



TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS.

ESTABLISHED 1837.—NEW SERIES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1885.

VOL. IV.—NO. 42.—WHOLE NO. 138.

MILITARY MEMOIRS.

Sherman's Army Halted in Front of Atlanta.

SCHOFIELD AND PALMER.

The Flanking Movement to Jonesboro.

A SHARP BATTLE.

Hood Blows up His Ammunition and Evacuates.

BY BREVET MAJ.-GEN. WM. P. CARLIN, COLONEL 4TH U. S. INF. [FOURTH, 1885.]

XXIV.
And now I will jump at once to KENESAW MOUNTAIN.

This mountain seems to rise up out of a comparatively level country and to stand alone, without being one in a range. To a casual observer it seems to be an isolated peak. It is only three or four miles north of Marietta, Ga., and the Georgia State Railroad runs along near its base to Marietta. Johnston had taken the mountain as the key of a new position, and held the spur pointing westward, southwestward and southeastward. It was a very strong position, and much did it puzzle Sherman, I imagine, to get around it. When we first came in front of Kenesaw the railroad was not in operation, but soon after getting in line in front of the rebel lines, a train came down and an enemy whistle, as if in mockery at an enemy, had a battery on the very apex of the mountain, and they missed no good opportunity.

PRACTICE THEIR SKILL AS ARTILLERISTS on any party or body of men in sight, provided only it seemed to belong to our army. One morning about 9 o'clock, when it was raining and even cold for June, I rode among my picket-line, which was posted along a little stream and shielded from the view of the enemy by a fringe of trees. So long as I kept in the shadow of those trees I was safe from the main picket-line of the enemy and from their batteries on the mountain. But after I had passed entirely around the line from the extreme right to the extreme left I decided to return to my headquarters by a direct line over an open field, which was freshly plowed and very muddy. I was riding a very showy dappled-gray stallion, which had been presented to me near Chattanooga by Col. Anson G. McCook, Dr. Miller, and other officers of the brigade, and was followed by two or three orderlies and a staff officer.

The route taken brought my party in plain view of the entire picket-line of the Confederate army fronting to the north and west. Their pickets at once opened fire on my party, my silver-gray horse shining like burnished metal in the sunlight, making a shining mark for their rifles. The bullets flew thick and fast around me. My horse became restive and troublesome. The artillery on the mountain opened on us also, and ours responded. In the hottest of the rebel firing, Private Marcus A. Conner, 2d Ohio, turned around in his saddle, doubled up his fist, and, shaking it at the rebel line, exclaimed: "Oh! yes! ————, I wish I had my eye here!" These blanks can be filled at the pleasure and according to the experience of the reader. It is certain that Marcus A. Conner's profane words did not stop the enemy's fire. On the contrary, it continued without cessation all that day and far into the night. And I remember that one poor man was killed at night while the Surgeon was trying to perform an operation on him with a blanket held up between him and the enemy's battery on the mountain; but even the lights under the blanket enabled the rebel artificers to aim with such accuracy that they pierced the blanket and

KILLED THE WOUNDED MAN beneath its supposed shelter. It was here in front of Kenesaw that I one day met Gen. John Newton, commanding a division. This was another gallant Virginian who remained true to the Union like Thomas. He is now Chief of Engineers, U. S. Army. I was changing my position and had occasion to pass by Gen. Newton's, which was then under a hot fire from the enemy. My brigade had to march directly across this field of fire, and cannon-balls were crossing our line of march incessantly. Finally one of these balls struck the wet ground about 10 yards off to my left. Instantly afterwards I became insensible for a moment, then recovered slight consciousness, but was blind. I felt a tingling sensation about the eyes, mouth and nostrils. I was smoking a pipe when the ball struck the ground. What had happened I did not know, except that my eyes, mouth and nostrils were closed. After waiting for some seconds, I could open my eyes just wide enough to see that a little stream of water was running near our path. Some one led me to it. I washed my face, eyes, mouth and nostrils very carefully, and found that nothing had happened to me except that the cannon-ball had splattered mud into my face, eyes, mouth and nostrils with such force as to stun me for a few moments; but really for a brief interval I fancied that my head had been taken off without seriously hurting me. I will not refer to the books to ascertain when the gallant Chas. J. Harker, Brigadier-General, and the equally gallant Daniel McCook, a Colonel and brigade commander, fell dead at the head of their respective brigades while leading them in an assault on the fortified position of the enemy. It was in June, 1864. It was a very heavy loss to the country that day. The number of killed was very great, as well as the number of wounded. The assault failed. Harker was a most promising young General. He reminded me of McPherson in his younger

days. If he had lived his career would have been upward and onward. Ohio was remarkably prolific in military talents and heroic characters, but among her younger general officers I think Harker was entitled to the first rank, and if he had lived he would have attained it by pure merit alone.

Daniel McCook was a brave soldier and a sensible man. His loss was indeed a very severe one. Of the many McCooks who held high positions in the Union army, Daniel and his cousin Anson G. were by no means least meritorious. I always held them both in high esteem. The former has had an honorable career in civil life since the war. After serving two or three terms in Congress from a district in New York city, editing meanwhile the *Law Journal*, he is now Secretary of the United States Senate, a position which I hope he may long fill to the satisfaction of the Senate.

One day in June, while in front of Kenesaw, five or six men of my brigade (42d Ind., I believe) were standing around a camp-fire toasting meat and eating. Off to the right and front about 200 yards was a grove of timber, and behind it were the rebel intrenchments. The enemy seeing these men around the fire moved the guns of a battery out to the edge of the wood, and while still masked suddenly fired shells into the little grove. Two men were killed outright. Serg't Smith was mangled in so fearful a manner that I cannot describe his condition. He was placed on a stretcher and carried to the rear by four men. As he was passing near me he lowered the stretcher to the ground and stop, as he wanted to speak to me. He commenced by saying, "General, I hope you will not be discouraged. It is a good cause. I have lost both legs, but if I had a thousand limbs I would cheerfully give them all up in such a cause."

I told him I thought he should go on to the hospital and have the care of the Surgeons as soon as possible. I asked his name and post-office address and the condition of his family. He replied: "The good Lord is a very kind to me. I do not suffer much. I have a wife and six children. White Clay Post-office, Indiana, is my address. I have nothing for my family but my pay as Sergeant. Don't be discouraged, General; the cause will be triumphant yet!" The words and manner of this man have always impressed me very forcibly. From what I could see of his wounds I thought he would die very soon, perhaps before he could reach the hospital. I have often desired to hear more of him, but have never had a word from him or any one concerning him. His name was Smith. I have always regarded this man as the truest hero I have personally known.

And now, about the last of June, 1864, I felt called upon by the irresistible attraction of a previous engagement of a personal nature to ask leave of absence for 30 days for the purpose of visiting the North, and I shall have to omit any further account of the operations of the First Brigade, First Division, Fourteenth Corps, till it had assisted in flanking Johnston's army out of his stronghold at Kenesaw Mountain, had crossed the Chattahoochee River, had fought the battle of Peach Tree Creek July 22, and had settled down to the siege of Atlanta, when I rejoined my brigade.

During my absence of 30 days, that is, during July, 1864, Sherman had maneuvered Johnston out of his strong position at Kenesaw Mountain and forced him to cross the Chattahoochee. The battle of Peach Tree Creek, on the 22d of July, had been fought, my brigade being then under command of Col. Anson G. McCook. The brigade, from all accounts, displayed its customary valor and discipline. When I rejoined my command about the last day of July I found it in front of the very formidable earthworks in front of Atlanta. Sherman had procured heavy guns from the rear, erected batteries, and was throwing big shells and solid shot into the city. While the earthworks thrown up by the labor of the faithful negro slaves were sufficient, when manned by the brave white rebel, to keep the Union armies out of Atlanta, they could not prevent the fearful missiles from the Union guns from tearing and crashing through the walls of the buildings in Atlanta. But just so long as Sherman chose to remain in front of those impregnable earthworks, so long could the enemy hold the city, which has been appropriately called the

GATE OF THE SOUTH.
But he concluded to stay till he had unburied himself of about 4,000 pounds of shot and shell, which he sent over the parapets to the enemy with his compliments, when he became impatient to get on, and commenced another great flanking operation, which to all military students is worthy of most careful and thorough study. It is doubtful if in all the wonderful resources of Sherman's mind he ever planned so important a movement as that by which he transferred his army from the front of Atlanta to the little village of Jonesboro, Ga., on the railroad from Atlanta to Macon, and about 20 miles south of the former city. But there is something to be said before we come to this movement.

The infantry had little to do except lounge in their camps near their position in line during this cannonading of Atlanta. The enemy was not slow or backward in returning our fire, and they showed that they were not scarce of artillery ammunition. I remember an amusing incident told me by Gen. R. W. Johnson, my division commander, during one of those hot spells of rebel cannonading. There was a German officer on his staff, whose term of service was about to expire, and of which the Captain intended to avail himself in order to go North, and possibly to return to his fatherland. The cannon balls from Atlanta were whizzing through the air and crashing through the trees in such a way as to make nervous persons very uncomfortable. The General observed that his Captain, who was so soon to sever his connection with his staff, was dodging and ducking his head when cannon balls seem to be searching the woods and the

air for him. The General spoke to him on the subject, and rebuked him. The Captain replied: "Mein Gott, Sheneral, my time vil pe out in a veek, and I don't vont to pe killed by accident."

Early in August Sherman ordered a movement of the Fourteenth and Twenty-third Corps, commanded respectively by Maj.-Gen. John M. Palmer and Maj.-Gen. John M. Schofield, for the purpose of getting possession of the railroad from Atlanta to West Point, Ga. The ground over which Johnson's Division had to be moved was very rough and covered with underbrush, rendering it almost impassable, especially when the movement was obstructed by a vigilant and active enemy. There was a dispute between Schofield and Palmer about the right of command when Schofield's and Palmer's Corps joined in the same movement. Sherman ordered Palmer to obey Schofield's orders. Without going into the merits of the question, the difficulty resulted in Palmer leaving his corps and the Army of the Cumberland, which I regretted. He was soon afterwards assigned to the command of the Department of Kentucky, with headquarters at Louisville, Ky. R. W. Johnson succeeded to the command of the Fourteenth Corps for a few days, when he was relieved by Gen. Jefferson C. Davis, who had been formally assigned to it by the President, presumably upon the recommendation of Gen. Sherman and, perhaps, of Gen. G. H. Thomas.

Shortly after this assignment, but so far as I knew, not in consequence of it, Gen. Johnson obtained leave of absence, and then I became the commander of the First Division, Fourteenth Corps, on the 15th of August, 1864.

About the 26th of August the Fourteenth Corps was moved from its position in front of Atlanta to one at the head of Utsey Creek. The same tedious desultory skirmishing was kept up here as at the former position. But a little variety in the course of events came occasionally to break the monotony of life. In some way a very kind sort of feeling sprang up between the pickets of the opposing armies. It resulted from the habit of trading along the picket lines between the men. The Confederates had excellent tobacco, and more than they wanted. The Union men had pocket knives and various notions that they would trade for tobacco. Sometimes two or more men would meet at the picket-line and begin their barter, and after attending to that would branch off into a discussion of the political situation and the prospects of the country. On one occasion a large crowd assembled at the picket-line, perhaps 200 or 300, and seemed disposed to discuss the prospects of peace. Col. H. C. Hobart, of the 21st Wis., a ready and interesting speaker, availed himself of the occasion to deliver quite a speech to his mixed audience. Among other ideas he told the Confederates that it was our plan to people the country as we progressed southward in our conquests.

Finally the Confederate officers seemed to become uneasy about the loyalty of their men, and ordered them quietly to their proper stations in line of battle. It was about this time that a Confederate soldier, who had been captured by a Union man, made a complaint to me that he had been enticed to our picket-line

BY A PERfidious YANKEE, under pretense of bartering a pocket-knife for tobacco, and that he did not consider he was fairly captured. After investigating the matter I arrived at the same conclusion that the Union man had been practicing the old saying that "all is fair in war," and I took the responsibility of relieving the Confederate, and sent him back to his own army. The man remarked that he would not have felt so badly to have been captured, but as he came to the Federal picket-line voluntarily under the inducement stated above, that his officers and comrades would naturally conclude he had deserted; and to avert the annoyance and disgrace that would be visited on his wife and children unjustly, he protested against his capture. It seemed to me wrong to take advantage of the petty ruse that had been played on this Confederate soldier, and that it would do our cause no good to profit by it. If a large force or important post or place had been involved, I decided on a course that would accomplish more good and at the same time be more honorable. As soon as arrangements could be effected I ordered my picket-line, which was suitably strengthened and instructed, to charge on that of the enemy and capture the whole of it. This was accomplished with little or no loss. About 100 prisoners were taken. Among them was the same Georgia Confederate who had been unfairly captured before and returned to his lines by my direction.

FLANKING ATLANTA.
The details of Sherman's movement from the immediate front of Atlanta and Hood's army are set forth in Van Horn's History of the Army of the Cumberland, in Sherman's Memoirs, and in all good histories of the war. I will therefore refer the reader to these detailed accounts if they desire further information on this interesting military operation.

About the 1st of August the Army of the Tennessee, under command of Maj.-Gen. O. O. Howard, who had succeeded the lamented McPherson, who was killed July 22, was drawn up in front of Jonesboro on the west. Hood had penetrated Sherman's design, striking the railroad south of Atlanta and breaking it, thus leaving Hood cut off from all sources of supplies for his army and for the people of Atlanta, and had sent Hardee's and Lee's Corps to Jonesboro to fortify and hold the place and, if possible, to protect the railroad. The Fourth and Fourteenth Corps, Army of the Cumberland, had approached near Jonesboro also, the former moving down the railroad, the latter after destroying some miles of the West Point Railroad, moving by Reno's to a position on the left of that assigned to the Army of the Tennessee. The Second Division

of the Fourteenth Corps, Gen. James D. Morgan commanding, was placed in position to the left of the Army of the Tennessee, facing eastward and directly fronting the railroad and breastworks thrown up and held by the rebel troops. My division was probably more than a mile to the left of Morgan on the morning of Sept. 1, 1864. Gen. Thomas and the corps commander, Gen. Davis, were both with or near the First Division. Gen. Thomas finally decided where to put the division in action and intrenched Davis accordingly. He was to accompany the First Division to a house surrounded by woods, and perhaps 400 yards west of the railroad. This brought me about 600 yards north of the position fortified and held by the enemy, or rather that part of their line perpendicular to the railroad and to their main front. In all my movements that morning my division had been under fire from a battery in plain view, which was directly in the angle formed by their line—that is, where their line faced Morgan and the Army of the Tennessee formed a right angle with that which faced the First Division, Fourteenth Corps. The enemy were still working vigorously with axes, spades and picks in strengthening their breastworks. Their battery at the angle was

FIRING MOST SPITEFULLY but wildly at my troops, while Thomas also was with his staff. The little shells seemed to be harmless, although they exploded over our heads, under our feet, under our horses—everywhere. Finally, my division was placed where Thomas wanted it. It or at least two brigades of it, were to move south, to the west of the railroad, and assault the enemy's works. The brigade of Regulars, commanded by Lieut.-Col. John R. Edie, was on my right. The brigade commanded by Col. M. F. Moore was on the left. For a hundred yards or more we passed through underbrush, and then came into open but broken ground. I was near the Regular brigade; coming to a little stream, perhaps 200 yards north of the enemy's works, I ordered Col. Edie to assault the enemy's position and take it. The battalions of the 18th, 19th, 13th, and 16th regiments advanced steadily and reached the works, and drove the enemy from them. The 18th infantry held fast to their capture. The rebels brought up re-enforcements and drove my troops back and recovered the works. Then Gen. Davis sent Col. Estes's Brigade of Baird's Division to me, absolutely to Baird to support me. Gen. Absalom Baird came with Estes's Brigade, placed it in line, rode at the right flank of the brigade, talking kindly to the men and encouraging them. All this time the enemy had been pouring a very heavy fire upon my troops, and especially at the Regular brigade and the brigade of Baird's Division. The conduct of Gen. Baird on this occasion was truly admirable. Though senior to me in rank and only directed to send the brigade to my assistance, he came with it and led it in the assault, under the hottest fire, which assault was perfectly successful. We took the works, and in conjunction with Morgan's Division of the same corps, captured a brigade of Confederate troops, commanded by Brig.-Gen. D. C. Govan. The battery at the angle, referred to before, was also captured. This success was due chiefly to the First and Second Divisions of the Fourteenth Corps, and Estes's Brigade of the Third (Baird's) Division of the same corps, Army of the Cumberland. It is true that the moral support of the Army of the Tennessee and the Fourth Corps, who were near at hand, was valuable. The Fourth Corps did not get into position in time to assist in capturing the rebel troops, which seemed feasible and which was understood to be Sherman's plan. This corps was to have come on the left of the Fourteenth, and extended across the railroad to the rear of the Confederates. That night a

SERIES OF TREMENDOUS EXPLOSIONS was heard. It was of a magnitude never heard before, probably, by any person in Sherman's army. It was in the direction of Atlanta. It continued almost incessantly for an hour or longer. At times the roar would rise step by step to almost deafening volume, and then subside into silence. Again it would break forth as if the earth itself were being torn into atoms. There was much speculation as to the origin and cause of these explosions. They proceeded from the orders of Gen. Hood himself, as his last act before abandoning Atlanta and leaving its empty ruins to Sherman. After the defeat of his two corps at Jonesboro he saw the necessity of retreating to the remainder of his army without loss of time. Removing all supplies, including ammunition, which was practically, in wagons, he deliberately set fire to all the cars laden with shell, powder, cartridges,—almost 90 cars in all,—and this caused the explosions that so astonished us many miles away. I wonder what the men, women and children remaining in Atlanta thought of it. No sane person could have hoped for any possible advantage to be gained by further prosecution of the bloody war. But there were no signs of surrender on the part of the Confederates. Hood moved to Lovejoy's Station, a few miles below Jonesboro. My division was a part of the force that was sent on to that point. It was there announced that the army would rest awhile at and around Atlanta. Gen. Slocum, who had succeeded Hooker in command of the Twentieth Corps, and who had been placed on the Chattahoochee near enough to Atlanta to watch Hood's movements, preceding Sherman's move to Jonesboro, was the first to

ENTER THE ABANDONED CITY. I received orders to fall back from the position near Lovejoy's Station, which was done; but the rebels followed me up pretty closely, as if determined to ascertain what Sherman meant. During this movement I met Sherman and Thomas on the roadside, watching operations and apparently in consultation. Gen. Sherman came up and shook hands with me, and seemed pleased with the result of his operations. We continued our march towards Atlanta till we reached a place called White Hall, about two miles

south of the city. Here the Fourteenth Corps went into camp. After the fight at Jonesboro I took a ride over the battlefield, and then for the first time met Gen. John A. Logan, apparently engaged in the same business as myself—looking at the battlefield. I met a young man carrying a musket, also indulging his curiosity in the same direction. I made some remark to him, or asked him a question, to which he replied, "Here is where we fit;" meaningly "we" the Fifteenth Corps, Gen. Logan commanding. Just before reaching Jonesboro Gen. Howard's army was attacked by Hardee and Lee, and I was ordered to go to his support. A staff officer of Gen. Howard directed me to report to Gen. Frank P. Blair. Gen. Blair pointed out the direction I was to take; but I was now informed that the attack had been repulsed, and that my division was not needed.

Atlanta fell when Jonesboro was taken. That event should have ended the war—at least all that remained of it west of the Savannah River. Persistence in the rebellion after that was wanton destruction of human life and property. Atlanta and the railroad system connected with it gave the Union armies entire military control of the country west of the Savannah, east of the Mississippi and north of the Gulf of Mexico. But the President of the Confederacy and his subservient associates continued, against reason, hope and humanity, to

DEMAND MORE BLOOD.
We had been but a few days in camp near Atlanta and had hardly time enough to inspect the city and the ruin wrought by Sherman's guns and Hood's 90 car loads of shells and other ammunition, before it was known that Hood was contemplating a raid in Sherman's rear, with the purpose of breaking the railroad between his army and Nashville, and even going as far as Tennessee. Sherman in the meantime, however, had ordered all non-combatants of secession countries out of Atlanta. It looked as if Sherman contemplated the destruction of the city. This order brought out a sharp reprimand from Gen. Hood. In an epistolary contest Hood was no match for Sherman; but, at the same time, it is painful to see war made unnecessarily harsh towards non-combatants—especially women and children. Still, that was a war in which extreme measures on the part of Federal Commanders seemed in the end acts of humanity.

Sherman's plan for the future began perceptibly to germinate and show sprouts occasionally. It was beginning to be understood that he contemplated cutting loose from Atlanta and striking boldly out for the sea, but to what point few, if any, knew except Sherman himself. He may have told Thomas—probably did. It was already decided that Thomas should return to Tennessee to defend that region, including Nashville and all the country conquered thus far south of the Ohio. One day in September, 1864, perhaps the 14th or thereabouts, I received a message from Gen. Thomas informing me that he wished to see me at his quarters. Immediately I proceeded to call on him, and found that he desired to ascertain if I preferred going with Sherman or returning with him to Tennessee. He offered me, as I understood him, a command under him of equal importance with that held by me in the Fourteenth Corps—that is, the command of a division. This offer was embarrassing to me. I had perfect confidence in Gen. Thomas's ability and his sense of justice to his subordinates. For these reasons I felt inclined to go with him, especially as there was no cordial feeling between the commander of the Fourteenth Corps and myself. But the very risk that Sherman was taking in cutting loose from his base of supplies excited my imagination and gave me a strong desire to accompany him and share the fortunes and misfortunes of his army. I chose to go with Sherman, retaining command of the First Division, Fourteenth Corps. In some respects, so far as I can see now, at least, this was an unfortunate decision. What my command or my fate might have been with Thomas I do not know; but that want of harmony and confidence which grew up between Gen. Davis and myself prior to and at Chickamauga, broke out again when we occupied similar positions of higher grade. He is dead, and I will not attempt to say who was in the right or who in the wrong. This interview with Gen. Thomas was the last time I ever met him until the war was over. The last thing he said to me was, "If you go with Sherman you must co-operate with Davis and avoid difficulty with him," or something to the same purport. I assured him that I should endeavor to do so. We were destined not to rest long at Atlanta, for which we were indebted to Gen. Hood, who was now on the move via West Point to the rear of Sherman's army.

LOVE AND LAUGHTER.
[Dedicated to George D. Prentice, 1863.]
BY COL. JOHN A. JOYCE.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
This world is full of trouble;
It has troubles of its own;
Sing, and the hills will answer;
But one by one we must all fall;
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

Feast, and your friends are many;
But you are lonely all the same;
There are none to cheer you when you're sad;
But you are lonely all the same.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of your pleasure;
But they do not want your woe.

Burying Soldiers in New Jersey.
TO THE EDITOR: In your editorial of May 21 headed "Not to be Buried as Paupers," relative to the veto of Gov. Pattison, of Pennsylvania, you say: "The bill is almost identical with those which have become laws in Ohio and New York." I am pleased to inform you that the State of New Jersey, by act of the Legislature two years ago, authorized the Board of Chosen Freeholders to expend \$35 in providing a suitable coffin, etc., and \$15 for a headstone. The law is observed and gives general satisfaction.—O. A. KIBBE, New Brunswick, N. J.

THE BATTLE'S LESSON.

Gen. Black's Eloquent Address on the Field of Gettysburg.

FREEDOM, LIBERTY, LAW.

A Tender, Thoughtful Review of the Great Struggle.

RETROSPECT—PROSPECT.

"From the Piled Brands of the Abandoned Camp We Light the Beacons of Peace."

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 14, 1885.

Gen. JOHN C. BLACK,
Commissioner of Pensions.

SIR: With a view to preserving and more widely disseminating your entertaining and beautiful address delivered on the occasion of the visit of the veterans of the Army of the Potomac to the battlefield of Gettysburg, Pa., May 4, 1885, the undersigned, a committee appointed for the purpose, respectfully request a copy of the same for publication in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

S. J. DICKINSON,
SILAS COLBOURNE,
J. H. STINE.

Gen. DICKINSON and COLBOURNE and J. H. STINE, Historian of First Corps, Committee. GENTLEMEN: With thanks for your courtesy, I enclose copy of address and place the same at your disposal.

Very respectfully, yours,
JOHN C. BLACK,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 16, 1885.

VETERANS: Our feet are on the rocky and steadfast monuments of forgotten convulsions. Since the period when Titanic forces upheaved the naked crags and splintered peaks that marked the birth throes of this pleasant world, all the regulated and enriching processes of nature have in their ordered seasons helped to smooth the rugged front of chaos and mask the iron face of the primeval world. Now the fires are all hidden in the earth's deep breast. The living emerald smiles to the bright blue Hill and valley yield their riches to the careless year. Where boiling torrents raved down following chasms, now babbling streamlets and bubbling springs lake the throat and rouse the vibrant echoes with their silvery sounds. The elemental struggle has given place to the eternal peace!

No less majestic than these surroundings are the associations of Gettysburg. The theater and the play were well matched. On these confronting heights, and sheltered by these now silent groves, stretched out in grim and deadly opposition the gathered hosts of kindred yet warring men. Here, as at Marathon, as at Cannae, as at Waterloo, destiny brought two great causes together and had them struggle for the mastery of the world and the guidance of the future.

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.
Here as on other exalted fields men were but factors in history's problems, and when oblivion shall have dimmed each famous name the work they here accomplished will endure. Here the earth was shaken by the rush of myriads—the mountains doubled the clamor of strife—a quarter of a million men cheered and yelled, and swore and prayed, and charged and shot and struck; by thousands they piled the red field; by thousands they filled the hospitals; the days were savage ages, the nights eternities of pain; and at the end those long rows of the dead—on that side a beaten army, on this a victorious host. Brother went forth to bury brother and to pay the rude honors of war to beloved comrade and valiant adversary.

We rise to-day upon the errors, the passions, the sacrifices and the devotions of that past which by the tremendous energies of our institutions and age have been already fused and transmuted into the adamant monuments that mark the fall of error and the establishment of right. Here, towering higher than Cemetery Hill or the Round Tops into the blue Olympian sky of destiny, stand the glorious ruins of the Gettysburg of Freedom, Liberty and Law. No confined forest threaten eruption; the fires of the past are cold in its depths, and as around us over the solid earth stretches the bloom of reviving nature, increasing the levelness that hides the traces of war, so in the historic world God's own hand obliterates the traces of fury and passion, and the Gettysburg of history is a holy mountain for all the people.

From this high vantage point stretch away! Back of us the blue haze of receding time is veiling the roughness, and the fierce softening the clamor. About us lies the present; and beyond, the dazzling future. And through all the wide scenes, with immortal life in the beating eye, with measureless strength in the splendid form, with the grace of youth and the dignity of wisdom, with unrelenting love in the heart and unity of purpose in the soul, filling past and present, and demanding the future for its own, moves the American Nation.

Twenty-two years ago, and Pickett's column debouching from yonder sheltering wood driven across these fields, a thunder torrent in gray crested with steel that caught their lightning from the sun, big with fury, and blazing with the sudden fires of death, over obstacle and opposition, straight at the center of the Federal lines, straight at the heart of the Republic! Strong to oppose the heroic assault, rose the heroic lines in blue. The splendid charge met the superb defense. Gathering as eagles whose eyes are threatened, came the sons of the Republic. They stood foot to foot and shoulder to shoulder; their lines grew; their flames consumed; their steel clashed with charging steel; they checked, they halted, they overthrew! They set the standard of victory free and far advanced forever!

Shall I pause here to name the immortals of that supreme hour? To speak of him the great civic leader yet spared to welcome us all in fraternal fashion to the Pennsylvania he loved so well and honored so highly? At the voice of Curtin the old Keystone State poured out her gathering thousands. And here to-day he represents that same iron-handed power that from all her marts of trade, her ways of commerce, and her abodes of stalwart toil, speaks only the sweet notes of peace. Shall I speak of Burnside or Hancock or Meade? Their names burn on the lips of history, the rolls of the Grand Army hold them in faithful keep. Bronze and marble transmit their faces to the coming men; and praise in their behalf, and that of their comrades, is needless.

THE VICTORY AND ITS LESSON.
If aught was needed to demonstrate the right of the Republic to endure it was afforded here. When victory had been won over such foes could as here challenged our majesty the world could not offer reason with sword or pen why we should not continue; and the Nation will ever remember the genius, though misguided, the courage unquestionable, the purpose firm, of the great leader and his lieutenants who fought this losing fight.

This struggle was ended; the long suspense of the three years' battle done; the Union was preserved, the future assured. Where are the fomen of that day? Before the answer think again of that event I have faintly recalled. Some sleep where near at hand the whitestones dot the green expanse and a Nation guards their sleep, peaceful, quiet, glorious. Some far away listen eagerly for what we do. For wherever are the men who shared in this contest, they are all intent on our action. Some are here, of those who wore the blue and of those who wore the gray, side by side retracing in peace the steps that brought them face to face with each other by the red paths of war, marking with exactness the confused ways of struggle, and establishing in amity the chronicles of contention!

This sight upon which we gaze, this performance of which we are part, was never equalled since the world began; for it there has been neither type nor model. Courtesies have preceded other contests; the hand of mercy has often stayed the sword in its descent, but never has civilization witnessed such triumph of its noblest tenets, such practice of its sublimest precepts. This day of Gettysburg is a greater triumph than that of near a quarter century ago; that was the triumph of arms, this is the triumph of the nobler, wiser nature.

Conspicuously here was and is exhibited that **POWER WHICH MOCKS THE VALOR** of the brave and holds of slight consequence the counsels of the wise. Here the Great Commander assumed control; he set in the pathway of rebellion not alone the splendid battalions of the Army of the Potomac, not alone all the resources of defensive war, not alone the levies of Pennsylvania, not alone the swarming citizens of all the North, but the spirit of the age, the purposes of destiny, the hopes of humanity! The stars were fighting in their courses, and there was no man in either host so dull as not to feel and know these mighty influences. The rising sun of the 4th of July was the plan and purpose of the Almighty. Study the greater situation that lay beyond the confines of this field. In the West had been gathering the Union forces. Advancing with alternate success and disaster they lay in resolute masses about the intrenchments of Vicksburg, and these two widely-separated fields had been concentrated all the interest and much of the material of the war. The soldierly on either side were American. They had learned American songs and traditions of the former days. Washington had led to victory the sires of both hosts. For all of them had the great Declaration been penned and the great Constitution been formulated, and now approached the natal day of the Republic of the Fathers.

Gentlemen, the first fury of war and strife had passed; reflection had begun its reviving work; these things touched and softened the warrior hearts of the South, they served to surer purpose the stern spirit of the North. They may mock at these recitals who will, and call them sentiment, superstition, folly; but I know that they were as real as the Reserve Corps, of Vicksburg, and the late Mississippi was being developed that mighty trinitivrate, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, all of them still living, who were to lead the Federal armies to victory. They were determined upon that measure of great political wisdom the proclamation by which the power of 4,000,000 people had been turned from one side of the river, and which rendered the National struggle wholly and absolutely logical. From the hour of its publication when the men on both sides of the battle-line looked up and saw the floating folds of Old Glory, they knew that it was not a tantalizing lie that it was the blazon of independence and the symbol of liberty. From that day the roll of events was irresistibly down with the sweep of the avalanche, from Gettysburg and Vicksburg to Appomattox and the end.

FROM THENCE ONWARD the Confederate soldier fought with valor, with personal devotion to comrade and cause, with discipline that inspired all possible results, but he fought without hope! To such struggle there could be but one end. Thank God it was reached so long ago. Thank God the dead are all buried, and that his life rendered the Nation by their valor we gaze on such a matchless scene. And that with broadened comprehension we all accept the great facts established here: that two Republics cannot exist where one; that after one can only be empire. For a fraction of the people cannot solve the problems wherein all may fail; and if in some dreadful future virtue and patriotism are lacking, force and despotism alone can arise and claim dominion. Here was established and firmly rooted the individualism that owns only law for master, and the Nationalism that can only be advocated by the unity of the people.

Of the prosperity that has followed the wild desolation of war and which shall yet be multiplied, let poets and prophets tell; our children will laugh at their colorless dreams. I will not dwell thereon.

WELCOME, THEN, VETERANS OF THE REPUBLIC, welcome to this spot whereon the enduring story of your achievements gain new lustre from friends and foes. Welcome, O Veterans, all citizens! From the piled brands of the abandoned camp we light the beacons of peace, and at this high altar of a common country we pour oblations of peace, of freedom, of law. Chief of the Great Republic, they who are about to live salute you; you impersonate the new and noble order of events. As we turn away from this place they who here held the liberty might endure, that freedom might become universal, that the Nation might grow in material splendor and the affections of manhood speaking by their surviving comrades' feeble lips, cry hail to the power of the spreading, triumphant and eternal Republic.

Comrades, I, a humble participant in that other great struggle, which on these sad days of Vicksburg up the Western pillar of the Republic as you set here its eastern, bring to you the greetings of that vast array of warriors who have in person materialized and in masses of the people, but who, with you, will live in history while Gettysburg and Vicksburg endure.