ADDRESS.

Memorial Address to Veteran Soldiers.

No. 26, Vol. 10.

SUBJECT.

Sherman's Campaigning.
Comrades:

On this memorable occasion, I propose briefly to review a campaign. Then, next in the presence of this review, as did our exemplar Abraham Lincoln, in the presence of the facts of history, speak forth a few high resolves—resolves, not in the interest of sectionalism, nor of sectionalism, but in the interest of American cohesion. The purpose of a genuine legal conservatism. Then choose our true day of campaign between Chattanooga & Atlanta, has the front.
One hundred days' campaign between Chattanooga and Atlanta.

An important matter in the progress of the American Civil War was the transmission of supplies from the north to the south. The Confederacy, with its limited resources, was heavily dependent on the Union for supplies. The Union, on the other hand, was able to manufacture a variety of goods, including food, clothing, and weapons. The Union's superiority in this regard was significant and contributed to its eventual victory.

Conditions on the battlefield were brutal, with soldiers often enduring extreme weather conditions and facing the harsh realities of war. The Union's strategy was to wear down the Confederacy through a series of campaigns, which eventually led to the Union's victory.

In conclusion, the Union's victory was due not only to superior resources but also to effective leadership and strategic planning. The nation was forever changed by the war, with significant social and economic implications.
At Nashville, the 18th of March 1864, Grant and Sherman met. Grant had just been to Washington and put on his new crown of General-in-Chief; Sherman had but recently visited Meridian, Miss. on an experimental tour to try the mettle of his horses, the endurance of his mules and the legs of his men. He had, doubtless, entertained a covert plan of deceiving his enemies, who were looking to the four winds for this ubiquitous Angel of Reckoning. Behold these men, Grant and Sherman! Grant of medium size with short neck, square shoulders, well proportioned head and firmly knit frame. His heavy brow and large eye, changeable surely, but always masked by his strong self control, accorded him dignity and becoming respect. His smile which never failed him up to the last sickness, lighted his face, bespoke humor and good-fellowship, and to Sherman the utmost friendliness. Sherman appeared tall beside him, his forehead high, his hair light and sandy, his eye keen and
piercing and his frame, though not so compact as Grant's, supple and expressive of health and energy. Grant inspired you in his wholeness like a prairie, Sherman like a hill-country abounding in heights. His buoyant coming put one at ease. His deep pleasant voice invited attention, and his fast flowing conversation rewarded your silence.

There at Nashville they met, and Grant turned over to Sherman the Western Armies. As Grant hastened back to Washington, Sherman went with him as far as Cincinnati the two keeping up their military converse. In a word, Sherman has summed up a prolonged council of war:

"Amidst constant interruptions of a business and social nature we reached the satisfactory conclusion that as soon as the season would permit, all the armies of the Union would assume the 'bold offensive' by 'concentric lines' on the common enemy, and would finish up the job in a single campaign if possible." "The main 'objectives' were Lee's Army behind the Rapidan in Virginia, and Joseph E. Johnston's Army at Dalton, Georgia." So much for the
general plan of our Spring campaign. It is put into another form, when Grant writes Sherman the ensuing April fourth, "You, I propose to move against Johnston's Army, to break it up, and to get into the interior of the enemy's country, as far as you can, inflicting all the damage you can against their war resources." With this order Sherman was delighted and rejoiced April 10th, among other things that: "Should Johnston fall behind the Chattahoochee, I will feign to the right, but pass to the left and act against Atlanta or its eastern communications, according to developed facts." One other item followed a little later, April 19, '64. "My directions then would be, if the enemy in your front shows signs of joining Lee, follow him up to the full extent of your ability." Here was our work, comrades, in a nutshell. Take a bold offensive. - Beat Johnston. - Get into the interior. - InFLICT damage, and keep your enemy so busy that he cannot reinforce elsewhere.

To catch glimpses of how the work so ordered was undertaken, there are other pictures. General Sherman had
to break it up and get into the interior of the area we're coming as far as you can intelligently. After this other she you can obtain small war resources with this other. 

SPANISH was notified andRepeated the Great Other figure that: "Spanish laboratory tall part of the tall and not幾乎 Advice of the secret communication so urgently" I will lead to the right, but bury to the left. 

My instruction is that you follow a little later April 10. My instruction is that you follow a little later. You must be in the enemy to your front, show signs of triumph. Leave soldier him up to the left except of your military force. Take a path of war our work, commence in a natural. Leaven Heart laboratory get into the interior. I'm Letter, General Steinman and of other workers need to work so as to be able to also improve the interior. 

To carry the figures of how the work so ordered any more.
some original ways of rapid transit. A special car took him, the 25th of March, to General G. M. Dodge, then at Pulaski, Tenn. Next he joined McPherson at Huntsville, Ala. The two latter were soon with Thomas at Chattanooga; and speedily with Schofield a hundred miles eastward without rail-cars at Knoxville. Schofield turned back with them, so that shortly after, at Chattanooga, in the left hand room of a story house, now owned by Mr. J.T. Williams, took place before the end of March, a memorable meeting.

One General Schofield. He was to bring into the field about 14,000 men. He was in form more like Grant than Sherman. He combined intellectual vigor with marked judiciousness. Another, McPherson, had to furnish some 25,000 soldiers. He was already of Sherman in quickness of thought, but like all engineers more wary in his execution. With his genial face, his large high head and fine figure, he stood almost the noblest. The third, General Geo. H. Thomas, with his nearly 70,000 aggregate. He was tall, and broad, and
heavy, and handsome, of good judgment and sterling record. These three army commanders were thus assembled and the hearty Sherman was with them. Of this group, Sherman in his story has said: "We had nothing like a council of war, but consulted freely and frankly on all matters of interest then in progress or impending." At the first of May was to end the period of preparation, when the different clans should be gathered and ready for the fray. The leaders of corps and divisions, and the essential consolidations were there fixed upon; and the great problem of safe supply was, at least to themselves, satisfactorily solved. The meeting broke up—the commanders returned to their places, taking Sherman for a while back to Nashville. No man can tell the amount of hard work that resulted from this interview. That next month was pregnant with the faith and hope of the coming campaign. Behold the loaded trains, following untiringly in sight of each other; but do not stop to count the broken engines by the way side, or the cars turned topsy turvy. Behold the duplicate and triplicate bridges, the hosts of
mules and horses in motion, the redoubts and block-houses constructed or building, the sugar, the coffee and the hard-bread and other supplies, coming into Chattanooga, and the herds of cattle looing along the dusty roads leading to the front from Louisville and Nashville. The man said: "Tecumseh is a great calculator. He means business!" Thorough and confident preparations are always a source of encouragement and inspiration.

When we were ready for the bold offensive, Thomas (Howard's corps) rested at Catoosa Springs; his centre (Hooker) at Ringold, and his right (Palmer) at Leet's Tan-Yard. McPherson was near Villanow, and Schofield moving southward from Cleveland, Tenn., approached Dalton. It was the sixth of May. Notice Catoosa Springs, a watering place, and a summer resort. The surrounding hills were covered with trees, light green in tender leaf; and the mountain ranges on two sides, Lookout and Taylor's Ridge, gave substantial background to a variegated and charming landscape. The effects of war had already nearly depopulated the village, so that there was little use for the large hotel buildings or the smaller boarding
houses—afew trembling citizens and a few dubious black people were all that remained to satisfy official curiosity and supply local knowledge.

This bright morning I saw Thomas and Sherman together. Sherman, now that things were in motion, appeared happy and confident. There was not much dissent. With a map before him, he gave us briefly the entire situation.

"Here is Dalton, — there your force! — on this side Schofield. Down there Mc Pherson, soon to pass the Snake Gap and strike Johnston's line." Thomas in his quiet way at this time put forth the bolder view, viz: "Send at once the larger force, not the smaller, through the gap." Sherman shook his head, and signified that he was not yet ready to exchange his base for Johnston's. But there was no jar, only confidence in each other and strong hope in our hearts as we separated that day.

Early the next morning was another meeting in the open field. Stanley with his strong build, face and long beard. T. J. Wood of smaller stature, grayish hair and decisive, caustic ways; and Newton with
people were still half convinced to return to the old policies.

The picture I saw through my own eyes was not so

There was no map in motion, no one was

Paper

and couldn't. There was no word, no one could

Before him he was an entirely different situation.

wrote in my books - there was the other - no finer the scope

where there was no paper. Soon to base the snake gap

and strike thousands. There was no one. "Reach it once

There is no point in the other way of

But forth the path, the other, not

the other force not the master. Through the end of

the snake. We shook his head, and the dirt, and that he was not yet

reach to experience him before. At least we had

and his confidence to each other, and after

hope in our presence as we expected that day.

Early the next morning we mounted the meeting

It was the open field. Stared with his mouth partly

Lied my good bear. The wood of another recipe.

Starting with my Cecil, general, the way said Newton, after
his handsome figure and keen sensitive looks, never thoroughly contented till the conflict was actually joined.

These division commanders of the 4th corps stood near each other intently gazing upon the crest of Tunnel Hill. Our troops were already deployed and advancing in the beautiful morning light — arms were never brighter — and the confederate cavalry, in full array, coming up from beyond the ridge, with skirmish interval, added interest and emotion to the parade. — while a battery or so, hastening to place only deepened the feeling in the breasts of our experienced veterans in rapid motion. At a word of command and a bugle call the outer line took up the run, and soon cleared the whole front. A few "zip, zips" of the foremost rifles, a few cannon salutes, a few screams of shells, a few men wounded to the death or maimed for life! and that was all! When I took my stand by Stanley's side on the crest of the hill just gained, and thence sought to reconnoitre the craggy mountain range which still sheltered the bulk of Johnston's host, cried out: "General, the ball is opened!" And so it
the parapet line and keep separatine fort, never stop.

only 9 cannon fired the cannon were actually fired.

These artillery commandants of the 4th corps shan 

Each other intermary enemy now the crest of Tunnel Hill.

Our troops were screened by gunboats and mantiaing in the 

sentimental morning light since we never printed and 

the Confederates cavalry in full effect, command ny Lom 

beyond the tide, with skirmish intermary and much interest 

and emotion to the people. With a battery of the nearest of the 

the objective was the line of the battery the outer line took up to the 

两条路并肩而行，中间有一条小河。A few "kip", similar 

the gun opened 

the other line took up the 

sensed a moment a few cannon, a few shots of the foremost line, a few moments to the nearest, much 

by look I then and start war still. When I took my position in 

strayer's rifle on the crest of the hill, just because, and 

place, south to recognize the General's order, A small 

With skill mastered the park of the General's post, 

this out of service. "General the ball is opened". And so it.
had. It was a curious "ball," a long dance, for more than one hundred days. And it was a terrible dance, wilder at times than comes to foresters amid the bending and falling trees in a hurricane; it was fearfully suggestive of the savage war-dance that ends in death to white men and desolation to homes.

Far off to the center and right Palmer with his strongly marked

fierce, face and Thomas-like proportions, and the handsome,

"fighting Joe" Hooker, always a law unto himself, bore their part in the opening ball, closing up speedily to the

Rocky-face-barrier, and estopping that mouth of Georgia,

whence issued stranger, screeching, whizzing birds than those which gave the gaping moue its name of Buzzard's Gap. One such savage bird in the shape of a minnie ball flew between Howard and Thomas, wound its way past a group of staff officers, grazed the limb of a tree and fell upon the ground tearing in its flight a general's coat in three rents, and pecking an uncouth hole through the rim of a staff hat. Meanwhile Newton and his brave men against bloody resistance, were dragging cannon to
It was a certain fall, a long chance for more than a hundred years. And it was a terrible chance, without...

The streets were lively with the people and life. The trees were a mixture of new and old, each standing alone.

The savages were missing, their homes in the distance, and the people...

And occasionally to the center and right parties with the route...

I took my horse, trod on a farm into the forest, and the horses...

It is true and Thomas: The propitious and the hard.

Lighting the horse, there was a flaw into the forest. There they were standing...

A horse was missing, standing, and the horse was...

The savages were missing, standing in the head of the enterprise.

There were more people than the explorers in the head of the enterprise.

One such savages and a horse, now it's my only friend.

The time of a metal plate. Meanwhile Newton and the plane...

May present preach, resistance, were present, cannot to
the very hostile crest northward; and Hooker was ascend-
ing the mountain against heavy odds southward of the old Buzzard's formidable Roosts.

One scene at Resaca might be painted. Two rivers together, one the Oostenango flowing west, and its trib-
utary, the Connsaugua, south. Confederate Johnston, after fleeing from Dalton, placed his army in the N. W. angle of the streams resting Polk's corps against the Oostenango, facing west, put Hardee's next, running up a creek, and then bore Hood back in a convex curve till his men touched the Connsaugua. Sherman made Mc Pherson breast Polk; Schofield face Hardee's indented lines, and Thomas take care of Hood. Thus we were holding the outer or enveloping lines, in the midst of forest land exceedingly rough and wild. Thomas had not men enough to cover all half of Hood's front. Stanley, of Howard's corps, held the left. He put much cannon on convenient knolls and had as large reserves as he could spare; but the indomitable Hood or the wary Johnston had discovered the weakness of our left, so that about three P. M. the
the very hopeless great work and hooker are same-
the mountain secure hear all the country the on-

business' far unhappy coffee
no one menus because went to be painted, the four.
two men's, one the covered a chimney west, and is trip-
- together, one the covered a chimney west, and is trip-

after leaving from toward, please me many to the UK.

conserve of the at lease, raising folk, copse escape the
- condition, lasting west, but her bee's nest, running on a
creek, and then come hook back to a corner come fill the

and men beside, the conservancy, spanning seven to i'm sure.

next to: conservancy face her bee's nest, filling these, and
honor take care of hook. This we were position the outer

of expanding lines, in the middle of forest land exceeded
their long and with 's twenty had not men another to cover

part of hook, there. Hept the teller. He hurt much cannot on conservation

wonder, held the teller. He hurt much cannot on conservation

knows any past as late receiver as be come across put
the information hook of the way, information had uncovered
the members of one tell, so that short time.
masses of Hood came pouring, like mountain torrents, upon Stanley and far beyond the reach of his rifles and the staying force of his artillery. Word came, "Stanley's left is turned." He remembered past turnings and disorders resulting therefrom, and so instantly rode with speed to a group of mounted officers not far from there. Here were Hooker, Thomas and Sherman together, and their subordinate. "What is it Howard." said Thomas anxiously. "I want a division at once for my left."

"General Hooker will give you one." "Yes", said Hooker. "Williams is right there." Col. Morgan, of Howard's staff, in less than five minutes was guiding Williams' brave men to the threatened flank. Again in less than fifteen minutes Hood's masses were running back for cover to his fortified ground. This was the crisis, and these the critical moments. Prompt action and fearless men saved us from impending disaster.

Again. On the 17th of May, between four and five P.M. Howard and Newton with their respective staffs all mounted, were watching from elevated ground Newton's skirmish line, as
it joined fire with Johnston's rear guard. Musketery was lively and a few cannon were sounding, something like a lion's interrupted roar, or the thunder of an approaching storm. Sherman and other officers rode up and began to take observations. Suddenly from a new place beyond our lines from the edge of a wood a four-gun battery seemed to take us for a practice-target. Shell after shell cut the air and burst beside and behind us, and over our heads. It was, probably, the fourth shot which exploded high up skyward, but at just the point to scatter its fragments among the men and animals of our company, Col. Morgan's horse was injured; Lieut.-Col. Fullerton's put hors de combat, and several others of the orderlies and escort lamed or slain. Capt. Bliss, of Newton's staff lost his shoulder strap by a flying fragment and he himself was painfully hurt. Of course that social crowd instantly altered the shape of the practice-target and changed its location. That affair was part of the battle of Adairsville.

The picture at New Hope Church seems in the memory,
It took life with Johnson's last burst. MacBook was a few years ago. Some small life in life. A lot of trouble to the punch of the mechanical agent.

Soon after, others followed. They were a new phase of the work of a month's practice.-Said after the news was gone. We turn to the mill and great people and plants and over one another. It was, it seems, the coming of death. And they work to the point to say. And they work to the point to say. And they work to the point to say. And they work to the point to say. And they work to the point to say. And they work to the point to say. And they work to the point to say.
like the painting of a young artist who has played too much upon his canvass. There was Hooker just at evening in an open wood,—there were glimpses of log-breastworks beyond him from which came fierce firing against his lines stretched out,—there were numberless maimed and many dead among the trees,—and a little back, was a church with many wounded and many surgeons doing bloody work. It was dreadfully dark that night. Schofield's horse stumbled and disabled him, and Gen. Cox took his place. We had numerous torches weird in effect among the trees as our men bravely worked into place and intrenched their batteries, and covered front. But the torches seemed to make the darkness darker and our hopes that night beat low. Johnston stopped us rudely at New Hope Church. But Dallas and McPherson afterwards off to our right gave us the reverse side of the picture, and so hopes which had dropped revived when Confederates, and not Yankees, were several times driven back.

There was another night scene, though not quite so gloomy as that of New Hope Church, the 27th of May at
like the picture of a horse. He put his heart into it.

There were hooks so easy to use and the canvas
just as easy to put up; the whole was a pleasure.

I have been working on an open wood; there were all sorts of
joyous words for the family. It was a pleasure to think
of the family. The first after the last was - my little back
worn out and my feet were on the floor and my back
was a sight of much wonder and much amusement.

Reading practically that night, so

like a horse, I made a horse seen and tried for this

It's a horse, how? And a horse is not - and Co. Cox

took it. The place we had promised to now were in allot

our cow had a problem which I hope that right

patteren and covered a lot. But the horses succeed
to make the hoofer who groan and our hopes that right

of the horse's eye to make progress, and no horse which had

recently taken another pack.
Pickett's Mill. Our enemy thus describes its cause. He says: "The fighting rose above the grade of skirmishing especially in the afternoon when at half past five the fourth corps, (Howard) (there was only Wood's division) and a division of the 14th (Palmer) attempted to turn our right, but the movement, after being impeded by the cavalry, was met by two regiments of our right division (Cleburne's) and two brigades of his second brought up on the first. The federal formation was so deep that its front did not equal that of our two brigades; consequently those troops were greatly exposed to our musketry, - all but the leading troops being on a hill-side facing us. They advanced until their first line was within 25 or 30 paces of ours and fell back only after at least 700 men had fallen dead in their places. When the leading federal troops paused in their advance, a color bearer came on and planted his colors eight or ten feet in front of his regiment, but was killed in the act. A soldier who sprang forward to hold up or bear off the colors was shot dead as he seized the staff. Two others who followed suc-
cessively fell like him, but the fourth bore back the noble emblem. Some time after night-fall (the Confederates) captured above 200 prisoners in the hollow before them."

It was of that sad night that General Howard has written: "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 he did not so, because he found our position too strong to warrant the attempt. With a foot bruised by a 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 positions chosen for them. Gen. R. W. Johnson, (Palmer's Div. Com'd'r) had been wounded and Capt. Stinson of my staff had been shot through the lungs, and a large number lay there on a sidling slope by a faint camp fire, with broken limbs or disfigured faces." Actually but one division (Howard) made the unsuccessful assault and its conduct received a brave enemy's praise. The fighting and the night work
sensed the object of the movement and caused Johnston to swing back his whole army to a new position.

Behold the scene at Pine Top mountain, where a reconnoitering group of confederate generals were surprised and scattered by a shell, but Polk left behind, lay dead.

Later Behold the Kennesaw, twin mountain-ridges with southern slope, studded with abbas and fallen trees, and fortified with ditches and heavy logs, and manned by abundant confederate rifles and cannon.

There The 27th of June a strong and well sustained assault was made, through shot and shell, over trees and rough ground, entangled in the Divisions of Newton and Jeff. C. Davis. Hawker and Dan McCook and a host of other gallant soldiers leading a forlorn hope, surrendered life close to the impassable barriers.

The 4th of July Smyrna Camp Ground developed another hostile earth-work amid forest trees, behind a broad open field. Stanley there showed how to double skirmishers, capture intrenched pickets, put cannon behind new epaulettes while the air and neighboring groves were full of crazing noises and hateful missels.
Here Atlanta was in plain sight. Johnston had bothered us long. He had repelled direct assaults with success except, perhaps, at Muddy Creek where Baird and Hooker had ditched and covered their men at one of his angles, and then had run over his barricades. But Sherman by that unceasing flanking operation of his, always accomplished, while Hooker, Palmer and Howard were hammering away at the centre motes, which had no approaches and no drawbridges, had now at last pressed Johnston back, back across the Cowah and across the Chattahoochee to Atlanta! Johnston planned a final terrible blow for Peach Tree Creek, when fortunately for Sherman, Jefferson Davis favoring, as he claimed, the indications of Providence, relieved Johnston from command and put in charge the hardy, fearless, rash, indomitable Hood. He at once, as was expected, took the offensive. He came on, as at Gettysburg, from the close wood into the valley, to welcome us in his chloroform was several miles out from Atlanta. His blows were so sudden and his onslaught so swift that at first it disturbed Hooker's breathing and made Williams talk fast and Geary
suspend his Kansas and Mexican war stories. In the language of the foot-ball men, "they had for a few hours, a hard tussle," lost heavily, but managed to keep on the Atlanta side of the Peach Tree. Newton planted his big cross at the East end of the line, and though, no doubt, badly terrified was, as always, too obstinate to go back. Thomas, modestly put in reserve batteries and kept pieces of iron rattling among the chaparral and alders of those low-land intervals. So Thomas and Newton preserved that weak left flank from capture. Hood had put forth his tremendous energy, but was baffled and turned back to his cover within the strongly fortified lines of the important city.

Mark the 22nd of July. Hood dispatched Hardee, in the night, to turn by a fifteen mile circuit the southeast flank of Sherman. The army of the Tenn. was there on the left. The attack came from the south and east. Dodge's corps in reserve was first struck. Mc Pherson was slain. Then Blair's, then Logan's. Dodge held his ground. Blair gave, after heavy loss, a double repulse,
I believe the statement You have made to me is correct. If I am told to proceed with the

work, I will do so with all due speed. However, I am not convinced that it is the best way to

achieve our objective. I feel we should explore other options before making a final decision.

Please let me know your thoughts on this matter as soon as possible.

Sincerely yours,

[Signature]
and Logan gallantly received the final break.

Sherman, Thomas and Schofield sat upon their horses near the Howard House watching with deep interest the play of the lightning and hearing the roar of the thunder till the terrible storm had passed. Once more Hood withdrew his shattered column to town.

The 27th of July, ensuing, by the President's order Howard was given McPherson's command. He led the way to Ezra Chapel, going from the left around by the road to the extreme right. Dodge deployed his corps next to Thomas, then Blair, and lastly Logan was finishing the flank movement the next morning just in front of Sherman and Howard, and about attaining with his deployed line a wooded height, the battle began. It raged for hours. Logan's front was mainly engaged, but regiments from Blair, promptly led to place by Strong, and help of men and batteries from Dodge and Blair, stopped a fearful breach and over flowed, and effectually held back the flanking flood. As this was Hood's third attempt, anger and seemed to have transfused from his heart into his charg-
ing lines; it showed itself in the scream, the yell, the run, the brisk unceasing musket-fire and the cannon roar. We cannot forget them! But our enemy was effectually repulsed at every point and the sad field at night was ours. The baffled Confederates were again defeated and returned to the shelter of protecting batteries.

From the 25th to the 30th of August, Sherman's forces made a curious manoeuvre. If you should face a line of Artillery to the rear and then make a little more than a half wheel about its new left as a pivot, you would get some idea of the manner in which we fell upon Hood's communications. Yet the line, like an India rubber string, was extended till the army of the Tenn. reached Renfro Place, 25 miles from Atlanta. Schofield kept near the pivot; and Thomas was between.

The evening of the 30th, after a weary day during which our Cavalry and Infantry had been forcing a succession of log barricades and repairing culverts and bridges, we came to a tract of barren sand-banks, intending to camp there for the night. After a short halt Howard called
Kilpatrick to him and said: "It is but six miles to Flint River, where a bridge crosses and but a few more to Jonesboro, the railway station. Can you send me an officer who can take a squadron of cavalry and keep Wheeler's rear guard in motion?" "Yes, here is Captain Estes. He can do it if any body can." "All right, go ahead, Estes; I will follow you with infantry." Wheeler's men thinking we had stopped for the night had already dismounted and were preparing to bivouac at a respectful distance, when suddenly they beheld Capt. Estes with his indomitable squadron charging down the road. The Confederates sprang to their saddles and no body tarried, neither pursuer or pursued, till the Flint River bridge had been reached. Our men extinguished the flames already kindled, saved the bridge and soon were crossing in force, just as the twilight was darkening into the night.

One corps, Logan's, was quickly marched along the further bank of the river and began to ascend the wooded hill beyond. Hardee's corps hastily brought hither by rail from Atlanta, now gave in the darkness only a feeble skir-
Kipling’s to him any share ‘It it put six miles to

Hartley Kiersey where a prison course was but a few more to

you know me as of

corporation the railroad station, can you reach me as of

liner you can take a suspension of caution and keep clear! He

did you in matters’ ‘Yes, there is 80 Captan Eate! He
cas to it to any port can’ ‘All right, no speech, Captain!

I will follow you with involuntary. Heener’s men think

it, if we fast stopped for the light and let them understand

say were preparing to proponent a merciful intention

been uniformly from perfect Captain Eate! Eate with the

institution adorning chalice round. The sauce

states salary to their neighbors and no body carrieth weight

ef derungen or instant, put the Alto River bridge and

peerless peerless. Our men exceedeth the idea already

Kipling’s which the bridge may soon were occurring in case

just as the spotlight was extinguished into the night

one coarse, tender, are thus entirely extinguished from the banquet

If you have to see the furniture only a lamp’s light

park of the river may begin to reach the wooden pill on

people there is a coarse patchy circular Figure 7 last

from within’ you have to the furniture only a lamp’s light
mish line resistance. We charged the hill, cleared the way to the crest, and the men, though exceedingly weary with a long march of 25 miles or more, worked the whole night to cover their front with the habitual intrenchments. The next day, the 31st of August, Logan's and Ramsom's men supported by Blair, received Hardee's renewal of the conflict. The charges were not as vigorous as at Atlanta. They were all along the line repulsed. Before the next day Thomas had closed in on Howard's left and the two made a vigorous push for Jonesboro. By this movement Hardee's half of Hood's army was put to flight. The instant the situation was known to Hood, still at Atlanta, he abandoned that city and succeeded by a wonderful night march in forming a junction with Hardee below us at Lovejoy station. Slocum, who with the 20th corps being left behind, had intrenched himself in a strong fortified place across Sherman's northern communications, soon had positive evidence by the city fires and explosions, that Hood had left. He put his columns in motion at dawn of 2nd September and marched joyously into the lately beleaguered city.
Gen. Sherman who was near us at Jonesboro, gives a graphic picture of: "That night," he says. "I was so restless and impatient that I could not sleep, and about midnight there arose, toward Atlanta, sounds of shells exploding and other sounds like that of musketry. I walked to the house of a farmer close by my bivouac, called him out to listen to the reverberations which came from the direction of Atlanta, (20 miles from us,) and inquired of him if he had resided there long. He said he had, and that these sounds were just like those of a battle. An interval of quiet then ensued when again, about 4 A. M., arose another similar explosion, but I still remained in doubt whether the enemy was engaged in blowing up his own magazines, or whether Gen. Slocum had not felt forward and became engaged in a real battle." Later that day rumor followed rumor that Hood was gone. Finally a note from Slocum himself assured our anxious General of the facts. Then as he turned back to take possession he sent to Mr. Lincoln that memorable despatch, "Atlanta is ours and fairly won."
You are near me at the present time, please give me a report:

"That night" I hear... "I was to decide on..."

That night's events were crucial. I cannot forget them.

A report will be more... forward, Atlanta, source of... After exploring and finding some... I walked to the house of a lawyer, close to my prison.

I walked out to listen to the reverberations within. I again fear to mention the lawyer's name, as it remains a secret to all.
As Hood was yet strong he prepared himself while we rested, and re-equipped to make a vigorous offensive campaign with a view, as was said, to strike our lines of supply and tow us back, little by little, first to Chattanooga, then by a bold effort crossing the Tenn. to bring us to Nashville. If successful in this it was hoped that Sherman with his Generals, Thomas, Schofield and Howard would a little later fetch up at Louisville, Ky. The rash Hood succeeded in doing us much damage. He caused the death of many men and severe trials to many more, but he himself being defeated by Schofield, at Franklin, succeeded in breaking up and destroying his whole army upon the bayonets of Thomas at Nashville. Meanwhile Atlanta, now depopulated, had become an important centre from which to send forth toward Grant in Virginia, a finely equipped, completely reorganized conquering force. Probably no words uttered at this date could give to our children an idea of the joy and the assurance of hope that penetrated all classes of society when the proclamation was made at Washington and echoed through the North and West, "Atlanta
is won." It meant, that "our glorious cause had prevailed! Rebellion, it said cannot last much longer! Henceforth every slave that touches our soil shall be forever free."

It spoke of the end of war, of the beginning of peace, glimpses of which were already seen from the hill-tops of Georgia. It meant speedy emancipation to white men as well as to black. It spoke of happy homes soon to be revisited, of lovely women and precious children, who had long waited for such good news, and whose eyes were already sparkling with delight to welcome us home. Yes, Yes, Atlanta won was indeed a bow of promise set in the clouds though yet heavy; a bow of promise to America and to the world that right and justice and honor shall prevail, and God's will be done sooner or later upon the earth.
Now, then, in view of all this and a hundred other campaigns of unparalleled heroism and sacrifice, what do the veterans ask on their memorial occasions? They earnestly desire their children to remember not so much their prowess as their cause.

Loyal souls fought first that our constitutional government might not perish. Resolve then that what we saved by blood shall never, never be lost. Saved from the people, take away the right to worship God; it might result in a French Republic, but it would not be ours.

Let scenes from ancient organizations, all scenes from ancient organizations, from the Ten Commandments, from the Royal Arch, from the Reformed Order and Christ's Golden Rule from the public schools; the enemy of our institutions has made a lodgment. It will not be driven; Pray for schools!
The public money shall be divided and our complete common school system, that
summoned for, shall be forever destroyed.
Loyal souls bought, second, that
There should not be a slave on our soil. We free the slaves.
2. Resolve, then, that the freedom we promised shall be made good, not in a mean and stunted
way; but make the fulfilling general and complete.

Let not any stuffing go on with
the purity in any district. Then follows
the stealing of the taxes, the cheating
of the voters and the murder of
the inspectors. The freedmen are cheated out of their right of free men of mankind.
3. Resolve then that citizenship shall be clearly defined and maintained by whatever quantum of power is essential to its maintenance.

If a vote is bought or a vote is sold, such buying or selling is a blow against the common stock of our liberties. Citizenship is a safeguard. It is no defense that the other party commits the offense.

Loyal souls fought, feared to make it clear as the daylight that secession or rebellion against the Nation was a great wrong.

H. Resolve then that secession and rebellion shall not be honored.

Loyalty and not conquest is right. But let not loyal suffering which

Shame on the coward man who
part of the monetary prize, against 29
by the death of Black men. Be the men
remember!

Joyal feels freight, fifty, and
very much under the flag should be
granted a fair chance in the race
of life.

Selfish combinations whether of
the capitalists or the laborers, show
dangerous tendencies. The Republic
may stand the strain till the
contests are settled, but

Preamble, oh, resolve, to mitigate
the ills by every man remembering
that he is his brother’s keeper,
and that it is his privilege
to do all in his power for
his advancement. For the best
possible political philosophy is
our approval, recognition, from the Lord
our God with all the friends of the neighbor
his God with all the friends of the neighbor
his God with all the friends of the neighbor
his God with all the friends of the neighbor
do they self, bringing capital into blessings
and fills the coffee any.