skirmishing with our own toward the railroad crossing, observed the column as it emerged from the woods into the open country which skirts the river, and opened the upon some of the orderlies who approached the river bank too near, to make inquiries. One of Col. Brud's staff, Lieut. Smith, had a narrow escape from a sharpshooter's rifle, the ball from which cut off a twig from the limb of a tree over his head. Taking a road leading to the right, the column followed that direction for about four miles, toward Milom's bridge, which the Rebels had set on fire and destroyed the previous night.

The army has now reached a highly cultivated and beautiful country skirting the river. Beyond the Etowah, upon gently rising ground, are observed several large farm-houses, with grassy slopes, shade-trees, and numerous outbuildings, indicating the wealth of the owners. The farms on the hither side are also good, though interspersed with poor and small land-owners. Between our camp and the river we have passed through an undulating country of rocky, poor soil, with only four or five farms for a distance of as many miles.

DESERTED DWELLINGS.

Near the Etowah crossing at Milom's Bridge are some elegant estates, where the owners spend their Summers away from the heat and sickness of Savannah and Charleston. Of these the finest and most sumptuously furnished which I have yet met in Georgia is the residence of the widow Elliott. The house has not been occupied for months the widow and and her daughters being in Savannah, and the son, William, in the Rebel army as a surgeon. The parlors are plainly but neatly furnished, while the chambers dining-room, kitchen, and all the other parts of the house are fitted with every article of convenience or comfort which a first-class house could contain. The drawing-room table was covered with photograph likenesses of William's fellow-students at Cambridge—among others of Solomon Lincoln, jr., of Hingham, Mass.; Samuel Wells, jr., Portland, Me.; Arthur J. C. Lowden, Jas. Jackson Higginson, and John Codman Ropes of Boston, all taken in or dated 1856. Views of the University buildings also ornamented the group.

The army moved forward the next morning, crossing the pontoons below Milom's Bridge, and pushing on toward "Burnt Hickory" and Huntsville. We skirmished with the enemy two miles beyond the crossing. Rebel cavalry also made their appearance on the left of the Etowah River, which we had crossed. On the road we passed the fine residence of John Rowland, jr. The house is roomy and well furnished, the grounds extensive and well shaded; but the flower garden in front, which had a collection of the finest native and exotic plants, all in full bloom, was the chief attraction of the place. Gen. Schofield made his headquarters here for an hour or two, placing a guard over the deserted premises and grounds. Before our arrival at the place, however, Rebel cavalry had sacked the house.

Keeping the left, the 2d Division, 23d Corps, skirmished with the rear of the Rebel cavalry beyond the the house of Col. Ryals. We lost one man, David Curry, Co. B, 13th Kentucky, who was shot through the head. Col. J. G. Ryals's is a large, new, and as yet unfinished residence of the most ample proportions, but filled with good and even valuable furniture. It had been suddenly evacuated. A guard was placed over the house, which was found to have been partially sacked when our troops came up, right upon the heels of the Rebel skirmishers, so that our men were not responsible for the desecration. The Union officers assembled in one of the rooms, which contained a fine piano, and extemporized a vocal concert for the benefit of the soldiers, who listened at the open windows. "My Country, 'tis of Thee," was sung with great effect.

A mile distant was the princely residence of John S. Rowland, or rather of his widow, who, and her daughter and son, were the only occupants of the premises. Rowland was the wealthiest man in the county, and during Mr. Douglas's visit to Georgia, five years ago, was his particular friend and patron. He died last September, leaving his great wealth, including one hundred and fifty slaves, to his sons and daughter. The house and grounds are palatial, embowered in thick foliage, and surrounded with a wealth of shrubs and flowers. The owner can sit upon his shaded piazza, and look down upon a cultivated plot of 400 acres of intervale as upon a map. It being the season of flowers, the air was filled with the aroma of the rose, honeysuckle and magnolia. Every variety of native and exotic plant is found about these grounds. What a mysterious yet terrible retribution is this upon wealth acquired by the unpaid, unpitied toil and suffering for generations past. The lordly planter himself laid in the dust of his own plantation, while his wife and children, self exiled by reason of their terrors of an invading army, fly from their home of ease and luxury and leave their treasures to be pillaged by strangers.

ON THE MARCH AGAIN.

WEDNESDAY, May 25, 1864.

The army has marched to-day as far as Burnt Hickory and Huntsville, leaving Allatoona and the Rebel forts, and big guns, miles to the left. The route has been comparatively easy, the road being over an undulating line of hills, winding along their sides and bases on a gradually ascending slope, until, through the pine forests which line the way, the higher Allatoona range proper, through which the railroad passes, is visible, 15 and 20 miles to the left. There the mass of the Rebel army await our coming, with, no doubt, sanguine anticipations of cutting us up wholesale, and annihilating our army. Thanks for a new idea in the head of the army, we no longer seek out the Rebel strongholds to show our prowess in taking them. We have learned common sense, and have to spell—*F-l-a-n-k-*!—*em!* There is nothing the Rebel hates so much. He can stand any amount of hard fighting and marching, even on an empty stomach, but flank him, and he is done for. He needs no other excuse for running away from his strongest positions.

THE APPROACH TO DALLAS—FIGHTING AND MASKED BATTERIES.

Toward evening we hear heavy firing in front. The 20th Corps, which holds the advance, has come up with the enemy and is heavily engaged. The road is lined for miles with an almost interminable wagon train, but Gen. Schofield urges forward his corps to the support of Hooker's troops. Gens. Geary and Williams are in advance. Pushing ahead among the trains, Gen. Hascall succeeds in having the roads cleared temporarily, and, together with Gen. Cox, presses forward to the support of the troops. It is night, however, before a junction can be formed. The roar of cannon and of musketry ceases, and the troops go into line of battle right and left of the woods for the night. A heavy thunder-shower drenches the troops, and there is very little sleep or repose for officers or soldiers.

STILL GOING AHEAD.

THURSDAY, May 26.

We marched at 2 o'clock in the morning, and crossed Pumpkin Vine Creek, a deep and sluggish tributary of the Chattahoochee, about eighty feet in width, over which there is a shaky bridge, which the Rebels, while falling back, attempted to destroy. Three miles beyond we reached the vicinity of the battle-ground of the previous night. The advance of Gen. Hooker's corps had come upon the Rebels at the creek in considerable force, and began skirmishing heavily with them. The fighting was sharp for a time, but the enemy yielded and fell back. A mile beyond the crossing skirmishing again commenced with a large force, but after contesting the ground for an hour or so, the enemy again fell back rapidly, and were as rapidly and incautiously followed by our troops, when suddenly masked batteries, which had been located on the opposite faces of a ravine, so as to enfilade the road, were opened with destructive effect upon our men. They were literally mowed down by grape, canister, and shell, at short range. Our men fell by the score, killed and mutilated, and the victorious column, which had designedly been led into this vortex of destruction, paused in the midst of an unusual scene of carnage and death.

Several officers were killed. Among them Col. Patrick, 5th O. V. I., the same shot killing his horse. We lost between 200 and 300, chiefly in Geary's 1st Division, 20th Corps. All three divisions were engaged. Col. Grimes of the 13th New Jersey, and Col. McDougal of the 123d N. Y. were wounded—the latter lost a leg. First Lieut. Josiah H. Bell, 101st Ill., was wounded, and Second Lieut. Chas. W. Mandeville, 19th Mich., killed. J. B. Burch, First Lieut. 106th Illinois, was wounded. The other wounded are Capt. Roger, A. A. G. 1st Div. 2d Br., leg, slight; Lieut. Hardin, Co. G, 101 Ill., leg; Sgt. Ed. Granger, Co. F, 7th O. V. L., lost right arm; Col. Ireland wounded.

The 149th New-York lost heavily. At daylight Dr. C. M. Campbell, in charge of 1st and 2d Div. Hospital, says there were 250 wounded brought in, and more were coming.

During the fighting yesterday, May 26, there were eight killed and twelve wounded in the 2d and 3d Divisions of the 23d Corps—none of them officers except a Sergeant of the 6th Tennessee, to which the casualties were chiefly confined. They were advanced on the right of the 1st Brigade as skirmishers.

KILLED—Nicholas Mills, Co. F, 6th Tenn.; Wm. H. Thomas, do, do; John Redford, do, do.

WOUNDED—Wm. Nunn, flesh; Henry Swice, Co. G, 13th Ky., thigh; Samuel Leffstedter, Co. A, 3d Tenn., fracture of leg; Serg. A. W. Lindsey, Co. F, 6th Tenn., flesh, slight; Geo. W. Parrett, Co. F, 13th Ky., right hand, slight.

POSITION OF THE ENEMY.

SATURDAY, May 28, 1864.

The army of Gen. Sherman is now in front of the enemy, who is strongly posted, within four miles of Dallas. There has been continual skirmishing and some hard fighting all round the lines. The country is hilly, broken, and stony, and strongly resembles the Rebel position at Resaca. The enemy, after stubbornly contesting the ground during Wednesday, fell back during that night across a ravine, where they have earthworks and other defenses. Yesterday, Friday, they again retired half or three-quarters of a mile, and we occupy the ground. During the forenoon of Friday, the 4th and 14th Corps were massed on the left, and skirmishing was active toward evening. Our own and the Rebel batteries kept up mutual shelling across the valley all day, with little result. Late in the afternoon there was continual firing, chiefly in front of the 23d and 4th Army Corps on the left, and we suffered some loss. The enemy are very stubborn, and show no signs of yielding. Capt. Stinson, of Gen. Howard's staff, was wounded; the General himself was struck, but not seriously hurt; and Isaac Walton, one of Gen. Schofield's orderlies, was killed last evening during a second attempt of the General to find quarters out of the reach of Rebel shells, which were very obtrusive.

The Rebels are massed in front of the 23d, 4th, and 14th Corps, and have strong works which must be taken by assault, at a great sacrifice of life, or their position must be turned. Gen. Sherman is sanguine of dislodging Johnston, and resuming the pursuit to-morrow.

The wagon train of the 23d Corps was captured by Wheeler's Cavalry, on the 23d, near Cassville, on its way back to Kingston. Fifty wagons were destroyed, among which were the baggage wagons of the 2d and 3d Divisions, containing all the best clothing and movable property of the staffs of Gen. Hascall, and that of the line officers. They killed all the teamsters, and some wounded and sick who were in the train, so I hear. Capt. Stewart, Acting Quartermaster, and Sergeant Papendick, are captured. The guards all took to their heels and ran away—so it is alleged. Gen. Stoneman's cavalry finally got after Wheeler, and drove him away, recapturing some of the mules, but got none of the fine clothing.

I omitted to mention in the proper place that Gen. Johnson of the 4th Corps, had two ribs broken by being struck with the fragment of a shell this morning.

The wounded in the 2d Division hospital to-day are 32; in the 3d Division 28—total, 61. The whole loss during the whole fighting this side of Pumpkin Vine Creek, will not exceed five or six hundred. We occupied Dallas on Thursday.

I close with the temperature at about 75°. Nights cool. The batteries keep up a constant cannonade. There was a night attack at midnight, which was repulsed and again renewed at 2 a. m. with the same result. Affairs are very much at a stand still. Gen. Sherman is preparing to make a grand assault soon.

10 a. m.—The Rebels made a dash at one of our batteries on the right a few minutes ago, but were repulsed.

Wearily yours, E. S.

Sherman's Progress—Obstinate Resistance of the Rebels—They Fight Badly and Lose Heavily—We Must Have Atlanta.

From Our Special Correspondent.

NEAR DALLAS, Ga. (Acorn Tree District), May 30, 1864.

I sent you a hurried and imperfect *resumé* of events up to Saturday noon by the only opportunity which has offered for many days. It may or may not come to hand. The same is true of this. The road in our rear swarms with Rebel guerrillas, scouts, and bushwhackers, and there is great probability that our communications with Kingston and Chattanooga will be wholly cut off for some time to come. The "Grand Army," which met with comparatively little obstruction between the battle ground of Resaca and the Allatoona range, has finally approached Atlanta to within a distance of thirty miles, taking a route to the right of the fortified works of Johnston, and getting possession of Dallas four days ago. The conformation of the country—its creeks, tortuous ravines, irregular hills, almost defying topographical delineation, and dense woods, obscuring all observation of the world beyond—resembling, in fact, the country about Dalton and Resaca—has very much the appearance of a huge trap purposely prepared for us. To the enemy, every foot of the ground is as familiar as the road to mill. To us, it is as strange as a very *terra incognita*. Involved in these labyrinths, defended by sharp practice on the part of the Rebel skirmishers, and by the masked batteries on which we were liable to stumble at every step of progress, for the first three days, the enemy had everything his own way. Our huge army, like a strong man fighting blindfold, has been continually feeling for the enemy, getting into position, distributing the forces, and bringing up its interminable wagon trains under protection of its own lines. Meantime, skirmishing has been going on continually. Not an instant, day or night, has there been a cessation of the eternal pop—pop—bang—bang of guns, large and small, around the lines: first from right to left, and then back again in continuous roar and rattle, until the ear has become so accustomed to the sound it ceases to attract attention. By degrees the programme of the enemy seems to reveal itself. Posted in his chosen position behind works, which he is daily making stronger, he stands chiefly on the defensive, awaiting our attack. Meantime he will give us no rest day or night. Every day he has shelled our batteries, our wagon-trains, our headquarters. Every night he has made two or three assaults or feints upon one part or all parts of our extended line, rousing the whole camp, calling the men to arms, and keeping them on the qui vive, until long watching, harassment, and its inevitable fatigues are doing the work of decimation in our ranks as effectually by penuomenal as the wholesale slaughter of a great battle. By the aid of scouts posted in the tree-tops, they learn the location of our camps; they observe the movements of our trains, or the route of some General with his (often superfluous) retinue of aids and orderlies, and then comes a storm of shot and shell from some hitherto concealed battery, bursting with destructive effect among the horses or men, and sometimes compelling Generals to change their base suddenly and at unseasonable hours. Gen. Schofield, than whom no General has been more sleepless in his vigilance or unintermitting in his attention to the disposition and effectiveness of his troops, day and night, was compelled twice to move his headquarters in one night, and so, steadfastly was he pursued by the aim of the enemy's guns he had two orderlies killed in one day, which make three out of his family killed within two weeks. Gen. Cox, though more fortunate in this particular, was kept on the move for several hours on Saturday night, during a pertinacious shelling by the enemy all around our lines. All, or most of the other Generals, have had narrow escapes. Our losses have not been large in the actually killed and wounded, but there has been, I regret to say, a fearful inroad upon the effectiveness of the troops by reason of the causes I have enumerated, and a considerable reduction, also, in the numbers of some portions of the command. Such a campaign as this, though the weather has been favorable, and the marches not rapid, requires iron constitutions and nerves of steel to undergo. It is the constant interruption of rest, and the strain upon the nervous energies of the officers and men. And yet, our army is so large, its *morale* so complete, and the arrangements so perfect for subsisting men and animals, that with the proper amount of energy, or what the French call *faudace*, what can interrupt the onward progress of the victorious column, and the achievement of the great work before us? The enemy will not only harass our front, he will annoy us also in rear. Our trains will be captured—our communications cut off—everything will be done to compel any General, influenced by timid counsels, to pause—perhaps to retrace his steps. But all these things must have been foreseen, and unless we are prepared to incur all the perils we have invited by this dash into the heart of the enemy's country, it were better we had never embarked. There must be no such word as fail. The country's hopes must not be disappointed. We must take Atlanta if it costs half the army to get there. Let the enemy fall on our flank or on the rear—go where he pleases, but let us go ahead, and let Providence take care of the rear. If the enemy can live in the country, we can, or we can all perish together. We have now spent five days and nights skirmishing with the enemy, and we may spend five weeks more. If we are not able to penetrate his lines, are we able to take the retrograde movement, and go back by the way we came? Such a programme would be worse than a second Moscow for us. Better lose the army and its whole material in one desperate purpose to chieve, than to risk and lose all in an effort to save. The country can supply another army, but can it restore the crushed confidence and hopes deferred of the whole people?

On Saturday, the enemy left his works in front of Hooker's 20th Army Corps, and made a determined assault upon that portion of the lines, intending to make a lodgment in our works. The Rebel army was massed for the purpose. For half an hour, the fighting was terrible, the slaughter of the enemy great, but he was driven back in confusion within his lines. A considerable number of prisoners were captured. This was the chief episode of the day. Skirmishing was kept up in front of the 23d Corps, and to the left in Howard's and Palmer's front, and some valuable officers were lost in the 23d Corps, among whom was Capt. Horton, 104th Ohio Cavalry, killed, whose place who can fill? and Capt. Bishop was severely wounded. I send a few names of the more severely wounded in the 2d and 3d Division Hospitals, 23d Army Corps. About 10 o'clock last night there was a most determined assault again made in front of the center and right—the positions occupied by Gens. Hascall of the 2d Division, Gen. Cox of the 3d, and the whole right of the line—in fact a kind of simultaneous attack all around our works. The roar of our own and of the enemy's batteries was like incessant peals of thunder, and the flash of the guns and of the musketry lit up the heavens in broad lines of living fire. It continued nearly the whole night. It is yet too early to learn results except that the enemy failed to accomplish a panic or a stampede, and paid dearly for his temerity. Heavy cannonading and musketry firing was also continuous on the extreme right, toward Dallas.

Later, I learn that the general demonstrations made upon our immediate front last night, was apparently intended to attract our attention while the enemy were pitching into McPherson on our extreme right. That wing of the army was about moving round by the left flank to form a junction with Thomas, but every attempt he has thus far made, has been met by a determined opposition on the part of the enemy. This accounts for the heavy cannonading far to our right last night. We are now waiting, as I understand, for McPherson to come up, when, provided he succeeds in doing so, the army will again be able to move forward. Meantime we are resting, and preparing the forces for another and decided movement. Our losses were slight, the men being protected by breastworks.

It would appear strange to our friends at home if they could witness the indifference, or stoical calmness, with which these exciting events are regarded in the army. The carnage of the field, the sad rites of the burial of the dead, the mutilation by shot or shell, the dead and stark and stiff in his blanket by the roadside awaiting sepulture, the blood, amputated limbs, and sickening but necessary details about the hospitals; the processions of ambulances and of bloody stretchers, with the low moan of the fainting, perhaps departing soul, all pass unnoticed, or at least cease to attract particular attention or remark. They are the everyday scenes of the battle-field, and the mind, by continued effort, gradually becomes obtuse to the suffering, horrors, and carnage of war.

The surgical arrangements for the care of the wounded are excellent; the hospitals well located, in shady places near the field, yet sufficiently removed to be out of range; the chaplains are attentive and efficient in their care of the wounded soldiers, and the nurses and supplies abundant. Friends at home may rest assured that every attention will be paid to those who may be wounded or who may fall sick.

A CITIZEN KILLED.

A sad incident of the battles and skirmishing in this district, which is known as "Acorn tree," is the shooting of an old resident named Ira Camp. His family fell back within the Rebel lines when they withdrew fighting, on Thursday, leaving Mr. Camp alone in charge of the house. He ventured out to pick up a few chips to build a fire, just as our skirmishers came in sight, when, mistaking him for a soldier, or by an accidental shot aimed at the enemy, he received a mortal wound, of which he died on Sunday the 29th. Mr. Camp was sixty years of age or upward, was poor, but a very estimable man, and professed always an attachment to the Union. The event was very much regretted by all. He had a large family.

REFUGEES.

Families come to the hospitals and to headquarters, with long troops of children, wan, barefoot, ragged, and totally destitute, begging to be carried to the rear, where they can find subsistence. Their substance—and it never amounted to much—has been taken, obliging them to seek homes and food elsewhere. Their situation is pitiable in the extreme. Most of them offer their bedding for the use of the wounded, on condition that they may walk along with the ambulance train, and be fed as far as Kingston. The subsistence trains going to the rear will carry large numbers of these poor Georgians—when to see their homes again!

THE ATTACK UPON M'PHERSON.

LATER.—The attack upon McPherson on the right was made by three Rebel divisions in the most determined manner, bringing up their artillery and best troops. They were repulsed, after a desperate engagement, losing, as near as can be learned, between 2,000 and 3,000 men. For these figures I would refer to Gen. Sherman's report, already in the hands of the War Department. The men fought with the greatest steadiness, their firing being more like the deliberate aim of target practice than field fighting. It was a severe setback for the enemy, and more than atoned for their treacherous onslaught of masked batteries on the 25th.

THE WOUNDED AND KILLED—TWENTY-THIRD ARMY CORPS.

The wounded in the battles and skirmishes near Dallas, Ga., in the 23d Army Corps, thus far number 109. The killed, not yet all reported, will probably amount to 40 or 50. Of the wounded, 58 are marked as fatal and severe, and the remainder as slightly wounded. A partial list of those killed on the field is as follows:

KILLED.

John Ward, B, 16 Ky.	Isaac Walton, 7 Ohio Cavalry (Gen. Schofield's Orderly).
John Miller, C, 197 Ill.	Alex. Little, F, 6 Tenn.
Madison Widner, G, 2 Tenn.	K. Arms, F, 6 Tenn.
Wm. Smith, G, 6 Tenn.	John Rutherford, F, 6 Tenn.
Wm. H. Thomas, F, 6 Tenn.	C. Biddlecomb, E, 23 Mich.
J. A. Rodfordd, F, 6 Tenn.	

THE ENEMY'S LOSS.

MAY 31.—I learn that Gen. Sherman will have to report 800 of the enemy buried, and 50 mortal or severe cases in our hospitals. This would give an aggregate loss by the enemy of between 2,000 and 3,000. Our own losses do not exceed 500 or 600 thus far. Dr. Jackson takes charge of the wounded, and carries them to Chattanooga this morning.

KILLED AND WOUNDED IN THIRD DIVISION HOSPITAL, TWENTY-THIRD ARMY CORPS.

Capt. Horton, Co. D, 104th Ohio, killed.
Capt. A. T. Jenkins, Co. I, 63d Indiana, left side, contusion.
Wm. J. Jones, 5th Tenn., severe.
John Malone, 104th Ohio, severe.
Joshua Lottis, Co. A, 5th Tenn., sump. thigh.
Lieut. Geo. H. Taylor, Co. H, 16th Ky., flesh wound thigh.
James Axdell, Co. C, 104th Ohio, sump. thigh.
Jas. Harbel, Co. G, 7th Ohio Cavalry, cannon shot, thigh—mortal.
Capt. Wm. Bishop, Co. D, 104th Ohio, thorax, severe.
Sergt. John Houston, Co. D, 16 Ky., sump. knee.
Lieut. Homer Sherburndy, Co. C, 112th Illinois, right arm, severe.
J. Wm. Story, Co. D, 16th Ky., left arm, severe.
John Albert, Co. K, 65th Ind., mortal.
Geo. W. Gaseway, Co. K, 65d Ind., dead.
John H. Johnson, Co. B, 24th Ky., severe.
Sergt. John A. Hendrickson, 16th Ky., slight.

The above are some of the most severe cases.

The whole number in 3d Div. Hos., on Sunday, 29th, was	57
In the 2d Division Hospital	51
Total	108

GRAVES—INSCRIPTIONS.

John Maconney, Co. B, 5th Ohio, died May 23.
Corp. T. Sullivan, Co. B, 5th Ohio, died May 25.
J. Kalpoff, Co. E, 5th Ohio, died May 25.
F. Streuser, Co. D, 5th Ohio, died May 25.
C. Hanson, Co. D, 5th Ohio, died May 25.
J. Holthan, Co. D, 5th Ohio, died May 25.
Unknown "Union," died May 25.
Wilhelm Wolf, Co. D, 82d Illinois, May 26.
Daniel Crosby, Co. D, 102d N. Y., died May 28.
Henry H. Wood, Co. C, 60th N. Y., died May 28.
S. A. Davis, Co. B, 20th Ohio, died May 29.
Geo. Knight, Co. B, 60th N. Y., died May 29.
Joseph Feitle, Co. G, 23d N. J., died May 29.
Joseph Mathews, 109th Pa., died May 29.
Abraham Consett, Co. K, 19th Michigan.
Arch'd Henderson, 102d N. Y., died May 27.
John Shane, Co. B, 149th N. Y., died May 27.
Henry McArther, Co. E, 60th N. Y., died May 27.
Hezekiah Manning, Co. A, 111th Pa., died May 27.
Jacob Dice, Co. A, 195th N. Y., died May 27.
J. E. Barnard, Co. G, 60th N. Y., died May 27.
Capt. Todd, Co. A, 111th Pa., died May 27.

Occupation of Dallas—Obstacles on Our March—Hardee's Corps of Rebels Whipped—A Savage Fight—Heavy Loss to the Rebels—Night Attacks Defeated.

From Our Special Correspondent.

HEADQUARTERS DEPT AND ARMY OF TENNESSEE, DALLAS, Paulding Co., Geo., May 30, 1864.

Since our occupation of this little town on Thursday noon, our lines have not advanced a great deal into the enemy's country, on account of the almost impregnable range of natural fortifications, behind which the discomfited foe is safely ensconced. Heavy skirmishing has been indulged in between the advance lines of both armies. Our casualties thus far have been quite small, notwithstanding the innumerable disadvantages our troops labor under in being the attacking party. A glance at the ordinary war maps, most of which are utterly worthless, fails to convey the slightest idea of the strongholds which nature has planted in this rocky, sterile region, with its almost endless chain of grand old mountains raising their proud, bold peaks as if in defiance of our progress. It was a thrilling war picture to witness the march of the "Army of the Tennessee" over the Dug Down Mountains, which lie between the little village of Van Wert and Dallas.

The rumbling of the long wagon train, slowly descending its steep, precipitous sides, with its canvas tops winding like a white serpent over its crest; the long line of loyal bayonets, glistening in the sun's rays, which played to and fro upon the brass howitzers and danced upon the shining war accouterments of our unyielding army of braves; while the flag we fight for, tattered and torn with shot and shell, waved its ragged, blood-stained folds between the mountain foliage, receiving a fresh baptism from the morning dew, whose silvery drops fell from the branches as our banners rustled among the leaves of the trees; the roll of the snare-drum and the loud bugle notes reverberating through the deep ravines, startled the birds of the forest from their wild habitations, and the mocking-bird saluted, while the jay, thrasher, partridge, red-bird, blue-bird, and the black-bird fluttered away from our sight.

HARDEE'S CORPS ASSAULT OUR LINES, AND ARE REPULSED WITH GREAT SLAUGHTER.

On Saturday afternoon at 4½ o'clock, Hardee's famous Rebel corps suddenly hurled its traitorous horde against the entire front of the Army of the Tennessee. The Rebel position in our front, as I before remarked, is a remarkably strong one, and from a high point called Elderly's Peak, where the enemy have quite a number of powerful batteries, a fine view is had of our army, so that most of our operations are visible to the enemy. These fortifications are well planned, and a few thousand well drilled desperadoes, such as Johnston has under him, could easily hold treble their number at bay. To assault such terrible natural and artificial barriers would necessitate the sacrifice of thousands of precious lives, and as Gen. Sherman has a more feasible plan maturing, by which this blood will be saved, and success insured as soon as he strikes the stalwart blow, our men are patiently awaiting further developments, confident of victory.

Gen. Sherman's new programme for dislodging the chivalry from their rocky retreats will probably be carried out before this letter reaches its destination; but although aware of his grand intentions, which would prove of great interest to THE TRIBUNE readers, yet justice, loyalty, and mortal fear for the newspaper Juggernaut, bids me remain "*sub silentio*" regarding intended moves on this desperate chess-board of fate, and I shall therefore confine myself to objects accomplished. While our trains were being moved Saturday afternoon, the enemy's signal officers gave notice of our new movements, and with that hellish, demoniac yelling Hardee's corps rapidly advanced, making a desperate effort to turn our right flank, dashing upon our lines with an impetuosity which seemed resistless, while their masked batteries belched forth their deadly fires upon our front. Solid shot and shell sped through our lines held by lion-hearted men, but not an inch was yielded. From out the long line of woods that skirted a small cultivated field in our front the gray columns of infantry advanced, their bayonets gleaming, while their dastard emblems of treason polluted the sunlight of Heaven. Our lines extended over a range of thickly-wooded hills, covered with a thick undergrowth of tanglebrier and weeds. Orders were given, as soon as it was apparent that the enemy designed attacking us, for our men to withhold their fire until the too confident foe was within sixty yards, and this timely injunction, implicitly obeyed, gave us an overwhelming victory, and cost Mr. Hardee one of the Hardest defeats of the present campaign. Anticipating some such bold adventure on the part of the enemy, Gen. McPherson, commanding the Department and Army of the Tennessee, had everything in readiness to tender his "misguided brethren" such a warm reception as the enormity of their errors warranted him in preparing.

"On, on, like a storm they came dashing,"

totally unmindful of the presence of thousands of crouching "Yankees" hid behind their hastily constructed breastworks formed of split rails, trees and brushes, interspersed with a goodly number of rifle-pits, from out of which, at a given signal, roared like a savage cataract the report of thousands of muskets, and many heavy batteries uniting their tones of thunder in the general war din. Up like a flash rose our entire lines, and for 30 minutes the conflict raged fiercely. Rebel yells were answered with "Yankee cheers," and as Major-Gen. John A. Logan and Maj. Gen. McPherson rode along our front, it seemed as if the presence of these war-tried heroes made them mad with patriotic heroism, inspiring them to new deeds of valor. The moment had finally arrived for action, prompt and decisive, and each of these popular chieftains knew where to look for steady hands to do the bidding of the loyal heart. Again and again the exasperated traitors massed, and, regardless of consequences, sought to crush our right, making three ineffectal attempts to penetrate Gen. Morgan L. Smith's lines, composed of the 2d division, 15th A. C., as well as those of Col. Wilder's brigade on our extreme right.

The attack was simultaneous along the whole line, and from the General commanding down to the true and tried private, who made his trusty rifle do its whole duty, the greatest coolness and unflinching bravery was displayed. Gen. Osterhaus's 1st Division, 15th Army Corps, and Gen. Harrow's 4th Division of the same corps, together with Battery H, 1st Illinois Artillery, and other troops whose organization I failed to discover, behaved in the most gallant manner. At 5 o'clock there arose a wild, deafening shout of triumph from those thickly wooded hills, which soared far above the clash of arms, and lo, the chagrined enemy were on the full retreat to their strongholds as fast as their Southern limbs would propel them, fleeing in all directions save that of our unerring victors, who poured a terrible volley into their demoralized ranks, dreating worse than old navoc among them. The presumptuous traitors advanced in fine line of battle, but the pencil of a Hogarth could not do justice to their "change of base," as Joe Johnston will probably style their last defeat. The Mississippians seemed anxious to rob the Floridians of their prowess of speed, and such a helter skelter, steeple, hurdle, chivalrous Rebel stampede was never excelled. Mississippi, Georgia, Florida, Texas, Alabama, South Carolina and North Carolina coalesced in dire confusion, en route for their snug retreats.

To form some idea of the assault, it is only necessary to state that the enemy's loss will not fall short of 2,000, in killed and wounded, while our loss amounts to 286 men, killed, wounded, and missing, divided as follows: 1st Div. 15th A. C., Brig.-Gen. P. J. Osterhaus, 52 men, killed, wounded, and missing; 2d Div. 15th A. C., Brig.-Gen. Morgan L. Smith, 14 men, killed, wounded, and missing; Brig.-Gen. Wm. Harrow, 4th Div. 15th A. C., 190 men, killed, wounded, and missing; Brig.-Gen. G. M. Dodge, who commands the left wing of the 16th Army Corps, lost 60 men. From Brig.-Gen. Jefferson C. Davis, commanding 2d Div., 14th A. C., no report has yet been received, but it is thought his losses will not exceed those of Gen. Harrow's division. I inadvertently omitted to mention that both of the above commanders handled their troops in a scientific manner, and did nobly in bearing their share of the brunt of the battle. The 15th Army Corps, Major-Gen. John A. Logan, lost 93 men in the skirmishes of May 26 and 27, previous to our advance to this point, all of whom were wounded, the majority slightly.

OUR VICTORIOUS MARCH TO DALLAS.

A short sketch of our arrival here may not be without interest to some of THE TRIBUNE readers, and I therefore devote these few lines for that purpose. On Tuesday, May 23, Gen. McPherson, with the Army of the Tennessee, demolished their canvas cities, and before the bugle notes which had sounded the tocsin of preparation had died away among the hills which surround the little deserted town of Kingston, Ga., the glittering columns were in measured motion. The day was intensely hot, and clouds of dust enveloped our troops almost from view, adding more misery to the uncomplaining heroes as they trudged along with their muskets upon their stalwart shoulders. Our forces camped for the night a few miles north of the village of Van Wert, resuming our march early Wednesday morning, May 25. On Wednesday we crossed the Dug Down or Allatoona Mountains, which I have described, and encamped at Pumpkin Vine Church, three and a half miles from Dallas, entering the latter town Thursday noon, since which time we have been engaged in heavy skirmishing with the enemy.

On Wednesday, the 24th, Gen. Hooker's forces, on our extreme left, had a heavy battle with the enemy just beyond Dallas, in which our troops more than sustained their reputation for bravery, repulsing the foe with great loss. Our losses are rumored here to amount to 500 or 600. No particulars have yet been received at these headquarters of the results, but they were favorable to our cause.

INCIDENTS

Of individual bravery on the battle-field are too numerous for mention, but once in a while something a little out of the regular war routine takes place which is worthy of note. Here is an amusing waif, and a perfectly true one, verified by dozens of brave witnesses: A Capt. A. B. Smith, whose regiment I have forgotten, was advancing with three men to relieve our outer pickets yesterday, when twenty Rebels jumped from behind the bushes and were demanding the surrender of the Captain and his little band when he turned the tables and ordered the Rebels to surrender or he would blow them to a warm region. One of the Rebels attempted to shoot the Captain and was shot by one of the Captain's men while taking aim. The entire party became alarmed at this summary mode of dealing justice, and they surrendered to the gallant little "Yankee" band, no doubt convinced by this time that one Knight of the Southern Cross whipping five Yankees is more theoretical than practical.

In the hospital at Resaca a bright young lad of 19 years, belonging to a cavalry regiment, was mortally wounded in the left breast. He was remarkably cheerful, although suffering intensely from a most painful wound, and his black, piercing eyes seemed to glisten with that ardent hope which only burns within the youthful bosom, as he conversed with one or two of his fellow-countrymen who shared his dangers on the many battle-fields in which their regiment had participated. The surgeon in charge of the hospital, finding the brave boy was rapidly drawing near his last moments from internal hemorrhage, and witnessing his total unconsciousness of his precarious situation, informed the youthful martyr that he had but a few moments to live. Receiving the sad tidings with but little emotion, he glanced at the ghastly wound which a traitorous arm had made, the briny tear just glistened in the eye as he kissed his mother's picture, pressed it with her letters to his bosom, and then again reviving he gave them to the surgeon. Calling one of his favorite companions to his simple couch, he reached forth his hand, saying: "They say (meaning the doctors) I must go, Mate; but before I go let's give three cheers for our glorious old Union." Raising himself up in his bed the effort was too much, and, clasping the rough hand of his comrade, he sank to the floor, a sweet smile lingering on his bronzed but finely-molded features, as if conscious that he had at the last hour ratified the wish nearest his heart.

CHIVALRY OF JOE JOHNSTON'S TROOPS.

In the Rebel charge of Saturday, which was so completely foiled by Gen. McPherson's timely precautions, and by the gallantry of all the troops engaged in repelling the foe, I should mention that the Rebels here have shown more proof of their inhumanity, even to their own wounded troops. After the disconsolate enemy had been forced to beat a hasty retreat, leaving their dead and wounded upon the field, our men were sent out to bring in the Rebel wounded, and two men, while bearing stretchers with Rebel wounded, were shot by the chivalry. Gen. Logan then ordered his men to shoot the first Rebel that dare show himself. Shortly a Rebel Colonel yelled across asking permission to bury their dead and bring in their wounded. Gen. Logan told them to send out their flag of truce according to the rules of war and their request would be granted. His reply from the Rebel lines was as unchristian, as unmilitary and as ungallant as traitors are known to be. They yelled across the little field an impolite invitation for him and all the d—d "Yanks" to go to ——, well, a warmer place than Georgia. Shortly after another request was shouted from their lines in the same manner to Gen. Morgan L. Smith. The General sent, as an answer, "Never mind your dead, you will have more to bury by to-morrow night."

At 8 o'clock last night the enemy made another rash attempt to turn our right flank, opening with a terrific artillery bombardment upon our lines. The battle raged till after 5 o'clock this morning, continuing through the night with unabated fury, notwithstanding the ebon canopy of night curtained the movements of both armies from view, except the flashes of the artillery and musketry, which caused the earth to tremble. Our loss was very small, not over 50 in killed and wounded.

ANOTHER ASSAULT.

MAY 31.—The enemy made another feeble assault on our right flank last night, and for a time it seemed as though the fearful work of Sunday night was about to be repeated. The enemy seem to have a strange fancy for these night attacks, and their taste for this sort of amusement Gen. McPherson is glad to see developed, and he has spared no pains to gratify their desires in this matter.

NARROW ESCAPE OF GEN. M'PHERSON AND HIS STAFF.

Last Wednesday afternoon, Gen. McPherson and staff, who had received information of the occupation of Dallas by our forces under Gen. Sherman, were riding toward the town, when a dozen shots were fired at them as they were nearing a small cluster of trees. The report of our capturing the town was premature, and the rear-guard of Johnston's army was still in possession of the village, and from them proceeded this most hospitable invitation. Although the leaden messengers sang their songs of death in the ears of the surprised party, yet all escaped without filling the graves which bloody Rebel hands had prepared for them.

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PRESS TO BE OUTLAWED.

The following highly important circular has created as much consternation and disgust among the newspaper fraternity as Gillmore's Greek fire consigned when first deposited in the classic and chivalrous precincts of Charleston:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, KINGSTON, GA., May 20, 1864.

CIRCULAR.—Inasmuch as an impression is afloat that the Commanding General has prohibited the mails to and from this army, he takes this method of assuring all officers and men, that on the contrary he encourages them by all his influence, and authority to keep up the most unreserved correspondence with their families and friends wherever they may be. Army Corps and Division Commanders should perfect their arrangements to receive and transmit mails, and all Chaplains, Staff Officers and Captains of companies should assist the soldiers in communicating with their families.

What the Commanding General does discourage is the maintenance of that class of men who will not take a musket and fight, but follow the army to pick up news for sale, speculating on a species of information which