

## MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN M. CORSE.

(Third Paper. 1865-1893.)

BY THE REV. WILLIAM SALTER, D. D.

Upon the fall of Savannah, Dec. 21, 1864, General Grant proposed to bring Sherman's troops by sea to join the Army of the Potomac before Richmond, but he deferred to General Sherman's preference for marching his troops through the Carolinas. Heavy rains, however, raised the Savannah river, submerging the country and the Carolina rice-fields; and the movement was delayed.

General Corse's division was temporarily separated from his corps, and marched with the left wing up the west bank of the Savannah river, and crossed into South Carolina the first week in February, 1865, at Sister's Ferry, forty miles above the city of Savannah. It was necessary to rebuild bridges and causeways which the enemy had destroyed, and make corduroy roads for many miles over swamps for the passage of army wagons and the artillery. At some places soldiers went waist-deep through the swamps, musket overhead, cartridge box around the neck. In a skirmish with the enemy at the crossing of a swollen creek, men of the Second Iowa, who had stripped themselves, fought in their "birth-day suits," and drove off their assailants. The line of march was by Hickory Hill (where Corse's division rejoined the Fifteenth Corps), Beaufort Bridge, Midway, Orangeburg, to Columbia, which the Union forces entered on the 17th of February, General George A. Stone's Iowa Brigade of the first division, Fifteenth Corps, in the lead. It was a day of humiliation to the proud State that had been foremost in making war upon the Union. Impregnable upon the seaboard at Charleston, she had cherished a sense of security from the devas-



BREVET MAJ.-GEN. JOHN M. CORSE.

His brevet rank dating from October 5, 1864, "for long and continued services, and for special gallantry at Allatoona."

tations of war upon her own soil, and not dreamed of the Union forces as gaining a foothold in the interior at her Capital. But the flag of the Union now waved over the State-house, and the next day the Confederate forces under Hardee evacuated Charleston, as two months before they had evacuated Savannah.

From Columbia the army moved to Cheraw, having spent more than a month in marching over South Carolina, and then entered North Carolina, and arrived at Fayetteville on the 10th of March, where they destroyed the arsenal, machine-shops and foundries. They crossed Cape Fear river on the 13th and 14th, and encountered the enemy under Hardee on the 16th in a line of intrenchments at Averysboro. This was the first resistance to Sherman's advance by infantry in force since his leaving Savannah. After a spirited fight the enemy was beaten. They retreated in the night to join the last Confederate rally in the Carolinas under General Joseph E. Johnston in the marshy, timbered bottoms near Bentonville, where that eminent strategist mustered all his forces (Bragg, Cheatham, Hardee, S. D. Lee) upon ground selected by General Wade Hampton as a favorable point to crush one corps of Sherman's army, and then defeat the rest in detail. On the 19th General Johnston attacked the first division of the Fourteenth Corps, and was repulsed with a heavy loss, and in turn was attacked on his flank and rear the following days by the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps and heavily worsted; on the night of the 21st he retreated, leaving his dead unburied upon the ground.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. C. Carpenter (then on the staff of Major-General Logan, Commanding the Fifteenth Corps), afterwards Governor of Iowa, 1872-76, recalls the characteristic coolness of General Corse in this reminiscence:

Corse's division was in the battle, and was in line in front of a grove of timber. The Rebels were on the opposite side. Captain Barber of his staff had been out in the timber taking observations and

found the rebel line advancing. Riding at full speed followed by his orderly to Headquarters where General Corse was pacing back and forth in front of his tent, he said with considerable agitation, "General, they are coming through the timber, and I believe they intend to charge." Corse, without hesitation, replied, "All right, Captain! Barkis is willin'!" \*

From Bentonville the army marched to Goldsboro, and was preparing to move to Richmond, when on the 12th of April news came of the surrender of General Lee to General Grant three days previously. General Sherman entered Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, on the 13th, and on the 26th General Johnston surrendered. Three days later the army started on its homeward march, via Petersburg, Richmond and Alexandria. On the 23d of May the Fifteenth Corps crossed the Potomac on the Long Bridge, and bivouacked that night in the streets of Washington about the Capitol. The next day General Corse with his division marched up Pennsylvania Avenue and was everywhere greeted with a storm of cheers in the Grand Review of the Army of the West, before the President of the United States and his Cabinet.

Soon afterwards General Corse proceeded with his command to Louisville, Kentucky, where his troops were mustered out, and he was placed in command of the district of Minnesota in the Department of the North West, and employed in quelling Indian disturbances. The following year he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel 27th U. S. Infantry in the regular army, but declined the appointment, "the rank not equalling his ambition." He was honorably mustered out of the service as Brevet Major-General of Volunteers, April 30, 1866.

In 1867 he was appointed U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue at Chicago, and subsequently engaged in railroad construction, in bridge-building for the Union Pacific Railroad, and in other business. He spent the summer of 1870 in Europe with his family. By act of Congress, approved

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\*MSS. letter in Aldrich Collection.

March 3, 1871, he was one of the original incorporators of the Texas Pacific Railroad Company, with John C. Fremont, G. M. Dodge and others. He succeeded beyond his expectations in securing a large land grant for the enterprise and went abroad to enlist foreign capital. Meanwhile all his effects were destroyed in the "Chicago Fire" (Oct. 9, 1871). His wife had previously gone to Boston, leaving her trunks for him to bring later. Their effects had been stored at different places in the city, but the flaming and roaring whirlwind swept them all away. General Corse at the time was at the Tremont House, and did not leave it till the hotel was on fire. He remained on the Lake-front till daylight and it was a day or two before he could learn of the safety of a sister whose house was in the burnt district.

For several years he watched over the failing health of his wife with the devotion of his early love, and when her freed spirit was released the memory of her fortitude and composure strengthened him for the duty that remained in life.

In Boston, as in Chicago, he was received with honor and esteem and made a host of friends. He never lost his interest in retrieving the fortunes of the Democratic party in national politics, and was Chairman of the Democratic State Committee of Massachusetts, and a vigorous opponent of the Hon. B. F. Butler. A warm personal friend and an earnest supporter of the Hon. Samuel J. Tilden in the presidential election of 1876, he also entered with ardor into the canvass for the election of the Hon. Grover Cleveland in 1884.

General Corse was married in 1882 to Miss Frances McNeil, the accomplished daughter of Colonel John McNeil, and niece of Hon. Franklin Pierce, President of the U. S. (1853-7), and made a new home at the "Hemlocks" in Winchester, a few miles out of Boston. During their travels abroad they were detained nearly two months:

at Athens by the sickness of Mrs. Corse with typhoid fever. A letter of that period to William Corse McArthur, of Burlington, shows his habits of quick and keen observation.

ATHENS, Greece, March 17, 1883.

My Dear Nephew:—Athens is a modern looking city, built entirely of white marble stone, very dazzling and glary in the sun. The Greeks are a factious, discontented set; like all people emerging from long slavery, they have the vices of slaves, cunning, falsehood, and want of appreciation of individual responsibility. If it were not for the outside pressure they would degenerate rapidly into brigands and outlaws, as they would rather starve, murder, and suffer than see their neighbors succeed. The present Greek looks very much like a Sioux Indian. In fact, I have been much struck with the resemblance the Greeks bear to our North American savages.

The ruins are few, and much exaggerated. They dwindle on contact, like all things we read much about.

I have been confined to the house most of the time since our arrival, but have been pleasantly entertained by the members of the American, Russian, French and English legations. The king and queen have taken much interest in Mrs. Corse's illness, and manifested much sympathy. King George is a very sensible, modest fellow, and entitled to great respect for the success with which he has handled these barbarians the past twenty years. They are not a great people, and never will be. Their accidental successes were soon marred by their meannesses and vices. There are no railroads in Greece, and the best improvements are those made by Greeks who have lived in other countries long enough to become rich and civilized. They have only one legislative body composed of about two hundred members, and they are bought much cheaper than a carpet-bag legislature in the South.

Our rooms are pleasantly situated on a public square facing the palace, back of which Hymettus rears its honied heights; on our left is the peak of Sycabettus, and still further off are visible the summits of Pentelicon; to our right and rear the Gulfs of Salamis and Ægina, and still more remote the mountains of Peloponnessus. There are few ruins of any importance here. The Parthenon, the temple of Theseus, the columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, are about all. The Areopagus, the Pnyx, the Stadium, the Walks of Plato and Gardens of Socrates—you have as good varieties of in Burlington as there are in Athens.

Athens has a population of about sixty thousand, and is five miles from its port or harbor which has nearly thirty thousand. We have connection only by steamer with the civilized world, and that only three times a week. One never feels so desolate as when in such a place sick and a stranger. The hotel proprietors and servants are all Greek. Mrs. Corse's nurse, a Greek, cannot speak a word of French or English. The Doctor is Greek, speaks a little French, and one woman to help

take care of Mrs. Corse speaks German and French and is our general interpreter. Altogether our Athenian experience has been unfortunate. Mrs. Corse has been sick from the hour of her arrival, and very sick at that. The weather is like March weather at home, rain, snow, hail, alternately with sunshine and wind,—and such wind, sometimes I have thought it would tear the shutters off and drive the windows in.

In July, 1886, General Corse made a visit to the battle-fields of Georgia where twenty-two years before he had passed through the most thrilling scenes of his life. Two of his home letters of that date give the following incidents:

ATLANTA, Georgia, July 21, 1886.

We arrived yesterday, and after a survey of Atlanta we go to Kenesaw to-morrow. The weather was extremely pleasant until we crossed to this side of the mountains. The rains east that have kept vegetation fresh and green never extended west of the Blue Ridge, and we found our road hot and dusty. Glad enough we were to get into the house and get clean. We are in the private residence of Senator Brown, of Georgia, guests of his family, consisting of two sons here, the remainder in Washington during the session. We came out in his private car which made the trip more agreeable. He and his wife were great friends of Franklin Pierce, and named one of their sons after him. General Pierce gave them a photograph of himself with his autograph. A very intelligent and hospitable clan they are.

Atlanta has changed so much, I never would have recognized it. The surrounding country is densely wooded, and I fancy I shall never be able to locate many of the places with which I was so familiar twenty years or more ago. In fact it is just twenty-two years to-morrow, the 22d, that we had the great battle, a few miles from where I sit, in which McPherson was killed, and a day or two after I left the staff of General Sherman and took command of the 2d division, Sixteenth Army Corps.

This afternoon we will spend on and about Kenesaw, and to-morrow will commence on Allatoona. A rain storm is occurring at this moment, and we are praying it will make the roads better for travel, and the heat less intense for our walking and driving about the old battle-fields.

ALLATOONA, Georgia, July 23, 1886.

We are on the old battle-fields and will finish our pictures and maps to-day, and go on to Chattanooga to-morrow and look over Missionary Ridge. Mr. Brown and the artist are of the party. We have a photographer, and I think will get a good picture of the mountain and the scene of our contest. The ground is much overgrown with trees and brush, and looks little like the field of twenty-two years ago. However, we are making sketches that will enable the artist to restore substantially the scene of the engagement. There are many local matters of

interest, and the whole revives vividly the action which has become historical. Yesterday we drove around Kenesaw and made numbers of photographs for studies. I walk a great deal. Our life is active and agreeable, pretty much all the time on the go. To-day I climbed to the summit of the highest peak of the Allatoona range, and I was hot and tired enough when we got back.

General Corse had a map made of the Allatoona battle ground, and it was in his mind to prepare a full and accurate account of the battle, but considerations referred to in his letter of January 29, 1888, interfered, and he did not complete his purpose. At intervals he conducted a correspondence with some of his surviving comrades. Occasionally upon solicitation of friends or of some post of the G. A. R., he gave a familiar lecture upon the Atlanta campaign and Allatoona, but only from rough notes. The following extracts from the correspondence referred to, furnish information additional to that given in a former number of this volume, pp. 117—135.

LIEUT.-COLONEL J. E. TOURTELOTTE TO GENERAL CORSE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 25, 1886.

On the east side of the railroad cut there was an earthwork with rather higher and better profile than the work you were in. That earthwork was at the extreme eastern end of the ridge, and there rested the extreme end of our line. From that earthwork a line of rifle-pits crowned the ridge to the cut, and then extended northward overlooking the cut and the ground on your side. These rifle-pits overlooked the store-houses and the road and ground to the south. These same pits by using them in the opposite direction, as was done, overlooked the ground to the north.

On the west side of the cut was the earthwork you were in, and there was a rifle-pit several rods to the west of it, where you will remember one of your regiments suffered so severely. About a third or half-a-mile to the westward of your fort, and south of the Cartersville road, was a pretty good earthwork in the form of a fort, and some smaller rifle-pits. There was abatis and slashing around them. I think the rebels built them when they retired southward en route for Atlanta. But they were never used by us at any time within my knowledge, except on the morning of Oct. 5th, when some companies of the 93d Illinois were sent out to feel the enemy, and some of their line of skirmishers must have crossed the nearest of those works.

There was a stockade of sharpened stakes around the west and north sides of your fort, and I think also on the south side. There was

no abatis around either of the forts used that day. The fort you occupied was not large; but the profile was good as works of that character usually are; the trouble was the enemy had higher ground. The redoubts used by our troops were laid out by an engineer officer of General Sherman's army when that place was first occupied by that army. The works were outlined when I went there. We did many days' (and some nights') work to complete the defense as you found it.

I never heard that the 93d Illinois lost their flag that day, and I do not believe it. Once (which I saw), and I think several times, small parties of the enemy dashed across the dirt road south of our position towards the store-houses, but they died on the way, and none of them ever reached the store-houses. The 18th Wisconsin were placed to the south of our position, perhaps a quarter of a mile, across the road to Aeworth. They were in that position during the first part of the fight, and were firing continuously. The Major in command reported at one time that he was hard pressed, as we all were, and he asked permission to retire to the hill. I sent him commands to keep his place until he saw danger of being outflanked and cut off, and then to come to the rifle-pits on the hill. Sometime afterwards he did come in, but I do not remember that he came in with confusion. We were all very sensitive about the south side as the store-houses were there, but the enemy's infantry did not press on that side, partly because the ground was open and exposed, and partly to give their artillery on the hill to the south a fair chance to play upon us without danger to their infantry. Most of the animals at the post were killed, perhaps some broke away.

You ask how far Sears' brigade extended to the east of me. He did not extend so far as my eastmost flank, which was my weak point, as I could not place there as many men as were needed if that point were hard pressed. Several times the enemy tried to reach it, but we were so situated that we took them in flank every time and drove them back or broke them up. The enemy did not show much knowledge of the ground that day. The eastmost redoubt was really a key to our position, as it dominated your fort and enfiladed my rifle-pits. It did good service that day. Whenever the enemy charged upon you, or upon the east side of the railroad from the north, or tried to reach our east flank, the guns from that redoubt took them in flank. The men in the ditch of the western fort were of great value to the east side by taking in flank the enemy who tried to reach our line of rifle-pits; and so men on the east side took in flank the enemy approaching you.

I shall take great pleasure, dear General, in telling anything you may wish to know further. I send you many thanks for your good wishes, and I hope for you every honor and success. I shall await the publication of your paper with great interest.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., May 29, 1866.

You have forgotten the stockade, but it was there. I placed it there myself (and did my best to make a good one), not on the glacis of

the fort, but it was sunk into the scarp at the inner edge of the ditch. It did not interfere with the movements of men in the ditch. The object of the stockade was not to keep the enemy out of the ditch, but to delay them, and if possible prevent them from climbing the parapet. If you had not reached Allatoona in time I was to defend the post with the garrison I had. Only small parties of the enemy could approach either fort without being struck in flank by the other. On that fact I depended, and had charged the regimental commanders and Artillery commander to put their whole strength, which could be spared from their immediate fronts, upon the enemy approaching the opposite side of the railroad cut. The fort on my side was the commanding point of the whole; the fort on your side was the weakest point of the whole, on account of higher ground to the west and northwest. It was on that account I showed you that side first, and you had no time to go to the east side before the fight commenced. And you directed me to defend the east side, without any detailed instructions, as I knew the place thoroughly, while you did not.

Twenty or thirty rods west of your fort was a ridge beyond which the ground could not be seen from either fort. I knew the enemy could get to that ridge in spite of anything we could do. They could there form, and there they could rest, and with my small garrison they could not be prevented. But the enemy must approach the fort over those twenty or thirty rods in open view. There were some entanglements of down trees, but not much. There had been abatis, but the trees had been used, I suppose, for camp purposes. Strong men would not be much delayed by the entanglement, but the lines would be somewhat broken. It was during their passage of those twenty or thirty rods that I intended to give them our whole strength with the hope to break them up. But I could not be sure; so my plan contemplated their reaching the ditch, and I placed the stockade to prevent their climbing the parapet, and to give us inside an advantage which I felt we should use most earnestly. I had a faith that they would never get into the fort. I placed stockades about the entrance as well as I could, but a passage for artillery had to be left; the cotton bales were placed there to be used as you did use them.

Sears' attack was divided by the railroad cut; I cannot tell what portion of his command was on each side. When his line came forward it took about the direction of the fort on the east side, but the right of his line became engaged with the west fort, and the left evaporated long before it could reach the east fort. The men in the ditch of the west fort took them in one flank, and the east fort and my pretty long line of rifle-pits took them in front. Fragments of their line did come well up to the rifle-pits, and some of their men did remain in depressions in the ground, neither able to go forward or back, and these men I sent some companies of the 4th Minnesota to bring in. These men were the unwounded prisoners we took that day. Here were taken the flags of two regiments.

The guns of the 12th Wisconsin Battery were equally divided in the two forts. A Lieutenant of that Battery assures me that they had eight guns, four on a side, that day. They had been ordered to turn in their three-inch rifled guns and to draw 12-pounder Napoleons. They had drawn the Napoleons, but not yet turned in the rifled guns.

About a mile and a half south from Allatoona two companies of the 18th Wisconsin were placed to guard the railroad bridge over Allatoona creek. They were in a block-house. After French withdrew from Allatoona he demanded the surrender of that post, which was refused. French then beat in the roof with artillery and forced the two companies out. I wish I could remember the name of the Captain in command. He was a brave soldier. These were the men lost by the 18th Wisconsin that day, but they were not at Allatoona.

During the battle a private of the 12th Wisconsin Battery actually did carry an armful of canister across the railroad cut to your side. I do not know the man's name, but his act was a daring one. It happened in this way: I had brought a field-piece from the east fort to a position favorable for sweeping the ground to the north and northwest. The Sergeant in charge of the gun ran short of canister and sent to the fort for more. The Lieutenant in charge of the ammunition directed a soldier to carry the canister, but misunderstanding where to go, the soldier carried it across the foot-bridge to the west fort. The Sergeant who had charge of the gun just spoken of was a brave fellow; he was made Lieutenant of the battery; his gun did excellent work, but at length became silent. I went with some anxiety to find the reason and in answer to my question the Sergeant pointed to his men on the ground. All were dead or wounded except one.

When Sears reports to French that he is in the "enemy's works," he must mean our sinks; those were the only works of ours he got into that day, except the rifle-pit to the west of you.

June 8.—I cannot tell about the "rations," except that the amount was large.

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LA CROSSE, Wisconsin, Sept. 9, 1886.

Your paper on the Battle of Allatoona will make the history of the engagement, and I shall be glad to contribute to its correctness and fullness. I will not attempt a continuous story, as that would make needless repetition with the report I made and with my former letters to you. But I will state anything that I do not remember to have mentioned to you before.

Three small companies of the 18th Wisconsin were guarding the bridge some two miles south of Allatoona. The Captain deserves most honorable mention. He kept scouts out from his post to observe the approaching enemy, and he kept me continually notified where they were, and what they were doing. From these reports I felt sure on the 4th of October that I should be attacked next day.

I have been told that your answer to French's demand for surrender was never received by the enemy. In my presence you wrote the answer, and the soldier started back to the outpost on the Cartersville road with the note.

General Corse said: "Colonel Rowett received the summons to surrender and brought it to me in person. I jumped off my horse and wrote the reply from a stump near the roadside."

When the answer had been dispatched you remarked, "They will now be upon us," and said as you had no time to examine the other side of the railroad cut you would remain where you were, and you directed me to go to the east side.

The 4th Minnesota, which was large for those days, having received some 200 recruits a few weeks before, was alone on the east side until four companies of the 18th Wisconsin came in from outpost duty about 10:30 a. m. We also had three guns (field-pieces) on the east side, and a few cavalry-men whom I had used as scouts and messengers.

After I left you to go to the east side I did not see you again until we met after the fight, both on cots, in the house shown in your sketch. During the day I do not think I heard from you except in regard to moving a regiment to the west side. In no other battle did I feel such desire to crush the enemy as on that day, and I could feel that my men had such desire. There was no flinching, but every man seemed to strive to do his best. My line was thinner than I wished, and every man who could discharge a gun was very precious. I remember, I sent my negro servant to carry boxes of ammunition along the line, as I did not wish to use a man who could shoot. The servant afterward got a musket and took his place in the trenches. Some civilians were in the works, and I made them use guns or carry the wounded to the doctors. I saw one soldier jump upon the top of the trench; he shook his fist and dared the enemy in a loud call to come on. He was immediately shot down, but, I am glad to say, not killed. I only mention the circumstance to show the feeling of the men.

I was wounded about half-way between the house and "C." I think I was going at the time to encourage the gunners at "C." This was after the heaviest charge upon the east side, about 1 p. m. Up to that time I had continually walked along the line, but after that I sat on the ground not far from where I was wounded and where I could overlook the position. When I could no longer carry my orders, I sent them continually by my servant, by civilians and hospital attendants. The Major of the 4th Minnesota used to say he received ten messages from me while I sat on the ground, and they were all the same, viz. "If he allowed the enemy to cross that road running down the hill to the north I would never forgive him." Some of the enemy may have crossed that road, I think small squads did, but the line of the enemy never extended beyond that road.

It was close up under the hill that the unwounded prisoners were taken. The fire was so hot they could not come on, and they could not go back, and when there was a suspension of the engagement I sent some companies to bring them in. The Captain in command of the companies (4th Minnesota) sent to bring them in, was roughly dressed and wore no insignia of rank, so the Senior rebel officer refused to surrender to him, but he did hand his sword to the Sergeant Major who was neatly dressed, with an air of rank in his rather pompous manner.

LA CROSSE, Wisconsin, Sept. 18, 1886.

There were men in the rifle-pits south of the house on the east side for the purpose of overlooking the store-house all that day. I feared the enemy would make a rush for the store-house, and I never left off watching and guarding it.

Up to the time I was wounded I was going about the lines on our east side every moment. I remember I was painfully thirsty, and there was water in the house, but I had no time to get it, and did not get it. I had not a man I could spare to bring water to the men, nor could I have allowed the men sufficient leisure to drink, even had the water been beside them. This will indicate the pressure of mind and body felt by both officers and men. I do not think many men knew I was wounded until after the engagement. There was no time to carry news, and no one to carry it.

The artillery in the eastern redoubt, after the appearance of the enemy's infantry, fired upon them all day. Their fire, which was continuous, was directed to the enemy as they charged upon you and upon the position east of the railroad, and I thought did great service in breaking up the enemy. All their loss was by the musket balls of the enemy.

I cannot state where the two Illinois regiments took position on the east side before they went to the west side.

While the day of that engagement seems pretty vivid in my mind, many details have been forgotten, and that is the reason my letters do not appear full to you. In regard to the number of the enemy I can not guess. I only saw part of them at a time. I suppose there were always reserves behind the crest of the hill. In regard to deeds of gallantry, I saw none but brave deeds that day. That was the only engagement I was ever in where soldiers were actually killed by bayonet thrusts, as they were in those intrenchments in front of the west redoubt.

Oct. 2, 1886.—From Colonel Edson (who was Major, commanding 4th Minnesota on the day of Allatoona) I learn that companies B and C were in and about the eastern redoubt; company A in the intrenchments near "C. A." on your map; company E were especially watching the store-house; company K were deployed upon and in advance of our north front until driven back by the advancing enemy. The companies of the 18th Wisconsin took position along our line between the eastern redoubt and the house where you spent the night after the battle.

WILLIAM G. POWER, LATE COMPANY "G," 39th IOWA INFANTRY, TO GENERAL CORSE.

MT. VERNON, Iowa, February 17, 1887.

Pardon me for addressing you, but the memory of the past has so impressed me that I take the liberty. I was with the command on the west of the fort where our noble Colonel (Redfield) lost his life, where also I had a brother killed, being on the right of our line and a few steps from the main road. I was fortunate enough to escape capture or death there, and was one of the last that left the pits. When within a few steps of the fort I received a minie ball through my left-fore-arm about an inch above the wrist joint, which disabled me. I was in the fort and near you when you so narrowly escaped death by the minie ball that left its mark on your face, and I vividly remember when Colonel Rowett gave the order to cease firing, how the boys cried "Never!" "Die first!" I had a revolver loaded which I gave Lieutenant Blodgett, and he got on the ammunition boxes, and thus exposed, received the fatal shot.

Those experiences are indelibly stamped on my mind. I made a visit two years ago to Marietta, Allatoona and Rome, to look at the places which had been the scenes of such fearful carnage twenty years before, and thankful that peace now reigned. My parents and grandfather, John Kynett, were early settlers in Des Moines county, and I remember when a lad, of being in your father's book-store in Burlington. I have read every account I could find of the fight at Allatoona, and your noted messages as well as your curt reply to General French. I would deem it a great kindness from one whom I have always admired, if you could find time to drop me a few lines in reply.

MT. VERNON, Iowa, March 2, 1887.

Your very kind letter came duly to hand. I was much gratified in reading the same. I will give you all the particulars I can, and speak only of what I feel in my mind was actually true, for I did not have much opportunity of observing what others were doing.

I remember very well the flag of truce that carried the request for a surrender, and after which how the enemy advanced. The musket firing commenced very close to 9 a. m. Colonel Redfield was in the rear of the rifle pits, and on the right of the road, and was killed directly in rear of our company. A comrade who lives here says he saw him, as he was encouraging the men, fall from a shot, and get up again, but soon fall the second time. I have been informed by one of our boys that saw him, that he was wounded first in his arm, next in his foot or leg, and last killed.

I did not leave the ditch until the enemy had captured some of my company on my left; those who got away did so by passing between the little shanty and the oven. I passed around the head of the hollow to a little log out-house, and halted long enough to discharge my gun and load once; some few of the boys came this way also as the enemy was.

coming up the hollow from the north and near the spring. A number passed down the road directly to the fort. I went in with three others at one of the embrasures where was a piece of artillery, while most of the boys went around the north side. Our company went in with twenty-four men, and lost four killed, six wounded, four prisoners. Our regiment had two hundred eighty seven men, and lost one hundred eleven, killed, wounded and missing.

Somehow a Johnny got up very close in front, behind brush piles, and when one of our company raised up to shoot, the Johnny shot at him, but missed and then threw a stone, when our man put his musket against him and ended the strife.

Sergeant Hartzell of our company was with the colors. When the last onset was made he loaded, and fixed bayonet, and when a Rebel jumped on the dirt and took hold of the Flag, demanding it, Hartzell shot him dead. At once another jumped for the Flag when Hartzell attempted to bayonet him, but was knocked down with a clubbed musket, and marched off a prisoner. So Hartzell told me afterwards.

As I was in the first hollow going to the rear, I discovered a sixteen-shooter that had belonged to one of the Illinois boys, and to save it took it with me, and had it in my left hand when shot, but after that I did not wait to get it.

On my recent visit the lay of the ground seemed as I had it in my mind, only the distance seemed less from the fort to the rifle-pits, and to the hill in the southwest where the enemy's artillery was first placed. The timber being grown up changed the appearance some, but the old house where the wounded were cared for was as natural as could be. After the fight I saw a dead rebel near the store-house, who had a fire-brand to burn our hard tack; under his outer suit was a Lieutenant's uniform, and there was taken from him a gold watch. On the east side of the shed where the crackers were stored, I saw a dead rebel and by him were splinters and matches, showing their determination to burn, if they could not capture the rations. It has always been a wonder to me also, why French did not succeed in capturing the place and us.

I do not know if this will be worth your reading, having been written while attempting to keep store as well as write.

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DR. T. M. YOUNG, LATE OF COMPANY "A," 4th MINNESOTA,  
TO GENERAL CORSE.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minnesota, March 5, 1887.

I am very glad that Allatoona is to be handed down in history under your hand. I am anxious to obtain a copy of your book with your signature in it, for I value highly the honor of having been under your command that day.

Any portion of my sketch which can be made useful is at your service. It was written from the standpoint of company "A," and does not ignore, though it does not describe what was done by other organ-

izations. No doubt as much might be said of any other company which was there.

Incidents at Allatoona, Oct. 5, 1864.—Much has been written about this, probably the most hotly contested engagement of the entire war. General Sherman had established his depot of supplies at one of the strongest points on the Western and Atlantic Railway, and had collected there at the time nearly three million rations, consisting principally of musty pork and worm-eaten crackers. It was known to the garrison that a fight was imminent and the destruction of the command almost a certainty. We had been paid off a few days before, and I was detailed by Colonel Tourtelotte to go to Cartersville and express home such money as the men wished to send. The trip was made Oct. 4th, and I got back that night at 11 p. m. About 2:30 a. m. a sudden rattle of musketry on the picket line announced that trouble had begun. Sergeant John Hughes (4th Minnesota) had fired on the advance of the rebel cavalry. Taking shelter in the brush, he allowed them to charge past him, then gave them another volley in the rear, and then every man of the picket scattered, finding his way into the fortification independently and safely.

This alarm put an end to rest. The command was formed by companies, inspected by the first sergeants, and the recruits (about one hundred twenty in the 4th Minnesota) were drilled until daybreak in loading and firing, and instructed in such commands as were likely to be required. At daylight the Confederate batteries made matters lively until about 9 o'clock, when troops were seen massing for a charge. General French sent in his summons which elicited General Corse's reply:

"I have the honor to command men who do not fear the effusion of blood. If you want the post, come and take it."

Then came a succession of charges which for obstinacy have seldom been equalled.

A brigade under General Cockrell, of Missouri, charged on one outlying redoubt and took it, and the 7th Illinois was annihilated, four fifths of the men being killed or wounded. There was the only place in four years' service under Grant, McPherson, Sherman and Logan, where I saw the blood run along the ground. In the road at that redoubt the dust was several inches deep, and along in that dust a rivulet of purple ran for six or eight rods, and one hundred and sixteen soldiers of the blue and gray lay dead in one heap on less than an eighth of an acre of ground.

During the hottest of the fight the guns on the west side ran short of powder. Instantly two men of the 93d Illinois volunteered to cross the railroad cut on a foot-bridge, four feet wide, and eighty-six feet above the track, in the face of the fire from a heavy line of infantry less than a hundred yards distant. They crossed in safety, but in going back with their arms full of cartridges one poor fellow was struck, and we picked him up after the battle with his hands still clutching the

precious cartridges as he lay mangled and lifeless on the iron rails below. The way Dillon's Wisconsin boys acted may be known by the way one gun was served. This gun with nine artillerists was stationed in a conspicuous place on the east side, and before the fight was over the last man was down, his arm broken, yet he loaded and fired that gun twice before he became so weak from the loss of blood that he was forced to give up.

I had the honor to command the detachment which was sent to bring in eighty-six prisoners and three flags. I picked up one of the flags, but when I saw the number of prisoners confronting my squad of twenty, I feared they would resume their arms, and taking us prisoners use us as a shield to make their escape. Hastily resigning the flag to the Sergeant Major, I ordered the Confederates to hold up their hands and march out of the ravine in which they had taken shelter. Two of the flags are now in the State-house at St. Paul. Certain individuals claim that they captured them, yet it is justice to say that to no one more than another is due the credit.

Private Samuel Bridenthall, of Le Seuer, Minnesota, shot a rebel officer who, torch in hand, tried to fire the depot of supplies. Sergeants P. W. Fix and Oscar O. Jaquith, 4th Minnesota, used two rifles constantly, having them loaded by recruits who could not use them effectively; the next day on account of the contused state of their shoulders, they were unable for duty. Corporal Al. Cottrell (4th Minnesota) had his left arm broken early in the fight; he went to the Surgeon and had it amputated, and returned for duty, and carried boxes of ammunition for three hours; three days later he died of lockjaw, induced by his exertion. Private Isaac Russell, Co. "A," was sick in hospital, convalescent from typhoid fever. A shell crashed through the hospital. He got up, came to his 1st sergeant and asked for his arms and ammunition; he was too weak to stand alone, but he fought all through that bloody day, and every time he discharged his piece he was kicked over by the recoil; he would get up, reload, and repeat the operation until the last enemy had left the field. This company used during the engagement 9,400 cartridges, an average of 293 to the man at the beginning of the battle. Many times their rifles were so hot that it was unsafe to reload, an event that does not often happen with muzzle-loading guns.

General Corse lost his own and the horses of his staff and escort, and was himself severely wounded while cheering his men in the western fort; every colonel was down as well as most of the majors; at the close of the battle captains commanded regiments, and sergeants and even corporals, as in the 93d Illinois, commanded companies.

Robert Brown, of Royalton, Minnesota, a Confederate 1st sergeant of Cockrell's old Missouri regiment, told me that he heard a confederate major before the charge on the 7th Illinois order that no prisoners were to be taken; the major was killed in the charge; but his order was needless, said Brown; they could not be taken; the only way to take a man was to knock him down and pull him out of his place. He said further

that he was never so humiliated in his nearly five years of service as when they received the orders to retreat from Allatoona, that the Confederates felt they could take the fort in half an hour.

GENERAL CORSE TO JOE SCOFIELD, ESQ., LATE COMPANY  
"F," 12th ILLINOIS INFANTRY, CHAMBERLAIN, DAKOTA.

BOSTON, Massachusetts, June 29, 1888.

Of the 12th Illinois Infantry, sixty-eight men and two officers were left at Rome on picket duty, and fifty-four convalescent and sick in camp. With the rest Captain Koehler reported to Colonel Rowett, first brigade, and went to Allatoona where he arrived about midnight or early in the morning of the 5th (October, 1864). He first placed his command on the east of the railroad at the foot of the hill on the left of the 50th Illinois. At 6 a. m. the artillery fire of the enemy proved so annoying as to compel him to move forward into a ravine which furnished some shelter. He was soon after ordered to report to Colonel Hanna, 50th Illinois, on the hill east of the railroad cut. The command was moved by detachments through the cut, and ascended the hill from the north, forming on the right of the 50th, and next to the crest of the cut in line of battle facing west. Here he gallantly assaulted that portion of Sears' brigade which attacked the west fort from the north, losing a number of officers and men. This fire saved the force on the west hill from being doubled up, and protected it from Sears' flank attack.

Shortly after the repulse of this part of the enemy he was ordered to report with his command to the commanding officer west of the cut. The passage of the cut was performed under a galling fire of infantry and artillery, notwithstanding which he moved his command down the south slope of the east hill across the railroad, and up the slope of the west hill, forming his regiment to the right of the west redoubt, and in rear of the shanties that were built along the crest over the cut. After excellent execution which freed him from the northern attacks, he moved his men into the trenches about the west redoubt, and fought his command to the close of the engagement, losing fifty-eight men and four officers out of one hundred fifty-five men and eight officers.

The four hours of terrible conflict in and about this west redoubt he describes with graphic pen, and speaks of the veteran coolness and courage of his command as remarkable.

It was at a critical period in the battle that I directed Lieutenant Flint of my staff to go to Colonel Tourtelotte and direct him to send me the fiftieth Illinois, as I had suffered so severely that it was necessary to reinforce the west hill command at once. Through some mistake occurring very naturally in the midst of the dreadful excitement, the twelfth Illinois followed the fiftieth, and it was fortunate that it did as from that hour all the forces of the enemy were concentrated on the hill west of the redoubt, determined to destroy the command on

that side of the cut. This movement successful, the supplies (nearly three million of rations), would have been their prize, and such a prize as Hood never secured in his long and bloody career as a soldier.

It was during the period subsequent to the arrival of the twelfth Illinois that your regiment came under my observation. I was amongst them and of them all the rest of the day, and I say without hesitation that no more gallant body of men ever resisted a foe, and none more intelligently. There was no time for bravado. The stillness of death prevailed amongst officers and men; every movement was characterized by deathly resolution and a sternness of determination I never witnessed before or since. I cannot speak too highly of the conduct of your regiment, nor of the importance of its services in that sanguinary conflict, and this without reflecting upon any other command.

I was not aware that there were forty repeating rifles in your command, but there is no doubt of their execution, and it is difficult to say what might have happened had we been armed exclusively with the Springfield muzzle-loader.

The facts I give you are taken from contemporaneous records. Like yourself, I sometimes think I was not at Alltoona when I see the reports given by others of that affair. I have concluded, however, it would be unprofitable for me to try to give my version.

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In reply to a request from Mr. Charles Aldrich for memorials of his army life for the "Aldrich Collection" in the Historical Department of Iowa, General Corse wrote:

BOSTON, December 30, 1890.

All my commissions, swords, diaries and correspondence during the war were destroyed in the "Chicago fire." Every thing that I had collected during the convulsion and everything that I had written and accumulated for historical purposes went up in the flames.

It is hoped that your efforts may be successful, and that I shall be happy to help, you can rely upon. The matter will have serious consideration, and if anything occurs to me that would prove of value in connection with your very commendable labors you shall have the benefit of the same.

Historical paintings are of the highest educational value, and the death scenes of Redfield, Blodgett, Ayers, and other gallant Iowans, in defense of our flag and country, could but prove the most inspiring object-lesson to posterity that one can think of. But high art is expensive, and can only be indulged in by "States," not individually. I hope you may be able to induce our beloved Commonwealth to do something towards reclaiming the acts of some of its sons from oblivion, and that many of our citizens may be inspired to follow your example in preserving all that is of value of the past for the benefit of the future.

In October, 1886, General Corse was appointed without solicitation on his part postmaster at Boston by President Cleveland. A few friends, without his knowledge or request signed his bond for two hundred thousand dollars, much to his gratification as he had made up his mind to ask no one to go upon his bond. The annual receipts of the office were at this period a million and a half of dollars, and the money orders over three millions. He gave himself to a thorough study of the postal service and cherished the ambition to make that of Boston the best in the United States: He advised with the leading merchants of the city, and provided a more rapid transit of mail, and a more prompt delivery, and refused to make "political" considerations a ground of removal or appointment of clerks, but insisted only upon qualifications of fitness. His management won public confidence and esteem, and the Boston postoffice was characterized in the Post Office Department at Washington as "the model office of the United States." His reappointment under President Harrison's administration was supported by the business men of Boston without distinction of party, and by the senators and a majority of the representatives in Congress from Massachusetts, and by General Sherman in a letter to the President, one of the last letters written by him. The refusal of President Harrison in the matter called forth many expressions of regret. A Complimentary Dinner was given by the Massachusetts Reform Club to General Corse, May 7th, 1891, at which he acknowledged the generous welcome that was given him and said:

I felt it my duty to come here to-night, with a great deal of trepidation, however, to say how deeply I felt your kindness, and to express my appreciation to that large number of the citizens of Boston of all parties who sustained me in my administration of a public office in this city.

It is some satisfaction to know that the little I have done has been recognized among the people for whom I conscientiously labored. But it is a sad commentary on the public service that a man should be thus received and commended simply for having done his duty; let us hope that

it may be an exceptional instance, and that in the future the condemnation of a man for not doing it will be more marked than the other course.

I have been deeply in sympathy with the Reform Club in its object to elicit independent thought upon the administration of governmental affairs. I am that much of a partisan that I go on the same line with my party as far as it coincides with my convictions, and when it diverges I am not with it. I cannot tell you how much aid the civil service law was to me as an official. It was a bulwark against the hordes of my political friends. It was the means by which I could protect myself in the orderly discharge of daily duties, that I was limited by this law in changes of employees. It was my desire in common with the Republicans who were anxious for civil service reform, that the office should not fall into the hands of spoilsmen.

President Eliot, of Harvard University, said:

It gives me great pleasure to come here to-night to bear my testimony to the worth of General Corse's services. We have seen so many men who have won eminence in other walks of life who, when they entered civil life, defiled their reputation with the pitch of patronage, that it is exceptional to find one who has been equally faithful in war and in civil life. I am sure, gentlemen, you will join me in wishing that the next postmaster-general may be General Corse.

Congratulatory letters were received from several eminent citizens who were unable to be present. James Russell Lowell wrote:

I should be glad to join in any tribute of respect to one who has shown such a rare quality of military and civic courage as General Corse. In both capacities he has held the fort with equal gallantry in his country's service, and it would gratify me could I express my sense of obligation to him face to face.

George William Curtis wrote:

Nothing could be pleasanter to me than to join in your tribute of honor to so effective a civil service reformer as General Corse. It is easy to advocate reform principles in the abstract, but to enforce them in office is to be a leader in the work. We can ask nothing more than that every public officer may follow so firm and faithful a leader as General Corse.

Charles Eliot Norton wrote:

It is fortunate when a reform like that of the civil service becomes associated with a person eminent for his upright and vigorous character. The service which General Corse has rendered in his staunch support of civil service reform is hardly less notable than that splendid service

of his, twenty-seven years ago, which made known to the country the name of one of her heroes. When we have reformed the civil service, and the tariff, and the currency, and pension legislation, new reforms will be urgent, and when a difficult reform is to be carried out in practical application, we or our successors shall point to General Corse as having set an example of how such work should be done.

As commander of the Massachusetts Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion in the United States, General Corse presided at a meeting held in Boston, March 19, 1891, to honor the memory of Major-General Charles Devens, late Attorney-General of the United States, at which eulogies upon that distinguished soldier and orator of the War of the Rebellion were pronounced by Ex-President Hayes and General Francis A. Walker. After prayer by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, chaplain of the Commandery, General Corse made the introductory address as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen: These services, instituted by the Massachusetts Commandery of the Loyal Legion in memory of their old comrade and friend have their origin in the affection in which he is held by every member of the organization. For seven years he was its commander, and for twenty-two years an interested and active companion. During that period he endeared to him by many ties all who came in contact with him. General Devens distinguished himself in various walks, and his deeds and public services are a part of his country's history; but we who knew him more intimately are not so much moved by the triumphs of his public life as by the simplicity of his character, the gentleness of his nature and the goodness of his heart. He was a high type of the gentleman, ever manifesting a tender regard and consideration for the feelings of others.

It may be proper to say for the benefit of those not familiar with this organization that the Loyal Legion had its origin at the death of the lamented Lincoln. Last April it celebrated in the hospitable city of Philadelphia its twenty-fifth anniversary. The Order embraces nineteen State commanderies, extending from Maine to California, of which Massachusetts is one of the largest, having nearly 800 members. The national organization enrolls some 7,000 names of officers of the army and navy who participated actively in the conflict for the supremacy of the Union. Among the commanders-in-chief are names now high enrolled in the temple of fame, and the present commander, respected and esteemed by all, has come from his distant home to pay a tribute of affection to a beloved companion in arms, to a trusted cabinet

officer, to a lifelong friend. I have the pleasure of presenting ex-president Rutherford B. Hayes, Commander-in-Chief of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

In March, 1892, General Corse was solicited to be a candidate for Congress in the eighth Massachusetts district, but declined the honor, as also later the office of Commissioner of Pensions, which President Cleveland after his re-election tendered him.

Occasionally General Corse suffered from sickness, a reminder, he said, of the war that would probably hasten his end. Usually he rallied quickly and regained at once his cheerful and sunny ways. In a letter of condolence to his sister, Mrs. Virginia McArthur, on the death of her husband in 1892, he said: "My life has been so active and so exhaustive of vital sap that I feel near my three score and ten already. I believe I am ready for it, never having had much fear of death. It seems to me the crowning grace of life, and always welcome."

Early in the morning of April 27, 1893, at his home in Winchester, he was seized with apoplexy, and without recovering consciousness expired at 2.30 p. m. of that day, which was his fifty-eighth birthday, "all his long pain of living comforted."

On the first of May, after funeral services at the house, the casket, wrapt in the flag, with wreaths of laurel and his sword upon it, was taken in charge by the Massachusetts Commandery of the Loyal Legion and conveyed to the New Old South Church in Boston, where a great throng of people attested the public respect for his character. Members of Light Battery A in full uniform acted as guard of honor, and bore the body on their shoulders into the Church. A wide streamer of white ribbon from one of the wreaths was inscribed, "Allatoona." After the body came the National, State, and Loyal Legion colors, representing the three branches of military service, infantry, artillery, and cavalry, which General Corse had commanded; the pall-bearers, selected from the military and civil depart-

ments in which he had served, followed. After the Scripture lesson, and prayer by the Rev. George A. Gordon, and the singing of hymns, a cornet solo, the "Lost Chord," was played with organ accompaniment. In leaving the Church, half-way down the aisle, taps were sounded.

The interment was in Aspen Grove Cemetery, Burlington, Iowa, according to directions which General Corse had left, and his nephew, William Corse McArthur, took charge of his remains to that city, where they arrived Tuesday morning, May 9th. A detail of Matthies Post, G. A. R., acted as escort to the Congregational Church, which was decorated with flags and flowers under the direction of his old friends, Mrs. John M. Sherfey and Mrs. L. H. Dalhoff. For several hours a stream of people filed past the bier, gazing tenderly on the battle-scarred face of one whom many had known from his boyhood. On the south side of the bier was a wreath of white roses and white pinks, with the inscription in immortelles, "Allatoona;" on the north side a pillow of the same inscribed "Hold the Fort." The pall-bearers were General F. M. Drake, of Centerville, and Colonel J. C. Stone, Colonel Fabian Brydolf, Major J. N. Martin, Captain Carl Ende, and Hon. J. C. Power, of Burlington. The Hon. James Harlan and many eminent citizens were present. The Rev. Dr. J. C. McClintock read a selection from the Psalms and offered prayer. The Rev. William Salter and Thomas Hedge, Esquire, made addresses, in part as follows:

Rev. William Salter said:

Fifty-one years ago a boy of seven years, born in the Keystone State, came with his parents to our then infant city, and grew up among us in the nurture of a loving home. His father was a substantial citizen, and filled our highest offices of honor and trust. His mother was a superior person who stretched out her hands to the poor, and in her tongue was the law of kindness. The boy early evinced that he had in him the fibre of an independent mind and a resolute character.

When the storm of war broke over the land and the flag of the Union that had made us a great people was hurled in the dust, he saw

the peril of the hour, and in that peril heard the call of duty and of God, to make whatever sacrifice of himself his country might require. His strength and firmness of character and his military education fitted him for a place of command which he eagerly sought. His valor and signal capacity for energetic work won the attention of his superior officers, and he was rapidly advanced to arduous and responsible positions. In the campaigns of Grant and Sherman he won the admiration and respect of those renowned commanders. Such was the fire of his zeal against the public enemy, and so determined was he in the hour of conflict, that men called him "the incarnation of war," "a demon for the hour." His report of one of his engagements, of the celerity and dash of his men, reads like a chapter in Julius Cæsar.

With the dawn of peace he strove to do his part in rebuilding the Nation. He attended to many duties in civil life, and advanced his fame when appointed to an important public trust in one of our chief cities. And now that brave and manly heart is still, and beats no more at war's alarms or at any shocks of this tumultuous world, and we are permitted to pay the final obsequies to his memory and renown. Lauman and Matthies, Fitz Henry Warren and Abercrombie, and many more from our city who ventured their lives that the Republic might live, and now General Corse, who was amongst the youngest if not the youngest of them all, have joined "the bivouac of the dead." May the rising generation learn their intrepidity and valor, and be inspired with similar devotion to God and Native Land!

Mr. Hedge said:

John Murray Corse was born on the day that Ulysses Grant was thirteen years old. The scene of his birth was that neighborhood made famous by the defeat of Braddock and the fortitude and skill of Colonel George Washington eighty years before.

From the first he was a positive quantity, abounding in health, of bright and handsome presence, earnest, self-reliant, perhaps self-confident, a boy to be noted and remembered. At twelve, the military spirit was quickened in him by the events of the Mexican war and the return of the soldiers home, but the annals of Burlington in those days were short and simple. A sojourn of two years at West Point was the only peculiar event in his career until the days of 1851. Then twenty-six years of age, Governor Kirkwood commissioned him Major of the 6th Iowa infantry. How he justified and repaid the trust and confidence of the War Governor has become a schoolboy's story. The scrupulous performance of "the daily round, the common task," fast fitted him for wider responsibility and more conspicuous charge. His great Captain, in his classic story of the salvation of the Republic, his last but not least gift to his countrymen, calmly awaiting his departure, as his soldiers pass before the vision of his memory, notes the brave and efficient commander who fell wounded in the fiery heights of Chattanooga; and again lingers on the story as Sherman told it to him of the Pass of

Allatoona, and writes on his Roll of Honor: "Corse was a man who never would surrender, one of the very able and efficient volunteer officers produced by the war."\*

What more need be added? We know why they stood there. We know how they stood there. It was a new Thermopylæ, after three and twenty centuries. A sense of duty, the inspiration of the cause of human liberty, ever old and ever new, held them steadfast.

"Are all his conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure?"

Not so. Bearing the sword which the Prince of Peace proclaimed He came to bring—such as that under which the men of Massachusetts won peace and liberty—his conquests were of equal rights and civil order, his warfare that political truth should shine in every nook and corner of the Republic, and equal justice, sweeping away all barriers of wrong, dwell from the eastern to the western sea.

In this house where the memory of a sainted Mother†, each day softening and dispersing the rays of the ascending sun, is henceforth to be also the monument of filial affection; on this spot where two score years ago the presence of her who was to become the wife of his young manhood was wont to add grace and beauty to the homely sanctuary; it is fitting to testify that this man was as loyal, steadfast, considerate and true in his home relations and among his fellows, as the blunt, abrupt soldier of the Fifteenth Corps was in the service of the flag. As we look upon his sleeping face we are more and more persuaded that heroes of Allatoona are born and bred in loving homes.

This soldier died on the day he was fifty-eight years old. The child born in the year of "Allatoona" is now of the age of him who held the "Pass." A generation has arisen which learns the story of the redemption of the Republic only by tradition. It is for us to preserve the truth of this tradition: for only so long as this continues to be a land of memory will it remain a land of promise. Our pulses are stirred as memory rests upon the array of our heroes who made the name of Iowa illustrious on a hundred battle-fields, from Wilson's Creek to Bentonville and Appomattox. Gone before, they are our leaders still; the story of their service is our highest inspiration. Our young Captain here coveted the remembrance of his comrades and countrymen. Poor in words to express the homage we would pay to his character, we now under the lead of a comrade‡ in his most illustrious service reverently salute his passing from the shore of time to join his mighty Captain's last review.

\*Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant, II, 355-6.

†The east window of the Church was put in by General Corse in 1869, "In Memory of his Mother." She died Sept. 28, 1866.

‡Frederic J. Croft, Sergeant Company C, 52d Illinois infantry, who of his own motion accompanied the detachment of General Corse from Rome to Allatoona, Oct. 4, 1864, now unfurled the draped flag before the bier.

At the tomb in the Corse chapel, which General Corse had erected several years previously, the last rites were performed by the G. A. R., Post Commander Philip M. Crapo commanding, the Rev. A. V. Kendrick, Chaplain. Co. H. fired the salute, and "taps" sounded the soldier's requiem.

The Massachusetts Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of which General Corse was elected Commander in May, 1890, adopted an eloquent tribute to his memory, recounting his services, and inscribing his name "as one of the bravest of the men who grandly helped preserve our freedom and nationality."

General Corse always refused to consider the suggestion that he was entitled under the law to a pension, and to one of a high rate, from the close of the war to the end of his life, but a grateful country by act of Congress the year after his death placed the name of his widow upon the pension roll, describing his services as "marked by distinguished personal bravery and among the most valuable rendered to the country by any officer of his rank."

From many eloquent tributes to his fame, that pronounced before the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at its twenty-fifth annual meeting, by a son of General Sherman, is selected for its beauty and pathos, as an appropriate close to this paper. Father Thomas Ewing Sherman said:

The finest of fine arts is the art of noble conduct. Of this your heroes gave signal examples. The discipline and self-denial of the soldier's life culminate in the sacrifice demanded of him in the dread hour of battle. The nation has many heroes who stood that test, who faced great odds undaunted, and fell with their faces to the foe. You have given us champions who fought after they had fallen. The heroes of Allatoona have touched the limits of the sublime. Though their bodies are prostrate, their spirit is still erect, and that spirit is the spirit of the Army of the Tennessee. When French's division closed up about Corse's lines that October morning, and a flag of truce was sent demanding surrender, bets were exchanged among the Confederates as to whether our fellows would yield without a blow. Had they known Corse, or Tourtelotte, or Rowett, there would have been no such

bets. No odds would have made a man foolish enough to take such a bet when prostrate and bleeding Corse, "though short a cheek bone and an ear, was ready to whip all hell yet," to use his own expression. When one so tried and true, such a typical soldier, leaves us, it is fitting that a special garland should be laid upon his tomb. Permit me to contribute to that chaplet a sprig of oak for his stanch intrepidity, lilies for the stainless integrity of his manhood, roses for the warmth of his patriotism, and laurel for the victory he won; a single word for his epitaph: "Soldier;" one more upon the pedestal, "Allatoona." Were I privileged to preach his funeral oration, my text would be his words I have quoted. They are the soul of military eloquence. With such texts, and such men as Corse to back them, America need not fear a world in arms, nor does she.

Farewell, brave friend! a picked man where all were heroes; gallant, eager, single-minded and devoted; downright, hearty, generous and true; you reached the limit of the possible that day as you stood on the edge of destruction, not dizzy nor amazed, but with your soul nailed to the flag-staff of your fortress. There let it rest forever.

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PROSPERITY OF DUBUQUE.—We continue to have large additions to our population. Among the numerous arrivals of emigrants, we notice in particular a company of about fifty persons from Philadelphia, the gentlemen principally mechanics, and all men of first-rate character; and the two smaller parties from Ohio, farmers and mechanics, men made of the right stuff for pioneers. Indeed, a calm observer must be struck at contemplating the business of a town only three years old. One will witness everywhere in Wisconsin, a surprising augmentation of inhabitants, and a corresponding progress in wealth and improvement, but particularly in Dubuque and Des Moines counties. History furnishes no example of such rapid advances.—*Du Buque Visitor*, June 22, 1836.

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