THE WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN

(Continued from page one.)

ment to the General and those about him."

Gen. Grant's Good Manners.

Gen. Porter goes on to show Grant's dignified, courteous demeanor toward his subordinates and all others with whom he came in contact, and other matters of human interest connected with the personality of the Commander-in-Chief:

"While the General's manners were simple and unconstrained and his conversation with his staff was of a most sociable nature, yet he always maintained a dignity of demeanor which set bounds to any undue familiarity on the part of those who held intercourse with him. However close to him they were in their relations, there was never any obtrusive intimacy. He always addressed his Chief of Staff as 'Rawlins,' Gen. Sherman as 'Sherman,' and usually called his cavalry leader 'Sheridan;' but in addressing Meade and nearly all the other commanders he invariably employed the title 'General.' Sherman always called the General-in-Chief 'Grant' in public and private conversation. Ingalls and other classmates used this term in talking with him alone, but when others were present they gave him his military title. All other officers in the service addressed him invariably as 'General.' In conversation with his personal Aids, who had served intimately with him, he would call them sometimes by their last names and at other times by their military titles. He was scrupulously careful under all circumstances not to neglect the little courtesies which are the stamp of genuine politeness. When a General came to his headquarters the General-in-Chief always rose to receive him, shook hands and invited him to sit down. If smoking himself at the time, he offered the visitor a cigar, and if it was near the hour for a meal invited him to be a guest at the mess. He never made any remarks in criticism of a person who had called on him after the visitor had left, and by his manner always showed an objection to hearing others talk about people behind their backs. He never had the slightest fondness for gossip of any kind. Whenever anyone attempted to whisper to him in the presence of others, while he did not openly rebuke the offender, he always managed in some way to make it evident that the practice was distasteful to him. Usually when anyone came close to him and started to communicate with him in a whisper before company he drew slightly back, and at once began to reply in a loud tone of voice, which was a sufficient indication that he regarded the whispering as an impoliteness. If there was really any reason for a confidential interview, he would proceed to his back room and hold it there. His conduct was particularly courteous in the presence of ladies, and he never neglected those little attentions to their sex which constitute true politeness. If he were reclining on a bench or sitting in a lounging attitude in a chair after a fatiguing day, when any lady approached, whether a visitor or a person of his own household, he would at once assume a more deferential position, and show her every possible courtesy."

Killing Goes On Unintermittingly.

In spite of the comfortable quarters and the relaxation to which the men gave themselves over after their long campaign of hard marching, digging and fighting, the work of death went on at the front with the regularity of irresistible fate. Sharpshooters, carefully protected behind headlogs, manned the miles of breastworks, and watched with tigerish keenness those of their enemy in front, frequently only a few rods distant from them. The crack of the deadly rifle somewhere along the line was almost as regular as the ticking of a clock. No opportunity to kill or wound the enemy was neglected by the men in gray or the men in blue. It was a part of the program with the men in blue of bleeding the Southern Confederacy to death.

The deadly, unshakable clutch which the Army of the Potomac maintained upon the throat of the Confederate army was telling fearfully in another direction. The heart of the most of Lee's army might well shrink from the daily, unrelenting pressure to which it had been subjected since the crossing of the Rapidan on that bright morning in May. Not even the weekly exhibition of the formal shooting of deserters could stop the men from taking every opportunity to abandon their colors. They came over to our lines in increasing numbers, and slipped off home in still greater numbers. The Confederate Government soon had an army as large as that in the field patroling the country to bring back the deserters from the ranks. Gen. Grant wisely took advantage of this by having little circulars distributed whenever possible inside the Confederate works, offering to pay full value for every gun a deserter would bring in, and give him free transportation to some part of the North. One of the notable instances of this wholesale desertion was that of a teamster who brought his six mules and wagon into the Union lines. The Quartermaster paid him full value for his team.

At times, when the weather was fine and it was felt necessary to get the men out for exercise or excitement, an attempt would be made to push the lines farther toward the Boydton plank road and gain some ground nearer the last of the Confederate line of supplies. The Medical Director of the Army of the Potomac reports that about 300 wounded men a month were brought into the hospitals during this more inactive period.

Care of the Sick and Wounded.

The report of Medical Director McParlin as to the care of the sick and wounded is very interesting, and shows to what perfection the hospital system had been developed. A great general hospital was established far in the rear, with minor hospitals between it and the main line, and a complete ambulance service instituted with regular details for picket service. The wounded and sick were first examined in the brigade and division hospitals, and then, if their condition demanded, were sent to the general hospital, where they were again examined, sorted out and with the more serious cases sent by hospital steamers to Washington, Point Lookout, Annapolis, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. There was a fleet of these steamers, with their names, Surgeon in charge, capacity in beds, as follows:

State of Maine, Surg. Janes, 500 beds.
Connecticut, Surg. Hood, 400 beds.

BOMB PROOFS AND WINTER HUTS ON THE LINES AT PETERSBURG.

Western Metropolis, Surg. W. M. Hudson, 450 beds.
De Molay, Surg. Seaverns, 300 beds.
Baltic, Surg. Thos. McMillan, 500 beds.
Atlantic, Surg. D. P. Smith, 500 beds.

The greater part of the work about the hospitals was performed by members of the bands. These were under as strict discipline as the army. The hospitals were fitted out with every appliance for the treatment of the patients, and unusual efforts were made to give them all the delicacies that could be readily procured. Director McParlin reports that he expended nearly $2,000 in the purchase of turkeys, celery and cranberry sauce for the hospitals on Christmas Day. Chas. A. Righter, a prominent merchant of New York, and his associate merchants sent the hospitals at one time 500 barrels of apples, which were of the greatest enjoyment to the patients.

The capacity of the main hospital at City Point was 6,419. Medical Director McParlin estimates that the total number of wounded tended by his force during the year 1864 was 60,300. This did not include those of the Ninth and Eighteenth Corps while the latter was operating with the Army of the Potomac. Altogether there were during the year, from the Army of the Potomac, 224,940 sick and wounded reported to him. Of these 186,505 recovered and returned to duty. It is interesting, in view of the clamor which the World's Work is now making as to the number of deserters, that Director McParlin reports only 1,311 from this vast number of men treated. Of all those in the hospitals 10,679 died and 4,145 were discharged for disability.

The Hicksford Expedition.

The movement to cut the Boydton plank road having failed, it was decided upon another operation which would have the same embarrassment for the enemy. On Dec. 7 Gen. Warren, with the Fifth Corps, Mott's Division of the Second Corps, four batteries of artillery, a pontoon bridge and Gregg's Cavalry, moved out to break up the Weldon Railroad beyond the Nottoway. The men had four days' rations and 60 rounds of ammunition on their persons and two days' rations and 40 rounds in the wagons. Marching thru a dark, rainy day, the troops got across the Nottoway the next morning, and Gen. Gregg destroyed a great trestle bridge across this river after driving off the enemy's cavalry. During the afternoon of the 8th the infantry had closed up on the railroad, and were given time to cook dinner and rest, both of which they very much needed after their rapid and fatiguing march.

The weather had cleared off, and the moon came out brightly in the evening, so that the troops had plenty of light in which to pursue the work of tearing up the railroad. In doing this the plan was adopted which had been developed to such high pitch in the West. Brigades were lined up along the track, and at a signal from the bugle each man stooped over and caught hold of a tie. At another note from the bugle they all raised up together and threw over the entire track. As it fell the rails were wrenched from the ties, which were piled up and fired, when the rails were thrown on them. The heat was sufficient to twist the rails beyond the possibility of straightening by any machinery in the Confederacy.

This work was resumed early in the morning of Dec. 9, with each division destroying all the track in its front and then moving to the left of the other divisions to repeat the performance. Gen. Gregg, with his cavalry, drove the enemy away, and kept them out of reach while the work of destruction was going on. He also sent out a force which succeeded in driving the enemy from Three Creeks, putting out the fire on the railroad bridge over which his dismounted men crossed. Gen. Gregg followed the enemy up in their retreat, and finally crossed the Meherrin River.

GRANT AND MEADE AT THE FRONT.

Gen. Warren Decides to Return.

At Hicksford the enemy had three forts armed with artillery and connected by rifle pits. Gen. Warren carefully reconnoitered this position, found that it was strongly held, and that it would take him at least two days to turn it and secure possession. His men were already badly fatigued, had eaten up all the four days' rations in their haversacks, and the weather threatened a storm. He therefore decided not to attack, but to continue the destruction of the road until nightfall and then return. By 8 p. m. the command had completed the destruction of the track down to the Meherrin River and burned two large bridges. Altogether between 17 and 18 miles of railroad was so thoroly ruined as to be lost to the Confederates. It would be useless for them to attempt to repair it, because it had been shown how easily the Yankees could repeat the destruction.

The expected storm came up just as their work was finished, and added greatly to the hardships of the return march. By the time the command reached camp again it had traveled about 100 miles in six days.

A New Country.

In spite of the storm of sleet which brought much suffering to the men and animals, the expedition was altogether more pleasing than those to which the men were used, since it was in a new country, where troops had never operated, and in which there were fairly good forage supplies that the Confederates had not yet gathered in. The country seemed almost deserted. Scarcely a man was to be seen, many of the houses were unoccupied, and when they were not only helpless women and children were in possession.

In almost all of these houses abundant quantities of apple jack were found, which the men appropriated without ceremony, and a very good quality of apple jack it was found to be, to the undoing of some of the men.

Gen. Warren felt so pleased with the success of this movement that he issued a congratulatory order to his command, complimenting the men upon their swift march and the splendid discipline, and his officers upon the manner in which the object of the expedition had been attained.

Close of the Year 1864.

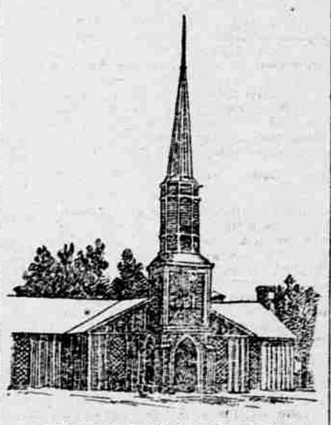
While the Union troops realized that the end of the campaign was far from that of the high expectations which filled their hearts when they crossed the Rapidan seven months before, yet they settled down in their Winter quarters with feelings very different from those entertained in any previous year. They knew that not only had they terribly broken the enemy, but that their comrades in the Shenandoah and in the Western armies had inflicted even more crushing blows upon him. The prolongation of the siege meant only postponement, not evasion or change of the certain end. The deserters swarming into our lines told wierd details of the destitution of the Confederate camps, of the discouragement of the men, of the hopelessness of the Confederate outlook. Lee's men were virtually prisoners, and the only fear which Gen. Grant entertained was lest the rebel army escape. This fear was the occasion of many movements to the left to keep watch on that flank, and prevent Lee from retreating to the Southward unmolested.

Every man in the Union army felt confident, in spite of the reverses in the past, that Richmond could be taken in a day if the army really put forth its strength. It was good policy to let the wasting Winter still further reduce the Confederate power of resistance, and make the final crash easier.

The Dissipirited Enemy.

There was a terrible contrast to this rosy view of the Union soldiers in the stoutly held Confederate lines only a few hundred feet away. The enemy had lost all hope, and were fighting with the grim stubbornness of Americans, selling their lives as dearly as possible. Nothing that they had been able to do, not all the scores of desperate, sanguinary assaults which they had so bravely made, had loosened from their throats the iron clutch fastened there by the Army of the Potomac when it crossed the Rapidan. The mad struggle in the burning woods of the Wilderness, the demoniacal slaughter in the Bloody Angle at Spotsylvania, the awful blow inflicted at Cold Harbor, the raging murder in the Crater at Petersburg, all had availed them naught. Every day showed the implacable Union army drawing slowly but surely nearer the heart of their defenses. Every day showed the unrelenting Union rifles striking down scores of their comrades. Every day showed a lengthening out of the ghastly trail of shallow graves which began 69 miles away in the Wilderness.

The Confederate soldiers could look back upon their companies and regiments shrinking day by day under the rude harvesting of battle, and could see nothing ahead of them but the Grim Reaper, under whose cruel scythe they would soon fall, as had four out of every five of their comrades who had touched elbows with them in the beginning of the campaign. They were as men on a slowly sinking ship, or like that wretched being in the medieval story, whose prison walls closed in hourly upon him to crush him finally out of all human semblance.



THE CHURCH BUILT BY THE ENGINEERS.

Could Only Postpone the Inevitable.

All the fighting that they could do now would merely postpone the inevitable. They fought without hope, but they fought on because they were Americans in whom the spirit of resistance could only be crushed out by death. There spread thru the camps at this time the religious fervor of doomed men, standing on the brink of eternity. Prayer meetings and religious services were held morning, afternoon and night in every regiment, and the men sang and prayed as do those preparing for execution.

The sullen, lowering skies and incessant rains in an unusually inclement season harmonized and emphasized their overwhelming despondency. No more was heard by the sentinels in the Union works the rollicking songs of the Confederate camps in the earlier days, no more the spontaneous cheering. In their place came stealing over to them on the clear wintry air the plaintive notes of the sad old hymns that spoke of sin and suffering, of preparation for death, and the doleful wails over the fate of these who repented not. The only variation from this in the way of secular music was the inexpressibly mournful "Lorena," which someone had very aptly said "sang the very heart out of the Southern Confederacy."

And so, while the dawn of a glorious future was gilding with bright hope the starry flags in every camp, from City Point to Hatcher's Run, clouds forecasting a doom like that which fell upon Ninevah and Babylon settled down upon the crimson banner of the maimed and broken Confederacy, waving from the bristling forts only a gunshot away.

Thus closed, in the environs of the Confederate Capital, the eventful year of 1864.

(The end.)

HOWARD'S BRIGADE.

An Organization That Was Strictly In It From Start to Finish.

Editor National Tribune: I do not remember ever seeing anything from the members of the First Brigade, First Division, Second Corps. The brigade was formed at Bladensburg, Md., in October, 1861. Gen. O. O. Howard was the first commander and Lieut.-Gen. Nelson A. Miles, retired, was a First Lieutenant of his staff, and was connected with the brigade and division from Bladensburg to Appomattox. He directed the last infantry charge of the Army of the Potomac as commander of the First Division. There were three regiments that remained in the brigade all the time. These were the 5th N. H., 61st N. Y. and 81st Pa. If the loss in killed and died from wounds be any criterion, the brigade did a world of service. Four regiments connected with the brigade were among the 45 whose loss was over 200. These were the 5th N. H., 295; 148th Pa., 210; 81st Pa., 208, and the 145th Pa., 205. I do not think there is another brigade in the army that had four regiments in that list, except the Vermont Brigade. There were some people before the war who believed that the Yankees would not fight. If they are yet alive, let them study the records of the 5th N. H. and the Vermont Brigade. There is a mistake on the tablet of the 81st Pa. at Gettysburg. It was done with malice aforethought by a man who wanted to unduly exalt himself. He also placed the name of an enlisted man as Sergeant-Major when he knew that the Sergeant-Major was away on account of wounds received at Fredericksburg. I was the Acting Sergeant-Major at Gettysburg, and had been ever since Fredericksburg. I would like to hear from any of the old brigade.—James McKinley, 81st Pa., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Route to Fort Leavenworth.

Ralph E. Wescott, Ossining, N. Y., wants some one to tell him of the route of the 21st N. Y., 6th Va. and 3d Mass. Cav. to Fort Leavenworth after the second days' review in Washington.

The 5th Me. Battery.

George Poyer, Johnstown, Pa., says that there was a mistake in mentioning his battery. It should be the 5th Me. Battery instead of the 15th Me. Battery.

The 1st N. Y. Lincoln Cav.

John Clemens, 1215 E. North street, Canton, O., says that in the accounts of the fight at Winchester, Va., under Milroy, his regiment, the 1st N. Y. Lincoln Cav., was not mentioned. The regiment was sent to escort Gen. Milroy to Hancock, when Gen. Milroy found that he had done the very best he could. He was a fighter, and he said to Col. McReynolds: "Will your regiment take me thru?" Col. McReynolds's answer was: "Yes, they will take you to the lower regions if you wish to go there." Gen. Lee had offered a large reward for Gen. Milroy, dead or alive. Some of the prisoners told us this. Most of Milroy's troops were captured, and all of his artillery and wagon trains were left in the enemy's hands, as Lee had at least 70,000 men to Milroy's 8,000. The 1st N. Y. Cav. captured a battery back of a blacksmith shop on the left of the big ford. The front ranks of the enemy were dressed in our clothes, and an officer rode along the lines, calling out to the regiment: "Don't shoot; they are our own men." Comrade Clemens was the first man shot at on picket at Col. Lewis's plantation. The Johnnies discovered him, gave a yell and charged. He fired all the shots that he had. The rebels charged the regiment with three full regiments and took a battery, but it was discovered, and Comrade Clemens took 20 men and charged back and saved the battery. When the fight was over the Ohio boys, who were in the rear, threw up their hats and gave three cheers for the cavalry.

Death of Gen. McCook.

Editor National Tribune: In a recent issue of The National Tribune was an account of the death of Gen. McCook, but how different it is from the Union side. In the Capitol at Columbus, O., there is a large picture of the "fighting McCook family," and the description (there is one of each of the family) says of Robert Latimer McCook: "He met his death Aug. 6, 1862, while on the march near Selma, Ala. He had been completely prosptrated by his open wound and a severe attack of dysentery, and was lying in an ambulance which was driven along between two regiments of his division. A small band of guerrillas, commanded by Frank Gurley, dashed out of ambush and surrounded the ambulance, and discovered that it contained an officer of high rank, who was lying on the bed undressed and unable to rise. Seeing that the Federal troops were approaching, these guerrillas shot and killed Gen. Bob McCook as he lay helpless, and made their escape."

I read afterward that Gurley for this deed was elected Sheriff of his County, but that President Johnson would not let him serve. Is this true?—C. Lewis, Washington, D. C.

Tried to Ditch the Train.

Patrick Curtis, Ludlow, Mass., enlisted in 1862 under Col. Armstrong. On the way to Washington a rebel engineer tried to ditch the train, but the Colonel caught on, and, springing into the cab, thrust a revolver under the engineer's nose and brought him to time. Comrade Curtis saw Gen. Sheridan on a special train going from Baltimore to Stevens Station, and asked him for a ride. Gen. Sheridan wanted to know what regiment he belonged to, and he told him that he belonged to the 153d N. Y., when Gen. Sheridan said: "All right; get on."

First to Enter Richmond.

W. W. Gordon, Osakis, Minn., says that there is no use in contending which regiment entered Richmond first, because he knows that the 19th Wis., to which he belonged, double-quicked that morning seven miles into the city, and its colors were hoisted over the Capitol. He has a letter now in his possession written by him at that time which told of the experience. He also remembers being placed on guard over a large building that the rebels were trying to burn. It was said to belong to a Union woman. He also remembers a colored woman bringing him for dinner a plate of hot biscuit, and how good they tasted after living on hardtack for so long.

Wants to Return to St. Cloud.

The National Tribune: I left St. Cloud Oct. 19, and I tell you I long to be back there. If I could have built me a house, I would never come back here to suffer all kinds of weather. I think you did one of the grandest acts of your life. You conceived the idea to help get the old comrades a home as near Heaven on earth as can be, and your pension bill comes nearer being just than any other bill that has been on the calendar. God bless you and Uncle Joe Cannon and the whole Pension Committee. If it had not been for your grand old paper, The National Tribune, who would have taken up our fight? Yours in F., C., and L.—George W. Wise, 523 Fifth avenue, Moline, Ill.