

AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it"—A. LINCOLN.

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The New Rebellion.

The rumors of a North-Western Rebellion which have lately been floating in the air take a certain shape in a dispatch from St. Louis, this morning printed, summarizing an account published in *The Missouri Democrat* of yesterday. That paper has heretofore intimated that it was in possession of intelligence concerning a movement for a North-Western Confederacy, and most be presumed now to give its information to the public in good faith though the telegraph supplies no hint whether the narrative is editorially introduced by *The Democrat*. Should it prove to be the character of that journal entitles it to respectful consideration.

It is alleged substantially that there is an organization known as the "Order of American Knights," whereof the members are confederated with the main object of embarrassing the Government in its prosecution of the war, and with the incidental or resulting object of setting up a North-Western Confederacy. It is a conspiracy, however, multifarious in character and endowed with a remarkable flexibility, inasmuch as it comprehends the members of a War party in New York, enrolls the Peace faction in the West, and marshals its hosts under the banner of a Rebel leader, Sterling Price. Its ramifications pursue their devious way even to the Rebel capital, where the great Vallandigham was installed supreme commander of the northern section, undertaking, in consideration of this dignity, no less a task than to divide the East from the West. His long dalliance on the confines of Canada was in furtherance of this scheme, and he there sought the counsel of certain gentlemen, who are described, perhaps rather ambitiously, as "the leading spirits in the North." Lest we should be in doubt as to whose spirits do in fact lead us, we are favored with the names of Wm. B. Reed of Philadelphia, years since politically deceased; of Pendleton and Pugh of Ohio, the former of whom was known in the last Congress mainly as saying ditto to Mr. Cox, and the latter of whom, like Glendower, did indeed call spirits from the vasty deep of Ohio Democracy to the number of 200,000 and over, for the installation of a Governor not then elected, but never yet to our knowledge became himself a spirit, much less a leading one; Kribben of St. Louis, and Story and Merrick of Chicago, names to fortune and to fame, and surely to most of our readers, unknown.

Lest it should be supposed this conspiracy had no well-defined means of accomplishing its wide-reaching purpose, it is further stated that at a consultation between the supreme Commander—Vallandigham, to wit—and his subordinate commanders at Windsor in Canada, a "programme" was arranged for the election of Mr. Vallandigham as delegate to the Democratic Convention at Chicago, in order to make that assembly the scene of a private pronouncement, to include a full declaration of the objects of the Order of American Knights, and to secure the utterance of the considerate opinion of Vallandigham that the existing Administration is wielding a usurped power and ought to be expelled—we suppose by some power which would not be usurped. For the sake of delivery of this—we hope we do not characterize it irreverently—stump-speech, each Grand Commander was to have fully armed and equipped (as the law directs?) a body guard (perhaps McClelland's) for the defense of Mr. V. against the minions of the lawless despot at Washington. At this point the plot was to thicken. The atmosphere grows suddenly and ominously lurid, an odor of burnt gun-powder steals upon the senses; and there comes a sound of such thunder as was never stolen from John Dennis or Daniel Webster. The appearance of Mr. V.'s body guard, it was tho't, would precipitate the people of the Free States into an armed conflict—whether between themselves or with the body guard there is a mysterious uncertainty—which was to be the signal for the Knights of the American Order to kill or capture the civil and military authorities!

We pause there. The imagination refuses to penetrate further into this dreadful future. We already see the body-guard of Mr. Vallandigham seizing upon the forts of New York harbor, carrying by storm the defenses of Washington, from before which the veterans of Early have just retired, burning the capital, swarming in transports down the Potomac in pursuit of the army of that ilk; moving in serried columns up the Peninsula—for being all McClelland men they would take no other road leading to the neighborhood of Richmond; and finally crossing the James on Gen. Grant's pontoons, falling upon that unhappy commander in the midst of his army, and probably sending his head and Mr. Lincoln's and Gen. Butler's as peace-offerings to Jefferson

Davis. After which we shall sit down every man under his own vine and fig tree with unlimited liberty to "larrup our own niggers" for ever and a day. "There is the most convincing evidence of the truthfulness of this statement."

Inasmuch, however, as this delicate strategem has been prematurely disclosed, we suppose the actors in it, Vallandigham, Reed, Pendleton, Pugh, and the half million others, including especially the 200,000 McClelland minute men of New York, have been arrested and sent to Fort Lafayette, or perhaps already tried by military commission and hanged—or sent to Canada. But on reading further we find our mistake. This gigantic conspiracy was not to be undomined in the dark—no mysterious spiriting away of its leading spirits—no cheating of just popular vengeance by executions within prison walls. It was vast in conception, formidable in numbers, and belligerent in purpose. It could not be dealt lightly. The Government at Washington, therefore, with due sense of the immense peril which the Republic has escaped at the hands of these assassins, determined to—expose them! and it has been done.

The history would not be complete if we omitted all reference to the celebrated letter of Mr. W. Marshall Anderson, lately exploited in the columns of *The London Times*, whence it was transferred from *The Columbus Critic*. It appears that Mr. Anderson, like Mr. Vallandigham, is weary of this "demolition war," and even carries his disgust to the extent of refusing an election to the very Chicago Convention, to attain which was the darling object of V's ambition. W. M. A., in fact, does not like war in general—much less ours in particular. He declares: "I now fully realize and comprehend the meaning of the term '*horrida bella*.' Now that rampant war has yoked her red dragons to her iron car, now that all humanity, all magnanimity, is trampled under feet, I feel its full force. Our Generals blush behind the buckler of Mars, while the she devil Bellona, with blazing torch, lights on our arms to an ignominious victory over women and children."

After which nobody will be surprised that he gets off to Hannibal and the Carthaginians, whose example he commends to his fellow-Democrats, dislikes the Yankees, has a thousand daggers for the "crowned villain," and says more foolish things than we have space to quote. He is of consequence only as another advocate of the North-Western Confederacy, judged by *The Times*, and especially by the voracious New York correspondent of that journal, worthy of European notice. So he may take his place with the rest.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

A Report from Grant.

Senator Ramsey, from Minnesota, has returned from a visit to Petersburg. The *Chicago Journal* says he gives a very encouraging account of the situation and the prospects. He visited our entire lines, and without exception found the officers and the men full of hope and confidence. They feel sure that their present campaign will result not only in the capture of Petersburg and Richmond, but, what is more important, in the destruction of Lee's army, which is the main object of present operations. Everything appears satisfactory in our position near Petersburg, and the army is not idle. At present, sapping and mining is the order of the day, *à la* Vicksburg.

Governor Ramsey had conversations with General Grant, who told him to request the people of the North to "possess their souls in patience" that all will come outright; that his success is beyond doubt, that his grand plan has been successfully carried out so far, and is certain to be successful in the end. General Grant has never felt greater confidence of success than he now feels. But it is a stupendous work he has before him, and the people must not be unreasonable in their anticipations; they must not expect that to be done in a week which cannot be done in a month; for if they will but have patience, they will in due time be fully repaid for the exercise of that virtue, by the splendid success that will crown the Army of the Potomac to overwhelm the chief army of the rebellion. The people, therefore, can afford to wait, if that achievement is likely to result from the present apparent inactivity—for it is more apparent than real.

It is a fact that our people do not appear to appreciate, that the mere capture of Petersburg and Richmond would be worth but little to us, unless Lee's army be at the same time either captured or destroyed. Gen. Grant could capture Petersburg any day, if he should so elect; but it would be a useless and needless sacrifice of life. The same is the fact as regards Richmond. By a heavy sacrifice of life, he could very soon get possession of

the rebel capital. But that is not his object. Lee's army is what he is after, and he believes he will end his career as the result of the present campaign. Let us share his confidence, and patiently wait on the progress of events.

The following extract from a letter to *The Boston Journal* will dispose effectually of the reiterated calumny that the negro troops encountered but slight obstacles in their well-known assault on the outer defenses of Petersburg:

A few days ago I sat in the tent of Gen. W. F. Smith, commander of the 18th Army Corps, and heard his narration of the manner in which Gen. Hink's division of colored troops stood the fire and charged upon the Rebel works east of Petersburg on the 16th of June. There were 18 guns pouring a constant fire of solid shot and shells upon those troops, enfilading the line, cutting it lengthwise and crosswise. "Yet they stood unmoved for six hours! Not a man flinched. [These are the words of the General.] It was as severe a test as I ever saw. But they stood it, and when my arrangements were completed for charging the works, they moved with the steadiness of veterans to the attack. I expected that they would fall back, or be cut to pieces, but when I saw them move over the field, gain the works and capture the guns, I was astounded. They lost between 500 and 600 men in doing it. There is material in the negroes to make the best troops in the world if they are properly trained."

These are the words of one of the ablest commanders and engineers in the service. A graduate of West point, who earlier in the war, had the prejudices which were held by many other men against the negro. He has changed his views. "He is convinced, and honorably follows his convictions, as do all men who are not stone blind and perversely willful."

A MUTTON MILL.—A gentleman traveling in New York, overtook a farmer dragging a lean, wretch looking horned sheep along the road.

"Where are you going with that miserable animal?"

"I'm taking him to the mutton mill to have him ground over," said the farmer.

"The mutton mill! I never heard of such a thing. I will go with you and witness the process."

They arrived at the mill—the poor sheep was thrown alive into the hopper and almost immediately disappeared.—They descended into a lower apartment, and in a few moments there were ejected from a spout in the ceiling four quarters of excellent mutton, two skins of morocco a fur hat of the first quality, a sheep's head handsomely dressed, and two elegantly carved powder-horns!

Mr. Bright, in a recent speech, said that England was "the most merciful of all Christian countries." A prominent English journal admits this saying to be true, and going back to the historical character of England in this respect adds:—"In the reign of the Henrys, 500,000 subjects and citizens of England alone are computed to have been executed for the mere offense of vagrant indigence. Even in the reign of Elizabeth an unemployed peasant was liable to seizure and slavery. In the time of James the Second, only one hundred and seventy-six years ago, obnoxious citizens were sentenced to transportation wholesale, and sold by the court to the courtiers; to be put up at auctions as slaves in the plantations."

ONE YEAR REGULATIONS ACCEPTED.—Harrisburg July 27.—Authority has been granted to the State authorities by the Secretary of War to organize new regiments of volunteers for one year, under the last call of President Lincoln for 500,000 men. The Governor will issue his proclamation to this effect as soon as orders and instructions are received from Washington. Full companies of volunteers for one year will be at once received.

The report that Gen. Crook has been selected to command in the place of Gen. Hunter will be received with hearty satisfaction. It appears to be generally conceded that the country is paying dearly for Hunter's blunders.

Intelligence of the death of Gen. McPherson was telegraphed to Gen. Grant on Sunday. The war-worn hero, after finishing the reading of the dispatch, retired to his tent weeping like a child, and with tears streaming down his bronzed cheeks, declared that the country had lost its ablest soldier, and he his best friend.

JOLLY!—The rebels claim a victory over Sherman at Atlanta!

WIT AND WISDOM.

WHAT is that which destroys a town and makes a martyr?—Canonization.

WHY should Africa rightly be considered to rank first of the continents?—Because it bears the palm.

WHEN may a man be said to do anything with an iron will?—When he goes "hammer and tongs" into it.

JONES is a strong believer in guarding angels. "If it were not for them," he asks, "what would keep people from rolling out of bed when they are asleep?"

BOARDERS will be interested to learn that savdiest is considered the finest kind of board. Recourse may be had to that form of nutrition, if the price of provisions is much more inflated.

A MARRIED LADY lately consulted her lawyer on the following question:—viz: "As I wedded Mr. S. for his wealth, and that wealth is now spent, am I a widow, and at liberty to marry again?"

THERE is a firm in Elgin, Illinois, known as "Gay and Lunt." Half the letters come to them directed to "Lay and Grunt." Natural but not complimentary.

LADY YARMOUTH asked Garrick why Love was represented as a child? "Because," said the great actor, "he never reaches the years of wisdom and discretion."

POETS are never young, in one sense. Their ears far-off whippers of eternity, which coarser souls must tavel toward for scores of years before their dull sense is touched by them.

TO CURIOSITY VENDORS.—Wanted, a key to open a lock of hair; a pin to fasten the tie of friendship; a cement for repairing broken vows; and a lacquer for brightening clouded prospects.

AMONG the quaint sayings charged to Old Abe is one that "you cannot, to-day, buy a poor horse in Pennsylvania." The explanation is that all the bad horses have been sold to the government.

AN ILL-NATURED FELLOW says the reason why women never stammer is because they talk so fast a stammer has no chance to get in. We once knew a woman who *did* stammer—but she didn't live long.

A MAN, wishing to sympathize with his neighbor for the loss of his wife, said:—"I am sorry your poor lady has gone to heaven." "Thank you," replied the other, "may it be long before you go."

A MATTER-OF-FACT philosopher asserts that "Love is to domestic life what butter is to bread—it possesses little nourishment in itself, but, gives substantial a grand relish, without which they would be hard to swallow."

THE SAME.—A French traveler in England, in writing of its peasantry says they have the same superstitious notions as those of France. "They believe," says he, "in revenants, sorciers, loup-garous, and the devil."

"PAPA," said Mr. Brown's youngest son the other day, "can't I go to the circus this afternoon?"

"No, my pet," affectionately replied Mr. B., "if you are a good boy I will take you to see your grandmother's grave this afternoon."

A MAN working in an English garden, lately, was pushed by the head gardener, who saw that he was half asleep. The man was very indignant, and poisoned himself the same night in order that his ghost might haunt his pushing foe.

—The Albany Journal styles John Cochrane "a political bounty-jumper."

—Gen. Grant is clearing out his camp hospital, and sending his sick and wounded to Washington. Several hundred arrived here to-day, and among them a number of officers. This means business.

—Skilled artisans and mechanics, employed in government works, will not be sent into the field if drafted, when the proper officers certify that their services are needed upon work for the army.

—There is great excitement reported at Council Bluffs, Iowa, and through the southwestern portion of the State generally, arising from an apprehended invasion by the guerrilla bandits who have infested Northwestern Missouri for two weeks past.

A strong force of cavalry raiders could easily penetrate to the center of the State, by the aid of spies from among the resident Knights of the Golden Circle, not getting back would be another trick.

The subscription to the new popular loan yesterday, (its first day), in the city of New York, amounted to over two and a half million of dollars. There is an excellent feeling abroad in regard to it, and there is no serious doubt of its complete and early success.—*N. Y. Times 28th.*

Battle of Peach-Tree Creek.

NEAR ATLANTA, July 23, 1864.

The bloody campaign of Sherman has been marked by a signal proof of the unquenchable valor of his men, of their readiness to give battle at any moment, of their proof against surprise, and their tendency to whip the enemy under all circumstances and against the most discouraging odds. The Tremendous attack on our right, on the evening of the 20th, was one of those rare instances in warfare where the elaborate plans of a commander for the destruction of his adversary succeed in every preliminary, yet fail totally in the fruition.

Hood, whose reputation for doing desperate things has elevated him over the shoulder of a man beside whom he is a pigmy in nearly all the essentials of generalship, was to assume the offensive under the guidance of the dangerous Bragg. It was evident from the tone of their newspapers that something new was brewing. Our army was closing around Atlanta, practicing to some extent one of its delicate flank movements. "We will see the Yankee south of that difficult little stream, Peach-Tree Creek," planned the Rebel chieftain, "in such a way that his army will be divided. Of course he will intertrench—he always does. But on the morning of the day we conclude to fight, we shall make feints on his left wing, and induce him to send several divisions to meet the battle we seem to offer. This done, of course, his right wing advances to close the gap, and to see if there is any impediment to its entry into Atlanta. His right shall advance about a mile, capturing some prisoners, to inform them that we have no body of troops within a mile and a half. At the same time, four-fifths of our army shall be massed within a few hundred yards, cleverly under cover. We shall pounce upon the advancing and unprotected fraction of Sherman's Yankees, without a note of warning, cut it off from its bridges and will roll it back upon the Chattahoochee. Our only fear is, that the enemy will not walk into the trap."

Singular to say, our army, step by step, fell into the Rebel toils without missing a link. They crossed Peach Tree Creek at points where the Rebels made a suspiciously feeble resistance. The whole army effected the crossing without serious loss, leaving a gap of three miles, which the Rebels refused to yield. When, on Wednesday morning, Hood made his feints against our left, Wood's and Stanley's divisions of the 4th Corps went to its support. The troops on the right, consisting of Hooker's and Palmer's corps, and Newton's division of the 4th Corps, alone remained on the right, and they were ordered to advance.

With what extreme nicety we involved ourselves in the Rebel snare! Newton and Hooker advanced from their trenches, captured some prisoners, and listened to their unanimous story that no considerable body of Rebels was within a mile and a half. Could a bait be swallowed with more than this mathematical exactness? The signal was given, and like a storm the Rebel host rushed upon our lines to complete their plan—how was misarranging possible? They poured down in torrent-like columns upon our few devoted divisions on the right—and in three or four hours were crushed, humiliated, and on some parts of the line routed. Perhaps, in perusing the details of the fight, your readers will ascertain without difficulty where they made their grand miscalculation.

The attack, in that was unexpected, was a surprise. But it did not find our troops without muskets in their hands, or beyond easy reach of their arms. I have not seen the time during this campaign when any portion of the army has not been in complete battle trim. It is useless to deny that there was a vast deal of danger in the tremendous attack. If successful, Sherman could no longer with his remaining forces carry on offensive operations with vigor; and if the Rebel army under Hood could force him for a moment to relax his hold on its throat, it would be the highest victory they have dreamed of.

Your telegrams have fully described the situation at the beginning of the fight—Briefly, McPherson's extreme left lay across the Augusta Railroad, Schofield's and other forces joined him on the right. Then occurred an interval of three miles, covered by pickets from Newton's division, then the right wing, composed of troops already enumerated, who sustained the whole weight of the fight. The country in their front was broken and rolling, dense forests, fields of corn, barren ridges, marshy meadows and deep washed creeks being well jumbled together in the topography.

Peach-Tree Creek is a narrow, sluggish stream, with sudden banks, fringed with

brari patches, and almost impassable undergrowth, and would be, without bridges, a fatal bar to the escape of a routed and pursued army. In the rear of Palmer, Hooker, and Newton, there had been built over ten bridges, rendering speedy retreat feasible, provided access to the bridges was not denied.

ASSAULT ON NEWTON'S DIVISION.—Newton's splendid division, which during the campaign has lost more heavily than any other in the army, held the left flank of the corps advancing from the north. The interval along which we had no force was picketed by three or four regiments of Newton's division, thus reducing his force in the trenches to less than 4000 men. The impression that an attack was impending on the left gave Newton more territory to guard than he had troops to cover. His slender brigades, eked out never so gingerly, did not furnish one line of men, though holding the most delicate spot in our lines. His troops were shifted from right to left, from left to right, from center to flanks and the reverse, to suit the emergency for the moment.

Repeatedly, during the morning, Newton had received orders to advance to Atlanta, the impression seeming to prevail in high quarters that as the enemy was evidently massing on our left to deliver battle, his lines in front of our right must be vulnerable. But the enemy had reconnoitered our lines with extreme nicety. His movements to our left were feint; he knew our weak point precisely, and having determined on an attack, he was quite right in aiming the full force of his formidable host where it fell. Newton's left covered the bridge across Peach-Tree Creek, the road on which our trains were gathered, and along which communication was kept up with the heavy masses of our troops on the left.

Newton crushed, our trains were open to them, and the army was completely cut in twain, one fragment facing Atlanta on the north, and one on the east. In that case the whole Rebel army could be hurled against either fraction, and with Napoleonic vigor Sherman was to be whipped in detail. That part of our army on the north, consisting of Hooker's and Palmer's corps and Newton's division, was to be driven into the river; that done, the left, though too strong perhaps to be overwhelmed, could nevertheless be confronted and foiled.

During the morning, as I have already said, Newton received repeated orders to advance, but Hooker had not been able to connect on Newton's right, and the latter of course could not safely advance until this was effected. About noon Butterfield's division, commanded by Brigadier General Ward came up and occupied a ridge on Newton's right. Preparations to advance were made immediately. Newton ordered five regiments to be deployed as skirmishers, and about 2 p. m., the bugles sounded the forward. Then broke out the *allegro* of a lively skirmish. A thousand muskets sputtered, and woke the primeval echoes of the forests to the siren song of battle.

Up the ridge our men slowly forced their way, driving at every step a wavering line of Rebel sharpshooters, turning at bay determinedly one moment, but changing their minds the next, and stealthily gliding further to the rear. In half an hour, our skirmishers had forced them from the ridge entirely, with small loss to themselves. With the ruling passion of the campaign, as soon as Kimball's and Blake's brigades occupied the ridge just carried the men fell to building a barricade of rails and earth. A fresh line of skirmishers was adjusted, and ordered forward to relieve the panting heroes who had just taken a military fee simple of the crest.

This advance gave Newton still more territory to cover, which it was simply impossible for him to do, with his inadequate force. He, however, made the hasty dispositions in his power to command it, and repel an attack, which, if made, might be disastrous, if not fatal. In taking advantage of the ridges, Newton's lines assumed a singular shape—that of the capital letter "J." Bradley's brigade was placed in trenches along the main Atlanta Road, forming the perpendicular line of the letter, and facing to the left; Wagner's brigade, commanded by Col. Blake, of the 40th Indiana, was the left half of the horizontal top line; Gen. Kimball's brigade the right half facing outward. A section of artillery was in position at the bottom of the letter.

Blake's and Kimball's brigades were, it will be remembered, building a rail barricade on the crest just carried—the men with knapsacks unslung, and many of them some distance from their arms, conveying rails and logs to the rising parapet. The fresh skirmish line was just going forward when a growl came from the front. At

the same moment a cheer arose—a wild, tumultuous, shrill cry, from thousands of throats—falling on the ear like a sudden and unsuspected clap of thunder. Our skirmishers commenced firing and falling back at the same moment.

With lightning-like celerity heavy columns of Rebels appeared in front of, or rather tumbled out of, the forests, their columns seemed to be endless, and carrying themselves with a certain indescribable *verve* in the onset which made every one who beheld it from our lines tremble. "How will that fearful wave be broken?" was the piercing fear that filled every bosom, which was not allayed to see our lines in apparent confusion—the confusion of men grasping their muskets, taking the touch of the elbow and facing to the front. Words cannot describe the crushing suspense of the first five minutes of the charge.

Newton's lines were so thin they looked, in some places, like skirmish deployments. They opened, and the section of artillery in position opened, but the momentum of the dust colored phalanxes was hatefully steady. Their colors snapped saucily and streamed on steadily. Soon every musket in Newton's division was blazing, for at the instant Walker's Rebel division attacked Blake's and Kimball's brigades, Bate's Rebel division appeared on the flank and confronted Bradley's brigade, aiming for the bridge on Peach-Tree Creek. They seemed to spring from the ground and to continue springing.

A stream of non-combatants commenced flowing across the bridge. Pack-mules, imprudently taken close to our lines by fortuitous dorkies, came scampering back, the latter turned tawny brown with fright, and reeking with perspiration. Ambulances tumbled over the bridge in demoralized columns. A few armed stragglers stalked sleepily along, the consciousness that everybody who met them would fathom their meanness imprinted on their faces and in their movements. The curtain of pickets guarding the interval in our lines came rushing along, debauched with mud bedraggled with water, having barely escaped the Rebel rush with their liberty.

Orderlies dashed up the road yelling for ammunition trains, and teamsters climbed trees for lookouts, and reported that the Johnnies were charging by the acre; that our troops were in confusion; and finally summed up the first aspect of the situation, announcing it as d—d sealy.

There are some things happen in battles which go to show that Providence does not always favor the largest habitations. Napoleon's own military career disproved his favorite maxim. It falls to the lot of some men to do the lucky thing at the lucky moment; and when Captain Goodspeed, Newton's chief of artillery, twenty minutes before the charge, ordered ten guns from the north to the south bank of Peach-Tree Creek, he probably little thought that he was to contribute so much toward crushing the Rebellion—to the repulse of what many think the most reckless charge the enemy has made during the war.

It was the work of a moment to hurl the ten guns, already near their destination, to the proper point on Newton's flank, the work of another to unlimber. As the enemy reached a point within 75 yards of our lines, these twelve guns opened. What exquisite music was in their crash. How joyous was the whirl of the blue glamour from their throats. How fiercely flew swab and rammer. How ceaselessly the lanyards were jerked.—How hotly the cartridge-belters shot back and forth from their cassians; and how, notwithstanding, the log-roller felt like goading them to efforts still more desperate. There was something satisfying and reassuring in the ear-splitting din.

We could tell from the peculiar whistle that our gunners were firing canister, and we breathlessly waited for the smoke to lift for a moment, that we might see its effect. The moment came. With a ragged front line the Rebel column had halted, and were firing wild but tremendous volleys. Colors disappeared and alignments were lost. Colonels rallying their men became tangled up with the swaying and disordered lines, and melted out of view like Edgar of Ravenswood. Riderless horses plunged across the field with a puzzled gallop, swaying from side to side, snuffing the terror of the moment and screaming with fright.

Four guns of Smith's 1st Michigan Battery went into action hastily on Newton's right flank, and added theirs to the intermingling detonations. Portions of the assaulting lines made shivering little efforts to advance, and the next instant fell to pieces. In twenty minutes—no more—the Rebel columns were routed and flying back to the forests from which they came forth, with an almost complete loss of organization. It was the last seen