

## SUMMARY OF ARMY INTELLIGENCE

Wednesday, 29th.

WASHINGTON, June 28.

Maj. Gen. Dix, New York:

A dispatch from General Grant, dated yesterday, 27th, 3.30 P. M., at his headquarters, reports no operations in front, except from our own guns, which fire into the bridge at Petersburg from a distance of 2,000 yards. The dispatch gives the following intelligence from rebel papers:

"Petersburg papers of the 15th state that Hunter is striking for Jackson river Depot, about forty miles North of Salem, and says that if he reaches Coventon, which they suppose he will do with most of his forces, but with loss of material, he will be safe.

"The same papers accuse Hunter of destroying a great amount of private property and stealing a large number of wagons, horses and cattle.

"The same papers also state that Wilson destroyed a train of cars loaded with cotton and furniture, burned the depot building, &c., at Burkesville, and destroyed some of the track, and was still pushing south. All the railroads leading into Richmond are now destroyed, and some of them badly."

A dispatch from General Sherman, received this morning, reports that yesterday, (June 27,) an unsuccessful attack was made by our forces on the enemy's positions, which resulted in a loss to us of between two and three thousand. The following particulars are given:

"Pursuant to my orders of the 24th, a diversion was made on each flank of the enemy, especially down the Sandtown road. At 8 A. M., McPherson attacked at the southwest end of Kenesaw, and Thomas at a point about a mile farther south. At the same time the skirmishers and artillery along the whole line kept up a sharp fire.

"Neither attack succeeded, though both columns reached the enemy's works, which are very strong. McPherson reports his loss about five hundred, and Thomas about two thousand. The loss is particularly heavy in general and field officers. General Harker is reported mortally wounded; also Colonel Dan. McCook, commanding a brigade, and Col. Rice, 57th Ohio, very seriously. Colonels Barnhall, 40th Illinois, and Augustine, 55th Illinois, are killed.

"McPherson took a hundred prisoners, and Thomas about as many, but I do not suppose we inflicted heavy loss on the enemy, as he kept close behind his parapets."

No other military intelligence has been received by the department.

EDWIN M. STANTON,  
Secretary of War.

Thursday, 30th.

WASHINGTON, June 28, 4 P. M.—1864.

To Major General Dix, New York:

The following dispatch has just been received from General Hunter:

"I have the honor to report that our expedition has been extremely successful, inflicting great injury upon the enemy, and victorious in every engagement. Running short of ammunition, and finding it impossible to collect supplies while in the presence of an enemy believed to be superior to our force in numbers and constantly receiving reinforcements from Richmond and other points, I deemed it best to withdraw, and have succeeded in doing so, without serious loss, to this point, where we have abundant supplies of food and forage. A detailed report of operations will be forwarded immediately. The

command is in excellent health, and ready, after a few days rest, for service in any direction."

Nothing later than my telegram of this morning, has been received from General Grant or General Sherman.

EDWIN M. STANTON,  
Secretary of War.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The orderly sergeant was calling the roll:

"Jehosaphat Jenkins."

"Here," promptly responded Jehosaphat.

"George Washington Squib."

"Here," replied Squib.

"Ebenezer Mead."

No answer.

"Ebenezer Mead, what do you mean by standing there staring me in the face and not answering when your name is called?" said the sergeant, impatiently.

"You didn't call my name," gruffly answered the private.

"Isn't your name Ebenezer Mead?"

"Nary time."

"What's the difference?"

"A heap."

"I can't see any."

"Now, sergeant, your name is Peter Wright, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, would you answer to the name of Peternezer Wright?"

"Of course not."

A laugh from the company, and, after roll-call a mutual smile between Eben and Peter—at the latter's expense—settled the matter in a manner satisfactory to all concerned.

WHY SUMTER WAS FIRED UPON.—Jere Clemens of Alabama, said in his speech to the recent Union meeting at Huntsville:

He would tell the Alabamians how their State was got out of the Union. In 1861, shortly after the Confederate government was put in operation, I was in the city of Montgomery. One day I stepped into the office of the Secretary of War, Gen. Walker, and found there, engaged in a very excited discussion, Mr. Jefferson Davis, Mr. Memminger, Mr. Benjamin, Mr. Gilchrist, a member of our Legislature from Loundes county, and a number of other prominent gentlemen. They were discussing the propriety of immediately opening fire on Fort Sumter, to which General Walker, the Secretary of War, appeared to be opposed. Mr. Gilchrist said to him: "Sir, unless you sprinkle blood in the face of the people of Alabama they will be back in the old Union in less than ten days?" The next day Gen. Beauregard opened his batteries on Sumter, and Alabama was saved to the Confederacy!

THE TREE OF DEATH.—A correspondent writing from Sherman's army says: "There is a tree in front of Gen. Harrow's Fourth Division, Fifteenth Army Corps, which is called the fatal tree. Eight men were shot, one after another, as soon as they advanced to the ill-fated tree to take a secure position behind its huge trunk. Seven men were shot, when a board was placed there with the word 'dangerous' chalked upon it. The rebels shot the guide-board into fragments, and a Sergeant took his place behind the unsuspecting tree. In less than five minutes two minie balls pierced the Sergeant's body, and he fell, the eighth martyr, beneath the shadow of the tree of death."

## The End of Greatness.

Alexander after having climbed the dizzy height of ambition, and, with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not another city for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps, after having put to flight the armies of the mistress of the world, and stripped three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and made her foundation quake—fled from his country, being chased by one of those who exultingly united his name to that of God, and called him Hanni Baal—died at last by poison administered by his own hand, unlamented, unwept, in a foreign land.

Cæsar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyed his clothes in the blood of one million of his foes; after having pursued to death his only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and in that very place, the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and emperors obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, deluged it with blood, and clothed the world with sackcloth, closed his days in lonely banishment—almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but could not, or would not aid him.

Thus, four great men, who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand the representatives of all the world calls great—those four, who each in turn made the world tremble to its centre by their simple tread, severally died—one by intoxication, or some suppose, by poison mingled in wine; one a suicide; one murdered by his friends, and one in lonely exile—*Providence Herald*.

A SOLDIER'S DYING MESSAGE TO HIS SISTER.—A Richmond paper publishes the following affecting incident of the death of a Union soldier:—"On the person of one of the Yankees killed in the fight at the Yellow Tavern, was found a bit of paper twisted in the button-hole of his jacket. It was a wretched pencil scrawl, evidently written after his fall, and while death was putting film in his eyes. It commenced,—'I, John Wilheimer, Second New York Cavalry. I am shot and dying. Whoever finds this send to Sarah Wilheimer, Brooklyn Post Office, New York. She is my sister, and only relative in the country. Oh, my poor sister! do not break your heart; but I am shot through the breast and dying, and they have gone and left me here.' \* \* \* What followed in this paragraph is obliterated by the blood. The next sentence reads, 'Write to Conrad Vitmare, of our company; he owes me fifty dollars, which he will pay you.—Oh, my dear sister, farewell!' The paper was taken from the body, and has been forwarded North by a flag of truce."

DISCHARGE PAY OFFICE,  
No. 389 E St. North, Near 13th St. West,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

AT THIS OFFICE ALL ENLISTED VOLUNTEERS Discharged from the U. S. Army make a final settlement of their accounts, whether discharged to accept promotion, re-enlist as Veteran Volunteers, or on account of Disability.

All Soldiers having business at this office are earnestly requested to present their claims personally, and not put them into the hands of CLAIM AGENTS, as they are attended to promptly and always take precedence to claims presented by those agents.

March 16, 1864.] Paymaster U. S. A., in Charge.