mer's part to force a pathway down the valley, as this would have broken the rebel line to no purpose, as they could well afford to retire from the valley entirely in order to hold Mission Ridge. The aim of General Grant appears to have been to weaken the rebel centre on Mission Ridge, in order that he might at once take the ridge and break their army in two.

Night found the situation very slightly altered, save in the centre, where we had assumed a strong position and threatening attitude. But the rebels did not appear to be much troubled at this. They rather apprehended the movement of Sherman, which it was evident they had suspected. During the last hours of the afternoon it was seen from Orchard Knob that a long column of rebels was moving to the north and disappearing about the more formidable hills at the tunnel or north end of Mission Ridge. It was evident that Bragg had an inkling of Sherman's purpose to cross on the ensuing morning at the mouth of the creek and was massing against him; but whether to oppose his crossing or to hold the hill remained at that time a matter of doubt. The enemy in front of Wood allowed that enterprising officer to rest in peace during the night.

SECOND DAY'S OPERATIONS.

Tuesday morning was gloomy, threatening rain, and until quite late our forces remained inactive. On the centre Granger's and Palmer's corps maintained the silence of the night just past, and only a few guns from Fort Wood disturbed the rebel centre. The day was chosen for operations on the flanks, and for that purpose Hooker and Sherman began to move quite early.

HOWARD'S CORPS.

It will be remembered that General Howard's corps (the Eleventh) had crossed the river and gone into camp in Chattanooga on Sunday. On Monday he was held in reserve, and went in late in the day to support General Wood's left. On Tuesday morning his corps was selected by General Grant to open communications by the east side of the Tennessee river with General Sherman. It was about ten o'clock when General Steinwehr's division crossed Citico creek, near its mouth, and began pushing northward in search of General Sherman. Finding the centre destined to remain quiet, I pushed towards the left, and found General Howard in the rear of Bushbeck's brigade, of Steinwehr's division, moving through an extensive corn field. The whole of the valley between Mission Ridge and the Tennessee river, and between Citico and Chicamauga creeks is one vast corn field. Through this lay the course of General Howard.

Learning that General Sherman's position was not over two miles and a half from that occupied by Bushbeck's brigade, General Howard sent Captain Pearson, of his staff, on the dangerous mission of trying to find General Sherman alone. The skirmishers were thrown forward until the line became dangerously extended, and none of General Sherman's troops were found. Captain Pearson departed on his mission of danger; but by keeping close to the river succeeded in crossing and recrossing the gap without being captured. General Howard, on receiving Captain Pearson's report, ordered the division to push further to the left, and, under the guidance of Capt. Pearson, started out to seek General Sherman. On hearing Captain Pearson's report I had started out on the same route, and soon found General Sherman's troops, and was standing on the unfinished pontoon bridge which General Sherman was building, when General Howard came up. The last boat of the bridge was being placed in the centre of the stream as General Howard arrived, and introduced himself across the slight gulf between the two. At the moment of its occurrence this was a meeting of considerable interest to me, but coming to write about it I find I cannot get up the same amount of enthusiasm that I then felt at the reflection of these two men, representing the extreme armies of the country, meeting thus upon the same field. Sherman, on the north end of the bridge, dressed loosely, with a worn gum overcoat thrown around him, was directing the completion of the bridge; and, as soon as the boat was put in, sprang over and shook the hand of the princely Howard. It was exactly at noon.

SHERMAN'S OPERATIONS.

I found on inquiry that General Sherman had at an early hour thrown a portion of General M. L. Smith's division across the river, under the protection of the guns of Captain Wheeler, Twelfth New York Independent battery, and subsequently the divisions of Generals Ewing and John L. Smith, the greater portion being crossed by the steamer Dunbar, which, captured two months ago, at Chattanooga, had been repaired, and was now serving good and loyal purposes. Immediately on arriving he had thrown up strong rifle pits in two lines, covering the approach to the bridge and adding much strength to a naturally strong position. The troops of his corps at the hour of noon held these works and were waiting for General Jeff. C. Davis' division, of the Fourteenth corps, to cross the river and take up position in the works. This division had been sent General Sherman in place of Osterhaus, who was acting with General Hooker, and was now being used by Sherman as a reserve.

This division [illegible] crossed the river and went into line within the works about an hour after the meeting between Howard and Sherman. At the same moment Gen Sherman gave his orders to prepare for an attack. By this hour, one o'clock P. M., the drizzly rain which had been threatening us began to fall, and the object of the assault was soon hid from view. General Sherman stood on a prominent hill to the left of the pontoon bridge, and having succeeded, with the aid of two orderlies and in despite of the rain, in lighting a segar, stood puffing away at one end, chewing at the other, and observing all that could be seen of the country before him. Around him were gathered at this time Generals Frank Blair, Morgan L. Smith, Ewing, John W. Corse and General Howard. The troops of the several divisions were encamped just in front of him, while on the left and rear Davis' artillery was thundering over the bridge. In a very quiet tone Sherman gave his orders to form for the assault, remarking that the enemy was reported heavy in his front. The formation, as ordered, was echelon on the left, General Morgan L. Smith's division being the left, John E Smith the centre and Ewing the right. The left was to keep well towards Chickamauga creek, "and," added Sherman, "I want you to keep up the formation, 400 yards distance, until you get to the foot of the hill."

"And shall we keep it after that?" asked Ewing.

"You may go up the hill," answered Sherman, "if you like, and can."

Sherman turned away at this moment, then turned again very quickly, as if he was going to say something more, but puffed two or three times at his inveterate companion, his segar, and then said quietly to Ewing, "And, Ewing, I want you to keep your right well protected. General Howard reports no enemy on your right. Better look out, however. And, Ewing, don't call for help till you need it—till it's absolutely necessary."

I don't know that this was any reflection on Ewing, but it created a good natured smile or two from the other generals standing by.

General Davis having got into position, and the troops having been arranged as ordered, General Sherman gave the orders to move to the assault. They were couched in very common terms, but which ought to be preserved:—"I see Davis is up. I guess you may as well go on and take the hill." In a few moments after the three columns were moving.

Soldiers are very different beings under the two different circumstances of receiving and making an attack. In the first case they are seldom or never composed, cool and quiet. Put them behind breastworks to receive an assault, and the delay in the attack creates anxiety, which develops into mental excitement, which finds vent in noise and a certain restlessness of person. Going to the assault they are different beings. I watched carefully the columns as they moved out to the assault on Tuesday, each believing that the next step brought his advance against that of the enemy. The silence was painfully noticeable. A command given at one end of the corps could be distinctly heard at the other. The men looked serious and rather gruff, and were painfully quiet. They conversed with each other but seldom, and then in under tones. All appeared anxious to preserve their weapons from the rain. They moved in perfect order. But though one might fall to notice this, the most casual student of human nature could hardly fail to observe how serious these men were. And he would know too that it was not the rain which damped their spirits. Ever and anon they would glance at the hill which they were approaching, and it was easy to see why they looked serious. Perhaps they compared the hills in their own minds to the Walnut Hills of Vicksburg, but I do not think there was one man there who feared to meet the question of victory or defeat there and then.

But it was not destined that Tuesday should witness a conflict for those hills. Gen. Sherman had anticipated skirmishing before reaching the foot of the mountain, it having been reported by citizens that the enemy held the position in strong force. But the foot of the hill was reached, after short delay, without any serious skirmishing, only a few shells from hostile hill passed over our heads and exploded among the colored pioneers who followed in the rear, doing no damage, but causing the negroes to lose all respect for orders to "close up."

The enemy made no opposition to the occupation of the extreme end of the ridge. Gen. Sherman was in possession of this at about four o'clock, P. M. It then appeared that the hills occupied were separated from Mission Ridge by a narrow valley, through which the railroad runs, as will be seen by the map sent you.

The hills occupied by Sherman were three in number, and semi-circular in shape, bending around and north of the end of Mission Ridge. The end of the ridge is generally and very properly called Tunnel Hill. It overlooks and commands the hills of which General Sherman found himself in peaceable possession; and on examination he found that the labor still remained to be done. A close inspection of the ground and the enemy's position determined Sherman to occupy the semi-circular ridge with his centre and right, and throw his left—General M. L. Smith—still further to the left and in the region of Myers' mill. General Smith moved promptly to this position and took possession of the valley from the foot of the hills to Chickamauga river, securing at the time about one hundred rebels engaged in building rafts of fallen timber with which to destroy our pontoon bridges.

An examination of the enemy's position revealed him on the top and at the foot of the next hill, Tunnel Hill. On the summit he was engaged in strengthening a large bastion shaped work (Fort Buckner) and was working with great vigor and a large force, as if the fort had not been previously completed. At the foot of the mountain and near the west end of the tunnel a force of about one brigade occupied and held the heavy railroad bank.

General Sherman ordered the erection of defences on the ridge he had occupied, and finding he did not propose to push further during the little of daylight left him, I left his corps and proceeded to join that of General Hooker, which had been engaged all the day.

THE ASSAULT OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

In order to carry out the proposed plan, and to keep the enemy's lines as much extended as possible, it was necessary that Hooker and Sherman should attack the lines simultaneously. General Hooker's task was to assault Lookout Mountain, and in the event of finding a weak force holding it, or the failure of the enemy to weaken the rest of their line in order to hold the mountain, to take possession of it. It was thought that as Tunnel Hill was of vast importance to the rebels, and Lookout of the same value to us, that they would strongly defend both. General Hooker had only Geary's division to make the assault with, but was reinforced before the attack was made by Osterhaus' division of Sherman's corps, and Whittaker's and Grove's brigades of the Fourth corps.

Lookout Mountain has been so often described that most of your readers will have all their memories of it quickly refreshed by a glance at the map I send you. All the rebel defences are there laid down; but the rebels occupied the west side or slope of the mountain in very strong force, and also the front or spur of the mountain. It must also be remembered that it is not a regular slope from the summit of Lookout to the foot, but that the first twenty-five or thirty feet of the descent is perpendicular rocks, or what is generally understood to be meant by "palisades." These are very high and grand, and there are but two routes by which they can be overcome. One of these is a gap twenty miles south of the river, and was held by the rebels. The other is by the road to Summertown, which is laid down upon the map. It winds up the east side of the mountain, ascending the palisades by a steep acclivity and narrow road. General Hooker's plan of operation was to get possession of this road. To do so was to gain possession of the mountain.

He began his operations early on the morning of Tuesday, and by eight o'clock his column was moving up Lookout Valley, and to the surprise of the enemy on the point of the mountain, it disappeared in the forests south of Wauchatchia. But here, filing his troops to the left, General Hooker began the difficult task of the ascent of the mountain; but meeting with no opposition he was enabled to do this in a short time. The head of the column having reached the palisades went into line of battle facing to the north, and with the right resting against the palisades, stretched down the mountain slope. Gen. Geary's division formed the front line, with Greene's brigade of New York troops on the right. This brigade is now commanded by Col. Ireland. The Sixtieth New York held the right of the line, with the One Hundred and Second, One Hundredth and Thirty-seventh and One Hundredth and Forty ninth, in the front line and on the left.

Gen. Hooker then formed a second line of the two brigades of the Fourth corps, which had been sent him, placing Whittaker on the right and Grove on the left. Gen. Osterhaus formed a third line, and held himself in readiness to aid any part of the line which might need it. Thus arranged, the corps was ordered forward, with a heavy line of skirmishers thrown out, and, marching along the slope of the ridge, soon came upon the rear of the enemy, who, unsuspecting such a movement so absolutely opposed to all the military rules by which Bragg fights, were taken completely by surprise. Before those at the foot of the hill could comprehend the situation, Colonel Ireland's skirmishers had penetrated towards the point of the mountain, and now got in a heavy fire upon the enemy, who were now trying to escape up the hill, while our men assaulted them from above—a most complete reverse of the late situation. At the same time our batteries on Moccasin Point and those of the rebels on Lookout Mountain opened a heavy fire upon each other, and soon the whole mountain was hid from view in Chattanooga by the cloud of smoke which rose above and around it.

Thus taken in rear and flank, the enemy made but little organized resistance, but their skirmishers for a long time kept up a heavy fire from behind jutting rocks and from trees; but were forced back by the heavy skirmish line of General Geary. Holding Ireland's right well against the palisades, Geary threw Kennedy forward on the left; and he having been reinforced by Grove, the enemy on the point of the mountain gradually gave way, and fell back in some disorder to the line of breastworks on the east slope of the mountain, at Carlin's house. Gen. Geary swung around until his line was parallel with that of the enemy, and again advanced; but, met by organized and well directed resistance, for a time recoiled and hesitated.

HARVESTING PRISONERS.

It was now that the fruits of the strange movement of Hooker began to develop themselves. Geary's line had moved around the spur of the mountain and on to the east side with such rapidity that the enemy stationed at the foot of the hill and along the river had no time to escape, and our troops began to secure them by hundreds. Every jutting rock, every thicket of undergrowth and many a hollow tree, on examination, disclosed their secrets in the shape of prisoners. Each regiment engaged seemed to have secured enough to have filled their ranks, and the Provost Marshall, who appeared to take charge of them, soon found his hands full. The number thus captured, General Hooker estimated on the spot at two thousand; but on counting them it was found the exact number secured was only one thousand three hundred and sixty. They represented themselves to be from Stevenson's division, and it was soon discovered that they were the unexchanged prisoners taken by Grant at Vicksburg. I have talked with several of these men since, and I have no doubt in my own mind that they conscientiously believed that they had been exchanged. Certain it is that it has been so represented to these men, and officers and men with whom I have conversed freely on the subject, express great indignation at their own government and favor of ours. I attempted to convince these men that though our government would hold all officers who had been guilty or cognizant of this outrage to a strict accountability to the laws of nations on the subject, it would at the same time be too merciful to punish those who had already been victims to the deceptions of their friends. This was consolation to the men, who were terribly frightened at the prospect of punishment; but the more intelligent of the officers seemed to fear very little the power of the government to punish them.

GEARY ATTACKS THE REBEL RIFLE PITS.

This rather lengthy digression from the subject of the action is intended to represent a pause in the battle which followed the recoil of General Geary. An examination of the enemy's position revealed him behind very heavy and strong breastworks running diagonally across a large open field, of which Carlin's house is the centre. The works were very strong, and deep rifle pits, and posted behind them, to the right of Carlin's house, were two pieces of light artillery. The enemy had not yet opened with these, but was preparing to do so as soon as our line should appear out of the woods and advancing across this open field. General Hooker, after a close examination of this position, during, which he coolly exposed himself to the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters from the top of the mountain, made a new disposition of his force and began a systematic assault upon the works. Every advantage was now with the enemy, and, with reinforcements to the extent of his loss in prisoners, he could hold the mountain against the chosen veteran blood force. But the reinforcements were not forthcoming. The weakened enemy had to contract his line to the works immediately across the field, and in doing so left his right flank exposed.

Now began the heavy struggle of the day. Sending the Eighty-fourth Illinois, Colonel Waters, and Seventy-fifth Illinois, Colonel Burnett, to hold the road which crosses the spur of the mountain from the east, he advanced the rest of his forces to the front line, keeping Geary on the right and Austerhaus on the left, Whittaker and Grove being in the centre. An advance was immediately ordered, and for an hour and a half (it was now two o'clock P. M.) a very heavy sharpshooters' fight was kept up. I cannot expect to give any clear idea of this engagement. It was no place to manœuvre columns. Each man and company fought upon his and its "own hook." From Chattanooga nothing was visible save the misty smoke which enveloped and hid the mountain. But beneath this the combatants saw each other, and here they continued to fight with desperation until four o'clock, when there came a tide in Hooker's fortune which he did not fail to take at the flood.

Colonel Ireland, still clinging to the palisades, was enabled, under cover of the trees which grew along that part of the ridge, to advance much nearer the rebel line than those in the immediate front of the enemy and the open field. He found himself, too, upon the flank of the position; and the weakness of the enemy having compelled him to contract his left, Geary was enabled to find a lodgment very near their rifle pits. General Hooker, upon being informed of this, at four o'clock ordered a charge of the line, and through a heavy and rapid fire, kept up for five long minutes—and minutes are sometimes very long—the men dashed forward upon, over and into the abandoned pits. The enemy had seen the long line of steel that glittered even amid the rain which was pouring upon them, and they couldn't stand that. They also saw Geary upon their left flank, and, filled with that holy horror which old soldiers have for "flank movements," they couldn't stand that. They fell back, abandoning works, artillery and position, but still holding the important Summertown road.

THE ENEMY ASSAULTS HOOKER.

But the enemy, though flanked and overpowered, did not appear disposed to leave us in quiet possession of his works and guns. He hastily re-formed his lines and prepared to assult in turn. Geary had hardly occupied his captured position, or been able to remove his captured guns, before the enemy returned to the attack. He pressed forward with great vigor and gained ground very rapidly at first, but found in his way the same obstacle of the open field, while he did not have the advantage of superior numbers. As soon as it came to close work, his rapidly advancing lines were halted very suddenly by the terrible fire which Geary now poured in upon him. He continued, however, to fire rapidly, and with some execution upon our line, but would have been ultimately repulsed by Geary and his supports without other assistance had not a very serious obstacle presented itself.

Men in line of battle very soon expend their ammunition. In a skirmishing engagement, like that they were then having, they dispose of it even more rapidly. We were nearly out of ammunition, and General Geary had serious fears he would have to relinquish possession of the works if his cartridge boxes were not soon replenished. General Hooker, anticipating this, had sent for ammunition at an early hour after getting possession of the road across the spur of the mountain; but the difficulties of the uncertain pontoon bridges had prevented his getting any. He again asked for it, and this time it came, and at the opportune moment. Geary's men were beginning to fall out of line occasionally, entirely out of ammunition; for when a man puts his hand behind him and into his cartridge box to find no cartridges there, a good deal of his confidence, if not courage, oozes out at the ends of his fingers with which he thought to grasp the death-dealing messenger. The line was beginning to be thinned by men who had fired their sixty rounds, when the ammunition which General Thomas had sent sprang across Chattanooga creek. The enemy had begun to perceive his advantage and to push forward when this ammunition marched up the hill. The enemy had even ventured upon a shout of assured victory, when this ammunition deployed into line and double quickened across the open field and sprang into the vacated places of Geary. There were one hundred and twenty thousand rounds of it, strapped upon the backs of as good men as had stayed with Thomas at Chickamauga, and in ten minutes after it reached the works it had repulsed the enemy! The reinforcements which so opportunely arrived consisted of General Carlin's brigade, of Johnston's division, Fourteenth corps, and upon it devolved the remainder of the labor of the day. It was dark by the time the enemy were repulsed, and those who stayed in Chattanooga describe this fight as the most magnificent view of the grand panorama of war which we have just witnessed. It was just beginning to be dark enough to see the flash of the muskets, and still light enough to distinguish the general outline of the contending masses. The mountain was lit up by the fires of the men in the second line and the flash of the musketry and artillery. An unearthly noise rose from the mountain as if the old monster was groaning with the punishment the pigmy combatants inflicted upon him as well as upon each other. And during it all the great guns on the summit continued, as in rage, to bellow defiance at the smaller guns of Moccasin Point, which, with lighter tone and more rapidly, as if mocking the imbecility of its giant enemy, continued to fire till the day roared itself into darkness.

The enemy fell back after his repulse to a point covering the Summertown ascent to the summit of the mountain, and for the remainder of the night confined himself to the defence of that defile and to the evacuation of the mountain.

Col. Williamson, of Osternaus' division, about eight o'clock at night, by order of General Hooker, pushed forward two regiments some two hundred yards and threw up some rude works of logs. But before these could be finished the enemy attacked him. General Carlin threw forward the Second Ohio and Forty second Indiana to Colonel Williamson's assistance, and after a short fight repulsed the enemy.

Subsequently, about midnight, the enemy, to cover his retreat, made an assault upon the Second Ohio and Forty-second Indiana; but though they did some execution they were handsomely repulsed. Our men could not be kept under cover of their rifle pits, but fearlessly exposed themselves. In this fight of five minutes Colonel McCook, of the Second Ohio, lost four men killed, and two officers and two color corporals wounded.

General Hooker made a great reputation by this attack with the men of the Army of the Cumberland. As his lines would advance after night the men could see his fires springing up and locating his new line. As each line became developed by these fires those on the mountain could plainly distinguish the cheers of their comrades below. One of the expressions used by a private who was watching the fires from Orchard Knob has already grown into the dignity of a camp proverb. On seeing the line of camp fires advanced to Carlin's house and beyond the rifle pits of the enemy, a soldier in General Wood's command sprang up from his reclining position on Orchard Knob, and exclaimed,—

"Look at old Hooker. Don't he fight for 'keeps!'"

The sequel of the fight—the morning's handsome epilogue to the night's drama—is already known. Hooker found the enemy gone, and the assault of Lookout Mountain had not been in vain.

THIRD DAY'S OPERATIONS.

HOOKER'S LATER MOVEMENTS.

General Hooker's movements on Wednesday morning I will not attempt to give in detail. He pursued the retreating enemy on top of the mountains, but did not succeed in coming up with him. He descended the mountain, however, at Hickajack trace, and, crossing the Chattanooga creek valley, made the ascent of Mission Ridge at or near the old battle field of Chickamauga. Here he was to the south of Rossville and in the rear of the rebel line in Chattanooga valley, entirely cut off from the rest of our army, but perfectly able to take care of himself. He began to move north on top of Mission Ridge, and, as will be seen, arrived at an opportune moment in the rear of Fort Breckinridge.

ON THE CENTRE.

Weary with watching Hooker the night previous, it was late before I reached Orchard Knob on the morning of Wednesday. At the first glance I thought the situation here unchanged, but upon a closer examination I saw that the mask of night had been used to cover very extensive preparations for hard work. The relinquishing of Lookout Mountain had evinced the rebel intention to defend Mission Ridge with vigor, and in answer to the menacing play of the rebels, General Grant had doubled the strength of forces selected to storm the ridge. Wood had been chosen to storm the heights at Blackfords. General Grant had added to his force that of General Baird, and as they lay in the morning I saw that these two sturdy Dutchmen, Wood and Turchin, headed the double column of attack. Sheridan had been chosen to make the assault at Thomas's house. (There were now added to his force General King's brigade (of regulars) and, as a consequence of Sheridan's division and volunteers) General Palmer had taken command of the men in person while General Gordon Granger assumed command of the divisions of Wood and Baird. Under the cover of the forest in which they rested these two formidable columns were hid from view from Mission Ridge, and there were no rebels on Mission Ridge to signalize the important information to Bragg, who kept headquarters at Blackfords. The men were in excellent spirits. They had rested well from their Monday's labor, and their souls had been cheered by seeing Hooker's camp fires on Lookout and Sherman's on Mission Ridge. Daylight had revealed the signal flags waiving on Lookout, and the artillery of Sherman opening from his position on Fort Buckner. General Wood was enjoying himself hugely, and called to me to stay and see the finest work of the day; but I had seen General Rawlings, of Grant's staff, dash away a few minutes before towards Fort Wood, and I knew that he had gone to fire the signal for the assault, and putting spurs to the (not) noble ass which I had pressed into service in default of a good horse I had broken down the day before, I dashed off to see Sherman's fight.

HOWARD'S COLUMN.

I found General Howard's corps moving to the left, taking care to expose itself as much as possible to rebel eyesight. The corps subsequently reached General Sherman, and were sent to strengthen his left in a movement up Chickamauga creek.

THE BATTLE OF TUNNEL HILL.

On reaching the summit of the semi-circular shaped hills which General Sherman had occupied on Tuesday afternoon, I found he had strengthened his position by strong rifle pits, and had put four guns of the First Missouri artillery, Battery D, Lieutenant Callender commanding, on the right of his line on the hills, and a section under Lieutenant Hood, Sixth Wisconsin, on the other extreme, thus getting in an enfilading fire on Fort Buckner. I asked Lieut. Callender the distance from his position to Fort Buckner, and he, having been previously engaged, was enabled to calculate the distance by the elevation given his guns. It was a fraction over 900 yards. A short time after my arrival this battery again became rather seriously engaged with a rebel battery in Fort Buckner, which was kept up for half an hour to the evident discomfort of the rebels. With the exception of the artillery the line was as quiet and composed as if in camp, or as were three of our high privates whom I saw sitting in a cluster to the left of Lieutenant Callender's battery making entries in their diaries. Three private soldiers under fire entering in diaries, in plain, legible chirography, the events of the day, is a spectacle only seen in the army of the Union. It is one of the sights which causes one to reflect, and which will long retain hold upon his memory.

The operations of the day, on General Sherman's part, began by an attack on his right by Colonel Loomis' brigade of Ewing's division upon the enemy posted behind the railroad bank at Glass Station. This attack was made at ten o'clock, and resulted in a repulse of the brigade, after a short fight, so weakly made and so early dropped that I imagine it was intended to develop the enemy and his strength for the benefit of the artillery on the hill, which began to pour upon the enemy a very destructive fire of shells, which exploded above them in handsome style. Colonel Loomis recalled his troops after they had fully drawn the fire of the enemy, and awaited further developments on the left.

I find myself using the pronoun of the egotist rather oftener than is modest, perhaps; but the history of the first events of this battle must necessarily be matters of personal observation—and that must be my apology. On going to the left of the ridge I found gathered together there Generals Sherman, Blair, M. L. Smith and Lightburn, watching the reinforcement by General Corse's command of three regiments of General Lightburn's brigade, which had succeeded in effecting a lodgment on Tunnel Hill, and upon which the enemy was still at work on Fort Buckner. General Blair pointed out the situation to me, remarking, "When we take one hill it looks as if there was another to be taken." But, after a moment's pause and silent observation of Tunnel Hill, he added, "When we've got that we'll be done." I don't know that General Blair thought we should be repulsed; but I imagined he did when he made that last remark.

General Corse, with his command, mounted the hill in good style, and reached the crest without any difficulty or opposition, as Colonel Jones had also succeeded in doing; for you must understand that Fort Buckner was not built immediately on the edge of the hill. That is, you reached the top and the plateau before you got under the fire of the fort; but the moment you began to move over the plateau the fire of the enemy was likely to open on you. General Corse, taking command, formed the whole force under the crest of the hill, his own immediate command on the right, with Colonel Jones' three regiments—the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-ninth Ohio and part of the Fourth Virginia—on the left. It was just eleven o'clock when a tremendous volley from the enemy revealed the fact, patent only to good field glasses, that Corse had marched over the crest, was on the plateau, and was charging on Fort Buckner. The opening chorus was well worthy to be the prologue to the day's drama, for it had all the merit of brevity and briskness. It lasted but ten minutes. The men fell back under the crest of the hill, but they left their dead and wounded in the enemy's rifle pits. As they retreated Lieutenant Callender opened upon the pursuing enemy, who appeared in heavy force, and covered the retreat so well that the enemy were unable to pursue to the crest of the hill.

This column had hardly fallen back to its position when from the right again appeared Colonel Loomis' brigade, pushing steadily and rapidly across some open fields in a persistant and stronger attack upon the railroad bank at this station. The enemy gave him a warm reception in front, but one of his regiments appearing upon their left flank, and Lieutenants Callender and Hood opening on them from their right, they failed to stand the assault, and hastily abandoning it fled up the hill to Fort Buckner. Our men were seen in permanent occupation of the bank, and from it continued to fire on the retreating rebels until the last one found safety behind the mud walls of Fort Buckner.

While this had been going on, General Corse was reinforced by a portion, perhaps all, of General Giles Smith's brigade, and the position vacated by him was then filled by the Eleventh corps of General Howard, which about this time double quicked across the ridge and went into position on the left extreme. Generals Corse and Smith were now ordered to make a second assault with their combined forces, and General Lightburn, who had been anxiously watching the action, joined the portion of his brigade on the hill and assumed command of the whole assaulting column. He ordered the movement to begin immediately, and a more desperate and bloody assault than the former was made. The combat had no salient point to be described. It was simply a steady and slow advance of the whole line to within a few dozen yards of the fort, occupying three quarters of an hour, and then a rapid retreat to the former position at the crest of the hill, leaving the dead and wounded in the hands of the enemy, and between their outer rifle pits and Fort Buckner. Generals Corse and Giles Smith, seriously wounded, were carried into the valley in the rear—the one to lose his leg, and the other probably to die. The tall slim boys of the Sixth Iowa suffered severely, and on going to the hospital in the valley below I find that the Germans of the Thirty-seventh Ohio have fought well and long Corse and Smith gone, the troops are reformed in a new line of battle by Lightburn. Colonel Walcot, of the Forty-ninth Ohio, assumes command of Corse's brigade, and, by orders, the line lays down to rest and await the attack of the enemy should he venture to make one. He as yet betrays no signs of weakness or of suffering. His occasional shouts reveal that he lies there, and it is very evident he intends remaining on the defensive, and is confident. As yet there are no signs of his being reinforced.

From this time—quarter after twelve, was the time of which this repulse took place—until half past one there is a pause in Sherman's battle. This he occupies in siting a message to Grant, and in preparing for more determined assault. The centre of the line at Orchard Knob notes the time by rapid and vigorous firing, of which I have forgotten to ask an explanation, and which omission I leave to others to supply. I employed the time by examining the hospitals in rear of the lately assaulting party, and finding to my disgust only one rebel, and not a single eastern casualty to record. But alas, I found at the old log hut, which was being used as an hospital, and in the aide at the foot of the hill many a brave heart that had grown suddenly silent to the praises which comrades were murmuring over them.

On leaving the valley and the hospitals I returned to the point on the right of the ridge, where Lieutenant Callender's guns were posted. Here I found that Colonel Loomis' brigade had, disdaining the protection of the railroad bank, rushed forward and was now skirmishing with the enemy for the possession of an abrupt ridge of rocks, which, outcropping from the hill side, afforded a secure position to an attacking column. At a point not more than fifty yards from Fort Buckner, who, by let it be noticed, was near the crest of the west side of the hill, up which Loomis was now working, the rebels desperately defied possession of this by half-past one o'clock, when a second brigade, Colonel Hotham's, came upon its left and rear. This brigade got into position without any serious skirmishing. But while this force was moving up, the enemy had continued to pour into Loomis not only a continuous, though harmless fire of musketry, but had devised and put into execution a system of warfare worthy of the ancients. They began throwing stones. And this, too, with such an effect, that they soon grew to be as great a terror to our boys as gunboats were formerly to the rebels. These stones—huge in size—partly thrown down the mountain, would leap over the outjutting rocks and fall upon our men with great force and doing much damage. The men at length, unable to bear this fire, demanded to be led against the fort, and did rush forward, but met with such a heavy fire that in their temporarily disordered state they were unable to stand it, and breaking, turned and fled, only the color bearer of one of the regiments remaining in position. Here he continued, waving his flag, until the brigade, having met in descending the advancing brigade of General Mathias, it turned, rallied, and again marched in good order to the position formerly held by it, and rescued their colors from the enemy, who was making a charge for their possession. The color bearer remained unhurt. The two brigades now laid down again when the enemy began again his fire of stones, but failed this time to break the line, though the troops were much harassed by this novel expedient to dislodge them.

Not content with the strength of the column which now lay resting on the hill, General Sherman ordered two regiments of Colonel Raum's brigade of John F. Smith's division to move up to the left and rear of Mathias' brigade, in order to support it. These regiments, Eightieth Ohio and Seventeenth Iowa, moved forward and took up a strong position about half way up the hill. He had no sooner gotten into position than Loomis and Mathias moved from their position and began to advance up the hill, with loud shouts of encouragement. The enemy sprang to their guns, and from six pieces of artillery and a long line of musketry a heavy and destructive fire was poured upon them. Instantly Raum, though out of breath in climbing halfway up the hill, pushed forward in support of this perhaps premature assault. The hill at this time fitfully flashed and flared with flame, and the columns, the flags, the figures of both foe and friend being plainly visible, there was presented the most magnificent vision of war which has yet been vouchsafed me. I cannot and dare not attempt to describe it. If the reader can imagine two hosts thus struggling, his imagination, however weak, cannot fail to draw a sublimer picture than my pen; and however bright that imagination may be, it cannot fail to fall far short of the sublime reality.

Through a half hour of slow, toilsome ascent did this continue. The enemy continued without intermission to pour canister and musket balls into the column whose success they appeared so much to fear. Our men toiled on slowly, making but one wild dash at the guns, from which they came back maddened with rage at their failure. From their line the fire leaped upward to almost meet that of the enemy they were approaching. Success seemed within our very grasp, and when—

It was a partial repulse, but that momentary episode of the battle will reflect undying honor on the army of which those repulsed troops formed a part. I know not the cause—the rebel artillery may have been concentrated on him, but Mathias broke—broke in utter confusion, I thought, as I saw it, and the men came rushing down the hill. Loomis still stood, Raum still moved forward. But Mathias did not fly to the foot of the hill. Just as the retreating troops reached and were passing Raum's line an officer sprang forward among them, seized the standard of one of the regiments and stuck it in the ground. I saw him wave his sword once over his head and point up the hill. I could not hear his voice, but the men did, and as if by a magic—which will be forever a mystery to me—that routed column turned, turned instantly, and in a single second was marching up the hill, as firmly and strongly formed as was that of Raum, and apparently forming a part of it. Not a man went further than where Raum's brigade was met, and there all turned and recharged as if it were a movement they had been practising for years.

And then this whole line pushed forward again—certainly the most wonderful display of human nature under thorough discipline I have ever beheld or imagined. Both Loomis and Mathias, mark you, had broken once; yet now, after half an hour's fight, they again returned to the fight by the side of Raum. It is to me, writing it, perfectly incomprehensible, and I turn to my notes to see if my memory is not at fault. But no—the wonderful achievement is there in black and white—the very hour marked and noted, and just beneath it is a still more wonderful achievement in the last charge and repulse.

It was just at a quarter after two o'clock that the forces then in line made a last grand charge at the rebel works, fifty yards in front of them. The line was perfect now, though the stream of wounded that straggled to the rear made it look ragged. The order was given, and they pushed forward. It is but a short walk before breakfast, that fifty yards, but it is no child's play to charge over it. Double shotted with canister, the rebel guns thunder upon our men; and, alas! we could see it was fearfully thinning our still advancing ranks. But still our boys press on—stern, rigid, boldly, grandly. I saw them with my glass draw the blue cloth cap down over their eyes as if seeking to hide the fearful flame that devoured them. A few more yards and a few more lives—and the rebel battery, the rebel position is ours.

We did not win it here. The enemy was forced to call for help—to draw from his centre—and at this moment, when all was ours, they poured in from their left around the hill, and got in upon our boys a damnable flank and cross fire that it was perfectly impossible to oppose. This force proved to be very heavy, and came into the engagement at double quick. Our line crumbled almost instantaneously. A few hundred faced about and fought a running fight to the rear; but the main body turned and retreated. But there was no panic, no despair. They saw they had failed and were overcome. They retreated, but not rushing wildly and furiously far to the rear. The powerful aided the weak, and the strong bore off the wounded.

The west side of the hill was soon cleared of all but our wounded and the rebels. These latter pushed around the hill, under the fire of our guns, until they suddenly, and apparently unexpectedly, came upon Lightburn, who had during all this remained perfectly quiet, but who now sent them howling to their holes.

At this moment I was standing near the bronze figure of Sherman. As our men retreated down the hill I saw him bite off the end of a segar, light it, take a puff or two, and then, turning to one of his aids said, "Tell Lightburn to intrench and go into position." He then sat down to write a despatch. I knew the battle of Tunnel Hill was over.

We had been repulsed. I may say bloodily repulsed.

But the enemy had been forced to commit the fatal error.

THE ASSAULT OF MISSION RIDGE.

The imagination of the reader need not carry him from the left to the centre in greater haste than my by no means rapid beast carried me, for I arrived fully in time to see the two assaulting columns, which for two days had been lying in wait for the auspicious moment, launched against the enemy's centre. General Grant had made his headquarters during the day on Orchard Knob, and had watched anxiously the result of Sherman's assault. He had seen our men driven back when flanked, and had said with a quiet, sad smile, "They made our boys get down the hill quite lively." But he had also seen the rebel movement to their right, and he also said, with a smile of another character, "Now, forward."

Simultaneously and instantaneously the two, or rather four columns, rushed forward across the valley of Citico creek and up to the line of rebel rifle pits that lined the base of Mission Ridge. These did not even claim their attention, nor did the two or three discharges of musketry which received them call for a reply. On they pushed, with their glittering bayonets signaling back a reply that startled the already dismayed foe. They abandoned the works and their camps, over and through which our men rushed with heading speed and a velocity which, of itself, would have secured them victory. The enemy had opened on these columns a heavy fire from several batteries which he had massed along his centre, to hide and in some measure remedy his now apparent weakness there. But these were only replied to by the guns of Captain Bridges, on Orchard Knob, and the deep mouthed monsters of Fort Wood. The foot of the hill was reached by the advancing columns in good order, and now began the difficult ascent. Half way up the line became broken and ragged, and it looked much as if a heavy line of skirmishers were mounting the hill. When they reached the top, and the rebel artillerists were limbering up their pieces, the front line was no longer preserved, but the men pushed forward unintermittently. The rebel infantry fled, and yielded up the artillery without further struggle. From Bragg no could see the rebel flag as it entered and passed through Fort Hindman, and gave place to that of the Union. In just the [illegible] after the flag was given for the assault General Turchin, of Baird's division, occupied Fort Hindman with two of his regiments, and was rapidly moving the others forward to their support. Generals Willich, Hazen and Wagner were reaping harvests of artillery. The hill was won at four o'clock, the enemy cut in two, and his organization for the time destroyed.

About this hour, Hooker, who had been advancing on the ridge northward, struck the rebel left about Fort Breckinridge, and, sweeping still further north, gathered in fresh hordes of prisoners.

As the hill was won, General Grant, following in the wake of the advancing columns, appeared in their midst on the summit, as the white plumed helmet of Henry IV. had appeared at Ivry. The troops saw and recognized him, and at once there went up a shout such as only victorious men can give to a victorious leader. It must have sounded strange to Bragg, who yet, on this same hill, not half a mile distant, was marching his troops upon the right for a last desperate effort to regain the day.

THE LAST EFFORT OF THE REBELS.

The attack came—came ere Turchin had succeeded in getting forward his reinforcements. It was made in strong force, and in a moment extended along the whole line of the two regiments now in Fort Hindman, and stretched across the ridge. It was evident the enemy was determined to stake all upon that issue. Gen. Grant and his chief of staff recognized in an instant the importance of the moment and urged forward the reinforcements of Turchin. Mingling in the very hottest of what now became the hottest fire of the day they urged forward the troops and personally gave directions for their disposal. Furchin'