

reckless way, in spite of its portentous surroundings, the outer lines of defense were kept busy. The big guns and the little guns were engaged in a rattling controversy, an incessant dispute, which died away in one quarter only to be renewed in another. This was all very satisfactory, but while it was going on, what must have been the feelings of the inner lines of defense? The outer lines had their morning, noon, and evening frays, and Atlanta had its frolics, but the inner lines lay still and stupid. Here were the reserves — the fiery and dapper little State cadets, fretting and fuming because they were not ordered to the front with the veterans. Here were Joe Brown's "melish," to be hereafter the victims of the wild mistake at Griswoldsville; and here were the conscripts that had been seasoning themselves at the camp of instruction at Adairsville, until Johnston's army — performing its celebrated feat of retiring and sweeping the ground clean as it went — fell upon and absorbed them, giving them an unexpected taste of active service.

Naturally, the inner lines were discontented. The shells that went Atlantaward flew harm-