the Atlanta works.

As Thomas was assaulted on the 20th of July at Peach Tree Creek, so was McPherson struck and nearly overwhelmed the 22nd of July, holding as he did the eastern flank of Sherman's forces. Hood's fifteen mile march around to the left is well known. Dodge's small 16th Corps held the rear without a trench or cover; the vigorous Southern <sup>↑</sup> *↑ forces* <sup>↑</sup> *↑ Behold that division!* all that could be spared from the Atlanta, came from behind his division. <sup>↑</sup> *↑ they* faced about and fought in the open without a regiment losing its organization; <sup>↑</sup> *↑ they made that day* repelling a succession of attacks; <sup>↑</sup> *↑* a marvelous record. I have a picture of that fight on the wall of my office, <sup>↑</sup> *↑ and always look at it with wonder & interest.*

McPherson <sup>↑</sup> *↑ was killed* between Dodge and Blair, -- the monument is there on the spot. Blair on the real left of Sherman's line <sup>↑</sup> *↑ fought desperately* did wonders too. He lost <sup>↑</sup> *↑ entire* one brigade, but the rest fought on both sides of his barricades and the Corps held its own throughout the bloody all-day strife. I sat beside Sherman when Logan, with <sup>↑</sup> *↑ Chas.* R. Wood's Division, restored his broken line. It was handsomely done in plain view, -- so far away that we could not see the men of blue and gray fall in death or <sup>↑</sup> *↑ but the monument was grand & inspiring* from lesser wounds. Schofield <sup>↑</sup> *↑ at the time* then urged Sherman to send his army in column between the active fighters and the City; but <sup>↑</sup> *↑ Sherman* he gazing intently with a flushed face said, "No, no, let the Army of the Tennessee (now Logan's) fight it out." At night that battle was over and Hood's smaller army was again in Atlanta. <sup>↑</sup> *↑ defeated northward & got again into*

My turn came next at Ezra Church, west of Atlanta, the 28th of July.

*after burning back*

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My turn came next at Kennesaw, west of Atlanta, the 28th of July.

*Robert Johnston*

*that was that*

*Robert Johnston*

I had taken McPherson's place at Sherman's request. I had my fill of battle that day. Our men <sup>after the firing began worked up</sup> had a little cover of rails. Logan's Corps (the 15th) bore the brunt of the numerous assaults. Blair and Dodge and our Artillery Chief reinforced <sup>Logan</sup>. It was the first time I had used the repeating rifles in an action. When the Confederates were rushing as usual around our right, they were caused to halt by the batteries' rapid shelling, and many fell; <sup>our men exerting their valour to the</sup> but when Gen. Strong of my staff deployed <sup>on our right</sup> in front two of these regiments with the new rifles, in less than five minutes the whole flank was clear of enemies, the ground was strewn with the slain, and the living found <sup>only</sup> shelter among the trees to their rear.

Next was the fierce and decisive battle of Jonesboro. I began it against half of Hood's Army ( ). By a forced march I reached the Flint River, saved the bridge, <sup>drove</sup> marched over and <sup>bringing</sup> back the enemy's skirmish line from the crest of a ridge, <sup>there</sup> intrenched the three Corps, the 15th in the middle. <sup>a</sup> Hordee's attack at dawn was repulsed. The next day Thomas's Army was on my left and Sherman near. We made with long lines a quick forward movement, <sup>running & firing</sup> skirmishing as we went, and so cleared the town of Jonesboro. <sup>with order</sup> The engagement of Lovejoy Station came after Hood had given up Atlanta. Neither side fought much there. With a sort of tacit understanding we both rested and drew off from each other. Our three armies <sup>skirmished & skirmished, then</sup> moved back to Atlanta, <sup>slowly</sup> now as Sherman said "fairly won." After Hood had rested <sup>it</sup> days and resupplied his command, he undertook a turning move, <sup>that sickened my heart</sup> towing us back towards Chattanooga. <sup>quick & able</sup> Sherman made Slocum, who took the 20th Corps when Hooker resigned, intrench west of Atlanta near the Chattahoochee. Now he gave him the defense of Atlanta as the rest of us <sup>stirred up again</sup> went after Hood. "My whole Army shall follow Hood except Slocum", said Sherman. I was struggling along abreast of the Kenessaw, when Sherman on the top of one of these mountains communicated with Gen. Corse by signal.

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 Corse had come ~~down~~ from Rome to reinforce the small garrison at ~~Alatoona~~  
~~Pass~~ where the sub-depot, of rations were. The Confederate General, French,  
 sent by Hood, with about 5000 <sup>men</sup> men, - we thought he had more, - marched hastily  
 to entrap the garrison and destroy it, but Corse so arranged his defense  
 as to hold French's men back till my command came near, and French hurried  
 off westward to join Hood's main army. It was a remarkable battle. Col.  
 Tourtelotte, the garrison Commander, lost his leg, Corse part of his ear  
 and right cheek bone, and the trenches were filled with the slain and the  
<sup>was alive with the wounded</sup> ground outside. My Provost-Marshal, Major D.W. Whittle, wrote that poem,  
 "Hold the Fort" which keeps up the story of the battle of Alatoona Pass,  
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 through "Snake Creek Gap" and then down to Gaylesville, Alabama. After  
 that active campaign my force returned and I encamped for rest and resupply  
 on the battle ground of old Smyrna Camp Ground. From this place under  
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*Gen. G. W. Johnston*

*Wood*

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Sept 1866

CAMPAIGNING WITH SHERMAN—Galley 1  
Part IV.—How Atlanta Was Won.

BEFORE the opening of the spring campaign of 1864, Grant had been, through an act of Congress, promoted to a rank new to our regulations, namely, that of Lieutenant General. He was then assigned to command all the Union armies, and Sherman took the military geographical division which he vacated.

On March 18, Grant and Sherman were together at Nashville, where Grant turned over to Sherman the western armies, and set out for Washington. Sherman, going with him as far as Cincinnati, had a thorough understanding with him as to the spring work to be undertaken.

As soon as he could Sherman came to us, who had wintered in the neighborhood of Chattanooga. He called a meeting of the army, the corps and division commanders. In the village—Chattanooga was hardly more than a village then—we found our way to a small one-story house owned by a worthy citizen, J. T. Williams. Sherman and Thomas were already there when Hooker and I came in. McPherson and Schofield, classmates at West Point, entered the council room together; and soon the other officers invited were present. After a pleasant greeting to each, all standing, Sherman without ceremony took a seat beside a sizable square table, while McCoy, one of his aides, unrolled a topographical chart, which had been prepared for the occasion.

He first told us the general plan of campaign that Grant desired to work out. "The objective points," he said, "are the armies of our opponents. For example, Lee's near the Rappahannock, Dick Taylor's beyond the Mississippi, and Joe Johnston's at Dalton, Georgia." Sherman was chewing the end of an unlighted cigar. "The Johnston army is our objective. We take the offensive; drive that army out of Dalton; get into the interior; inflict all the damage we can; and we must manage to keep our enemy so busy that he cannot send reinforcements elsewhere, particularly not to the East against Grant."

After leaving Grant, Sherman had sped around from army to army and brought back with him from the Mississippi McPherson, now chief of the Army of the Tennessee, and Schofield, who had the Army of the Ohio, having replaced Burnside at Knoxville. These two with Thomas had become Sherman's three army commanders. Hooker, dignified, smiling and handsome, sat beside General Thomas, and I was near them. Thomas, during a pause when Sherman had stepped out of the room for a moment, complimented Hooker on his record. "Oh," said Hooker gracefully, "General Thomas, you are the maker of history." As soon as Sherman resumed his seat he told us that the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps would be consolidated and form the new Twentieth, and that General Howard would have the Fourth Corps as Gordon Granger, present chief, who was not present, would go a month on a leave of absence.

This was a specimen of Sherman's war meetings. He said of it, "We had nothing like a council of war, but consulted freely and frankly on all matters of interest then in progress or impending."

Schofield was to bring down from Knoxville fourteen thousand men. He was a scholarly man, wary and judicious, always helpful, about the size of Grant. McPherson was to furnish from his Department (of the Tennessee) twenty-five thousand men. In stature he was like Sherman, ten years younger, the completest of engineers, with a large head well up, and a pleasant face. Thomas had in readiness his Army of the Cumberland, and would take out at least seventy thousand, which would include artillery and cavalry. Thomas was strongly built, of about Sherman's age. Just as the conference was about to close, Sherman said, "We'll gather here," pointing to a place on the chart named Catoosa Springs, "about the first of May."

I enjoyed this meeting. Sherman was especially cordial to me. "You see, Howard, the Fourth Corps is scattered from here to beyond Knoxville. You'll have to go up to Loudon, East Tennessee, to relieve Granger and get your Corps together by the first of May." The future looked bright to me as I rode back to Lookout Valley that evening.

It was May 6, 1864. The three armies had assembled near Catoosa Springs, at one time a popular summer resort between Chattanooga and Dalton. The place now was almost deserted, containing empty boarding houses, many trees newly leaved, a few trembling citizens, and a small crowd of curious black people. The morning was sunshiny as I rode into the village and stood near a neglected circular fountain, then without water. Soon Sherman and Thomas came up and dismounted, their orderlies taking their horses. A few other officers, including Schofield and McPherson, joined us there. With his map spread in front of him, over his knees, Sherman gave us the needed explanation.

"Here, Thomas," glancing at the map and eastward upon the ascending slope, "here are your forces. Up there to the left, on that steeper incline, are yours, Schofield. Stoneman's Cavalry and battery are beyond. They are not in sight from here. Down to the right, McPherson, your men are massed ready to pass Snake Creek Gap and strike Johnston's line south of Dalton."

Thomas, in his quiet way, here put in a word. "Send at once, General, the larger force, not the smaller, through the Gap."

Sherman smiled, shook his head, and replied, "I am not ready yet, Thomas, to exchange bases with Johnston."

I caught the tones of a difference of opinion, but there was no unpleasant feeling as we separated and went off to our camps, having confidence in each other and hope for the future. As my camp was near Sherman's, I visited him during the evening. Instead of a tent he had a tent fly stretched over some rails, leaned up against a fence. A fire was burning brightly near one end, and Sherman was standing near it with one or two callers warming their hands by the fire. A few camp stools were there. He had, close by, his mess kit and another tent fly drawn over some poles held in place by slender crotched sticks. It was his dining hall, for there were two long boards for a table. After awhile Captain Dayton, his Adjutant General, was obliged to have a small common tent for his papers. I spoke of the simplicity of things for the commander of armies.

"Yes, yes, Howard, I have cut off the baggage for everybody, and I must set an example. Thomas worries me; he insists on having a tent to sleep under!"

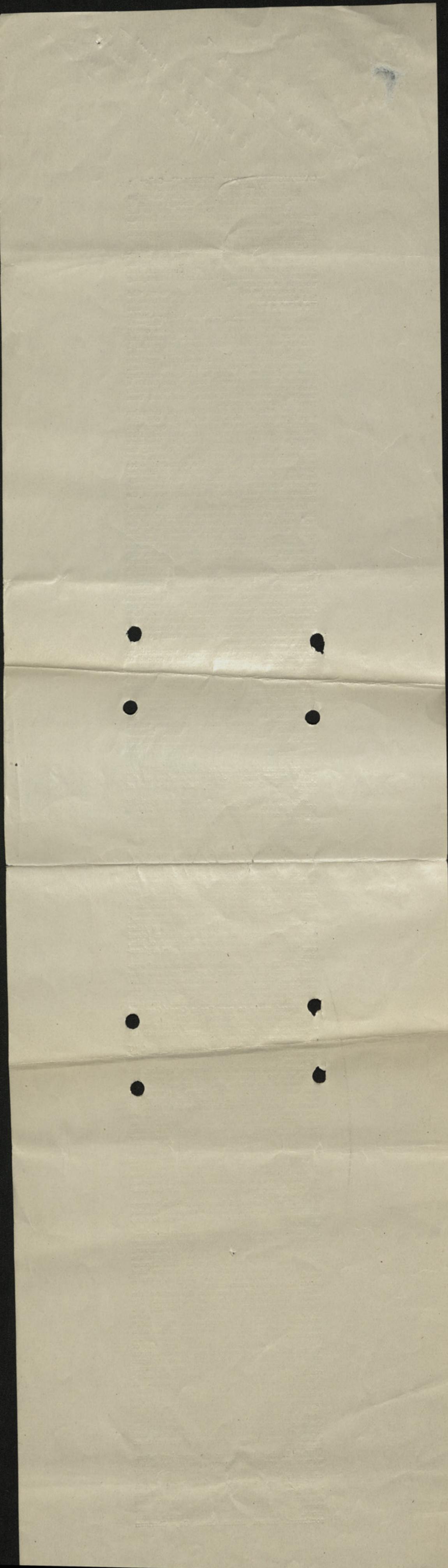
General Thomas had in a railway accident injured his back and shoulder, and really found it necessary to take more care of himself than did those around him. Otherwise he could not have endured the hardships of a campaign. Sherman liked Thomas and always closed his criticism with some kind word. "We can't do without Thomas, even if we do have to take extra care of him."

The next morning my corps in the center of the general line began the forward movement. My division commanders were Stanley, Newton, and T. J. Wood. We were standing where we could see our several brigades, when the order "Forward!" was given. Sherman with his field glass was on a prominent knoll and his signal station close at hand. All were gazing intently upon the long crest of Tunnel Hill. The troops with gay flags and bright arms sprang forward in the beautiful morning light. The Confederate cavalry opposite soon appeared coming up against them from beyond the ridge. This added intense excitement to the scene. A battery here and there noisily hastened to place, which only served to deepen the feeling of experienced veterans. At a bugle call the outer line, in double time, ran forward and soon cleared the whole front. A few zip-zaps of the skirmish rifles, the cannon's roar, a few shrieks of exploding shells; it was a bloody skirmish; a few men killed and a hundred wounded—that was all of the battle at Tunnel Hill.

When I joined Stanley on the crest just taken, whence we could see the Rocky Face Ridge behind which was Johnston's Confederate army, Stanley cried out:

"General, the ball is opened!" and indeed it had. It was Sherman's strange ball, a long dance for more than a hundred days. Sherman joined us there and expressed his satisfaction at this first move. While McPherson was making his march southward toward Snake Creek Gap Sherman

25-2



1-CAMPAIGNING WITH SHERMAN—Galley 2 usually kept near Thomas's points of observation, from which I came and went. Now we could see Newton's men climbing to the crest of the rocky barrier against bloody resistance; our men dragging their cannon up by ropes. Many men were shot in the head as they climbed; the crest once gained by clubbed rifles, by pistol shots, and hand grenades, the Confederates were killed or wounded as they rolled down the east slope. He also had glimpses of Schofield's infantry skirmishing and trying to turn the northern extremity of the same hill; but his mind was with McPherson.

"All I want," I heard him say as I was leaving him to join Newton on the narrow ridge, "is to keep Johnston busy here, so as to give Mac time to get to Resacca."

When that night I came to report to Thomas the situation of my corps, Sherman was there. I saw that something had gone wrong.

"Howard," he said, "McPherson has lost the chance of his life."

Turning to Thomas, he added with considerable feeling, "Take now all your army except Howard, and I will bring Schofield. We will push with all speed to Resacca through the Gap. McPherson, finding a considerable force in his front, has retreated through the Gap. I will let Stoneman's cavalry remain with Howard. Of course, General Howard, you will get your orders. Be sure to hold Johnston as long as possible. If he hears of my move, he will go as fast as he can from your front through Dalton to Resacca. As soon as he starts follow him up."

Just as Sherman then said, it was done. For a short time I had some apprehension that the Confederates would turn back on me. General Newton said they surely would; but after some brisk fighting and then rapid panicky firing, I saw that it was only a rear guard affair. We pushed ahead, Stoneman and I, close on the heels of Johnston, and worried his rear, till I had joined Sherman, twenty miles away, with little loss of men or of time. We left some dead en route and our ambulances brought up the wounded.

A two days' battle ensued. Hood's corps was sent around Sherman's left. I had Stanley's division there. There was a wide space between Stanley and the Oustenaula River, and the Confederates were pouring around that flank and driving back Stanley's men. The battle was a quarter of a mile broad and furious. The enemy fired by alternate lines always advancing; our men resisting, fighting hard, and falling back as they were turned. I hurried off to Thomas. Sherman and Hooker were together near him.

"Give me a division right off. They've turned us by the river."

Thomas called to Hooker, "Give Howard a division quickly."

Colonel Morgan, afterward Commissioner of the Indian Bureau, was with me (he was my senior staff officer). He guided the division at once through an open wood to that battle post. The new men ran into line beyond their adversaries and fired in lively style. Hood's flankers were stopped, his masses broken up, and the danger of our defeat soon over.

This battle ended like so many others, by one of Sherman's divisions almost getting at Calhoun upon Johnston's railway. He retired his army in the night. We followed at dawn of the next day, McPherson moving westerly toward Rome; Schofield and Hooker easterly toward Cartersville; and Howard and Palmer straight forward in pursuit. My corps, Newton's division ahead, on the heels of Johnston, had quite a battle, a rush upon the enemy's rear guard at Adairsville. Sherman with his chief of engineers, Colonel Poe, and Captain Dayton, overtook me during this engagement.

While the noisy battle was at its height, Sherman's attendants, Newton's, and mine made quite a show of mounted men. A Confederate battery got our range and blazed away, shells shrieking over our heads, some exploding in air. One burst so near in our front that Colonel Poe was slightly wounded by a fragment. Newton's aide, Captain Huntington Jackson, had his shoulder knot cut off, and was bruised besides; and an orderly was worse wounded. The blood that was so freely flowing on our long skirmish line in plain sight had its counterpart here among the Generals. As we quickly separated and Sherman was riding off, he said, "You are too attractive, Howard, for me."

Hood, seeing Hooker's and Schofield's advance past his eastern flank, told Johnston that his position, then with his back to the Etowah, was already turned, so Johnston immediately retired across that river. We skirmished sharply at Kingston, Cassville, and Cartersville, but were saved by Hood from a dreadful battle at the river crossing.

Sherman put his headquarters near mine at Kingston, a point midway between his flanking forces. A singular incident occurred here during the first of our three days' rest. Several officers were going to General T. J. Wood's tent for refreshments. Wood turned to me and said jocosely, "Come, Howard, don't be singular. Drink with the rest of us."

Sherman heard Wood's chaffing and said, "Come, Wood, let Howard alone. I want one officer who doesn't drink."

There was a small house across the road from the little Kingston church. Sherman sat at a window in the house facing the church Sunday morning (May 22, 1864). General Corse was just then his chief of staff. He came into Sherman's room and found him writing. A small flask of whiskey stood on the table beside his ink stand. Sherman never took much stimulant, but when he was weary and desired to continue his writing he would occasionally take a swallow, as Seward was said to have taken sips of tea to put through a long speech. As he raised the flask for a swallow, the church bell opposite began to ring.

"Corse," said he, "send the guard and arrest that fellow who is ringing that bell. It annoys me."

Corse did so. My friend, E. P. Smith, afterwards of the Indian Bureau, was the fellow. The rope had caught the bottom of a trouser leg and flying up had torn it to his thigh. When my friend, there alone, was laughing at his disaster and wondering what he should do, the grave order came from the door, "Fall in!"

"But look at me, I can't be seen in this predicament. Tell the man that sent you—"

"No, no, they are not my orders. Fall in!"

Between two armed men, Smith marched over and saw Corse.

"Why, General," he pleaded, "it is Sunday, and I was ringing for church."

Corse went to Sherman. He looked up and asked what he wished.

"I've had the man brought; he belongs to the Christian commission."

"What was he ringing that bell for?"

"For church. He says it's Sunday."

"Sunday, Sunday! Didn't know it was Sunday. Let him go."

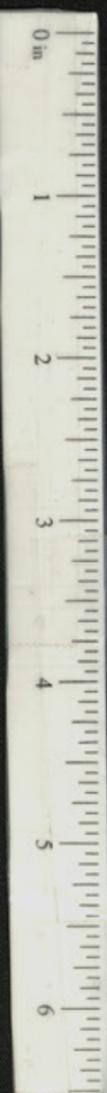
Soon Sherman and Johnston were facing each other on the "Dallas Line." We fought the battle of New Hope Church (this was the bloodiest and most desperate of Hooker's rushes against Confederate abatis and hidden trenches), then Dallas, Pine Top, and Pickett's Mill, with little relative change of position.

May 27, Sherman sent me with two divisions, Richard Johnson's and J. T. Wood's, a day's march to turn the Confederate right and, if possible, strike a hard blow. My aide, Captain Stinson, had a rifle shot through his body and fell on his face before me. I never was more pained. I loved him. He was the nephew of James G. Blaine.

I was wounded in my left foot shortly after; and the battle beginning at six p. m., though short, was like some thunder storms, terrific while it lasted. Eight hundred of my men were killed in the charge, and hundreds more sadly wounded. The attack did not succeed, but the sharp fighting and the night intrenching of our sturdy men withstood Johnston's attack the next morning, and caused him to swing his whole line to a new position less favorable to him.

I was with Sherman when he noticed the boldness of the Confederates on Pine Top. He ordered me to fire, and stood looking on when one of my batteries banged away at the exposed places covered with tents around the pointed height. He then rode away. It was told him after the war that

Good anecdote



CAMPAIGNING WITH SHERMAN—Galley Johnston himself was up there with Polk, Hardee, and others. They saw us getting ready and scattered; "but General Polk, who was dignified and corpulent, walked back slowly . . . was struck across the breast by an exploding shell which killed him instantly." The signal officer told who it was, having interpreted the message that followed, "Send an ambulance for General Polk's body."

I saw more and more of Sherman every day as he went from corps to corps during the battles of Muddy Creek, Kenesaw, Kolb's Farm, and Smyrna Camp Ground. At Kenesaw his headquarters were near General Thomas's center six hundred yards to the rear of my line. He had wires run along on the ground to McPherson and to Schofield; also to his depot of arms and supplies; by which he kept himself constantly posted. We received a bloody repulse there before those prepared works, losing many valuable lives. I saw two divisions of our infantry in lines rush forward against pointed thickly set tree tops, and a third of the men were slain like pigeons in a drag net. Beloved friends like General Hooker and Dan McCook fell in the rush.

"Howard," Sherman said after the war, "I am sorry that I ordered that assault, though I believed myself justified at the time."

At Smyrna Camp, July 4, 1864, a half mile west from the Chattahoochee was a two-story house standing in a pretty grove of quite sizable trees. My own camp was there. In front was Stanley's division in a long line with skirmishers intrenched in the usual rifle pits and short trenches. A Confederate division six hundred yards off in the edge of a thick wood faced us. Sherman rode over from the river to see me. "Howard," he said, "there's no enemy in your front, only pickets. He is laughing at you."

"You are mistaken, General," I answered. "I have abundant evidence of the presence of a large force."

He was so positive that I called Stanley and said, "Double your skirmish line and go ahead." By bugle calls it was done. We quickly captured the skirmish rifle pits, bringing in the prisoners; then the main hostile line in the forest opened a fearful fusillade, and several hostile batteries wide apart added continuous shot and shell. I saw Sherman passing from tree to tree as the shells cracked over his head. He said to me, raising comically his left eye as he rode away, "Yes, General, you were right this time."

We passed through a number of trifling small affairs; but Joe Johnston had prepared for us a warmer reception at Atlanta. We swung up. Thomas stretched out his fine army, holding both sides of the famous Peach Tree Creek. Schofield came next, and far over as if coming from Augusta was the wary McPherson, having now an army of three corps, *i. e.*, about thirty-three thousand men. Hood by order of Jefferson Davis, having succeeded Johnston at Atlanta, sent all his available men, July 20, to meet Thomas's Army of the Cumberland just as it was extended into long lines occupying both banks of that crooked Peach Tree Creek; then about one mile from Atlanta.

Its beginning the struggle was like Shiloh over again. Our men at first fell like trees before a hurricane. It was a desperate charge straight in front such as Pickett made at Gettysburg; but Palmer's and Hooker's corps were made up of veterans, who rallied, after swaying back, in an incredibly short time, and by cannon and small arms gave fire for fire. Newton's gallant division never budged, catching and overcoming an attack in front, and then another to the left of the Atlanta river. They repelled it both ways, while Thomas in person covered them with battery discharges from big guns which he had brought up and directed. Hood's dreadful assaults, his first attempt with the whole of his army, given with all the energy of determined men, failed, and he, after heavy losses, reluctantly drew back his weary brigades within the Atlanta works.

As Thomas was assaulted on July 20 at Peach Tree Creek, so was McPherson struck and nearly overwhelmed July 22, holding as he did the eastern flank of Sherman's forces. Hardee's fifteen-mile march around to the left is well known. Dodge's small Sixteenth Corps held the rear without a trench or cover; the vigorous Southern forces, all that could be spared from the Atlanta, came from far behind his division. Behold that division. They faced about and fought in the open without a regiment losing its organization; thus they repelled a succession of attacks. They made that day a marvelous record. I have a picture of that fight on the wall of my office, and always look at it with wonder and interest.

McPherson was killed between Dodge and Blair—the monument is there on the spot. Blair on the real left of Sherman's line fought desperately. He lost one entire brigade, but the rest fought on both sides of his barricades, and the corps held its own throughout that all-day bloody strife. I sat beside Sherman near the Potter House when Logan, with Charles R. Wood's division, restored his broken line. It was handsomely done in plain view, so far away that we could not see the men of blue and gray fall in death or from lesser wounds, but the movement was grand and exciting. Schofield at the time urged Sherman to send his, Schofield's, army in column between the active fighters and the city; but Sherman, gazing intently with a fixed face, said, "No, no! Let the Army of the Tennessee fight it out!"

At night that second battle was over and Hood's depleted ranks were brought again into Atlanta.

My turn came next at Ezra Church, west of Atlanta, July 28. I had taken McPherson's place at Sherman's request. I had my fill of battle that day. Our men, after the firing began, worked up a little cover of rails. Logan's corps, the Fifteenth, bore the brunt of the numerous Confederate assaults. Blair and Dodge and our artillery chief reinforced Logan. It was the first time I had used the repeating rifles in an action. When the Confederates were rushing as usual around our right, they were caused to halt by the field batteries' rapid shelling, our men exerting themselves to the utmost; and many fell; but when General Strong of my staff deployed on our right front two of these regiments with the new rifles, in less than five minutes the whole flank was clear of enemies, the ground was strewn with the slain, and the living found shelter only among the trees to their rear.

Next was the fierce and decisive battle of Jonesboro. I began it against half of Hood's army. By a forced march I had reached the Flint River, saved the bridge, marched over, and drove back the enemy's skirmish line from the crest of a ridge, and there intrenched the three corps, the Fifteenth in the middle. Hardee's attack at dawn was everywhere repulsed, and the ground peopled with the wounded and the slain.

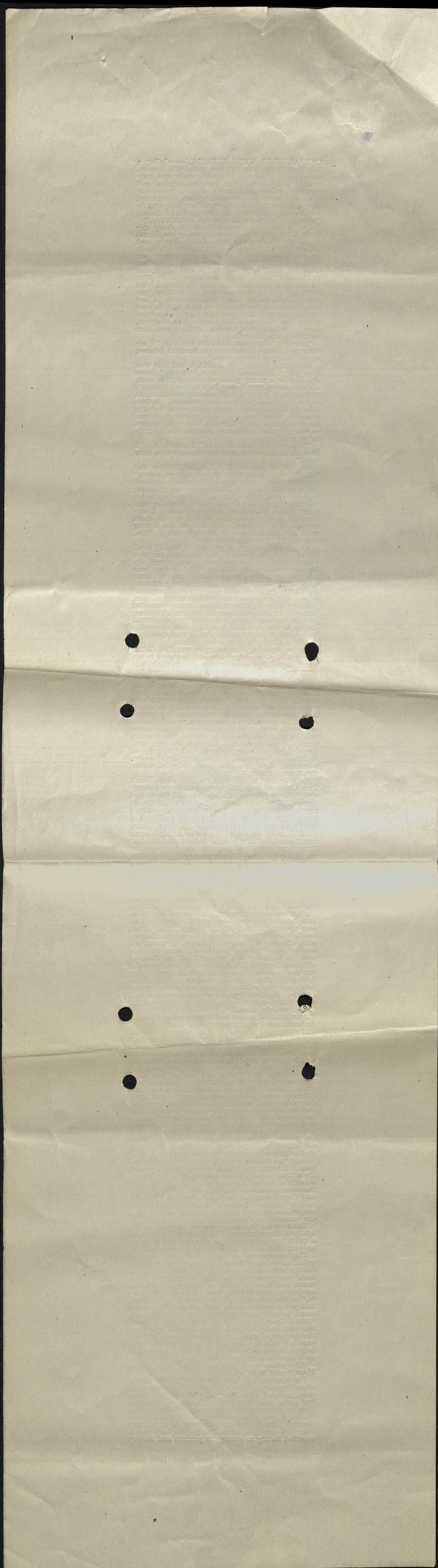
The next day Thomas's army was close up on my left, and Sherman near. We made with long lines a quick forward movement, running and firing as we went, and so cleared the town of Jonesboro.

The engagement of Lovejoy Station, next in order, came after Hood had given up Atlanta. Neither side fought much there. With a sort of tacit understanding we both skirmished, then rested and drew off from each other. Our three armies now moved slowly back to Atlanta. "Atlanta," as Sherman said it, "fairly won." After Hood had rested several weeks and resupplied his command, he undertook a turning move, to wing us back toward Chattanooga. That sickened every heart. Sherman, quick and able, made Slocum, who took the Twentieth Corps when Hooker resigned, intrench west of Atlanta near the Chattahoochee. Now he gave him the defense of Atlanta, as the rest of us, stirred up anew, went after Hood.

"My whole army, except Slocum, shall follow Hood," said Sherman.

I was struggling along abreast of the Kenesaws, when Sherman on the top of one of these mountains communicated with General Corse by signal. Corse had come back from Rome, Georgia, to Alatoona Pass to reinforce the small garrison there where the subdepots of rations were. The Confederate General French, sent by Hood with about five thousand men (we then thought he had more), marched hastily to entrap the garrison and destroy

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I-CAMPAIGNING WITH SHERMAN—Galley 4  
it; but Corse so arranged his defense as to hold  
French's men back till my command came near,  
and French then hurried off westward to join Hood's  
main army. It was a remarkable battle. Colonel  
Tourtelotte, the garrison commander, lost his leg;  
Corse part of his ear and right cheek bone; and  
the trenches were filled with the slain, and the  
ground outside was alive with the wounded. My  
provost-marshal, Major D. W. Whittle, being on  
Kenesaw with Sherman, wrote that poem, "Hold  
the Fort," which keeps up the story of the battle  
of Alatoona Pass, and the remarkable feat of the  
signal officers talking with each other sixteen miles  
apart.

With the Army of the Tennessee I followed  
Hood through Snake Creek Gap and kept close  
on his trail and then down to Gaylesville, Alabama.  
After that active campaign my force returned and  
I encamped for rest and resupply on the battle  
ground of Old Smyrna Camp Ground. From this  
place under Sherman's direction we destroyed  
railroads, twisting the rails, and tore down tele-  
graph wires, and did other damage to obstruct  
communication and pursuit preparatory to the  
then contemplated march to the sea.

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