subjected to a continuous and unparalleled fire. At last the enemy had burrowed their way within the moat. Nearly all the guns were useless. Transportation was well nigh impracticable. Every corner of our defenses was exposed, while sharpshooters picked off our men at their leisure.

"Evacuation was, therefore, a necessity, and orders to that effect were given by Gen. Beauregard. On the night of Sept. 7 boats were ready for embarkation. Quickly and swiftly as each detachment left, other boats grounded on the strand to receive their loads. A sufficient number of men was retained in the fort to

KEEP UP THE FIRING.

Finally, Col. Pressley, with only two companions, remained. The Federals, in their sap, were only 30 steps away, and so our guns were not spiked. The slightest unusual noise would have betrayed us. At midnight Fort Wagner was abandoned.

"What had the Federals gained by the lavish expenditure of the material of war, boundless treasure, and the fearful sacrifice of life? The sole object of the occupation of Morris Island, as stated by Gen. Gillmore, was the demolition of Fort Sumter as preliminary to the entrance of the ironclads. That accomplished, it was thought that the gate to Charleston would be thrown open to the navy and the 'cradle of secession' would fall.

"Yet, for 18 months thereafter the fleet remained in the outer harbor, and whenever the fire of the batteries were directed against Commodore Dahlgren's fleet it was noticed that he dropped further out to sea. It was not until the 18th of February, 1865, when a rowboat sent by the municipal authorities of Charleston informing him in the outer harbor that the Confederate authorities had evacuated the city, did he venture to enter, and then, without fear of torpedoes and harbor obstructions, did monitors and gunboats steam up to the wharves of the city."

One who visits Morris Island to-day will vainly search for a solitary fragment of the old Confederate earthwork. The winds, with unseen, ethereal fingers, have twisted up the former foundations and with stormy breath have

BLOWN THE ANCIENT BOUNDARIES AFAR.

The ocean also has not been idle. Those waves, which, as the subtlest and most wonderful of enchanters, carve and recarve the coast-lines of the world—which destroy to-day only to create to-morrow, seem bent upon obliterating the site of Fort Wagner; but no military gallantry in the storied past or anticipated future can possibly through fact or imagination cast a depreciating shadow upon the heroism of the defenders of Fort Wagner.

Fort Wagner affords a striking example of the injudicious location of an earthwork. Its office was to hold and control possession of all that portion of Morris Island upon which effective breaching batteries against Fort Sumter could be established. We have seen how signally it failed to do so.

The instructive and suggestive lesson of Fort Pulaski, which was lost to the enemy because Big Tybee Island, the proper position for a heavily-armed outwork, was abandoned to us without an attempt being made to hold it, was not practically applied in defending the approaches to Fort Sumter.

After the primary error of abandoning Cole's Island, where the enemy relinquished a great advantage in evacuating this strong position, abandoning to Gen. Gillmore the undisputed occupation of Folly Island and the control of Stono Inlet, giving him a secure base easily held from which to

THREATEN THE DEFENSES

of Charleston as often as military reasons rendered it advisable or expedient to do so, the great mistake of the enemy on that part of his line of defenses which Gen. Gillmore attacked was made by his engineer, and consisted in locating Fort Wagner near the north end of Morris Island, instead of on the sand hills two miles farther south, near Lighthouse Inlet. He would not have been forced to witness the humiliating spectacle of the destruction of his principal work on an interior line, over the heads of the defenders of an exterior line, had Fort Wagner been even one mile farther to the southward.

With only one inclosed work for the defense of Morris Island, the proper location for it was near the south end. Its armament should have been defensive principally, and its strength of profile such as to enable it to resist a "coup de main" beyond peradventure.

The heavy ordnance for channel defense on the north end of Morris Island ought to have been arranged in 1-gun or 2-gun batteries, as they were on the south end. Too much dependence, however, was placed on these guns at the south end. Their resistance to the attack of Gen. Gillmore on the 10th of July was not by any means formidable. A few light fieldpieces judiciously posted and secured against capture by assault, would have been far more effective.

A proper and perfect defense of Morris Island would have been two small inclosed works, each heavily stockaded,

TO RESIST ESCALADE,

and each armed with a few field and siege pieces and several siege mortars. With one such work located on the site of Fort Wagner and the other two miles further south, no enemy could have maintained a lodgment on Morris Island for an hour.

The special defense of Fort Wagner was faulty in two particulars: It was too passive. All the advantage that might have been derived from vigorous night sorties, against which the fire of the fleet would have taken no effective part with safety to the besiegers, was voluntarily relinquished when the system of defense by torpedo mines, placed on and in advance of the glacis, was resorted to.

Curved fire was not used enough. The armament of the work contained but two mortars, one 8-inch and one 10-inch. These, when earnestly served, caused the most serious delay in the progress of our work, and on one occasion suspended it altogether. The Coehorn mortar is a most valuable weapon in siege operations; from its lightness and portability it is peculiarly adapted to the attack, and should follow close on the heels of the sappers. In this manner it was used by Gen. Gillmore in the siege of Fort Wagner.

The circumstances of the military situation were peculiar after Gen. Gillmore effected a lodgment on Morris Island on the morning of the 10th of July. The Union troops occupied one end of the island, without batteries or defenses of any kind, except what were improvised from day to day. The Confederates were on the

OTHER END, STRONGLY FORTIFIED.

The narrowest part of the island (a mere strip of shallow sand, frequently overflowed by the sea) was between the contending forces, and within half musket range of the powerful battery and numerous sharpshooters of Fort Wagner, both parties having their communications to the rear open. Why did not the Confederates drive Gen. Gillmore from the island, as their commander stated should be done, instead of being driven from it themselves?

Two conditions, steadily maintained, achieved success. The first was an overpowering mortar fire from our batteries, particularly toward the end of the siege of Fort Wagner, opposed by a weak mortar fire from the enemy. The second was the difference, always in our favor, except in rough weather, between the flank fire upon us from the James Island batteries, and the fire upon the enemy from our fleet, which could establish short ranges and had considerable latitude in selecting positions.

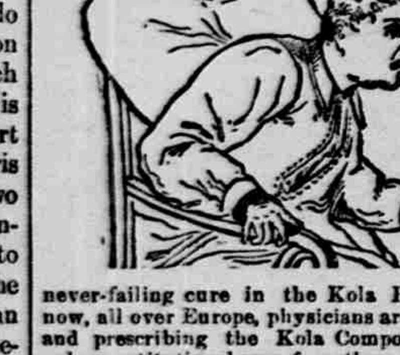
These conditions induced the Confederates to adopt an injudicious, because passive, defense. They depended mainly on torpedo mines for the security of their position. These would have been useful against open assaults, but should have been removed to facilitate night sorties as soon as the slow attack by regular approaches was resorted to.

While it would have been entirely practicable to have pushed forward the approaches to Fort Wagner without the co-operation of the navy (with greater loss of men and material), their presence abreast of Morris Island helped to subdue the fire of Fort Wagner and keep the gunboats of the Confederates beyond range in the harbor, thereby saving the time and labor of establishing batteries for that purpose.

The navy rendered valuable assistance. The New Ironsides, in particular, under the energetic command of Capt. Rowan, was very efficient in subduing the fire of Fort Wagner. Throughout the period occupied by the land forces in accomplishing their portion of the joint program of attack, which in fact ended with the demolition of Fort Sumter on the 23d day of August, and subsequent to this until Forts Wagner and Gregg were captured, the navy rendered all the co-operation that was necessary or that was desired of it.

An Awful Sufferer.

If there is any disease which is awful in its effects upon the sufferer, that disease is Asthma. Suffocating, gasping for air, and sitting up, perhaps for weeks, in an agony of despair, weary, worn and helpless, such is the life of one who is afflicted with Asthma in the worst form. An explorer on the Congo River, in Darkest Africa, some years ago, discovered a



never-failing cure in the Kola Plant. And now, all over Europe, physicians are endorsing and prescribing the Kola Compound as the only constitutional cure for asthma. There are seven thousand recorded cures within three months. Many sufferers give grateful testimony of the curative powers of this remarkable plant. Mr. Wilson P. Moulton, a leading carriage manufacturer of Providence, R. I., testifies that it cured him of Asthma of 23 years' standing. Mr. Alfred C. Lewis, Editor of the *Farmer's Magazine*, of Washington, D. C., and Rev. J. L. Coombs, of Martinsburg, West Va., give similar testimony, the latter stating that he had suffered from Asthma for nearly fifty years, and was promptly cured by the use of the Kola plant. Many others speak in similar terms of this new botanic curative. So sure are the importers of Kola of the fact that it cannot fail to cure, that they are sending out large trial cases free, to any sufferer who makes the request. For the benefit of our readers who may be afflicted, we cheerfully give the address of the Importing Company, who have given this great boon to humanity. Address, Kola Importing Company, No. 1166 Broadway, New York, and they will send you a Large Trial Case, free, by mail, and prepaid.

A SONNET.

(In memory of Capt. George E. Lemon.)

BY D. J. EVANS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Bring forth a tablet whiter than a star,
Alabaster or Parian marble rare!
And carve thereon his venerated name,
For he has earned and won immortal fame!
So that to distant time it may appear
How true he was, how noble, how sincere;
How wept, how honored, by the friends he loved—
Ennobled by himself—by all approved.
For him the grateful veteran sheds a tear,
While all will sadly breathe the sigh sincere.
Peace to his manly soul, and sweetest rest
With that glad throng, whom love of God has blest!
Though death has ta'en his gracious form away,
His name will live untarnished by decay.

Plants That Follow Man.

In New Zealand no less than 500 species of plants have been introduced and acclimated since the colonization of the islands. The presence of these plants there is ascribed, directly or indirectly, to the presence of civilized man. They have followed him, and curiously enough, have driven before them some of the plants indigenous to the soil. Most of the invaders are small species, yet they have prevailed over large and vigorous native species.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A Day of Doubt.

Sibylla Ashley sat at her desk and scanned a letter she had just finished. It was written in a fine, decided hand, on pale-gray paper. In romances Sibylla had read, the composition of such letters was attended with much agony and littering of the floor with torn paper. Sibylla, however, had made but one attempt, and in precisely five minutes the missive was completed. She read it over once, and it seemed to suit her, for she folded and addressed it, and then called, in her low, musical voice, "Letty!"

A young girl appeared at the door almost instantly. One could see at a glance that they were sisters.

"I want Joe, Letty," said Sibylla, as she pressed the envelope on her blotting-pad.

"Joe drove grandfather into town this morning," replied the younger girl.

"Call George, then. I want to send a letter."

"George has hurt his foot and can't walk." Sibylla made a gesture of impatience.

"There is Chrissy," said Letty, tentatively.

THE LETTER.

"I won't have her; she muddles everything. It is very provoking that I can find nobody to do so simple an errand."

Sibylla rose and walked to the window, where she stood looking moodily out upon a lawn that was better kept than the lawns of most Sussex country houses. Letty stood in meek silence, as though she had done her sister a personal injury.

"Well, send her here; I suppose she'll have to do," said Sibylla, after a moment, in a slightly-modified tone.

Letty ran downstairs to do her sister's bidding with her usual alacrity. Sibylla drew the letter from its envelope and read it a second time.

It ran thus:

"'Julien,—It simply cannot be. I do not love you as I ought. I have known this for a long time, and I have honestly tried to feel differently, but I cannot. You are not a man whom a woman should have to try to love. Think well of me if you can, for I have been honest with you. You would be excusable for despising me, perhaps, but you will do nothing of the kind. You will remain my faithful and respected friend, as I shall yours.
"Sibylla Ashley."

The swift, straight dash under the signature was drawn with Sibylla's accustomed firmness. She sealed her letter, and looking up, saw a little girl from the neighboring village standing bashfully in the doorway. The child wore a very much tattered frock, and held a disreputable old straw hat by its one string.

A frown gathered upon Sibylla's brow.

"Have you no better clothes than those, child. Mercy, what a messenger!" and Sibylla burst out laughing in spite of herself.

Chrissy was in dire confusion. "Yes, I has, miss; shall I put 'em on?"

"Yes, do, for heaven's sake—try to make yourself decent and clean. I want you to carry a letter for me. If you succeed, Miss Letty will give you a penny and that little gray garden coat of mine. You must hurry."

"Oh, miss!" cried the child, and in a moment she was stumbling down the staircase.

In a short time she was back again. Her face and hands were clean, and her tangled locks had been combed into something like order. The torn, soiled garment had been replaced by a neat pink frock, and Sibylla's garden coat was clutched tightly between her fingers, where it had been placed by Letty.

"You're not to wear that coat now, Chrissy; you'll look too ridiculous. Your mother must cut it down for you. Now listen to every word I say. You are to take this letter to the Queen's Hotel. It is for Capt. Booth, and there is no answer. You are to come back immediately. Repeat that after me."

Chrissy did so without a mistake.

"That is right; see if you can remember it all until you get to the village."

After the child had gone Sibylla sat for a while with her hands clasped above her head. The sleeves falling back showed her two perfectly moulded arms. Then she took a book from the table, and, opening it, stared at it absently for a few minutes.

"Come here, Letty," she said, closing the book and holding out a hand toward where her sister sat quietly sewing at the other side of the room. She drew Letty close to her, and laid her head against the younger girl's arm. "I want you to kiss me," she murmured.

Letty flushed with pleasure, and taking the beautiful head between her hands kissed Sibylla's mouth.

"I am not going to marry Julien, Letty. I have just broken the engagement. Now run away."

II.

Chrissy trotted along the three-mile stretch of road between the Ashley homestead and the village, Sibylla's letter tucked in her bosom. Anon she skipped and laughed at the intoxicating thought of the beautiful gray coat. She drew in great breaths of the sweet country air, and trumpeted shrilly in imitation of the elephant she had seen at the circus. Her heart was filled with the very joy of living, and she knew nothing of the heavy tidings she bore in the bosom of her pink frock.

She longed to chase butterflies through a wood, like that lovely little girl in the story Miss Letty had read to her. She looked to left and right, but saw no butterflies. A little way ahead were two cows grazing by the roadside. Cows were not butterflies, but Chrissy must chase something, and the cows were at hand.

"Hi, yi!" she cried shrilly, and ran down the dusty road, at every few steps leaping high in the air. "Hoo, hoo!" she roared, like a lion. It was great fun. The placid animals lumbered heavily along before her, but not fast enough for Chrissy. She had taken Sibylla's letter from her bosom for greater security when she began to run, and now held it in her hand.

"Woo, woo! it's wild beasts after you!" she shouted. One big, dun-colored cow rebelled at a farther chase, and, turning, tried to climb the bank by the roadside. "Shoo!" cried Chrissy, in hot pursuit, waving her hands.

The desperate animal turned and made down the bank directly toward the girl. "Go 'way, go 'way!" she howled, and Sibylla's letter fell to the roadside on a choice spot of moist earth, just where a second later a heavy bovine hoof pressed it into the mud.

Chrissy immediately forgot her own terror, and the shriek, ending in a sob of rage, which she uttered, was more dread inspiring than any of her previous imitations of wild animals.

"Oh, you beast! look at the letter all covered with nasty mud! I can't take it like that, an' I was so happy just now." She burst into a passion of tears. "What can I do—I might as well run away from home. I can never face Miss S'bylla again."

She trudged slowly homeward, still sobbing miserably and taking poor consolation in the thought that "p'raps Miss S'bylla would write it over again—she writes so quick and so beautiful."

Some black clouds were gathering in the West, and there was a muttering of distant thunder, but Chrissy feared only Sibylla's frown. She heard a sound of horse's hoofs behind her, and looking round beheld a sight that made her heart leap for joy. Capt. Julien Booth was riding slowly up the road toward the Ashley house.

"Now, Miss S'bylla can tell him herself," thought the child, "an' he won't need the letter. But she'll ask me for it," she thought, the next instant. "I'd better run home and confess it all; I can get there before Cap'n Booth if I run fast."

Then the prospect of immediately facing Sibylla with her dread confession overpowered the girl. "It's no use," she muttered as she dropped back into a walk, "I might just as well die."

III.

Capt. Julien Booth had risen at dawn, and had spent the morning riding slowly through country lanes meditating on the step he was about to take.

"It may be the act of a brave man or of a coward," he said to himself a score of times that day.

When in the early Spring he asked Sibylla Ashley to marry him, he loved her passionately, or thought he did. He now loved her so no longer, or believed he did not. The charm of her wonderful beauty was as potent as ever, but the imperiousness of her manner, the directness of her speech, which had so fascinated him at first, had ended by making him uneasy. She had been so accustomed to homage and obedience from every one, that he feared she would exact from him more than he could give.

In the woods that morning he had gone over all that he would say. He had prepared for every consequence of his determination—for the bitter scorn, for her cool contempt, for her superb, disdainful silence, and for—but no, that thought was dismissed at once. The man did not live for whom Sibylla Ashley would shed a tear.

Then he had laughed aloud at this rehearsal of a tragedy—the slaying of their happy dream.

He would tell her that he was ready to stand by his promise; and then he tried to imagine the look in Sibylla Ashley's eyes when a man told her, in effect, that he did not want her, but would take her if she insisted.

The flash of lightning that almost blinded him as he reached the Ashley gate was pale in comparison.

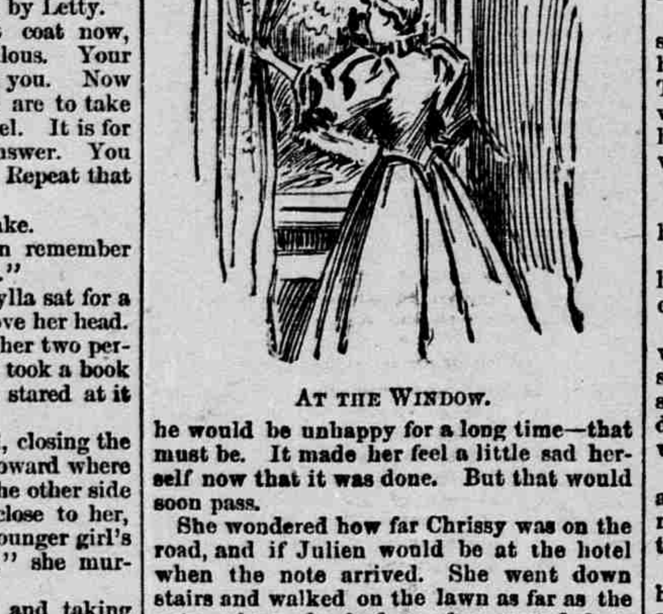
For a moment he thought of riding by. He wanted to postpone the interview—he needed more time for thought.

Then he threw his head up and his shoulders back as he turned his horse and rode through the gate.

"It is the act of a brave man or of a coward; I shall not make it the act of a coward," he said.

IV.

When Sibylla was left alone she sat for a while and wondered how Julien would receive her letter. Perhaps he would come out in the evening. She hoped he would not. She wanted to hear no entreaties; she dreaded a scene. It would be so much better if he would write her a sorrowful, manly note and accept her decision. Then they could meet after that as friends. Of course



AT THE WINDOW.

he would be unhappy for a long time—that must be. It made her feel a little sad herself now that it was done. But that would soon pass.

She wondered how far Chrissy was on the road, and if Julien would be at the hotel when the note arrived. She went down stairs and walked on the lawn as far as the gate, where she had so often parted from him. She saw the rain-clouds gathering, and returned to her room. She tried to read, but could not. She heard the sound of a horse's hoofs below the window, and, looking out, her lips turned pale. Julien was riding up the drive. He must have galloped all the way from the town, she said, as she hurried from the window to her mirror.

Julien threw his bridle to George, who was hopping about on one foot before the door. In the hall he met Letty, who, with scared eyes, told him that Sibylla was at home, and ran upstairs to warn her sister.

When Sibylla entered he was at the window. She closed the door and stood looking at him in silence. The color had not yet returned to her cheeks, and Julien, she saw, was very pale. For a long moment they stood looking into each other's eyes.

"Will you not give me your hand, Sibylla?" Julien said at last, in a voice unlike his own.

"Why should I not do so? she said kindly, and advancing placed her hand in his.

"Perhaps after to-day, Sibylla, you will never give me your hand again, for the words I have come to say to you are surely the hardest that man can speak to woman."

She drew her hand away quickly.

"Do not say them, then," she said, with all her own imperiousness—"I forbid you!"—then in an altered voice: "Julien, I have been a weak or a wicked woman, perhaps, but remember I am a proud woman. I know all that you have to say. Don't reproach me."

The last sentence fell upon ears which were numbed by the preceding sentence. "Don't reproach me." He stared hard at where she stood, looking at him with kindly, sorrowful eyes; then sank trembling upon a chair. She had read what was in his mind the instant she entered the room. What a marvellous sympathy existed between them! She was making his task easy, but oh, how doubly hard!

"How long have you known this, Sibylla?" he asked, after a while.

"How long? How can I measure it by time?" she said, with a touch of impatience. "It was days, weeks ago that I became conscious of the indefinable something that had come between us. I felt that we were growing farther apart, and I tried to draw myself nearer you. Yes, I tried. But even when I was most affectionate, even when you held me closest, I felt it most strongly—oh, miserable sham and pretense; Julien, why do you make me speak of it?"

"Sibylla, it was not sham and pretense—it was real—while it lasted it was true."

"Think so if you can." Then she added more gently. "I want you to believe the best of me."

Capt. Booth bent his head and covered his eyes with his hand. He attempted to speak, but only succeeded in making a sound like a groan.

Sibylla rose and stood before him.

"Julien," she said, "I am not wont to speak slightingly of myself, but I am not the woman to make you happy. All my life I have been humored and indulged. I should have demanded much from you, and should not have been satisfied with less"—his very thought. "Somewhere there is another woman who will make you a better wife than I"——

"Not that—Sibylla—think anything but that—I swear there is no other woman."

"Not now, but there will be one day, of course."

He was silent a moment. "You do not despise me, Sibylla?" he asked, in a low tone.

"Despise you—despise you, Julien?" She touched his hair softly. "I honor and respect you more than any man I ever knew."

Capt. Booth raised his head and gazed at her with adoring eyes. Then, as he continued to look upward into her calm, lovely face, he slid slowly from his chair and fell on his knees before her. He bent his head, and taking the hem of her robe tenderly and as though it were a sacred thing, he raised it to his lips. Then he stood up, took a few steps backward, with head inclined, and was gone.

It was a beautiful, triumphant ending to the interview she had so dreaded, and it satisfied Sibylla Ashley. As the door closed behind Julien, she suddenly realized that the rain was falling in torrents. Could she, after that magnificent exit, call after him to get an umbrella from the rack, but to be careful not to take the heavy black silk one, because it was her grandfather's, and he never lent it? How ridiculous!

Swiftly she crossed the room and opened the door. "Julien, I cannot let you go in the rain," she called.

Capt. Booth was at the front door. He did not trust himself to speak, but waved his hand without turning his head. The door closed behind him, a tremendous clap of thunder shook the house. Sibylla ran back into the room, threw herself upon a sofa, and burst into tears.

V.

Julien walked rapidly toward the stable after his horse. He heard a patter of feet behind him, and became aware that a little girl was running beside him trying to hold a big gingham umbrella over his head.

"You're never goin' to ride out in this rain, Capt. Booth," cried George from the hayloft as Julien entered the stable door.

The young man stood for a long time staring out at the brilliant green of the dripping shrubbery, underneath which the chickens, ruffled and sullen, were huddled. He looked down into Chrissy's swollen face and brimming eyes, and wondered vaguely if she was crying because she was sorry for him. Then he looked up at the leaden, streaming sky, and tried to imagine what his life was going to be like without Sibylla Ashley. What had happened to him that he had fancied her lacking in tenderness?—this glorious, beautiful woman whom he had just renounced, and whom, he knew now, he loved with all his soul.

He darted out into the rain again, and strode back to the house. Chrissy still ran at his side. He pushed the front door open. The sound of his footsteps on the hall floor was drowned by the fury of the storm. He heard Letty's voice, and then Sibylla's. She was sobbing.

"I sent him away in the rain, Letty."

"It is better so, since you do not love him?"

"But—but—I do love him. I didn't know how much till now that I have lost him forever."

The door opened softly, and Julien stood within the room. Sibylla was lying on the sofa, her face buried in the pillows. Letty stood beside her, holding her hand. She dropped it with a start as she saw Julien, who held up a warning finger.

"Don't go away, Letty!" sobbed Sibylla, and then using almost the words of Egypt's miserable and deserted Queen: "Don't talk to me—just pity me!"

She reached out gropingly to take Letty's hand again. Letty saw and understood, and faded out of the room; it was Julien's hand that Sibylla clasped.

"Letty, I know he will ne—never come back!" He said hardly a word, but looked so miserable! "How tight you are holding my hand—you hurt me, Letty!"

She suddenly sat upright. Julien was kneeling beside her, his arm around her waist. A sob was trembling on her lips. There must be an outlet; a fit of hysterical, undignified weeping, if she pushed him away, and there was his shoulder waiting for her head, so comfortable, so restful a haven. Before she realized it, and by no volition of hers, yet with no resistance, her face was buried there. Julien's cheek pressed against her own, and his arms held her close.

"I could not give you up, my darling," he whispered.

"And I cannot let you go," she said between her sobs.

The storm was passing, and there were already glimpses of the sun behind the low-hanging clouds. The house was very still. Murmured, fragmentary phrases of the talk of the two lovers penetrated to the hall, where a ridiculous little figure in a muddy pink frock lingered near the door.

"I reckon the trouble's about all over," thought Chrissy.

"It has brought us nearer together, Julien," she heard Sibylla say, and I shall always hold this day blessed; but let us never speak of it again."

"Never again, my Sibylla," Julien's voice made answer.

"This letter's no good now," soliloquized Chrissy, as she drew the soiled and crumpled envelope from her pocket. "It would just make more trouble if I delivered it now. I'll just go and put the old thing in the fire."—*London Daily Mail.*

Better

Than cure, is prevention. If subject to rheumatism, ward off its attacks by purifying your blood now with a thorough course of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

SHERMAN'S MEMOIRS.

(Continued from first page.)

write to Gen. Steele, conveying to him my personal and professional opinion that the present opportunity is the most perfect one that will ever offer itself to him to clean out his enemies in Arkansas.

Wishing you all honor and success, I am, with respect, your friend and servant,
W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General.

ORDERS TO GEN. SMITH.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE, VICKSBURG, March 6, 1864.

Brig.-Gen. A. J. SMITH, commanding expedition up Red River, Vicksburg, Miss.

GENERAL: By an order this day issued, you are to command a strong, well-appointed detachment of the Army of the Tennessee, sent to reinforce a movement up Red River, but more especially against the fortified position at Shreveport.

You will embark your command as soon as possible, little encumbered with wagons or wheeled vehicles, but well supplied with fuel, provisions, and ammunition. Take with you the 12 mortars, with their ammunition, and all the 30-pound Parrotts the Ordnance officer will supply. Proceed to the mouth of Red River, and confer with Admiral Porter. Consult with him, and in all the expedition rely on him implicitly, as he is the approved friend of the Army of the Tennessee, and has been associated with us from the beginning. I have undertaken with Gen. Banks that you will be at Alexandria, La., on or before the 17th day of March; and you will, if time allows, co-operate with the navy in destroying Harrisonburg, up Black River; but as I passed Red River yesterday I saw Admiral Porter, and he told me he had already sent an expedition to Harrisonburg, so that I suppose that part of the plan will be accomplished before you reach Red River; but, in any event, be careful to reach Alexandria about the 17th of March.

Gen. Banks will start by land from Franklin, in the Teche country, either the 5th or 7th, and will march via Opelousas to Alexandria. You will meet him there, report to him, and act under his orders. My understanding with him is that his forces will move by land, via Natchitoches, to Shreveport, while the gunboat fleet is to ascend the river with your transports in company. Red River is very low for the season, and I doubt if any of the boats can pass the falls or rapids at Alexandria. What Gen. Banks proposes to do in that event I do not know, but my own judgment is that Shreveport ought not to be attacked until the gunboats can reach it. Not that a force marching by land cannot do it alone, but it would be bad economy in war to invest the place with an army so far from heavy guns, mortars, ammunition and provisions, which can alone reach Shreveport by water. Still, I do not know about Gen. Banks's plans in that event, and whatever they may be, your duty will be to conform, in the most hearty manner.

My understanding with Gen. Banks is that he will not need the co-operation of your force beyond 30 days from the date you reach Red River. As soon as he has taken Shreveport, or as soon as he can spare you, return to Vicksburg with all dispatch, gather up your detachments, wagons, tents, transportation, and all property pertaining to so much of the command as belongs to the Sixteenth Corps, and conduct it to Memphis, where orders will await you. My present belief is your division, entire, will be needed with the Army of the Tennessee, about Huntsville, or Bridgeport. Still, I will leave orders with Gen. Hurlbut at Memphis for you on your return.

I believe if water will enable the gunboats to cross the rapids at Alexandria, you will be able to make a quick, strong, and effective blow at our enemy in the West, thus widening the belt of our territory, and making the breach between the Confederate Government and its outlying trans-Mississippi Department more perfect.

It is understood that Gen. Steele makes a simultaneous move from Little Rock, on Shreveport or Natchitoches, with a force of about 10,000 men. Banks will have 17,000, and you 10,000. If these can act concentrically and simultaneously, you will make short work of it, and then Gen. Banks will have enough force to hold as much of the Red River country as he deems wise, leaving you to bring to Gen. Grant's main army the 7,500 men of the Sixteenth Corps now with you. Having faith in your sound judgment and experience, I confide this important and delicate command to you, with certainty that you will harmonize perfectly with Admiral Porter and Gen. Banks, with whom you are to act, and thereby insure success.

I am, with respect, your obedient servant,
W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General commanding.

ORDERS TO GEN. M'PHERSON.

HEADQ'RS DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE, MEMPHIS, March 14, 1864.

Maj.-Gen. MCPHERSON, commanding, etc., Vicksburg, Miss.

DEAR GENERAL: I wrote you at length on the 11th, by a special bearer of dispatches, and now make special orders to cover the movements therein indicated. It was my purpose to await your answer, but I am summoned by Gen. Grant to be in Nashville on the 17th, and it will keep me moving night and day to get there by that date. I must rely on you, for you understand that we must reinforce the great army at the center (Chattanooga) as much as possible, at the same time not risking the safety of any point on the Mississippi which is fortified and armed with heavy guns. I want you to push matters as rapidly as possible, and to do all you can to put two handsome divisions of your own corps at Cairo, ready to embark up the Tennessee River by the 20th or 30th of April at the very furthest. I wish it could be done quicker; but the promise of these 30-days' furloughs in the States of enlistment, though politic, is very unmilitary. It deprives us of our ability to calculate as to time; but do the best you can. Hurlbut can do nothing till A. J. Smith returns from Red River. I will then order him to occupy Grenada temporarily, and to try and get those locomotives that we need here. I may also order him with cavalry and infantry to march toward Tuscaloosa, at the same time that we move from the Tennessee River about Chattanooga.

I don't know as yet the grand strategy of the next campaign, but on arrival at Nashville I will soon catch the main points, and will advise you of them.

Steal a furlough and run to Baltimore incog.; but get back in time to take part in the next grand move.

Write me fully and frequently of your progress. I have ordered the Quartermaster to send down as many boats as he can get to facilitate your movements. Mules, wagons, etc., can come up afterward by transient boats.

I am truly your friend,
W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General commanding.

[Special Field Order No. 28.]

HEADQ'RS DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE, MEMPHIS, TENN., March 14, 1864.

1. Maj.-Gen. McPherson will organize two good divisions of his corps (Seventeenth) of about five thousand men, each embracing in part the re-enlisted veterans of his corps whose furloughs will expire in April, which he will command in person, and will rendezvous at Cairo, Ill., and report by telegraph and letter to the General commanding at Department Headquarters, wherever they may be. These divisions will be provided with new arms and accouterments, and land transportation (wagons and mules) out of the supplies now at Vicksburg, which will be conveyed to Cairo by or before April 15.

* * * * *

4. During the absence of Gen. McPherson from the district of Vicksburg, Maj.-Gen. Hurlbut will exercise command over all the troops in the Department of the Tennessee from Cairo to Natchez, inclusive, and will receive special instructions from Department Headquarters.

By order of Maj.-Gen. W. T. SHERMAN.
L. M. DAYTON, Aid-de-Camp.

[To be continued.]

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