National Tribune.

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

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W. J. Carlton 236 West Grand st

KILPATRICK'S RAID.

The Attack on and Capture of Jonesboro.

THE SABER BRIGADE.

Destroying Railroads Under Great Difficulties.

A CHARGE WITH SABERS.

How Minty and His Men Cut Through the Rebels.

BY ROBERT H. G. MINTY, BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. VOLUNTEERS, OGDEN, UTAH.

SINCE my account of the battle of Shelbyville appeared in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of May 8, I have received numerous letters from old comrades who served under me indorsing all that I said, and urging me to describe other operations of the old "Saber Brigade."

A hearty, soldier-like letter from Capt. Robinson, the commander of that incomparable battery, the "Chicago Board of Trade," has so vividly brought to mind several incidents of the Kilpatrick raid around Atlanta, that I will endeavor to give an unvarnished account of the part taken by the First and Second Brigades of the Second Cavalry Division of the Army of the Cumberland in that expedition.

About the 1st of August, 1864, Gen. Sherman, in carrying out one of those flank movements for which the Atlanta campaign was famous, ordered the Twenty-third (Schofield's) Corps from the extreme left to the right of the line, and two brigades (the First and Third) from our division (the Second) were dismounted and placed in the trenches vacated by the Twenty-third Corps. We occupied this position for about two weeks, performing all the duties of infantry during that time. On the 15th we returned to our horses and once more became cavalry, and took position near Decatur to cover the left of the army.

Aug. 17, Gen. Washington L. Elliott, Chief of Cavalry of the Army of the Cumberland, received orders, which emanated from Gen. Sherman, to send two brigades from the Second Division to report to Gen. Kilpatrick, commanding the Third Division, on the extreme right; but not to send Gen. Garrard (the commander of the Second Division), as he outranked Kilpatrick.

I was ordered to take my own brigade (the First) and Long's (the Second), with two sections of the Chicago Board of Trade Battery, and report to Gen. Kilpatrick at Sandtown. At 1 o'clock a. m., Aug. 18, I marched with the following force of all ranks: First Brigade, 925; Second Brigade, 1,383; Chicago Board of Trade Battery, 90, and four guns—making a total of 2,398 men.

At 6 a. m. I halted on the banks of Utoy Creek, keeping the command under cover of the hills, rode over to Sandtown and reported to Gen. Kilpatrick, who immediately called his brigade commanders together, turned over the command of his division to Col. Eli Murray, of the 3d Ky., and assumed command of the corps. He then addressed us as follows:

"GENTLEMEN, WE WILL MARCH

at dusk, so as not to be seen by the enemy. We should reach Red Oak, on the Atlanta & West Point Road, about 9 o'clock, and Jonesboro, on the Atlanta and Macon road, before daybreak. We will leave all ambulances and wagons here, and take no wheels but the artillery. Col. Murray, your division will take the advance. You will push as rapidly as possible for Jonesboro. The moment you strike the railroad at that point, you will commence the destruction of the road. When the length of your division is destroyed, you will move south and continue the destruction. Col. Minty, you will follow Col. Murray. Keep close to him until he arrives on the Atlanta and Macon road, when you will take position and form line of battle between him and Atlanta, facing Atlanta. The only force we are likely to meet will be that which may be sent from there. What do you think, gentlemen? Give me your opinion, and speak freely."

He turned to me as he spoke. I said: "General, I like your program in every particular but one, and that is your order to leave ambulances in camp. I do not like the idea of leaving my wounded in the hands of the enemy. Men cannot fight cheerfully with the knowledge that if wounded they cannot be taken back with their comrades. Allow me to take my ambulances, and I pledge myself that they will not be an incumbrance to you."

Kilpatrick thought for a moment and then said: "Well, Col. Minty, you can take your ambulances, but if they impede our movements in the slightest degree you must burn them."

Here let me remark that in those ambulances I took back to camp 98 wounded officers and men of my division, besides a few of Kilpatrick's men.

At about dusk the Third Division marched and I followed. We did not reach the Atlanta & West Point Road until daybreak, and then I was ordered to the front.

My rear brigade (the First) was sharply attacked when crossing the railroad, but Maj. Jennings, commanding the 7th Pa., and Maj. Mix, commanding the 4th Mich., promptly met the enemy, and with the assistance of one section of the battery repulsed and

DROVE THEM FROM THE FIELD.

On gaining the head of the column Gen. Kilpatrick ordered me to push the enemy in our front, Ross's and Ferguson's Brigades, to Jonesboro. The woods in our front were thick and impracticable for cavalry, and the road was obstructed by barricades. I ordered my advance regiment, the 3d Ohio, to dismount, and it moved forward as infantry, steadily driving the enemy before it until we arrived at Flint River, where I found the bridge partially destroyed and the Confederates in position on the opposite bank, where the rising ground was honeycombed with rifle-pits. Lieut. Bennett with his section soon silenced the artillery, and the two sections being placed in battery shelled the rifle-pits by volleys. Under cover of this fire my entire force, except the 7th Pa., which had been left at a crossroad to cover the flank of the Third Division, dismounted and in line of battle charged across the open bottom to the bank of the river, and their carbines quickly drove the enemy from their pits. The 4th Mich. crossed on the stringers of the bridge, and were deployed as skirmishers. Fence-rails were thrown on the bridge as planking, and we crossed over, taking two of the guns, under Lieut. Robinson, commanding the battery, with us. The skirmish-line advanced steadily, driving the enemy, and was closely followed by the 1st Ohio and 4th Regulars in line, with the two guns, worked by hand, on the road between them, the 3d and 4th Ohio in column behind the guns, all dismounted, the 7th Pa. still covering the Third Division.

Warming to our work, the guns were run forward to the skirmish-line, and Ross's and Ferguson's Brigades were driven back to the town of Jonesboro, where they showed a strong line, holding a good position. The railway buildings were covered by strong works, constructed of bales of cotton, which were manned by a considerable force. I looked for stubborn resistance to our further advance. A well-directed shell from the battery pierced the water-tank, and a few more soon had

THE BUILDINGS AND THE BALES OF COTTON BLAZING.

The effective fire from the battery, and the bold and determined advance of the skirmishers, with their Spencer carbines, soon dislodged the enemy, who rapidly fell back through the town.

We were somewhat annoyed by a fire from the windows of the houses, so I requested Lieut. Robinson to send a shell through any house from which a gun was fired, and this brought that annoyance to a very abrupt termination.

One of our men, an old telegraph operator, caught a message on the fly, which gave the information that Pat. Cleburne's Division of infantry and Martin's Division of cavalry were en route to reinforce Ross and Ferguson.

My horses having been brought forward, the division was mounted and moved into position to meet this new force.

Kilpatrick now came forward with the Third Division, which was at once turned into a working party to destroy the railroad. The 7th Pa. was also brought forward and rejoined my division.

All remained quiet until about 10 o'clock, when Gen. Kilpatrick notified me that the Third Division had destroyed about two miles of road, and was about to move south, and directed me to fall back upon them and take up a new position.

As soon as Col. Murray attempted to move south, he found Gen. Reynolds, with several regiments of Confederate infantry, strongly posted behind a well-constructed barricade of felled trees, opposing him. After feeling the enemy's position, Kilpatrick decided to make a flank movement towards McDonough, our left, and endeavored to strike the railroad at or near Lovejoy Station, from whence he hoped to be able to

CARRY OUT HIS PROGRAM

for destroying the road. He instructed me to send my own brigade in the advance, and to remain with the Second Brigade to hold Reynolds, Ross and Ferguson in check, and to cover the movement. Lieut. Robinson accompanied the First Brigade with one section, and left Lieut. Bennett and the other section with the Second Brigade.

I left Jonesboro with Long's Brigade at about 4 o'clock in the morning. About five miles out the column turned to the right and made directly for Lovejoy's. As the

HAULING THE DISABLED GUN FROM THE CORNFIELD.

Second Brigade turned the enemy's cavalry, which had followed us from Jonesboro, attacked, but Long very handsomely repulsed them.

I galloped to the front, where I formed the advance of the First Brigade, commanded by Maj. Dart, of the 7th Pa., who were skirmishing with the enemy. At this point the road forked—the road to the left leading to Lovejoy and the right crossing the railroad further north. I detached the 4th Mich. to the right with orders to make a break in the road. I sent a staff officer to Gen. Kilpatrick with the request that he would order up my Second Brigade.

When within about one mile of Lovejoy, Col. Long reported to me, and at the same time a courier from Maj. Mix, commanding the 4th Mich., gave me the information that that regiment had reached the railroad, and was at work destroying it.

The enemy again attempted to make a stand, and opened fire from a line extending on both sides of the road. Maj. Dart dismounted his battalion, drove them from their position and remounted; but from the next rise of ground fire was again opened, and a mounted force appeared on the road. I instructed

MAJ. DART TO USE HIS SABERS.

He at once charged and drove the Confederates about half a mile, when they developed too heavy a force for the advance to cope with. The entire line of the 7th Pa. was at once moved to the front, dismounted and deployed as skirmishers. They advanced steadily, driving the enemy's skirmish-line before them, until within 15 or 20 rods of the railroad, where the enemy's fire showed a line extending beyond both flanks of the 7th. I sent a mounted squadron of the 4th U. S. to cover the left flank, and ordered that regiment forward to extend my line to the right.

The regiment formed line on the gallop, and Capt. McIntyre gave the command, "Prepare to fight on foot," and the men moved forward on the double-quick.

The railroad immediately in our front ran through a long cut from three to four feet deep, and not over 20 rods from the line of the 7th Pa. Before the 4th U. S. could gain their position in line with the 7th, Reynolds's Brigade of seven regiments, which had been lying down in the cut, sprang to their feet, fired a withering volley, and with the old rebel yell charged over my skirmish-line. It appeared for a moment as if the two regiments had been annihilated; but the Second Brigade rapidly coming into position, they, with the Chicago Board of Trade Battery, repulsed Reynolds with terrible loss. In the first fire my horse had been shot, but one of my Orderlies galloped to the front with a fresh horse, which enabled me to get back to the Second Brigade.

CUTTING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE REBELS.

Immediately after the repulse of Reynolds, my Adjutant-General, Capt. Burns, informed me that Gen. Kilpatrick desired to see me at once; that Cleburne's Division of infantry was closing on our right, Jackson's and Martin's Divisions of cavalry were in rear of our left, and that I knew what was in our front. I instructed Capt. Burns to recall the 4th Mich., galloped to the rear and reported to Gen. Kilpatrick, who repeated what Capt. Burns had already told me, and added: "Our only recourse is

TO CUT OUR WAY OUT.

You will form your division in line on the right of the McDonough road, facing to the rear. Col. Murray will form in the same manner on the left, and you will charge simultaneously."

The ground indicated by Gen. Kilpatrick was a deserted plantation, crossed in every direction by rain-gullies, and two rail fences between us and the enemy, who were at work building rail barricades. I said, "General, I would not charge over this ground in line. If we ever strike the enemy it will be a thin, wavering blow that will amount to nothing." He asked, "How then would you charge?" I replied, "In column, sir. Our momentum would be like that of a railroad train, when we strike something has to break." He paused for a moment, and then said, "Form in any way you please."

Reynolds, when repulsed, had taken refuge in the railroad cut, and Gen. Kilpatrick ordered Col. Murray to watch him with one regiment.

I returned to my command. Lieut. Robinson reported to me that one of his guns had been disabled, the trail having been broken by a shell, and that he had been unable to haul it off the ground; that it was in the cornfield to the left of the present position of the 3d Ohio. I found the gun hanging by the trunions, with the muzzle in the air. I took about 20 volunteers from the 3d Ohio, and crouching low, moved through the corn. We placed a piece of fence-rail, with a couple of halters attached to the upper end, in the muzzle of the gun, which was soon pulled down to a horizontal position and given to the happy batterymen, who took it off its wheels and placed it in a wagon.

Maj. Mix having reported with the 4th Mich., I withdrew my division, and formed my own brigade in line of regimental columns of fours at regimental distance—the 7th Pa. on the right, 4th Mich. in the center, 4th U. S. on the left—and instructed Col. Long to form his brigade "in rear of my center, in close column, with regimental front, and to sweep up whatever I broke through."

KILPATRICK WAS ON HORSEBACK

on the McDonough road. As soon as my division was in position I rode over to report to him. Col. Murray came forward about the same moment and said:

"General, my men cannot charge over this ground."

"Why not, sir?" said Kilpatrick.

"They cannot do it, General," replied Murray.

Kilpatrick turning to me, said:

"Col. Minty, are you ready?"

"All ready, sir."

"Then charge when you please."

A four-gun battery on a hill in rear of the rail breastworks was shelling us, and a three-gun battery in front of our left was firing canister.

Having led this charge, I scarcely know how to proceed without appearing egotistical; but justice to the grand and noble body of men of whom I had the honor to be the commander, demands that I do not slur over the account of the great saber charge.

I quote the following from the Cincinnati *Commercial* of Aug. 31, 1864:

While the various regiments were being manuvered into position, the men had time to comprehend the danger that surrounded them; rebels to the right of them, rebels to the left of them, rebels in the rear of them, rebels in front of them—surrounded. There was no salvation but to cut their way out. Visions of Libby, Andersonville and starvation flitted through their imaginations, and they saw that the deadly conflict could not be avoided. Placing himself at the head of the 4th Mich., the gallant and fearless Minty drew his saber, and his voice rang out clear and loud: "Attention! Draw sabers! Forward—trot, regulate by the center column! March! Gallop! March!" and away the brigade went, with a cheer that echoed away across the valley.

The ground from which the start was made and over which they charged was a plantation of about two square miles, thickly strewn with patches of woods, deep water-cuts, fences and ditches. At the word, away went the bold dragoons at the light of their speed. Fences were jumped and ditches were no impediment.

CHARGING FOR THEIR LIVES,

and yelling like devils, Minty and his troopers encountered the rebels behind a hastily-constructed barricade of rails. Pressing their rowels deep into their horses' flanks, and raising their sabres aloft, on, on, on, nearer and nearer to the rebels they plunged. The terror-stricken enemy could not withstand the thunderous wave of men and horses that threatened to engulf them. They broke and ran just as Minty and his troopers were urging their horses for the decisive blow. In an instant all was confusion. The yells of the horsemen were drowned in the clashing of steel and the groans of the dying. On pressed Minty in pursuit, his men's sabers striking right and left, and cutting down everything in their path. The rebel horsemen were seen to reel and pitch headlong to the earth, while their frightened steeds rushed pell-mell over their bodies. Many of the rebels defended themselves with almost superhuman strength; yet it was all in vain. The charge of Federal steel was irresistible. The heads and limbs of some of the rebels were actually severed from their bodies.

The individual instances of heroism were many. Not a man flinched, and when the brigade came out, most of the sabers were stained with human blood.

I must ask the reader to bear in mind that when "Minty" is named in the foregoing, it is as the representative of, and means, the noble body of men who made this charge.

The following extract is from the *Memphis-Atlanta Appeal*, published at Macon, Ga., early in September, 1864:

The newspapers have lately been full of accounts of how Martin's Division of Cavalry was

RUN OVER BY THE YANKEES

at Lovejoy, on the 20th ult. The writer was on the field on that occasion, and, in justice to the much-abused cavalry, states the facts in the matter: Martin's Division, supporting the battery, was formed on the McDonough road. Ross's and Ferguson's commands, on foot, were in front and on each side of the battery, behind rail breastworks. A brigade of Cleburne's Division was on the left of the road in three lines, the last one in a piece of woods about 100 yards in rear of the position of the battery. On the right of the road the State troops were formed in line. When the Yankees charged they came in a solid column, ten or twelve lines deep, running their horses and yelling like devils. They didn't stop to fire, but each fellow for himself rushed on, swinging his saber over his head. They rode right over Ross's and Ferguson's men in the center, and over and through Cleburne's lines, one after the other, on the left. Cleburne's first line tried to use their bayonets, but the Yankees cut them to pieces. After the Yankees had cut through all the other forces and captured the battery, Martin, seeing the field was lost, retreated in good order. The effort to arouse the people against Martin and his brave division is more disgraceful and demoralizing than the Yankees' charge itself, and should be frowned upon by all who wish well to our cause.

In this charge the First Brigade well maintained its title of the "Saber Brigade." Not less than 800 of the enemy were sabered, and the three-gun battery was captured, together with three stand of colors and about 600 prisoners.

Col. Long, instead of following the First Brigade in the formation ordered and sweeping up what we broke through, broke into columns of fours and followed the charging regiments. If he had obeyed orders, there was no earthly reason why we should not have taken several thousand prisoners.

As soon as we had cut our way through the surrounding force, Gen. Kilpatrick, with the Third Division, marched for McDonough, leaving orders for me to

COVER HIS RETREAT.

I instructed my Provost-Marshal, Capt. Dickson, of the 7th Pa., to at once turn over the prisoners to the Third Division, and I sent Lieut. Simpson, of the 4th Mich., a temporary Aid on my staff, to Col. Long with orders to dismount his brigade, form across the McDonough road, and hold the enemy in check as long as possible. When too hard pressed to fall back through the First Brigade. At this moment Capt. McIntyre reported that his regiment was out of ammunition, and I directed him to follow Gen. Kilpatrick.

I dismounted the 7th Pa. and 4th Mich., and placed them in position on rising ground, with an open space in front of them, the 7th Pa. and one section of the battery on the right and the 4th Mich. on the left of the road, and instructed them to construct rail breastworks as quickly as possible. The horses of both brigades were strung out on the road in our rear.

Col. Long was brought to the rear, wounded, and the command of his brigade devolved on Col. Eggleston, of the 1st Ohio, who soon after reported that Cleburne's infantry was endeavoring to turn both of his flanks. I ordered him to fall back, and as he passed the First Brigade I instructed him to move his men on the double-quick, to mount and follow the Third Division, to take position with Lieut. Robinson's guns on the high ground beyond the swamp in front of him.

The enemy followed him closely and made a vigorous assault on the position held by the 4th Mich. and 7th Pa., but were repulsed with heavy loss. The section of artillery was doing

MOST EFFECTIVE WORK WITH CANISTER,

when one of the guns burst, and a few moments later a shell wedged in the other gun, rendering it for the time useless. I therefore directed Mr. Bennett to take it to the rear and join the battery. A second and a third assault was made on the position held by the two regiments of the First Brigade, and both were handsomely repulsed.

After the repulse of the third assault the Second Brigade being well out of the way, we fell back to our horses and followed the column. I found Col. Eggleston with his brigade and Lieut. Robinson with his two guns in position on the high ground beyond the swamp. Immediately after the charge the rain came down in torrents, and it continued to pour without cessation until about 4 o'clock in the morning.

Cleburne followed us through the swamp, but a few shells checked him, and we saw nothing more of him during the expedition. The night was dark as Erebus, but after a few moments' halt we continued the march. About 2 o'clock in the morning my advance came upon the Third Division, halted. By the time my column was closed up we were on the move again, and at 6 a. m. we were on the banks of the Cotton River—usually an insignificant stream, but now flooded, and not fordable at any point. This the entire force (about 5,000 men) had to swim, in doing which we lost one man and about 50 horses and mules. The most difficult and trying work was getting our poor wounded comrades across, but this was done without any casualties; and when I saw my 98 wounded officers and men safely on the north side of that stream, I thanked God that I had my ambulances with me and had not been compelled to leave them in the hands of the enemy.

Kilpatrick ordered the destruction of the wagon containing the dismounted gun, which was placed where the enemy could not find it.

About 7 p. m. on the 21st we bivouacked at Lithonia, on the Georgia Railroad, and, oh! how grateful we were for our first sleep since leaving Sandtown on the evening of the 18th.

As I before stated, my Provost-Marshal turned over to the Third Division about 600 prisoners. All of these, except about 70, were allowed to escape before reaching our own lines.

In my official report of the expedition, I find the following closing remarks:

Every officer and soldier in the command acted so well, so nobly, so gallantly, that under ordinary circumstances they would be entitled to special mention. Day and night from the 18th to the 21st these gallant men were without sleep and almost without food. During that time they marched and skirmished almost incessantly, fought four pitched battles and swam a flooded river without once complaining or murmuring.

Our casualties were: First Brigade, 106, or 11½ per cent.; Second Brigade, 94, or nearly seven per cent.; Chicago Board of Trade Battery, 6, or nearly six and a half per cent.

Gen. Sherman's Speech to the Girls.

The following remarks were made by Gen. William T. Sherman to the graduating class of the New York Normal College, on June 26, which was composed of 274 young ladies:

My dear children, my very dear children, for I feel as though you were all my children; [Applause.] There has been some intimation here that this was an occasion of farewell, or something of that sort. That's a mistake. I've often said good-by, but I knew it was only for a time, for we all meet again sooner or later. From what I know from Womankind I should judge that these sweet girls in front of me are not over 19 years old. [Applause.] You have a mission in life, aside from educating the young—motherhood. Don't make the mistake of trying to do a man's work in the world. God made us different and we shouldn't try to have it otherwise. When you become wives and mothers and grandmothers, many of you, I hope, will remember that once a played-out old soldier, who yet rejoiced that it had been his lot to do some service for his country, stood here under this flag—that when he first knew it had but 30 stars, where it has 42 now—and told you that this was the greatest Nation in the world, and that its destiny rests largely in the hands of you, the teachers and the mothers of the coming generation. [Applause.]

THE Senate wants to put sulphur on the free list. Totally unnecessary. Every man is perfectly free to go to hades his own way and at any time.

TRACY TREMMEL.

The Varied Experiences of the Blue Jay Mess.

A CHANGE OF SCENE.

Interesting Sights at the Maryland Capital.

DOWN THE CHESAPEAKE.

A Great Fleet Sails Away with Sealed Orders.

BY JOHN M'ELROY,

Author of "Andersonville: a Story of Southern Prisons"; "A File of Infantrymen"; "The Red Acorn"; "Reminiscences of an Army Mule," etc.

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LETTER XIX.

AT THE SEASIDE.

GREAT PREPARATIONS FOR DOING SOMETHING SOMEWHERE—BUT WHERE?

ANNAPOLIS, MD., Jan. 5, 1862.

EAREST MOTHER: Though we have shaken the dust of Ole Virginny from our shoes—or, rather, scraped off the gluey red mud, which sticks worse than a bad habit—though we have marched through the mire and slush to Washington, and ridden by rail from there here, and though we have done a number of other more or less important things since I last wrote you, we are still as ignorant of our destination as when we broke camp hearly a week ago.

The only additional information acquired is that we are likely going somewhere by sea, for the broad bay in front of our camp is covered with ships as a cornfield in September is with shocks. They are of every kind and variety—little, bustling tugs, that rush hither and thither, like the water-spiders we used to watch on the ponds, keeping up an awful screeching with their whistles; sullen-looking gunboats, high-prowed steamers and sailing-vessels with gracefully tapering masts and rigging like exaggerated cobwebs. There are even canal-boats, some of them carrying guns and some loaded with water and stores.

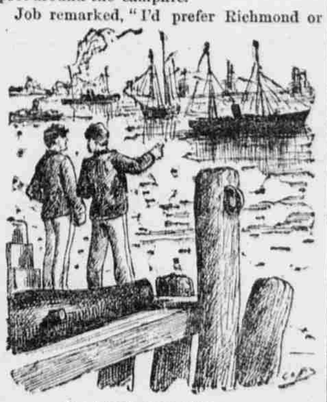
Though the weather is bitter cold, with the snow five inches deep, and storms come up that pierce to the marrow, my interest in the grand pageant around us never fails, and I stand watching the exciting panorama until I am almost frozen.

Regiments march on to the ships with cheers, their bands playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," or "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny's Shore." Mounted officers gallop, unsparing of their horses and regardless of the spattering mud, from headquarters to regiments, from regiments to headquarters, and between both and the docks, carrying and giving orders and seeing to their execution. The brilliant yellow and scarlet of their overcoat-capes show like battleflags. Gangs of laborers, directed by yelling overseers, toil incessantly at loading or unloading vessels, with grim cannon, ominous-looking boxes of ammunition and endless quantities of shot and shell painted funereally black. Everything is suggestive of a great deal of trouble being stored up for "our misguided Southern brethren." As Job expressed it, "Things are breeding here for a bloody nose on the Southern Confederacy."

Where are we going? Would I could tell you. The papers give you more news than I can. The camp rumors send us to every possible place reachable by water. Some say that we are to go up the Potomac, take the rebel batteries on that river in the rear, and raise the blockade of Washington. Others that we are to attack Richmond by way of the James River; to capture Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, New Orleans, or even Galveston.

We have just held a discussion of the prospect around the campfire.

Job remarked, "I'd prefer Richmond or



IN ANNAPOLIS HARBOR.

Charleston. I want to get at the real, genuine Secesh, right where they live."

"I'm in the hands of Providence," said Lan. "I'm only anxious that the Government will use us to gain victory."

"I ain't bartickeler," said Herman. "Vherefer it is ve'll all be dere togedder, vich is all righd, aind it? I'm villing to go vherefer die resd of you do."

"Oi ain't boddering me head about it, at all, at all. Oi don't get pay enough for that. That's for the officers wid big wages. Getting plenty to ate and dhrink is me main lookout." This was Quin's view.

"I'd rather it would not be one of them places away down South," murmured Web. "They say they're very bad on the liver."

For my own part, I would rather go almost anywhere than lie around camp.

An order has just come that we are to go on board the vessel to-morrow morning, and I close this now that I may mail it before we start.

As ever, your loving son, TRACY.

LETTER XX.

A NAVAL PAGEANT.

EMBARKING FOR SOME UNKNOWN DESTINATION—THE GLORY OF MIGHTY SHIPS AT SEA—THE CALM OLD CHESAPEAKE TRANSFORMED BY THE POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE OF GLORIOUS WAR.

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., Jan. 11, 1862.

DEAREST MOTHER: I now understand, as never before, what is meant by "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." Before last

CHEERING THE FLEET.

Thursday morning, war had presented to me little but its hard, disagreeable aspects. But then began a pageant which filled the heart of every beholder with patriotic enthusiasm, and will live in his memory so long as life lasts. He saw the might and majesty of his country visibly embodied, and in seemingly resistless power. I thought of the oft-quoted lines in the "Battle of Beal' an Duine":

"'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array."

If it were worth so much to see that little gathering of not very reputable Highlanders, what would it not have been worth to witness an array which would have conquered the whole of Scotland, at the time of the skirmish of Beal' an Duine?

Last Wednesday evening we marched out of the mud and snow of Annapolis on to the decks of a huge steam transport, and made ourselves as comfortable as possible, in the bunks which filled all the space between them. In each of these bunks was a mattress filled with dried sea-weed, which had a pleasant marine odor, quite fascinating to us inland boys, to whom everything connected with the "sounding sea," as Homer calls it, has a never-failing interest.

We were very, very tired, after our long day of bustle and excitement, and, tucking ourselves away on the comfortable mattresses, we were all fast asleep, even before the drums sounded "taps."

When reveille aroused us the next morning, we found the great fleet getting under way, and our own ship moving forward through the glancing waters to take her assigned place in the van. We hastily breakfasted off the cooked rations in our haversacks, and off coffee made in a barrel by a steam-coil connected with the ship's boilers, and then gave our undivided attention to the magnificent spectacle developing around us.

The storm which had for days been pelting, drenching and freezing us, had at last exhausted its malevolence toward our particular locality, and was now speeding across the Atlantic, with malicious designs upon the Europeans.

There was just enough frost in the air to make it crystal-clear, and set the waves to sparkling. The sun rose in regal splendor over the purple hills on the distant shores of Maryland, and tipped every yard, mast, and filmy rope in the great fleet with burnished, gleaming gold. Flags, never before looking so gay and bright, bloomed out all over the vessels. On every ship drums were beating, fifes singing, bands pouring forth floods of melody, and thousands of men, inspired by the occasion, the brightness of the heavens, and the splendor of the spectacle, were swarming over the decks and rigging, and waking the echoes with enthusiastic cheers. I became as excited as any, and, climbing to the "top" of one of the masts, with the rest of the Blue Jays, shouted myself hoarse, while my eyes ached with straining to see all the beauty and glory of the day.

Before 7 o'clock in the morning, our ship halted in a few hundred yards in rear of the foremost vessel upon which, we understood, was Gen. A. E. Burnside, who was to be our commander. A blue flag, with two white stars, indicating his rank as Major-General, designated the ship as the headquarters of the "Expedition," as we now began to call our array. We waited for other vessels to form abreast and in rear of us, and constitute the "First Division." Precisely at 7:30 a cannon boomed out loudly on the clear, bright air. This was the signal for our division to start. Whistles blew shrilly in response, bells sang out mellowly or jangled sharply, steam puffed, the great wheels crashed around in the water, and our whole division moved forward with stately grace, amid our hearty cheering and the playing of patriotic airs by the band.

An hour later, when we had drawn some distance away from the rest, another cannon-shot gave the signal for the Second Division to start, which it did, with similar cheering and band playing. Two hours later the Third and last Division started, and looking back through Ezra Grimsted's field-glass, I counted more than 80 vessels of all kinds covering the surface of the broad Chesapeake, and moving southward in imposing procession.

"Now, by the great horn spoon," said Job, exultantly, "this here looks like licking somebody. If old Burnside's only got sand according to his strength we'll make the fur fly offen rebel hides somewhere before St. Valentine's Day. I only hope it'll be Richmond. Either o' them 'd make a powerful pretty valentine to send Old Abe. He expects great things o' this regiment. I'd like to take Jeff Davis back to him in a cage, and present him with the compliments o' the Blue Jays."

We were far down the bay by the time night fell. We of the Blue Jays gathered together on the high forecastle of the ship, and watched the many-colored lights gleam out through the banked darkness, and shimmer on the mirror-like waters, making it look as if we were moving through some strange firmament, on a level with its stars and comets.

Lan Green had been leading in singing "The Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," etc., powerfully assisted by Job and Quin with their mellow baritones, and the rest of us coming in strong on the choruses. Our voices sounded strangely, almost weirdly as they rang out over the echoless deep, above the monotones of the rushing waters, throbbing engines and whirring wheels. At length we all became silent—an awed, brooding silence, born of anxious meditation on what was to come, not merely to us, but to the great enterprise upon which we were embarked.

"Is this thing well-planned, I wonder?" I asked, speaking out my thoughts almost unconsciously, and questioning myself rather than anyone else. "Are we sailing on to a glorious victory or to a defeat as shameful as Bull Run?"

"What it shall be does not depend upon any human planning," answered Lan in his sweet, tranquil, almost womanly tones, "but upon the will of the Most High—upon the pleasure of Him who noteth even a sparrow's fall. I leave the result to Him."

"But arn't you anxious to know where we are going, and what is expected of us?" I asked.

"No, Tracy, I am not. My faith is like the poet's, who says:

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

"I only know," put in Job, "that Abe Lincoln expects great things of this regiment, and I'm determined he shan't be disappointed if it lies in my power to prevent it."

"Led's durn in," suggested Herman. "De Gaptain says ve'll be in Vort Monroe bevore daylighd, unt I vant to ket up early unt see all dat dere iss to pe seen."

The proposition was adopted by unanimous consent, and we were soon fast asleep. We sprang up at the first notes of the reveille, but found ourselves at anchor, far from Fortress Monroe. A fog had come up during the night, and as all the lights and buoys which had served to aid navigators had been removed by the rebels, our Captain did not think it safe to proceed.

It was far into the forenoon when we at last steamed into the forest of masts in Hampton Roads, and casting anchor off Fortress Monroe, added our craft to the marine multitude swarming there.

What a sight it was! What majesty and power was arrayed there on the tranquil blue waters basking in the bright sun!

"Great Jehosophat!" exclaimed Job, "they've ships here by regiments and men-of-war by battalions. Where under the sun did they get 'em all?"

"Donnerwetter! iss all the vorldt afloat?" asked Herman with wide-open eyes. "Iss all beeples lifing in ships now, instead of houses?"

"Ye've got it, Dutchy," echoed Quin, "payple have taken to living in ships so's to get rid of damp cellars in the houses. By the piper that played before Moses, the fathers and mothers av ships and all their families are here, for sure."

The whole watery expanse, from where the great black cannon of Fortress Monroe frowned from the top of its towering walls of stone, to the distant gate of the ocean, lying between Capes Henry and Charles, was covered with vessels of every description known to our ports. High-prowed passenger steamers and sailing vessels with bellying canvas; insolent-looking men-of-war, and noisy, officious tugs filled square mile after square mile of the watery plain.

To our right lay Fortress Monroe, with about a Township of the Virginia soil behind it covered with the white tents of the troops encamped there. To the left were the scarcely-less imposing walls and guns of the Rip-Raps. Beyond these was the south shore of the James, with here and there long mounds of earth, bristling with guns, and with rebel flags flaunting defiantly from tall poles.

"That's the mouth of the James River up there," explained one of the Mates of our vessel. "That's the road to Richmond, and those vessels you see moving around there are rebel men-of-war on guard."

"Why, in the name of common sense, don't we go over there and knock 'em into the middle of next week, blow them forts off the face of the earth, and take Richmond?" demanded Job.

"That's a question I won't try to answer," said the Mate with a smile.

"We leave here this evening under sealed orders," said Ezra Grimsted, denying my request and Herman's for leave to go ashore in one of the boats and ramble through Fortress Monroe; "you'll have to stay on board."

As the sun went down in glory behind the Virginia forests the moon rose in even greater splendor out of the sea, just over the ocean gateway in our front. She was at her full, and seemed like a great golden door opening out of a realm of dazzling brilliance. Leading up to this across the still water was a lustrous pathway, upon which the bright-winged angels might have walked with feet of light.

"The pearly streets of the New Jerusalem cannot be more glorious than that," said Lan reverently.

As we looked, one vessel after another of our division silently got under way, and moved majestically out over the bright pathway—

INTO THE GOLDEN MOON.

sailing directly into the moon. She covered their masts and ropes with a silver sheen; they stood out on her broad face like figures of silver on a medallion of gold; they swept onward and outward—but whither?

What unknown destiny lies beyond that shining portal?

What fate lurks for us the other side of that glowing golden gateway?

I feel that the omens are auspicious—Heaven smiles on us.

It is our time to move out. The gruff Captain of the vessel is shouting his hoarse orders; the sailors are hoisting the anchor. A boat is coming alongside to take our letters, and I close this that it may go by it.

Your loving son, TRACY.

(To be continued.)

A Priest at Andersonville.

(The Century.)

The only authorized representative of the Christian religion who possessed enough of it to visit the 30,000 men in the prison-pen was a Roman Catholic priest, Father Hamilton, who came in quite regularly, at least every Sabbath, for several weeks. He talked kindly to us, displaying much sympathy for our condition, and administering the last rites of the Church to all the dying men who would accept, without any regard to individual beliefs. He stated that strong efforts were being made to bring about an exchange by both the North and South, and that their efforts would probably be successful. Upon the strength of this report we concluded to let our tunnel remain quiet for the time, thinking that if exchange failed we could have final recourse to it. The exchange did fail; and a heavy thunder shower loosened one of the timbers of which the stockade was composed, so that it settled into the shaft, discovering to the authorities our tunnel, and they quickly filled it up.

He Got It.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"I have had a delightful evening," he said, as he took his hat and rose to go. "May I call again?"

"I shall be glad to see you," she replied, with a blush.

As he walked out into the hall he saw in the mirror of the hatrack a reflection of the rougish girl slyly throwing a kiss at him, and he turned back.

"I must have that in the original package," he whispered.

He was a Kansas young man, and he got.