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BY J. L. PENNINGTON & CO.

ADVENTURES OF AN ARMY CORRESPONDENT IN NORTH CAROLINA

We make the following extracts from the Army Correspondence of the Cincinnati *Commercial*:

On Thursday, the 16th, started from Newbern to Kinston, there to await an opportunity, which I was sure, one way or another, would occur, to join the object of my pilgrimage. The train was to start between 4 and 5, p. m. To give you an idea of military railroading, I waited at the depot from 4, p. m., till 11 o'clock, p. m., before the train started.

The wind blew a gale, and the open window-sashes also made us acquainted with the fact that not only was the wind cold, but mixed with abundant rain. Soldiers, fresh from the hospitals, crowded into the only two little passenger cars and all distinctions were waived by necessity. In fact, the only rank distinguishable was one addressed alone to the olfactories, of which Hamlet's uncle speaks in his soliloquy, when he may be supposed to conceive himself to be smelling very bad:

"O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven."

Such a confusion of tongues. Some were relating their big day in New York, others the miseries of their passage by boat from Newbern; other[illegible] to stand up all the way; not room to sit, much less to lie. A[illegible]-time man overboard, stoppage of engines and call to him, but heard no reply, so we steamed on, and so the train should do. At length it stopped, and, amid the cheers, I scrambled out of the door off the steps, and pop! into the mud to the middle of that pit. What has the train stopped for? This is not the end of the track. Well, there is ten miles to Kinston from the end of the track—so far as completed—and how, and, of course, three miles on top of that is not much. I am a good pedestrian.—No help for it. Off I strike, and soon find myself alone upon the way—all the rest have concluded to await the morning. Plod, plod, slip, swash, wading and sweating for ten miles, I reached the headquarters of Gen. Schofield in time to be invited, through the courtesy of your correspondent there, to breakfast with the staff.

After breakfast, I looked me up a boarding place for a day or two, with a citizen.

"We haven't anything to eat, sir."

"Oh, I'm not particular, Madam; I will share with you."

So I sat down to a dinner of the eternal Southern pork and dodger. For coffee—God save the mark!—what do you think? Parched meal, and without sugar! It was a study for a philosopher, how old associations could possibly impose that nauseous decoction, with even the name of a table drink. I went to a gentleman's shoulder-strap, and through his intervention was enabled to purchase coffee for myself, and real coffee and sugar from the Commissary.

Kinston was a place of 1,500 inhabitants—about as benighted and uncanny a looking place as it has been my lot lately to cast eyes upon. The houses are all frame, and almost all without the least pretension to elegance, except one hotel, styling itself the "Lenoir House" ("Lenoir," by the way, is a surname common in this region)—over its side door, which was painted in plain, black letters, "Ladies Entrance." In the desk of this hotel I found a quantity of accounts and receipts, mostly relating to the collection, of which the following is a single specimen:

"Received of John Stevenson for the hire of Bob, Twenty-Three Dollars.

"Jan. 8, 1861. SIDNEY PAGE."

On the same street upon which fronts this hotel, and which, by the way, was the main street of this little Herculaneum, before it had been overwhelmed with Yankee lava, stands one of the most villainously, murderous spectacles you ever cast your eyes upon. "Come with me," said a Surgeon, "come let's take a look at the nigger jail." Can it be possible such a grizzly, verminal, two-storied, weather-beaten, rotten-shingled, double-grated, barbarous, filthy black hole, could ever have been used to prison human beings in? But in the [illegible] answer the involuntary question, by hinting still more horrible blasphemy, right there, in open view before the jail, paraded upon the main street, conspicuous to the passing world of the ninetieth century, stood—the pillory! My comrade, the Surgeon, grew very profane over it. "Why, Doctor, you will be taken for an Abolitionist." "Well! I'll be damned if I ain't one now."

All my hostess's property had been in slaves which, however she had treated so kindly, three sons of them chose to remain with her. "Henry" sang me some of the songs that he said were most current with secesh, and one of them—curiously enough—already "worn out," there too, was "When the Great War is Over." In turn, I sang to him "John Brown." He had not heard the song, though he had heard of the man, and was intensely interested as I explained how that celebrated individual's mortal element "lies mouldering in the grave, but his soul is marching on," with a knapsack on its back, in the shape of its victorious armies of freedom, meeting that aforesaid individual "pot lambs," (and I might have added, make preparations to shear their wool very close) setting ready a little hemp, with one eye upon Mr. Jefferson Davis, and the other casting about for a

"——sour apple tree."

Major Wherry, of General Schofield's staff, kindly furnished me a captured horse, but I had to race around till after bed-time, before I found a most comical excuse for a saddle, to replace the stirrups of which I was obliged to keep my feet constantly full of things.

Lieutenant Colonel Twinning, Chief Engineer of General Schofield's staff, had been hinting vaguely at a proposed gallop over to Sherman, with a greeting from the heroes of Franklin to the heroes of the Anabassis. What was my vexation, on Sunday morning, the 19th, to find that, urged to a sudden start, he was off with his escort, but without me. "My horse or a pass, Major Wherry, if your please, to get outside the pickets." "Certainly," with his accustomed courtesy, adding, but they have an hour and a half the start of you, and you are pretty sure of making rebel acquaintances before night." Comforting, indeed. Away I dash, on with impatience, and at the end of a hundred yards am humiliated into dismounting to pick up my stirrup and tie it on again. One, two, three, four, five, six picket stations I hurry by; at last I pass the outmost, and find myself, unarmed in the open country of the enemy, where, within a few miles, the day before, a scouting party of ours had skirmished with some of their cavalry. No help for it, though.—Sherman's boys are Western boys, and a Western fighter needs a Western writer to inscribe his deeds. So I pressed on, following, as well as I could, the hoof-marks of the flying escort. It was rather an interesting race, to me, for I would rather starve with liberty than feast with *Lilby*-ty—neither of which, though, appeared in prospect. "Yank" would feed, "Johnny" would probably *hang* me. Think of it!—"Halt! who are you?" from a couple of cavalrymen, dashing out of a gateway into the road. All right, though; they were the ever-welcome blue. I gave my name and purpose. "Come ahead, then—we didn't know, out here, but you might be something else. We belong to the escort, which is just ahead." Ahoy, boys, "humming" already, thought I; and gally we dashed on, all together, and soon overtook the rest of the gallant band, a detachment of twenty-five of Colonel Israel Garrard's 7th Ohio Cavalry, and of Captain Ashbury's company, the escort of General Schofield. The detachment rode in charge of Lieutenants Trago and Williams. At the head of the band, sitting his horse gracefully, Lieutenant Colonel Twining, his scientific General's favorite engineer, and with him a couple of Sherman's dare-devil scouts, McIntyre and Patson, both of whom have suffered in rebel prisons, and the feet of the former are still swollen from recent acquaintance with their "stocks"—stocks that it is to be hoped, are henceforth, on the decline.

All day long, as we rode, we heard the booming of cannon toward Smithfield. Terrified negroes, the country people, as we passed, trembled as we asked for water, and helpless women, with babes at the breast, looked up, pale and fearful, pleading for protection. To illustrate: Our course was roundabout, to avoid any gray-backed horsemen hovering near Goldsboro. Our recent was Parson's Depot, on the Wilmington Road, where Sherman had promised to be. But to reach it we rode far southward toward Kenansville, within seven miles of which place night overtook us, and we prepared to camp. The men had foraged ham and sweet potatoes. I started in search of some eggs, and rode to a house about two miles off, toward Kenansville. The grinning negroes huddled at the doors of their huts and about the gateway, bobbed their woody heads and chuckled.

"Glad to see a Yank, boys?"

"Dat we is, massa."

I rode up to "Missus'" door. "Madam, have you any eggs to sell?" She brought me a basket full. "Will you let me have a dozen, and send a boy down to bring back the basket?"

"*Take all the eggs, sir, and the basket, too.*"

I could hardly reassure her, by paying her for a dozen, which, I insisted, should be counted out in a cloth. Poor lone lady, her husband at Richmond, she wanted to forestall plunder by *giving* away all her eggs and her basket, too.

Well, war is fearful. I learned the meaning of her terror, soon, in the wake of Sherman's "bummers." But what would you have? The "army grace" is "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," (counting the noses in the mess), "Amen!" and this is much too long, it seems, for any below the rank of Brigadier. War is war. The blame falls on those who apply the torch, not on those who pull down the house to save the city.

We supped and lay down in our overcoats, feet to the fire, and saddles for pillows. During the night two mounted infantry ran into our pickets, reporting themselves foragers attached to Terry's army; and, sure enough, the next morning we found within a half mile of our camp the night before had been the General's headquarters. The General himself, however, had ran up the day before upon one of the six engines found at Magnolia Station, to report to Sherman.

We crossed the railroad between Warsaw and Parson's depot, and soon found ourselves in the wake of Sherman's array. The signs were unmistakable. Beside the trampled ways lay the fences, either prostrate or in embers. Barn doors seemed gaping after captured horses, and we passed no less than thirty buggies and carriages, broken and overturned in the ditches. A facetious galloper at my elbow remarked that that was Sherman's way of taking possession of the road, and *turning over* the rolling stock.

But the most unique and altogether painful sight, were the crowds of poor negroes that choked the way, following on after the army.—"Why don't you stay at home?" "We fraid white folks kill us when you gone, we mean to go wid you." And so these infatuated simple children were in fact, forced by the desolation left in the army's track, to shift for themselves. For instance, I rode toward a farm gate after a drink of water. I found an old, crippled, blind slave feeling his way to open the gate. "Where are you going Uncle?" "I can't stay. I must follow de Yankees." And down the weary road hobbled a set of bones, that even guided by good eyesight, would certainly seem altogether unfit to go a mile from home. I rode up to the house and met a young man who said to his father, the owner of the mansion, was Dr. Cox. I asked him why he let such a poor old blind slave go off in that manner to perish? "Well," he replied, with an edge of feeling, "what can we do? The army has taken everything. We haven't hardly enough left for ourselves to eat. The old man's people had all gone, he asked us to let him follow, and we told him we might." It was a very sad incident to me. These poor people necessarily meet with the roughest treatment from the soldiers. And yet, no one that I can see, can be blamed. The army has but one purpose, and that so momentous and engrossing, admits no rival. First suppress the rebellion, and I say that can be done alone by making savage war upon it. The innocent must suffer too—it cannot be helped. All is done that can be done, without neglect of a greater interest than that of the lives of any class of people living. It sounds ruthless to say so, but there is great authority for the truth, that the laws are more than the life. All these fugitives will be sent down upon the railroads to the coast as soon as possible.

We dined with Colonel Joel, Quartermaster of the 17th Corps, and an excellent dinner it was, too, washed down with some bottles of the best old wine, captured from the chivalry at Cheraw. After dinner, we rode on around the smoking embers of last night's camp-fires; and the pines were on fire and blazed and crackled all around us while all the air was filled with a dense cloud, through which the sun could scarcely force a feeble ray. As we advanced the marks of desolation increased. Night approached, made doubly ghostly by smoke and flame. The ways were choked so as to be almost impassible—foragers returning with carts or mules loaded down with hams, poultry and cornmeal, eggs, butter, everything that could be laid hands on; famine follows such a track. And yet the "Bummers" have been fundamental to the expedition. Moving without any other base, where no meal could be foraged, they have been known to seize mills, set them running, and grind the corn into food for the army. Most adventurous fellows are they, scouting from fifteen to twenty miles, flank and front, capturing villages, forming skirmish lines of their own, and driving before them, like chaff, the very flower of the chivalry. Each on his own *hook* is a sort of hero, and there will be no more lively material for future sensation romances, than the adventures and exploits of Sherman's "Bummers."

As I turned aside here to [illegible] my way a train of wounded, [illegible] rebel prisoners, (for it was only now [illegible] I met a man who knew more about the location of the foes in front I did, such a [illegible] of unmounted cavalry.) I [illegible] upon one of the 14th hospitals. O, pitiful sight! To and fro [illegible] the surgeons and their assistants, with [illegible] knives, pipes, glasses and tired eyes, and [illegible] the never ending procession of [illegible] ghastly wounds that, after the excitement of battle has passed, no heart untrained in a dissecting room can look upon without a shiver. As I gazed upon those pale forms, many of them with eyes already set in death, I thought of mothers and sisters far away, and realized more bitterly than ever, the fearful consequences of a conflict between two opposite civilizations. Here lay hearts bleeding by hands that, at a brief half decade since, had been clasped in brotherly unity over a common country. Five years ago, every one of these would have been a case of murder, and a subject for the civil courts; and I about my oath, and cursed the Devil as a dull as works the agents, aiders and abettors of this fratricidal rebellion.

I found the cavalry headquarters at the rear—the General and his staff without tents, heated and spurred, with no sleep but their saddles, and no covering but the sky. A shower set in and when dinner was called I stood at table with the Mamelukes, when swash! plunged the rain into the gravy and the coffee, and none of us cared, for excitement, while it lends appetite, is at the same time food and raiment.

Major Estes very generously made room at a present upon my arrival, of six hundred and fifty dollars—*Confederate*! It is a curiosity though—of the last issue, and of very respectable appearance to be a worthless $7,650 would not get me three grains of corn in any place within so many distance of a Bummer.

I hastily gathered the cavalry casualties, the results of which were just coming in as I arrived—galloped after the same item of the 20th Corps, which I was equally opportune, and then to and fro up and down, I urged my steed, gathering such information as I could from a fickle stock, too much excited with the present to spare recollection to the past.

The men were in the work—muskets down, stuck by the bayonet into the ground—flankwise prepared for action. The skirmishers were at work, peppering away, in the woods opposite, across the open field which had been the bloody battle-ground of Sunday. Turn upon the left frowned the battery mouths, the ravines, upon the right loomed the dismantled camp. What a capital position for defense. Hence to Sherman's science in crossing—promptness and skill in availing of such a key to victory—was a superior force. But here especially to that gallant corps that, like a crushing wall, withstood the shock of the infuriated charges of despair, and of the desperate secession pulled back the success of the day, shouts of triumph. I give you the 14th Corps—one of the staunchest in all our armies.

A deserter was brought in upon the left. He said he had started to come over when his line of skirmishers first advanced, but had turned back; the second time he came. He said two divisions of Lee's Richmond army had arrived the night before. Colonel S. Ridge (a splendid looking man, commanding a brigade in the 20th Corps,) gave him in charge of a guard, who marched him back in the rain to a camp-fire, near which yawned an open grave. I saw him turn pale at the prospect, but I was glad to reassure him by getting the guard to answer to my inquiry, that it had been dug for one of the woodsplitters, who, however, "had changed his mind and *wouldn't die*."

I spent the evening in the agreeable company of Colonel Selridge and his gentlemanly staff, and the night was pleasantly passed with the genial and altogether hospitable spirits who compose the dashing staff of the cavalry—the most romantic arm of the service.

In the morning I arose with the rest, at bugle call, to breakfast by starlight and the dim ray of the old moon, and by daylight we were mounted and moving to the front, by the cavalry, supported by an infantry brigade, were to cover a grand flank movement, the advance of the whole army toward Goldsboro, and the prospect was if the enemy had any fight left in him, he would weak himself upon the column troops. By 7½ o'clock, however, it began to appear that the flank movement was effectual—the enemy had had enough, and like a whipped cur, tail down, was retiring toward Smithfield.

General Sherman's Letter to Mayor Calhoun

Gen. Sherman is not only a great man on the field, but he is great with the pen—great as a statesman, as every thing from him attests.

We re-publish to-day, says the *Standard* of the 18th, from our issue of September 30, 1864, the following admirable letter addressed by Gen. Sherman to the Mayor of Atlanta. This letter is interesting at this time, as it shews the policy of protection and good will which Gen. Sherman practiced as far as he could, as the commander of the federal forces in Georgia, and which he has adhered to in this State. Let the war cease, said Gen. Sherman, and "then I will share with you my last cracker, and watch with you to shield your homes and families against danger from every quarter." War is no holiday amusement.—Those who bring it on must expect to realize its horrors, but the saddest feature is that the innocent unavoidably suffer with the guilty. But thank God, the storm has passed, and the gentle star of peace sheds its benignant influences from the heavens.

HEADQ'RS MIL. DIV. OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
In the Field, Atlanta, Sept. 12, 1864.

James M. Calhoun, Mayor, E. E. Rawson and L. G. Wells, representing City Council of Atlanta:

GENTLEMEN: I have your letter of the 11th in the nature of a petition to revoke my orders removing the inhabitants from Atlanta. I have read it carefully and give full credit to statements of the distress occasioned by it, and yet shall not revoke my orders, simply because my orders are not designed to meet the humanities of the case, but to prepare for future struggles in which millions, yea hundreds of millions of good people outside of Atlanta have a deep interest. We must have peace, not only at Atlanta, but in all America. To secure this we must stop the war that now desolates our once happy and favored country. To stop the war we must defeat the rebel armies that are arrayed against the laws and constitution which all must respect and obey.

To defeat those armies we must prepare the way to reach them in their recesses, provided with the arms and instruments which enable us to accomplish our purposes. Now I know the vindictive nature of our enemy, and that we may have many years of military operations from this quarter, and therefore deem it wise and prudent to prepare in time. The use of Atlanta for warlike purposes is inconsistent with its character as a home for families. There will be no manufactures, commerce or agriculture here for the maintenance of families, and sooner or later want will compel the inhabitants to go.—Why not go now, when all the arrangements are completed for the transfer, instead of waiting till the plunging shot of contending armies will renew the scenes of the past month? Of course I do not apprehend any such thing at this moment, but you do not suppose that the army will be here till the war is over.

I cannot discuss this subject to you fairly, because I cannot impart to you what I propose to do, but I assert that my military plans make it necessary for the inhabitants to go away, and I can only renew my offer of service to make their exodus in any direction as easy and comfortable as possible.

You cannot qualify war in harsher terms than I will. War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it; and those who brought war into our country deserve all the curses and maledictions a people can pour out. I know I had no hand in making this war, and I know I will make more sacrifices to-day than any of you to secure peace. But you cannot have peace on a division of our country. If the United States submits to a division now it will not stop, but will go on till we reap the fate of Mexico, which is eternal war.

The United States does and must assert its authority wherever it ever had power; if it relaxes one bit to pressure it is gone, and I know that such is the national policy. This policy assumes various shapes, but always comes back to that of Union; once more acknowledge the authority of the national government, and instead of devoting your houses to the dread uses of war, I and this army become at once your protectors and supporters, shielding you from danger. Let it come from what quarter it may. I know that a few individuals cannot resist a torrent of error and passion, such as swept the South into rebellion, but you can part out, so that we may know those who desire a government and those who insist on war and its desolation.

You might as well appeal against the thunder storm as against those terrible hardships of war. They are inevitable, and the only way the people of Atlanta can hope once more to live in peace and quiet at home is to stop the war, which can alone be done by admitting that it began in error, and is perpetrated in pride. We don't want your negroes, or your horses, or your lands, or anything you have, but we will have a just obedience to the laws of the United States. That we will have, and if in the [illegible] the destruction of your improvements we cannot help it. You have heretofore read public sentiment in your newspapers that live by falsehood and on excitement, and the quicker you seek for truth in other quarters the better for you. I repeat, then, that by the original compact of government the United States had certain rights in Georgia which have not been relinquished and never will be: that the South began the war by seizing the forts, arsenals, mints, custom houses, &c., long before Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated and before the South had one jot or tittle of provocation. I myself have seen in Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi, hundreds and thousands of women and children flying from your armies in desperation, hungry and with bleeding feet. In Memphis, Vicksburg, and Mississippi we fed thousands of the families of the rebel soldiers left on our hands, whom we could not see starve. Now that war comes home to you, and you feel very different.

You deprecated its horrors but did not feel them, when you sent carloads of soldiers and ammunition and moulded shot and shell to carry war into Kentucky and Tennessee, and desolate the homes of hundreds and thousands of good people who only asked to live in peace at their old homes and under the government of their inheritance. But these comparisons are idle. I want peace, and believe it can only be reached through a Union, and I will ever conduct the war purely with a view to perfect an early success.

But my dear sirs, when that peace does "come you may call on me for anything. Then I will share with you my last cracker, and watch with you to shield your homes and families against danger from every quarter.

Now you must go, and take with you the old and feeble, feed and nurse them, and build for them in more quiet places proper habitations to shield them against the weather till the mad passions of men cool down, and allow the Union and peace once more to settle on your old home at Atlanta. Yours in haste,

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major General.

(Written for the Raleigh Progress.)

LINCOLN.

Oh, God, of Heaven! it is over at last,
And a Nation is bath'd in tears to-day.
Millions of noble hearts are bow'd with pain
Which but yesterday beat wild with joy
As the mellow light of mild, fair-bow'd Peace
Beam'd like gentle radiance full upon them;
Half a million stalwart men with slow step
And trailing arms make more deeply solemn
The funeral pageant as it moves along;
The Halls of Columbia are drap'd in black,
The sad symbol of death; the mournful peal
Of the deep-toned bells heard upon the air,
Are echo'd back like moans of dark anguish
From a lost world; some happy homebold
Sends forth wails of weary grief, and amid'st
The wreck of an ill-wrought ruin lies the
Dead hopes of broken hearts forevermore!

Ah, yes, alas! it is indeed too true
That he sleeps silently—away from life;
That no more His wisdom shall direct our
Faltering steps—that no more his kindly voice
Shall good sweetly pleasant with cheering words
To the tired, sick hearts—that no more we
Shall proudly see his careful hand in the
Triumphs of our grand armies—that no more
We shall hear in private Council Chambers—
That no more in fierce, unfaltering Will shall
Impel America's sons to glorious deeds.
He hears well—too true—too—too great heart
still,
And grief-bow'd Columbia weeps!

Fatal sped
The deadly ball guided by the steady,
Unerring hand of the fiendish murderer—
The willing tool of accursed, bad men.
Right well the foul assassins work was done;
The dark deed will startle the watching world
From its deep lethargy; but the black mark
Of Heaven-punished Cain will be upon his brow,
And a just retribution will follow
All who've counsel'd and given plan to this
Wretched Conspiracy.

"Thy Will be done!"
With white trembling lips we breath the holy,
Oft-repeated prayer and with rebellious
Thoughts which unbidden start. Thou hast chasten'd
Deeply a forgetful people's heart in
This hour of gloom and death; and taught us how.

Fleeting and uncertain are our hopes, and
How sure will come the end. Yet such sad scenes,
Such National ills cannot come, and we,
Viewing them, marvel not, nor murmer at
The dark Fate which so coldly chills our joy.
But, again we pray, with fervent hands and
Pale quiv'ring lips—"*Oh, God, thy will be done!*"

Lincoln! name we love—America's Savior!
Thy work was almost finished, for, tho' the
Blit of parting clouds the sun light of Peace
Is dimly seen, and soon the long-conceal'd
Rays will illumine a fair, happy Land.
But thou art gone all too soon to behold
The grandeur of thy name—the rich glory
Thy noble works will reflect upon thee.
Liberator! thy pure patriotism,
Thy devotion to truth and principle
Are well remember'd, and History shall
Emblazon its fairest page with thy name—
A name illustrious, and wreath'd in a bright
Garland of Honor which tho' Time shall bloom.

WM. WALLACE DURAND,
L 183rd O. V. I.

RALEIGH, N. C., April 18th 1865.

$15 REWARD.

HEADQUARTERS CO. A, 31st IOWA,
NEAR RALEIGH, N. C., April 17th, 1865.

LOST, BETWEEN THIS CAMP AND RALEIGH, Sunday forenoon, (16th,) an American Lever Hunting Case Watch.

The above reward will be given to any one returning the same to the owner.

JOHN H. HANEY, 1st Lt. Co A, 31st Regt. Iowa Inf., 3d Brig., 1st Division, 15th A. C.

April 18-2t*