



norous dare-devil--the very man to suit my purpose.—BULWER.

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NO. 2.

Looking For Him.

Here we have the representation of a skirmisher peering over a head-log, looking for one of the enemy's skirmishers. From the "cut of his jib" we take it that he is one of Joe Johnston's men who has a notion of trying a



crack at one of Sherman's sharpshooters. The woods and hill-sides around Marietta and Kennesaw Mountain, and amid the wilderness which surrounded New Hope Church in 1864, were full of just such scenes as this; and it is the testimony of the commanders on

both sides that the losses sustained by the two armies were about as great from the incessant skirmish firing which was maintained between the two, as were their casualties in the greatest battles between Dalton and Atlanta. The forests and hill-sides in the region traversed by the Western & Atlantic Railroad still show a great number of rifle pits which were occupied by the skirmishers of the two armies during the eventful summer which the two armies spent in north-west Georgia in 1864.

Old "Hell Schmell."

One day during the fighting around Marietta, in June, 1864, the Confederate batteries on the crest of Kennesaw Mountain began bombarding the camp occupied by the division of General Osterhaus.

Osterhaus was eating his dinner at the time, and concluded he would pay no attention to it until he finished his meal; but noticing that first the teamsters, then a number of soldiers, and finally some of his staff began to seek cover with some precipitation, and doubtless feeling that there was no certainty but that some flying bombshell would lose its way and come crashing into his tent, *sans-ceremonie*, he leaped to his feet, shook his fist furiously in the air and sprang out of the tent, capering like a Dutch dancing-master, and yelled, "I'll make 'em hell schmell! I'll make 'em hell schmell!" and at once sent orders over to the batteries in his command to open fire upon the Confederates on Kennesaw.

It is not a matter of record that the furious bombardment which he directed caused the retreat of the Confederates from the mountain; but we would doubtless be safe in recording it that he felt somewhat like he had gotten

even, or as nearly so as possible, after he had sent a few scores of projectiles crashing against the rocky cliffs amid which the Confederates were perched with their infantry lines and batteries of artillery.

But the Federal soldiers called Gen. Osterhaus "Old Hell-schmell," and this is said to have been one of his favorite expressions when he was angry.

Wouldn't "Shpike Dem New Guns."

The following story is said to have been one of General Grant's best:

In the battle of Shiloh a Dutch artillery commander came running to him, blubbling like a whipped school-boy, and evidently in great distress.

Grant, who was annoyed at the Confederate advance which had driven back a portion of his line, inquired of him what was the matter, and received from him the information that his battery had been captured.

The General asked him, "Well, did you spike the guns before you abandoned them?"

With a look of utter amazement on his face, the Dutchman bellowed out: "Vat! shpike dem guns—shpike dem new guns. No sir, no sir! Why, it

would haf pin a shame to do that."

Grant used to tell this with great relish, and would then quietly remark, "and within less than fifteen minutes 'dem new guns' were playing on our own ranks."

"Pick out Your Tree."

A good story is told of Colonel Joseph Grisham, the father of Senator Brown's wife. He was a man of unusual vigor of intellect, clearness of perception, and withal, of very great decision of character.

It is stated that on one occasion he hired a man to come and split boards for him. The party arrived before breakfast, and was asked by the Colonel to take breakfast with the family, but answered that he had already eaten. In the course of the conversation relative to the work, the Colonel was giving his ideas about what he intended to do in the way of constructing the building. The countryman took issue with him and expressed very decided objection to the proposed plan. This was pressed to such an extent that at last Col. Grisham got out of patience with one of his expressions of what he thought, and remarked:

"Well, I didn't hire you to think, sir, I hired you to work."

This brought an end to the argument. Shortly afterwards, they went down into the forest together, and arrived at a large tree which the Colonel inspected very carefully, walked around once or twice, and then remarked to the countryman:

"Well, I think this is a first-rate board tree. What do you think about it?"

"You didn't hire me to think, sir; you hired me to work—pick out your tree," answered the man with some decided emphasis of tone.

The Colonel laughed good-humoredly, and told him that there were some points upon which both of them could think with perfect good taste and propriety, and invited him to take dinner with him that day.

Sixty-eight different kinds of minerals and ores found on the line of the Western and Atlantic railroad.