

a very tame affair. It is natural, too, that this should have been so, for the lines of defense were two or three miles from the centre of the city, and the lines of the besiegers were almost as far again. The bombardment was not such an affair as a lively imagination might conjure up, being casual and desultory. The streets were thronged day after day with soldiers and civilians, and even women and children were not lacking to lend liveliness to the scene. Business seemed to thrive, and the ordinary forms of gayety went forward with the zest, if not the frequency, characteristic of the piping times of peace.

It seemed that the confusion — the feeling of present or impending danger — had lifted from the population that sense of responsibility that lends an air of sobriety and sedateness to communities that are blessed with peace. Man's crust of civilization is not by any means as thick as he pretends to believe, and war has the knack of thrusting its long sword through in unexpected places, stripping off the disguise, and exposing the whole shallow scheme.

While Atlanta was enjoying itself in a