

[From the New York World.]

THE GREAT THROUGH ROUTE.

Fifty years ago the president of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad, S. S. L'Hommedieu, Esq., went westward from this city by means of the fastest conveyances then at command. He states that at the expiration of sixty-three days he arrived at his point of destination and present home, Cincinnati. A few days since this same gentleman arrived in New York from the Queen City, having accomplished the journey of eight hundred miles and more, by way of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway, in about thirty-six hours. In going west in 1864 all possible speed was used by Mr. L. to reach the banks of the Ohio, but on the late return trip there was no hurry manifested, and the results in the two instances form a neat practical illustration of the adage, "The more haste the less speed."

A brief telegram has already informed the public of the completion of the connection link in the great broad gauge route between the Atlantic and the Mississippi—the Atlantic and Great Western Railway; but particulars concerning the accomplishment of this magnificent undertaking have not as yet been broadly published. Indeed, so quietly has the work of building the road progressed that, now it is done, we doubt if one traveler in a hundred can name the Territory through which it passes. Yet from a variety of causes this is destined to be the great passenger, mail and freight route between Boston, New York and Philadelphia on the seaboard, and Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, and other principal cities of the lake districts, and the Mississippi valley.

The value of this road to the public generally, to the cities whose traffic is to be enlarged and facilitated by means of this new channel of uninterrupted communication between the East and the West, as well as the benefit to be derived from it by the agricultural and mining communities of Western New York, Western Pennsylvania and Central Ohio, could not be sufficiently estimated from any statistical array of figures and facts that we might offer. An idea of the results that must of necessity follow the introduction of a system of railroading on a scale so unparalleled can, however, be formed by those who are best acquainted with the various sources of wealth which the iron-horse has, in times past, been used to develop in this richly-endowed land. The Erie Canal, inaugurated with such éclat years ago, has been of the first advantage to this and neighboring states; but the impetus which the union of the great lakes with the Hudson gave to commerce is no ample criterion for estimating the importance of the newly-ordered steam route. The enterprise is entitled to rank with such noble schemes as the Atlantic cable, the Pacific railroad, the Alpine tunnel, and the Russo-American electric wire.

THE INCEPTION AND PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

As far back as the year 1851, Marvin Kent, Esq., conceived the idea of establishing a superior line of communication between the Erie Railway, at or near Buffalo, and the Ohio and Mississippi road, running between Cincinnati and St. Louis. He soon associated other active gentlemen with him, and a charter was obtained from the State of Ohio, and a company duly organized. In 1857 the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad Company of Pennsylvania was organized, and in 1859 that of New York. The work of construction was begun about the year 1853 in Ohio, and between that period and the year 1857 the Erie and New York City Company built a few miles of additional track upon their line, which was afterward purchased by the new interest in this state.

The financial crisis of 1857 brought the business of construction in Pennsylvania and New York to a stand-bill, but in the spring of 1859 work was resumed on the Pennsylvania division, and a year later on that of New York.

Under the then existing contracts, the New York division and eleven miles of the Pennsylvania portion were pushed forward nearly to completion. The war cloud which soon after broke upon the country made the prosecution of the undertaking more arduous than had been anticipated, and certainly in a great measure shook the faith of the authors of the enterprise. Upon the death of one of the contractors, Mr. Henry Doolittle, the several companies released the surviving contractor from all obligations to prosecute the labor, and settled down to wait until the war was over for something to turn up. It will be remarked that from the year '51 to '61 the work was only begun. It is patent to everybody that no individual or corporation in America could have been induced to embark capital to anything like the extent required for the fulfillment of a design of this sort, and nobody thought of going abroad to look for parties who would invest in so seemingly hazardous a venture as this certainly appeared during the first year of our war.

But, to the surprise of sage financiers and experienced railroad men, an offer was one day received from James McHenry, Esq., of London, banker, to a same control of the proposed roads and build at once. So agreeable a shock coming from so unexpected a quarter, it is fair to be presumed, nearly took away the senses of the three corporations. Nevertheless the bid was duly canvassed and accepted, and for hitherto Mr. McHenry dispatched T. W. Kennard, Esq., engineer, to organize a working force and carry out the great object in view. Mr. Kennard was appointed engineer-in-chief and general manager,

with instructions to spare no expense in opening up the best built road in America.

Eighteen months ago, Mr. Kennard began where his predecessors had left off. New topographical surveys were taken, four or five hundred miles of track were ordered and received from England, excavations were made, embankments thrown up, forests felled, bridges constructed, depots, freight houses, hotels, and machine shops were commenced, and track-laying proceeded at the rate of one mile per day.

Mr. Kennard made no contracts for any portion of all this immense work—everything was done as day's work, under his own supervision. Meantime rolling stock was ordered in various parts of the country and put to use as fast as procured. Mr. Kennard, finding that the engine makers could not supply him with motive power to meet his expectations and requirements, leased the Jersey City Locomotive Works, and is there having built one hundred first-class locomotives. The difficulty of keeping laborers at work during the war excitement, more especially when drafting was eminent and bounties were high, greatly embarrassed the manager's plans—otherwise the road would probably have received its finishing touches at his hands some time since. As it was, he imported fifteen thousand laborers from Canada during the last year. A year and a half, however, has sufficed him to do, what, according to all English or American precedent, should have occupied ten or fifteen years, even in the best and most undisturbed of times. Payments for everything have been made from London through Mr. McHenry, and the total expenditure for construction and outfit has, we understand, reached the figures \$15,000,000. We submit that, for once, American enterprise and sagacity has been fairly eclipsed by strangers. The lesson has been short but effectual, and its benefits we hope will prove lasting in many ways.

THE ROUTE.

The Atlantic and Great Western Railway taps the Erie Railway at the village of Salamanca (so called after the great Spanish financier, who for a time joined Mr. McHenry in furnishing capital for the road), eighty-three miles west of Hornellsville, on the direct route to Dunkirk, N. Y. Thence the track follows a south-westerly course to Jamestown, N. Y.; then into Pennsylvania to Meadville, Crawford county—distance one hundred and three miles. From Meadville—which is the headquarters of the road, and whose longitude furnishes the standard of time by which trains are run—the line extends, still preserving the same direction, over into Trumbull county, Ohio. Passing from thence through a fertile and slightly rolling country, the road enters the Mingo valley and calls at Dayton, a thriving city of twenty-eight thousand inhabitants, and the residence of Hon. Clement L. Vallandigham, on the Little Miami. Here, in railroad parlance, it "straddles" the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton road, and occupies it for a distance of sixty miles to the Queen City of the west. The total number of miles from Salamanca to Cincinnati is four hundred and forty-seven. Here the line meets the Ohio and Mississippi road leading into St. Louis, a distance of three hundred and forty miles. Adding these distances to that of the Erie road between New York and Salamanca, we discovered a total of exactly twelve hundred miles of wide track, over which freight and passengers are to be transported in the carriages of the Atlantic and Great Western Company without change. But this is not all. From Leavittsburg, near the Ohio and Pennsylvania state line, the Trunk line is tapped by its own branch, now in full working order, to Cleveland, distance fifty miles. From Corry, on the Pennsylvania division, Mr. Kennard has built the Oil Creek Railway, going to Titusville, twenty-seven miles; from Meadville, the Franklin Branch, to Oil City, thirty-five miles; besides which he has, with the consent of other parties interested, leased for ninety-nine years the Mahoning road, seventy-eight miles long, from Leavittsburg to Youngstown. Work has also been commenced upon the Buffalo division, leading to that lake port from Salamanca, a length of about sixty miles. This branch, it is intended, shall be carried across the Niagara river upon a suspension bridge and form a junction with the Canadian roads. A continuation of the six foot gauge from Cleveland to Chicago, we presume, is contemplated. The Hartford and Erie Company have already begun to build a broad-gauge track from Hartford to Fishkill on the Hudson, which, when completed, will unite Boston more closely by many miles with the emporium of the Mississippi. This work is being pushed vigorously.

From the foregoing hurried statements it will be seen that the Atlantic and Great Western Company have built, or are building, upward of five hundred miles of road and leased seventy-eight, and therefore will occupy in their own right about six hundred miles of track. The equipment of the road and branches is in a very advanced state, as may be readily inferred from the energy displayed in bringing the main work to completion.

THE TRACK.

Lest the technical phrase "broad gauge track" may not be thoroughly understood by everybody, we will explain that the gauge or width of most American railway tracks is from four feet and eight inches to four feet ten. We believe that Mr. Lincoln, to whom the decision of the question was referred, has determined that the gauge of the proposed Pacific road shall be five feet and a half, but that is not a genuine broad-gauge as under-

stood by English and American railroad men. From six to seven feet is the standard of the English broad-gauge. The twelve hundred miles of road herein described is six feet in breadth. Cars from ten feet six to eleven feet wide are used. This extra allowance of a couple of feet, or perhaps a yard, of room is quite as important to a passenger as would be the additional inch upon the end of man's nose. Expert engineers pronounce the Atlantic and Great Western about the best ballasted, the most substantial, and probably the smoothest road in the country. It is remarkable for its immense stretches of straight track. There are really no sharp curves from Salamanca to Cincinnati, and some of the tangents are from fifteen to twenty miles in length. In Ohio a piece of the line follows a given course, with but one slight deviation, for upwards of seventy miles, twenty miles of which is through a forest through which not even a dirt road has yet been made. Upon these extensive tangents wonderful speed can be obtained with perfect safety, since the engineer can see his track for a mile, or it may be for two or three miles, ahead. Moreover, there are no heavy grades, the descent or ascent being extremely moderate for the length of roadway. The Erie road, in the first hundred miles from Bergin tunnel, rises about four hundred feet, but there is no greater variation than this probably in the Atlantic and Great Western grade between New York State and the Ohio river.

BATTLE PICTURES.

We clip the following from the correspondence of the World:

There in the depths of these ravines, under the shadows of these trees, entangled in that brushwood, is no pomp of war, no fluttering of banners in an unkindred breeze, no solid tramp of marching battalions, no splendid strategy of the fields Napoleon loved to fight on. There a saturnalia, gloomy, hidden, desperate, rages confined. The metallic, hollow crack of musketry is like the clanking or great chains about the damned; that sullen yell of the enemy, a fiendish protest and defiance. How the hours lag, how each minute is freighted with a burden that days would have groaned to bear in other times! Still the sad, shuddering procession, emerging out of the smoke and tumult and passing on. Still the appealing eyes and clenched hands and quivering limbs of human creatures, worse than helpless, whose fighting is over. The paths are full of them; the roads are thick with them, the forest seems to take up the slow movement and move with them like giants hovering over the funeral of our Lilliputians. Piled in amulets, they move on still further yet, while the torturer of battle plies on below making more victims.—Here and there, beside some path, you shall see a heaped blanket, labelled by some thoughtful bearer, with the name the corpse beneath bore in life; and there you shall come across a group of men bending over one wounded past help, and dying an agonized death. And often—too often—the shameful spectacle of one bearing a weapon, unburied, pallid, and fear stricken, flits through an opening toward the rear and is gone. You shall meet with soldiers in groups of one, two, or three hidden in some thicket or coolly making coffee by the roadside. And hearing the roar of battle below and seeing the bloody trail of the battle behind, it shall be a glad thing to see these men hunted by officers back with curses to the ranks to share the dangers of their noble comrades.

Gen. Grant mounted one of his splendid horses at headquarters, and made a partial tour along the lines. Gen. Sedgwick and his staff, weary with incessant marching and fighting, lounged under some bushes by the Germania plank roadside.—General Grant rode up. Gen. Sedgwick went out to meet him.

"Don't get up, General; I just came down for a little visit—that's all."

The Lieutenant-General had a taking way with him when he choose—a straight-forward way, appropriate to the man he met. The two commanders sat down by the road and talked a quiet talk. The day grew hotter, a bright line of battle stretching through the woods and across the road and up the slope behind them, seethed and simmered in the sultry, dusty air.

No serious work would be done that day, if all the signs were true.

Gen. Grant remounted, rode to headquarters in the pine grove up the road, threw himself against a tree, and began to drowse.

A drowsy and curious scene. The Lieutenant-General here, at the foot of a tree, on leg of his trousers slipped above his boots, his hands limp, his coat in confusion, his sword equipments sprawling on the ground, not even the weight of sleep erasing that persistent expression of the lip which held a constant promise of something to be done. And there, at the foot of another tree is General Meade—a Military hat, with the rim turned down, about his ears, tapping a scabbard with his fingers, and gazing abstractedly into the depths of the earth, through eye-glasses that should become historic. General Humphreys, chief of staff—a spectacled, iron-gray middle aged officer, of a pleasant smile and manner, who wars his trousers below after the manner of legions, and is in all things independent and serene, passes yonder to and fro. That rather thickest officer, with closely trimmed whiskers, and the kindest of eyes, who never betrays a harsh impatience to any com-

er, is Adjutant General Williams.—Gen. Hunt, Chief of Artillery, a hearty-faced, frank-handed man, whose black hair and whiskers have the least touch of time, lounges at the foot of another tree, holding lazy converse with one or two members of his staff. Gen. Ingals, Chief Quartermaster of the army, than whom no more imperturbable, efficient or courteous presence is here, plays idly and smilingly with a riding-whip, tossing a telling word or two hither and thither.—Staff officers, and orderlies, and horses thickly strewn the grove. The sunlight streams in, a little breeze begins to sigh; a little thought of peace has come, perhaps, to the minds of these men overlaid with the thoughts of war.

About the middle of the day General John Sedgwick, who, since the march from Bandy Station, had never left his command, walked out with Lieut. Col. McMahon, his chief of staff, to the advanced line of breastworks occupied by his men. A little hum of leaden bees about this place caused the soldiers in the works to dodge and duck their heads. The General smiled at them good naturedly—he had a winning smile. Finally a bee hummed so near a poor Irishman's auricle that he dropped down upon his face. General Sedgwick touched him with his foot, in humorous disdain: "Pooh, pooh, man! who ever heard of a soldier dodging a bullet? Why, they couldn't hit an elephant at that distance!"

There was a laugh at this, even though the straggling was yet hummed unpleasantly around. The General was still smiling over the banter, when Col. McMahon heard the buzz of a bullet culminate in what seemed an explosion close beside him.

"That must have been an explosive bullet, General."

No answer. But as the face of General Sedgwick slightly turned toward the beloved officer at his side, a curious, sad, not despairing, but almost contented smile was upon it. Another moment and the form of the General fell helplessly backward. It was caught by Col. McMahon as it fell. A ball had entered the face just below the left eye, pierced the brain, and passed out at the back of the head.

He never spoke afterward, though he breathed softly for awhile. He will never speak again, to command or to caress; to punish with disdain and censure; to elevate with reward and praise. O, noble sixth corps; tried and true sixth corps; though you have been saddened by the death of many comrades, did you ever weep for a comrade like this? Are your deeds so high, your banners so glorious, now that he who directed them is fallen? Are your lost ones so low, now that he slumbers among them? Oh, well you may speak soft, lips that have shouted defiance; well may you toll slowly, guns that have wrung conquest at his will! He sleeps; let the battle sleep for a time. He honored the battle; let the battle do him this honor!

UNION AND REBEL GENERALS.

A PLAY UPON NAMES.

Celerity is considered a big thing in war. So is promptness. We believe there is only one General in the Southern army who always gets up Early, albeit there was one resigned who was habitually Prying in rising. Though the rebel officers are rather noted for rapid movements, there are two decided Poiks among them, and one who is continually Cumming, yet does not come along.

But we have a Slocum ourselves, and though we may have a General Hunt after the Rebels, some of our commanders, including the old Hunter himself, occasionally fail to bag the rascals, seeing which General Ketchum ought to resign, unless he can prove that he knows Howe. By hanging on the enemy's rear it seems as if General Hindman, at least, ought to be caught.

This war has brought forward, more or less conspicuously, several military names. There are Pickett, of Virginia, Battle of Tennessee, and Slaughter of Alabama, on the Rebel side. Porter would do to put in the band, and Field isn't inappropriate for a scene of operations. Steele is not so bad either, and we find Steele common to armies. There is no use for Shields in our modern warfare, at any rate since the Shenandoah Valley campaign of 1862, though the Rebels continue to employ Arcurs.

Moon alious as some parts of the South are, there are Hills down there that seem to be particularly hard to get over, and a Black-ridge. Dense Forests, heavy Woods, and difficult Routes are occasio ally to be seen. Boggs and Brooks diversify the prospect, though it must be stated that the latter are not produced by the Rains of North Carolina, and of course not by the Rains that fell at Stone River. We don't know much about the Rebel Line, but are advised that this is different from the famous Longstreet. How long that is we are not ap, rised, though we have seen the mention of Miles. In our army we have no General H's. We have a Meade, a Parke, Woods, Brooks, and a Tower; the latter, however, not remarkably tall.

There is no whisky in the Southern army, owing, we suppose, to the difficulty of procuring that article. There is, however, or lately was, Kimmel, and whatever ale can be got out of Adams. As to our own army, though we keep a Butler, we don't indulge in anything stronger than Meade. There is a Porter on the list; he is out at present. This refers to the Andrew brand. Fitz-John, (not Demijohn) Porter, the Administration savor off from in 1862. What with the laws of Con-