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Stories of the Camp, March, Battle, Hospital and Prison Told by Comrades

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THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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Barbara Frietchie.

By W. A. Johnson, Second Lieutenant, Co. D, 2d S. C. Vols., C. S. A.

The long Summer days of 1862 were hot, hostility-laden and memorable to all living in the United States at that time. Terrible battles had been fought between the Confederate armies, commanded by Gens. Joseph E. Johnston, Robert E. Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson, and the Union armies, commanded by Gens. Pope and McClellan, in which the Union armies had been badly defeated.

The Confederate soldiers were highly elated, and believed that they would secure the permanent independence of the seceeded States.

After the defeat of Gen. Pope at Bull Run, and the retreat of his army into Maryland and the District of Columbia, the Southern officers and soldiers believed that the time was at hand to invade Maryland, and give its citizens the opportunity and the backing necessary for them to take the State out of the Union and join it to the Southern Confederacy.

The Confederate soldiers had been thoroughly saturated with the idea that the Maryland people would welcome them and join its ranks in large numbers.

The trade of the soldiers is to traffic in human hate and friendship, and to be ever ready to fight or to love, as the occasion may demand. Thus equipped, in mind, the Confederate division, commanded by Gen. Lafayette McLaws, consisting of the brigades of Cobb, Semmes, Barksdale and Kershaw, to the latter of which the writer belonged, reached the southern bank of the Potomac River about Sept. 8, 1862, at a broad, shallow ford, a little northwest of Leesburg, ready to cross over into Maryland and free it from the accursed Yankee yoke.

Our last camp was on the outskirts of Leesburg, where we had been wined and dined without stint as favorite sons. Every home was wide open to us, and we were compelled to enter by all the powers of patriotic persuasion. We ate a meal at one house, and got hungry by the time we reached the next, into which we were compelled to go and eat again. The writer had thus been "*compelled*" to eat five breakfasts that morning. We were sadly in need of the grub, and the memory of this hospitality is dearer to our memory than that of any battle.

Here we had pretty women and girls, wreathed in smiles, as cooks, waitresses, and dishwashers.

We were thus in high spirits when the shoreline of Maryland appeared to our view, and we enthusiastically disrobed, plunged into the rapids, and crossed over into the promised land of plenty, feasts and friends.

Full of mirth and good cheer, with our packs held high above the sparkling water which we splashed here and there and over each other, we landed in Maryland in about the same condition that we first landed on the planet.

Being short on Greek we could not hurl our defy at the Yankees, a la Cesar at the crossing of the Rubicon. We did the plunging part of the act all right, and substituted for the Greek some very choice selections from our Anglo-Saxon vocabulary. We will not imitate Cesar by putting our sayings in print, for we have too much respect for the public.

Suffice it to state that we crossed over shouting, laughing, jesting and "*cussing*" a few times and more.

We needed a good washing of our bodies, but wading in the water did us no good in that direction.

We were in a hurry on "our master's" business, and as soon as we got out of the river we put our dirty clothes on our wet bodies, as we had nothing to wipe ourselves dry with, and could not take time to stand around until we got dry.

As fast as we could put on our clothes and cartridge boxes we fell into line, and marched on into Maryland. Pretty soon we ran afoul of the Baltimore and Ohio Canal, which we crossed by the way of the bottom of an upset canal boat.

At this point we met a negro man walking along the canal, in the towpath, going in the direction of Washington, D. C.

We did not molest him, although it was suggested that we should confiscate him as a contraband of war. A member of my company, named Jones, had a slave along with him, named George, who greatly resembled the towpath negro, and the two would have made a good pair.

Later in the war the slave George got tired of army life and slavery and went into Yankeedom.

This towpath negro was the first person seen by us in Maryland, which seemed a little odd when we had expected the men, women and childen in the State to meet us at the river, and embrace us as delivering sons and brothers.

In view of our expectations and what really happened, I have thought many times since that we ought to have taken that negro and kept him as a memento of our disappointment.

We tried to console ourselves with the thought that the people had not been advised that their deliverers were at hand.

In short, we soon reached the public highway, and proceeded to tour Maryland in true hero fashion.

After marching some miles we came in sight of citizens who were thinly scattered along the highway, principally on the west side. Some were afoot, some on horseback and others in various kinds of vehicles.

As we passed them they paid us the compliment of viewing us, evidently as curiosities, since we were a motley crowd of dirty, ragged, barefooted (largely) tramps. We were not received with cheers or songs or other evidences of approbation, but instead they looked on us in self-

evident pity, which was manifested by numbers of them taking off their shoes, and handing them to barefooted soldiers in the ranks.

They did not enlist in our ranks, or join us in organized bodies, or manifest any friendship for us in any way. We had evidently mistaken a slag pile for a mountain of crystal.

Our reception was chilling and oppressive. It served to dampen our spirits, and our vision of good things was a dream.

A "*cloud*" of dust raised by vehicles, horses and men, hovered over the road, and the heat caused great streams of sweat to run down our faces, upon which the thick dust settled and stuck. This we were forced to wipe away with the sleeves of our jackets, so that they were heavy laden with moisture, dirt and grease. The liquid which oozed from the pores of the skin of our bodies ran down in riverlets unto our feet, so that our clothes were saturated with the ugly smelling perfume.

Dirty, lousy, ragged and barefooted as we were, we proudly marched along with heads erect and banners unfurled in the unfriendly air. Our hearts were stout and we cared not for the curiosity or the pity of the farmers or others whom we passed. We were not long in finding out that the Potomac River was as far north as the Southern Confederacy extended, and that we were in as much of an enemy's country as if we were in Pennsylvania.

Upon this impulse we acted and shaped our course towards the people. Getting no encouragement from them, we had none to give that we would except them from the rules of warfare, which required us to eat, no matter at whose expense or comfort.

Orders from our Generals to respect rail fences cornfields and orchards were a useless waste of thought and paper, simply because orders from our stomachs beat orders from our officers all to smash. We had learned that the Generals would be handed down to posterity in history and song, and it was to their interest to write out high-sounding and behonest circulars, while with us common rank and file soldiers the world or posterity would never know us, hence we were not very particular about our "reps." We knew that all that we got out of the war would be what we got in it.

These old farmers would know us better after we had spent a few days and nights in their neighborhood, and we longed for night and an opportunity to do the cornfields and orchards, and at the same time respect the "be-honest" circulars and orders.

In the hot sun and almost stifling dust clouds we made our way wearily and heavy laden with our dirty packs. But being on rather important business, we halted not while the day lasted, for we must utilize it to the limit. It was not to our individual advantage for us to do this, but to the advantage, if any, of the monster, the "god of war," in whose service we had enlisted. This god is an inhuman monster and hated to give, or permit us to have, sleep, food or clothes; and absolutely forbid cleanliness and good thoughts.

When we enlisted under his banner we gave him all of our time, all

of our life, all of our body, all of our soul, and all of our sacred honor; and consequently could have none left for our own use. In fact, we had parted with ourselves intoto, and a cipher was the remainder of "*us.*" We were reduced to a pack-mule and a scrap-pile. I should, would, and do smile, when I think of the time that I was a pack-mule and a cipher, disguised as a man. I am real glad that I was ignorant of the sham at that time.

At last, night came to our relief, and in those days night was our only comforter. As if duly timed and planned, it fell to our lot to go into camp in a wood, on the east side of the pike and about five miles a little southeast of Frederick City, thus placing us with a cornfield of roasting-ears on one side and an apple orchard on the west side of the pike. We were in an ideal place to demonstrate how little honor and self-respect we had left. The reputation supposed to be established by the "be-honest" orders, from "*above*" were not destined to be established down "*below.*"

After we had filed into the wood and placed in the line we were to keep and hold, until ordered to change, we broke ranks, and each mule divested himself of his pack and harness. This being done, we were soon in the cornfield and the apple orchard. We had lived on this outdoor food for some time, and were not new at the business of preparing it the best way for consumption. The corn was simply stripped of its coarser outside shuck, leaving a layer or two next to the ear untouched. Thus stripped of its clothes, we put it in a bed of coals and hot ashes and let it remain until cooked. The apples were green and we simply sliced them up and stewed them. Although we had neither meat or sugar, we ate them with a relish.

We spent nearly the entire night gathering corn and apples, some to eat right now and some to have for the morning.

When those old farmers, who pitied us during the day, awoke the next morning, the prospect of full barns and cider presses and cellars had gone glimmering with the light of the stars.

After we had gratified our inner man to the best of our ability and opportunity, we celebrated our first night's stay in the State by singing that familiar song or hymn, "Maryland, My Maryland," after which we lay down on the bare ground and got to sleep for an hour or two. At daylight we were up and about, as it is against the interest of the "god of war," for "*his*" mules to sleep in the daytime, no matter how long the march or how long and hardfought the battle. It is simply "march, march, fight, fight, and die, die."

Being tired of camp food and stolen corn and apples a comrade and myself got a pass to visit Frederick City, expecting to buy, beg or get something like a square meal. Arriving, we found it like a deserted village, with the exception of the Confederate soldiers who were on guard in the streets.

The stores and houses were closed, and the former had placards nailed on the doors which read thus: "*Sold Out.*" We had been "sold out" with the claim that Maryland was on our side, but we knew that

those merchants had put up these cards for a blind, and to admonish us that our reputation for honesty had reached town ahead of us.

On this occasion we intended to be honest and pay our bills, since I always kept some of U. S. hardpan money in my old clothes in case of need; hence, we did not kindly take the insinuation in these "*Sold Out*" signs.

We tramped all over the principal streets until noon, having seen no one to get anything to eat from. The closed houses and "*Sold Out*" signs were silent warnings that we were in an enemy's country. Hungry, tired and disappointed, about noon, we turned our footsteps toward camp, "Maryland, My Maryland" having lost its sweetness to us. After going a mile or so, we reached the northern boundary of the apple orchard, and saw that, cutting diagonally across it, we would come out near our camp, and save quite a few steps. We walked along the border of it until we came to a pathway, which we took, the diagonal from this point leading a little east of and quite near to the house, which sat quite a distance from the road. We got along very well and without being interrupted by even a dog, or seeing any person. Upon reaching the house we espied a few apple trees loaded down with fruit. They were just outside of the backyard fence, and, honest like, we proceeded to throw rocks and sticks into the branches, and the apples fell in showers. In the hight of our elation and while busily filling our haversacks, we were suddenly interrupted by the command "Halt! Halt!" uttered in a loud voice. Without looking to see, we followed the impulse of the moment and took to our heels, thinking that the Yankees were upon us. We could hear the tramp of our pursuers, when we were greeted with the ominous "click" of a gunlock. This made us look backward in our flight in order to get our reckonings. We were astonished to note that our would-be captors, three in number, wore the same non-descript, lice-lined uniform which we did. This reassured us a deal, and we halted.

Their actions were, however, a puzzle to us, for no true soldier would arrest another for the simple offense of taking things which lay out in the fields.

Coming up to us, we found that they belonged to an Arkansas regiment, and the Corporal stated that Gen. D. H. Hill had his headquarters in the house, and they were on guard duty there with instructions to arrest any one molesting the apples or other things about the premises, and we must consider ourselves under arrest and go with them. Greatly surprised and wrought up, we consented. The guards were stuck up, and only so because they esteemed it a great honor to be detailed to roost a little higher than they were used to. We were more stuck up than the guards in our estimation and determined to vindicate our personal honor, since we could not take kindly to punishment for taking a few apples in Yankeeland, when we believed that the Yankee intended to take the negroes from the Southern owners, and which we were fighting to prevent. We were simply trying to live while we did the fighting. The situation was too serious and illogical for us to stand for.

The greenhorns who arrested us were simply working to the advantage of the Yankees, and were too ignorant to so understand, and for us to be humiliated by them, was enough to "make the galled jade wince." We winced and were determined to kick back the first opportunity.

We were conducted into the backyard, where we found a goodly number of our fellow-soldiers confined for the same offense charged to us. All of them were sullen, while the "Arkansaw travelers" seemed to be as delighted as would Teddy, keeping guard over a pen of bears.

We were chagrined, and began to take back some of our personal honor, which we had deposited with the god of war when we enlisted. While we were champing at the bits and "cussing" out the whole blamed show, a well-dressed lady, or Yankee, rather, showed up at the back door. She was of medium stature, rather thin, and built in angles, suggesting the idea from her make-up of "important obedience." She took a look at us, and raising her extended hand, quickly, higher than her head, exclaimed: "You nasty, dirty rebels! I'm going to make Gen. Hill put you in the cow lot. You shant stay in my backyard."

Having delivered this eulogy on good taste, she turned and darted back in the house in a jiffy. "Amen!" said we.

Our experiences thus far in Maryland were a continuous jolt, which we had endured in patience, but this eruption was more than we could or would endure. We had recovered enough of our sacred honor to enable us to muster the courage to resist and to strike back, if necessary.

We were oblivious to the existence of a cow-pen until the Yankee woman had revealed it to us, with the index finger of her right hand. It was where indicated, basking in the hot sun, the ugly stench from it rising in rank perfume to desecrate the air and our honor.

In a minute after she disappeared we were of one mind. The idea of 50 Confederate soldier heroes being overawed, conquered, licked, and put to rest on a dung hill by a Yankee woman and a few immigrants from "Arkansaw," under the command of Gen. D. H. Hill, was too preposterous to entertain for a second. "Never!" "No, Never!" we all agreed, with one acclaim. We were in one rebellion, and then we had decided to take on another one, and be in two rebellions synchroniously. The South was on the warpath because the Yankees did not suit it, and we had the same logical right to invent a warpath of our own and get onto it, because these Arkansaw gumps, Gen. Hill and this Yankee woman did not suit us. All for our sacred honor, because we had no clothes or anything else to go on the warpath for.

We had just finished painting up, and got on our feathers, ready to bid the guards good-by, when a Major on Gen. Hill's staff came to the door stating that the woman had given Gen. Hill orders to confine us in the cow lot. We informed him that we had decided not to go into the cow lot, and would resist any effort to carry out the "order," more especially as a Yankee woman was the cause.

He said that he did not blame us, and went into the house. We defied the guards and left the yard, and what we did to those apple trees would have pleased the taste of the most fastidious cyclone.

What did Gen. Hill and his Yankee woman, and his three lone fishermen from "Arkansaw" do?

Why, staid at home, just as anybody else, under the circumstances, would have wisely done.

We did not wish to fight Gen. Hill's Corps, and the Yankee woman, but we doubtless would have fought anybody to preserve our sacred honor. and save it from contamination with a dung hill, in the middle of a hot Summer's day, at that.

In retrospect we look back at these days and repeat what another has said: "What fools these mortals be!"

Having seen no evidences of sympathy or friendship in Maryland, we cared little what we did or how we acted; although we did not intrude in their houses. We had enough sense of propriety to avoid offending non-combatants needlessly, but grub, lying out of doors, we would have, no matter who said no.

We got back to camp, safe and satisfied, especially as we had saved our "sacred honor" from being ruined.

Rations were scarce with us, and we were as much like a pack of hungry wolves as could be. The wear and tear on our bodies was great, and we did not get enough rations to keep us up properly. Especially was this the case in this campaign, so that when we fought the battle of Antietam, or Sharpsburg, there were at least 10,000 brokendown stragglers from the Confederate army. This was so far-reaching that the writer was a witness to the failure of an entire brigade of Confederate soldiers to move a lot of stragglers out of a wood, or make them go to the front. The General commanding and the brigade had to move on, subjected to the vilest of cussing and the utmost derision from these half-starved stragglers. These men were desperate, were well armed and numerous. This Brigadier-General, who was compelled to take this very bitter medicine, resigned, and now resides in a Northern city. I do not state that the "cussing" he got made him resign, but he resigned, all the same, not long afterwards.

We did not neglect to take as many of the apples which we had captured right under the nose of the enemy.

Although they were red, they were far from being ripe, and we stewed them until tender, relishing them even without any sweetness. The saying that "stolen fruits are the sweetest" may be joke; at any rate. our stomachs did not seem to know the difference between theft and honesty. It is in the dark.

Having no duty to do, we loafed about camp until the next morning. When the sun brought himself up out of the depths of the distant sea in the east and sat himself down in Maryland to light up her scenery, a chum in my company got a pass to embrace the two of us, with the object of trying Frederick City again. My chum was made in the never-fail mould. He never took "no" for an answer, and was bomb-proof against flattery and rebuff—especially in a foraging expedition. He said that an empty stomach was too great a burden to toat from house to house to get filled.

Better find a house and sit right down and bombard it until the grub was surrendered.

When he went after grub he left his head in camp. It was too confusing to carry on this kind of a trip. His stomach had to do all the talking and thinking, using his mouth and throat as the horn is used in the phonograph.

He was a living phonograph, and carried but one record with him at the same time.

The one he took along this time was that good tune so familiar to all, "I'm hungry; feed me!"

He had others. He was in love with 17 girls at the same time, and had a record for each.

He was very peculiar, for he never got enough of good things, be it love or grub.

We started for the town about 8 o'clock in the morning, intending to spend the day or longer if need be, in order to get a square meal.

We kept in the public road, and did not try the short cut by Gen. Hill's headquarters.

We were not afraid, but had no business so urgent as to demand a short cut.

In due time we arrived in the town and set about exploring it thoroughly.

We met up with the same experiences and conditions which existed the previous day.

The town was a "closed" incident on the map. The people had their houses closed and remained in them.

Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson had been entertained, but us web-footed geese, with the dirty, greasy feathers, had been offered no place to rest our weary limbs, except on a dunghill in a cow lot.

We were turned plumb round, so that we had rather meet Maryland on the battlefield than otherwhere.

This is no reflection on Maryland, but rather on our want of sense and propriety for coming into the State, ragged, dirty and barefooted, with the expectation of being entertained.

But we were resolved that nothing should run us out of town but night, until we got a square meal.

This was the temper of my chum, especially. The "Sold Out" signs and the closed doors and windows furnished no end of fun and jest for us.

My companion wrote on several of these "Sold Out" signs thusly: "Who in the h—ll bought you out so suddenly?"

We walked all over the place, in the hot sun, all day, and grubless. The sun had dragged the goddess, Day, over into Missouri, and hid her in a forest, with nothing but the hem of her squirts visible, when we were five or six miles from our boarding house, while our supper was in the moon. We stood about a little while longer in hope that something would turn up in our favor.

It was about dusk when we chanced to meet a boy, about 12 years of

age, at a corner. He was evidently in a hurry, but we stopped him and asked him where we could get a supper. At first he seemed a little uneasy, but our civility reassured him, and with a smile of eagerness to assist us, he pointed to a house, stating that a rich man lived there, and he expected that he would accommodate us. This was the second citizen that I had come in contact with in the State, and quite a contrast to the first one. We felt better, shook the boy's hand and bade him good-by.

The house was about two and a half blocks distant, towards which we wended our way on an errand of mercy.

We had gone perhaps half a block when we met three young ladies who came out of a doorway a few feet in front of us. They were locked arms and walking abreast, thus taking up about all of the sidewalk. When they reached us we stepped to the outer edge of the sidewalk, so as to give them the right of way, when the outside one pushed her dress close to her side with her free left hand, pushing the other two up against the adjacent house, exclaiming as she did so: "The nasty, dirty rebels; I wish the boys in blue would come and run them out of town!"

She did not intend that even the hem of her garment should come in contact with our nasty, dirty clothes.

They were about 16 years young, well dressed and pretty.

The frown on the face of the talkative one showed that she meant what she said. She never thought what it would cost the boys in blue to comply with her wish.

We glanced at her and laughed, and went on our way, and they on theirs.

Said I to my friend, "Looks like this expedition of ours into this Yankee den, is a comedy of errors."

"Don't you see," he replied, "that it is our personal appearance, and not us, that seems to bother them. Women don't love causes, they love men. Causes do not start nurseries and hen-houses. It takes men for that."

"But," said I, "we ain't men, we are pack mules."

"We are more like men than those bluebellied Yankees, anyway," he answered; "and when this war is over, if we will drss up and come back here we won't find any trouble in getting the girls to love us, because when we are cleaned up we are better looking than these Yankee fellows. And, further, I don't care what they say, do or think, I am going to eat if anything in that line turns up. Keep that in your head."

We were now at the house to which we had been directed by the boy. It was a plain but neat-looking structure, without any front yard, and sat snug-up against the sidewalk. The first floor was a step or two above the level of the street. It faced south and it's right eye was the front door.

It was nearly night, and as it was agreed by my chum that as I was the best looking I had better step up to the door and ring the bell or make a noise so as to attract the attention of the inhabitants, while he stood on the sidewalk to cover our retreat if we were repulsed.

With misgivings as to our success I rang the doorbell. I heard the tingling and felt better, as it did not retaliate with a lot of mud-slinging.

In a minute or two the door was opened by a negro woman whom I supposed to be about 25 years of age and who had an intelligent-looking face.

She was well and tidyly dressed, which greatly surprised me. The boy made no mention of the color of the rich man, and I began to surmise that this negro was the mistress of the house, for she looked too rich for a negro slave.

My pride got the better of me, and I decided that I could not afford to ask a free rich nigger for food, and thus confess that a champion of negro slavery had got so low down as to be a beggar at the feet of a nigger.

The woman herself seemed to be uneasy, no doubt because, seeing that we must be rebel soldiers, visions of being carried down South stared her in the face.

The Yankee soldiers had told the people in this section a lot of hard stories about us. One of these, I afterwards learned from a lady in Middletown, a small village west of Frederick, while she was cooking some biscuit for two of us, was that the Confederate soldiers had but one eye and a horn in the middle of the forehead, and lived on women and children.

She gave this as the reason for the people closing their houses and remaining in them, and stated that a good many believed the statement to be true.

The negro and myself were both equally surprised at each other, and eyed each other with evident suspicion, without saying a word.

We were debating our clothes primarily. She was rigged up better than any negro I had ever seen, and we (my chum and I) were rigged up lower down than any white men she had ever seen.

Our garbs and stations in life did not harmonize with the fitness of things from our respective standpoints.

My companion broke the silent spell by exclaiming, "Billy, you blamed fool, why don't you tell the negro what you want?" This outburst caused the negro to make her sudden departure into the house, leaving the door open.

My chum, upon this, stepped up to me and asked, "What's the matter?" Said I, "Looks like this place belongs to niggers." "Niggers the devil," said he. "No blamed niggers can own a place like this. Maryland is a nigger slave State, and I guess its against the law."

"But," said I, "the clothes!"

"What clothes," he replied; "she had on clothes, didn't she?"

"Yes," said I; "but they are two fine for nigger slaves to wear; looks like silk to me."

"He——, it's not silk, fine clothes or niggers we are after this trip; to h—— with niggers and clothes; it's grub we are after," replied he.

We now heard footsteps in the hall, and a gentleman of, perhaps, 40

years come to the door. He was trimly put together; spare but well-proportioned, and weighed about 130 pounds. His face was cast in a classic mould, and he seemed to be altogether a gentleman and a business man. He was well dressed, and the tailor had cut the cloth to fit.

With a smile on his face he inquired our mission.

We stated that we were Confederate soldiers, were hungry, and wished to get some supper, for which we were willing to pay in U. S. coin.

He informed us that he would and could give us some cold food, as it was not the custom to have hot suppers in his home, and that he desired no money. We thanked him, and, being invited, we followed him into the house, and passed through a doorway in the east wall of the hall, into a sitting-room or parlor.

It was now dark, and the only thing which we could make out in the way of furniture was the carpet beneath our feet. This was soft and yielding to our tread. For the time we ceased to be soldiers and had retired to civil life.

We had marched for months on the hard pikes, and they had about worn out the soles of both our feet and our shoes.

The gentleman excused himself until he could get a lighted lamp. While we waited for his return we took a step backwards, then forwards, then sideways, just to feel the carpet give way under our feet, wondering what other pleasant surprise was in store for us.

My chum whispered to me, "Billy, we've got the grub treed at last and I bet that we will get a good 'take off' at the end!"

At this point our host reentered the room with a lamp, which he placed on a table, bidding us to be seated. This we did, taking two chairs which were situated on the east side of the room, and opposite to the door through which we had entered.

The gentleman was not disposed to be talkative or inquisitive, not even asking what command we belonged to, what State we were natives of, or our names. He was either influenced by the idea that we needed something to eat more than we did talk, or else did not care to keep us under his roof any longer than was absolutely necessary. In either case he was right, for we badly nedeed food, or imagined that we did, and our attire and want of personal cleanliness was not becoming in genteel company.

He doubtlessly saw enough of us while we were being seated, for as soon as we were thus domiciled he excused himself the second time with the excuse that his presence was needed where our supper was being prepared.

The light of the lamp disclosed a small but neat and appropriately furnished reception room or parlor, as we called such a room down South. Here I perceived the difference between the two. In a reception room the walls, floor and ceiling, furniture, including the chairs, were drawn close together, which necessitated that the guests should be within touch of each other, while in a parlor, as in the South, the room was large, the walls far apart, and the ceiling out of speaking distance with the floors.

The furniture and the chairs were not on familiar terms, which kept the guests at a respectful distance apart.

In this Maryland home we found the science of economy and snugness reduced to its exact interpretation.

Not too much of anything or two little.

No high polish had been laid on or rubbed on the surface of things; there was no trace of scroll saws, chisels or gouges to give the semblance of frailty. We had seen furniture with elbows, frills and wings suggesting the idea of butterflies in jail.

This was to us a Yankee's home, and it impressed us. We could now account for the negro's being selected on account of her evident intelligence, and dressed up as she was. Here everything indicated respectful association of all the parts in the home, thus necessitating that the negro correspond, in looks and in furnishing, with the other "things."

There was no piece of "*slouch*" furniture to be mixed up with other furniture, which was neat and clean, so there must be no "*slouch nigger*" to be mixed up with the folks.

The negro was a part of the framework and all of the house, and corresponded; but must be a nigger, we thought, anyway.

This was not our idea of a negro, for we dressed "niggers like niggers," and not like white folks, and we estimated and treated niggers like niggers and not like white folks. We kept the ideas of niggers and white folks wide apart, and no less in clothes.

But the carpet was the thing out of which we derived the most comfort and pleasure. To press our worn, sore and tired feet upon it, and feel it give way, was such a contrast to the hard roads over which we had walked day in and day out, for months, that the sensation was delightful in the extreme. We became, for the time, oblivious to our being soldiers, and even of our unkempt condition. But we did not forget the supper, and waited patiently, but anxiously, for it to be ready.

Our was-to-be benefactor had been gone about half an hour, when a young lady came into the room and took a seat near the door leading into the dining-room. She was about 16, and pretty. A brunette, with a beautiful oval face and rounded cheeks, painted crimson by the red life within. She was what we Southern boys would call a substantial beauty. There was no smile on her lips, or any other sign of welcome or of pleasure. She fixed her eyes on us in a steady, impassioned gaze, as though she were viewing some new and strange animals for the first time, and which had been caught in the jungle and were on exhibition.

Her appearance brought our self-respect and our clothes to the front promptly. We blushed, but she could not discover it, because it was hidden behind the dirt screen which masked our complexion. We looked at each other in a perplexed manner, but had no command of words to give audible expression to our thoughts.

The three of us sat there for quite a while, looking at each other, but without speaking a word. The supper not turning up to relieve the monotony and the tension of the stillness, my chum essayed to get some relief

by engaging her in conversation. But not a word would she enter, but sat still and viewed us as the Sphynx views the ruins and the waste in the desert of Egypt. The only compensation which we got, and which in a measure kept us from bolting the place, supperless, was that we were strangers to her, and that we would in all probability not have the need or opportunity of playing a waiting game over her and a supper again.

It was so long before supper was announced that we began to suspect that she intended to stare us out of it and shame us out of the house. This may not be, for subsequent events rather favored the idea of dumfounded curiosity.

My chum had the tenacity of a bulldog, and I expect would be in that seat until now if he had not been bribed to leave with a full stomach.

I believe that we had been in this tormenting condition for an hour, at least, and it seemed that our friend, or charity dispenser, more probably, intended to repeat the feast of the prodigal son.

We were willing to be taken as prodigals, and our condition was such as to warrant the assumption that we were not above feeding pigs, and their fathers and mothers.

The yellow rays from the lamp light fell in a shower of yellow sprays upon a fixed star of the first magnitude, and two tailless, wandering comets.

Our reverie was changed to something more substantial when, at last, the host appeared in the door near the silent beauty, and in the most businesslike manner imaginable announced to us that supper was ready and invited us to walk into the dining-room and seat ourselves at the table.

We arose to comply, expecting that the sphynx would proceed ahead of us, as we were in no condition to be inspected from the rear.

Noticing that she made no effort to move, we hesitated, and one of us started for the street door rather than to be investigated from the rear. The other one promptly caught hold of the departing one, and remarked. "No you don't, you silly goose."

Being of superior physical strength, the objector to leaving the house and the supper carried his point.

The proprietor of the sphynx not suspecting our reason for not promptly going into supper, repeated the invitation. Seeing no way out of the dilemma, we walked on past the young lady, and, greatly confused, passed round the table to the right, to two chairs which were pointed out by the owner as our places at the feast, while the bottoms of the chairs eclipsed two full moons. The gentleman, at the same time, taking a seat at the head of the table, with his back to the kitchen door, while the sphynx slowly followed, and securing a chair took a seat at the table just opposite to us, and with her hands resting on her lap, resumed the still silent gaze to which she had resigned herself from the beginning.

The host had changed his mind and sat us down to a steaming hot supper of a variety of meats and other articles of diet.

Having helped our plates, we proceeded to perform the serious opera-

tion of filling our commissary compartment. This we proceeded to do with the assistance of knives and forks. At this, the sphynx took on a look of astonishment, leaned forward, placed her elbows on the table and rested her chin on the upturned palms of her hands, still staring and saying nothing.

The Duchess du Black was on hand, obeying the orders of her boss, and waiting on us as though we owned her. This boss took, apparently, no interest in us except to see that our hunger was satisfied. This was the part of wisdom as, if we were the wild animals which the Yankee soldiers had pictured us to be, this was the surest, shortest and best way to placate us.

He asked us no questions about ourselves, and was also evidently committed to the "in statue quo," attitude as our hostess, the sphynx.

This reduced us to the complexion of tramps and tolerated beggars.

The lively Duchess du Black was, to us, the "hero" of the occasion, as she manifested great pleasure in assisting us to the good things.

We had eaten in silence for about half an hour when the master of ceremonies suggested battercakes to us. The suggestion being good and appropriate, he gave the Duchess a nod, and she hied herself into the kitchen, returning in due time with a plate heaped up with rich-looking fat ones. The way we tackled these and disposed of them caused the sphynx to turn her gaze on the host, who was evidently her father, with an expression on her face as if to say, "Good Lord."

We ate a bountiful supply of other things as company for the battercakes, which consumed some time. This order disposed of, we were requested to try some more. This was duly materialized when the Duchss placed the duplicate order, steaming hot, before us. We took another fresh start, and were not tired in the least. Having nothing else on hand but exclamation, the sphynx raised her eyes skyward as if in petition to Deity to deliver them from evil.

As our time had not been sandwiched with wit or songs, the hour and a half spent by us at this supper table was "*solid food*" for thought. We put up a game for record, and it has never been beaten, we believe. When we placed our knives and forks in our plates and leaned back in our chairs as a sign that we were willing to give the family an hour or two for sleep the one at the head of the table suggested that it would be the proper thing to fill our haversacks as a take-away; for doubtless we would be hungry by breakfast time in the morning. These words were fitly spoken, and we gave the Duchess our haversacks, which she took into the kitchen.

The man and his daughter kept their seats with their attention fixed upon us, and their lips sealed.

We concluded that they acted thus because our reputation as soldiers was not good and the wares on the table were not safe unless guarded.

The Duchess returned with our provision or ration sacks and handed them to us. She had filled them to the brim with substantials. The host then suggested as our hands would swing useless in the night air on our way back to camp, that he have the Duchess give us a handout in addition.

This sally of wit was a hit from the first word to the close, and the Duchess performed her part with neatness and dispatch.

When she handed us the bundles, she bowed and smiled graciously; glad, no doubt, that her boss's hospitality on this occasion was at an end. The gentleman came up to us as the scene was thus about to shift to where it began—the front door. We shook his hand and that of the Duchess du Black, and, accompanied by our host, proceeded on our way out of the house. We did not salute or shake the hand of the sphynx, as she was out of our "*reach.*"

As we passed out of the dining-room into the reception room she arose from her seat and slowly followed on behind us to the street door.

We were as greatly relieved as these people were at the termination of the long and tedious exercises just past through, so that we could endure, with equanimity, the ordeal of being inspected behind our backs. Getting out of the house we thanked him for his kindness and liberality, and started off, when the sphynx broke her silent spell, with the exclamation: "The nasty, dirty rebels; I'm glad that they are gone!"

We laughed out loud, and four full moons turned the corner and disappeared from the sight of the host and the sphynx.

It was nearly time for the roosters to crow for daydawn when we reached camp. Our comrades were asleep, and placing our belongings on the ground near the root of a tree, we pulled off our jackets, made a roll of them, placed them on the ground for pillows; lay down and were soon fast asleep and oblivious to the world and our trials.

The stir and noise of our fellow soldiers awoke us at daybreak, as it was breakfast time in camp. A soldier in active warfare can lose no time when day dawns in getting his breakfast, as it may be cut out by orders to move immediately.

Notwithstanding we were tired and sleepy we were forced to arise and don our jackets.

Our company members, upon discovering our return to camp, gathered around us to find out our luck.

They were agreeably surprised when we unpacked our catch, and joined us heartily in disposing of it where it would do the most good.

The boys were greatly interested in our story of the sphynx, and especially of the nigger.

My chum said in camp that morning: "Billy, was not the Duchess du Black a daisy? We ought to take her down South and dress her like a nigger. The idea which this Yankee has of a nigger is the first cause of this war. For the sake of the grub I kept my opinions to myself, but that stuckup nigger did not add anything to my enjoyment of the meal. No white niggers for me."

To this our comrades gave their hearty approval, and we only wished that the time and the opportunity would present itself when we could correct this wrong done to the white race in putting a nigger on an equality in clothes. This is the first step in building up equality—in fact is equality.

While these people treated us civilly and kindly, still, our having to put up with the nigger on her plane was galling to us, so that so far as our ideas of right and wrong were concerned we were not welcome in Maryland, and it was plain that the people would rather we remain at home, south of the Potomac River. Selah!

* * * * * * * *

Being advised that Gen. McClellan, whom we looked upon as rather our General than a Yankee, was slowly coming our way with the finest army on the planet, we had to remain in camp in anticipation of getting orders to move on short notice. Passes were forbidden and foraging about stopped.

The day passed off quietly, and also the night.

The morning of the 12th day of September, 1862, came into being at our camp in full attire. The sky was cloudless, and the hot rays of the sun were not impeded by clouds on their way to the earth, and with it also came war's alarms in the shape of orders, "To be ready to move at a moment's warning."

This meant that we must eat our breakfast as fast and early as possible, put on our packs and stand ready, gun in hand, to fall in at the first tap of the drum.

Thus rigged up, we waited until about noon, when the rattle, or long roll, from the kettle drums for the first time reverberated over the surrounding country.

All was hustle and hurry, and our lines were soon formed, and we were marching along the pike and bound for Frederick.

I was a member of the Secession Guards, 2d S. C., Kershaw's Brigade, McLaw's Division. The other brigades in the division were commanded by Howell E. Cobb, Semmes and Barksdale.

McLaws's Division and R. H. Anderson's Division, under the supreme command of Gen. McLaws, were to proceed to and capture Maryland Hights. This detail of McLaws as corps commander made Gen. Howell E. Cobb, of Georgia, Acting Major-General of McLaws's Division.

My company was the right company of Kershaw's Brigade, and, as we were marching left in front, we were in the rear of the brigade in this march through Frederick, and Gens. Cobb and Kershaw, with their staffs, rode just behind my company.

We entered the city from the south by way of the principal street, which coursed north.

We marched along this street without incident until we came to a street leading west to Middletown, Md. At the southwest corner of the intersection of these two streets quite a number of men and boys were congregated on the sidewalk.

They could and would not turn out to meet us when we arrived at the town, but they could and did turn out to see us "good-by."

Gen. Cobb's attention was attracted to them, and he rode up to the edge of the sidewalk. Pulling, or taking off, which ever method is pref-

erable, his mouse-colored "slouch hat," he proceeded to make or deliver a speech to the much-astonished assembly.

With us the General had quite a reputation as an orator, and we halted to listen, as did Gen. Kershaw and the staffs of both Generals.

Gen. Cobb was greatly wrought up and excited, as the sight of the crowd in such unexpected numbers was an opportunity too suddenly presented for him to air his pent-up wrath against the Yankees in a cool and deliberate manner.

We were disappointed, as he indulged in no flights of oratory. He severely castigated the crowd, taking them into the category of Union men and haters of the South.

He denounced them as being the traducers of truth and justice. He ironically compared the good clothes they wore with the dust brown, soiled, worn and ragged apparel which hid our bodies from the sun's rays.

He told them that we would whip the Yankees and secure our independence, and that we were not leaving Frederick for good, but that we would return, and then he would take time to put the last one of them in jail.

We soldiers were superior to the General in the style of phillipics he adopted, as our style was more vigorous, and hit the other fellow below the belt, and we must be careful not to put it in print.

The citizens took the General's tirade and abuse in the best of humor, and from the clapping of hands and laughter enjoyed it immensely. None of us soldiers or citizens took what he said seriously. It was simply funny.

Having finished, he rode on down the street, hat in hand, the crowd following on the sidewalk, and which was being constantly augmented by men and boys coming out of the houses which we were passing.

A constant shower of acrimony was being hurled at them all the time by the General, the crowd as liberally firing back at him with laughter and cheers.

We looked up at the women who were peeping at us out of the windows, in the hope of getting a daylight look at the sphynx of the previous evening plus one.

But we saw her not. Guess she had seen enough of the nasty, dirty rebels.

The sidewalks were full of people, and the street was full of soldiers. Everybody was in a good humor, and more or less excited to laughter.

Under these conditions we marched some blocks (just how many I cannot remember, as I was a stranger to the place, and, besides, had all of my attention fixed on the crowd and the General) when a girl of perhaps 14 or 15 years of age came to a window in the second story of a house on the south side of the street, and a short distance in front of Gen. Cobb, and waved a small Confederate flag at us. The General, who was rallying the crowd on that side of the street, noticed it at once. He called out in a loud voice, "Sissy, you're the gal I'm looking for," and galloped

his horse quickly to a point in front of the house. The crowd followed with a rush and a jam, as if going to a fire. We caught the contagion and quickened our steps so as to be in time to participate in the demonstration. We were in the middle of the street, and about 20 or 30 feet from the General.

The girl and the flag had aroused his secesh blood, and he boiled over in compliments to the girl for her heroism in this den of radical scalawags.

The girl was perfectly calm, but waved the flag, and smiled all the while.

The crowd cheered and laughed lustily all the time, so that it looked more like a scene in Georgia than one in Yankeeland. We soldiers were silent spectators, and took no part in any demonstration. The people and the General kept us too busy to allow ourselves any time for that.

While he was hotly engaged, in his imagination, with patriotic problems of the future, and of the girl in particular, the slam of a door just behind me attracted my attention. I turned to see and noted a man standing on the sidewalk with his right hand holding the knob of a door, and looking up at a man who was at a window just over the door.

The one in the window asked the one below: "Who is that speaking over there?" To which the one on the walk replied: "That is Howell E. Cobb, Secretary of the Treasury under Buchanan."

Finally, the General finished his oration, amid the plaudits of the people, replaced his "slouch hat" on his head, saluted the girl, to which she bowed her acknowledgment; her face all red and smiles, and started on his way to the westward, when a Confederate soldier a few feet from me, named Earle, of the Butler Guards, from Greenville. S. C., who was more than six feet tall, pulled his hat off, waved it high in the air and called out as loud as his lungs would allow: "Now, boys, three cheers for me; I'm a General, too!"

This sudden and unlooked-for and seemingly appropriate interruption brought down the house. Soldiers, citizens and even our officers burst into a shout of laughter. Men fell down under the load of hilarity, threw their hats up in the air, waved their hands and shouted. All was a confused riot of fun. Some of our officers could hardly keep their seats in their saddles. I thought Gen. Kershaw would fall off his horse, he was so full of the aptness of Earle's request and the general hilarity. During the outburst Gen. Cobb went in a gallop down the street and we saw no more of him that day.

Thus did Earle, of the Butler Guards (Co. B), 2d S. C., Kershaw's Brigade, McLaws's Division, bring to a close the only demonstration over any flag in Frederick City, Md., in September, 1862, at the conclusion of which, in the best of humor, citizens and all, we sang "Maryland, My Maryland," and marched on down the street to glory.

Battle of Brice's Crossroads, Miss.

Address Delivered Before Minnesota Commandery, Loyal Legion, by Companion C. F. Macdonald, Nov. 13, 1906.

Commander and Companions: When we gather around the campfires of the Grand Army of the Republic or the banquet board of the Loyal Legion, we are inclined to recall the victories we won and the successes we achieved, rather than the reverses we encountered or the disasters which may have overtaken us in the days of our military service.

This evening I purpose to depart from this custom and to tell the story of what was, I believe, the most complete and crushing defeat sustained by the Union arms—altho not classed among our great battles. If this disaster to our army had occurred in the early months of the war, the North would have been profoundly shocked; but, coming at a period when the country had become accustomed to the details of great battles, with corresponding loss of life, and occurring away down in Mississippi, far from news centers, it caused no particular sensation.

I have been moved to speak of this battle because the 9th Minn., to which I belonged, was a participant, suffered a loss of nearly 300 men, and received a blow which severely crippled its subsequent service. In vindication of the bravery and soldierly conduct of my comrades of the 9th, as well as of those of the other gallant regiments participating in this discreditable defeat, yet one for which the Union troops were in no sense responsible, I have been moved to tell the story of the battle of Brice's Crossroads, fought June 10, 1864, near Guntown, Miss. While I shall speak from personal experience, I have had access to all official reports, both Union and Confederate, as well as other data, and I may claim this account to be semi-official in character.

The first battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861, has always been regarded as our most complete disaster. It was fought largely by green recruits—90 days' men. Some of them whose terms had expired, refused the personal request of Gen. McDowell and the Secretary of War to remain, and marched to the rear while the opening guns of the battle sounded in their ears. The Union force numbered 34,000, but only 18,000 crossed Bull Run. The loss in killed, wounded and missing was 2,708—eight per cent. The enemy captured 28 guns, 5,900 muskets, 10 stands of colors, 26 wagons, 64 artillery horses and considerable camp equipage. Gen. McDowell reported that many of the green recruits did not stop in their flight until they reached Washington, and some continued on to New York City. Such was the character of our troops in July, 1861.

Not so in June, 1864. Three years had passed, and the Union army had become an organization of trained, experienced, battle-scarred veterans. The force of which I shall speak was composed of regiments which

had fought at Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Stone River, Chickamauga, Chattanooga and other battles in the West, under Grant, Rosecrans, Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan and other great Generals. They had won many victories under these leaders; they were proud of the record they had made, and felt a veteran determination that that record should remain unsullied.

OBJECT OF THE EXPEDITION.

Our little army of 8,000 such soldiers as these, under command of Brig.-Gen. Samuel D. Sturgis, was led down to overwhelming defeat by a Confederate force of about 5,000, under Gen. N. B. Forrest. Our loss was 223 killed, 394 wounded and 1,623 prisoners; a total of 2,240, or 28 per cent, as against eight per cent at Bull Run. The enemy captured all of our artillery—16 guns, our entire ambulance and wagon train—250 in number, 184 horses and mules, two stands of colors, 2,000 muskets, and all of our baggage and camp equipage. In fact, it was a clean sweep of army outfit.

May 1, 1864, Gen. Sherman started upon his Atlanta campaign, and was fighting his way into the heart of the Confederacy. The very day on which the battle of Brice's Crossroads was fought Sherman had moved forward his combined armies until they were within sight of Kenesaw, Pine and Lost Mountains, with their sides lined with Johnston's legions and frowning batteries. To preserve his line of communication and protect his railroads from Confederate raids was a source of constant care and vigilance to Sherman. Gen. Forrest was known to be in the vicinity of Tupelo, Miss., with several thousand mounted men, and to prevent his joining Johnston's army or cutting Sherman's communications in Tennessee, expeditions had been sent south from Memphis.

Late in May Gen. Sherman directed Gen. C. C. Washburn, commanding the District of West Tennessee, to send a force of 6,000 men into Mississippi. Washburn dispatched 8,000, and reported that he "saw to it personally that they lacked nothing to insure a successful campaign." Gen. Sturgis, who had been ordered by Sherman to report to Washburn, and who was the ranking General at Memphis, was placed in command, with orders "to proceed to Corinth, Miss., by way of Salem and Ruckerville, capture any force that might be there; then proceed south, destroying the Mobile & Ohio Railroad to Tupelo and Oklahoma and as far as possible toward Macon and Columbus, with a portion of his force; thence to Grenada and back to Memphis." The wagon train carried 20 days' rations.

June 1 the expedition left Memphis on the cars, going as far as Lafayette, 35 miles. The command was here organized as follows, the infantry division being assigned to the command of Col. W. S. McMillan, 95th Ohio:

First Brigade, Col. Alex. Wilkin, 9th Minn., commanding—72d Ohio, 95th Ohio, 114th Ill., 93d Ind., 9th Minn.; Co. E, 1st Ill. L. A.; a section of 6th Ind. Battery.

Second Brigade, Col. George B. Hoge, 113th Ill., commanding—81st Ill., 95th Ill., 108th Ill., 113th Ill., 120th Ill.; Co. B, 2d Ill. L. A.

Third Brigade, Col. Edward Bouton, 59th U. S. C.I., commanding—55th U. S. C. I., 59th U. S. C. I.; Battery F, 2d U. S. Art. (colored).

Gen. B. H. Grierson commanded the Cavalry Division of two brigades, as follows:

First Brigade, Col. Geo. E. Waring, Jr., 4th Mo. Cav., commanding—4th Mo. Cav., with four mountain howitzers; 2d N. J. Cav., 7th Ind. Cav., 19th Pa. Cav., 9th Ill. Cav., 3d Ill. Cav., a section of the 14th Ind Battery.

Second Brigade, Col. E. F. Winslow, 4th Iowa Cav., commanding—3d Iowa Cav., 4th Iowa Cav., 10th Mo. Cav., 7th Ill. Cav., 7th Wis. Battery.

The supply and regimental train numbered 250 wagons.

THE MARCH BEGINS.

On the 3d the command marched to Lamar, 18 miles from Lafayette; on the 4th, four miles west of Salem; on the 5th, two miles east of Salem; 6th, 13 miles to intersection of Salisbury, Ripley, Salem and Ruckersville roads. On this day the infantry advance encountered a small body of Confederates at noon, and chased them toward Ripley. On the 7th marched to Ripley, where a small detachment of the enemy was met and driven on the New Albany road. The cavalry encountered a regiment of Confderate horse and drove them. On the 8th the infantry moved five miles on the Fulton road, and camped at Lewellen Church. Scouts reported the enemy near in force, and Gen. Sturgis ordered that all unfit to proceed be sent back to Memphis. Next morning 400 men of the command and 41 wagons were ordered back. The army marched to Stubbs, 14 miles from Ripley and nine miles from Brice's Crossroads.

At Ripley Gen. Sturgis called together his Division Commanders and submitted to them the situation and asked their opinions as to whether the command should proceed farther. It had rained every day, and the roads were very muddy. There was little forage for the animals and none to be had until they could reach the vicinity of Tupelo. Gen. Grierson favored a return; Col. McMillan opposed it, among other reasons stating that as Gen. Sturgis had abandoned a similar expedition the previous month, for the same reasons (the utter destitution of the country), it would be ruinous to return without meeting the enemy.

"Under these circumstances," reported Gen. Sturgis, "and with a sad foreboding of the consequences, I determined to move forward, keeping my force as compact as possible and ready for action at all times."

June 10 the cavalry marched at 5:30 a. m. and the infantry at 7 a. m. At 10 a. m. the cavalry reached the junction of the Ripley and Fulton and Baldwyn and Pontotoc roads at Brice's house, six miles from Baldwyn. A small picket of the enemy was here encountered. Gen. Grierson sent heavy patrols on the different roads. The one on the

Baldwyn road had proceeded about a mile when they came upon a heavy force of the enemy, and a brisk skirmish ensued. Waring's Brigade was moved out upon that road, and engaged the enemy heavily to develop his force, and Winslow's Brigade was moved to the forks and a portion of it out on the Fulton road to connect with Waring's right. Gen. Grierson concluded from the fight which the enemy was making that there was a considerable force in his front, and he sent a staff officer to Gen. Sturgis, notifying him of the situation and that he could hold his position if the infantry was brought up promptly.

At this hour the infantry advance was about five miles in the rear, the column and wagon train making a line four and a half miles long. The day was close, muggy and intensely hot, and, with the muddy condition of the roads, it would require nearly three hours for the infantry to reach the point where Grierson was engaged with the enemy. Gen. Sturgis's force at this critical time was not "as compact as possible," and it was not at all ready for action.

THE GREAT FATAL ERROR.

Here was the great fatal error from which defeat and disaster were the outcome. Instead of the infantry and artillery being within easy supporting distance of the cavalry, the latter had to do battle with the enemy alone, and in answer to several messages from Grierson Gen. Sturgis sent orders for him to drive the enemy toward Baldwyn.

June 3 Gen. Forrest, with his command, had reached Russellville, in north Alabama, en route to cut Sherman's communications in Tennessee, when he was overtaken by a dispatch from Gen. S. D. Lee, commanding Department of Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, acquainting him with the movements of the Sturgis expedition into Mississippi, and directing his immediate return, which order was at once obeyed.

On the evening of June 9 Forrest was at Booneville, 18 miles from Brice's Crossroads, with Rucker's Brigade of 700 men and 135 other troops. Johnson's and Lyon's Brigades of 500 and 800, respectively, were at Baldwyn, six miles from the Crossroads, and Gen. Buford with Bell's Brigade of 2,787 men, by that day's report, were at Rienzi, 25 miles from Brice's. Morton's and Rice's Batteries of 12 pieces were also at Booneville. Gen. Lee had arrived at Boonville for consultation. He was of the opinion that the Union force should be permitted to continue its march farther south, believing that if defeated its capture might be accomplished. Orders to this effect were issued.

Forrest's different detachments started for Brice's at 4 a. m., June 10. As they rode together in the early morning Forrest informed Col. Rucker that he would attack the Union army at Brice's, and thus outlined his plans:

"I know they greatly outnumber the troops I have at hand, but the road along which they will march is narrow and muddy; they will make slow progress. The country is densely wooded and the undergrowth is so

heavy that when we strike them they will not know how few men we have. Their cavalry will move out ahead of the infantry, and should reach the Crossroads three hours in advance. We can whip their cavalry in that time. As soon as the fight opens they will send back to have the infantry hurried up. It is going to be *hot as hell*, and, coming on a run for five or six miles over such roads, their infantry will be so tired out we will ride right over them."

GEN. N. B. FORREST.

Gen. Nathan B. Forrest was the most picturesque and successful of Southern cavalry commanders. He was comparatively uneducated and was known as the "unlettered General." He was entirely ignorant of military science or the art of war, but he was a bold, alert, dashing, impetuous and daring fighter. He defined his method of handling his troops by saying: "I try to get the most men in fust, fight like ———, and run like the devil if I am gittin' the wust of it." He declared that he would give more for 15 minutes bulge on an enemy than for a whole week of tactics, and that he believed one man in motion was worth more than two standing to receive an attack.

This was the opponent with whom Sturgis was to cross swords in deadly conflict. He had marched leisurely down into the enemy's country, instead of by rapid marches, and now while the Confederate General was galloping on to the battle the Union commander was sleeping in his tent oblivious to the storm which was sweeping down upon him.

THE BATTLE BEGUN.

Grierson's Cavalry first encountered Lyon's Brigade. Forrest arrived with Rucker shortly after, followed a little later by Johnson, thus making a Confederate force of over 2,100 men. Their familiar knowledge of the locality gave them a great advantage, and they forced the fighting. Both commands were dismounted. Three times the Confederates charged on Waring's Brigade and were twice repulsed. The third time, a hand-to-hand struggle, resulted in forcing Waring's right back, altho the whole of the 2d N. J. and the reserve of the 7th Ind. were brought into action. (A biographical volume of Forrest contains a steel plate engraving of this hand-to-hand combat in which Rucker's and Waring's men are pictured as fighting with clubbed guns, sabers and revolvers.) A new line was then formed and the fighting was continued with great vigor until the infantry came up.

Winslow's Brigade had been engaged from 11 o'clock until 1:30 p. m., but the fighting here was not so severe. The cavalry had now been in action for nearly three hours, and, reported Sturgis, were "clamorous to be relieved." Waring's ammunition was low and the men exhausted by the contest and great heat. Gen. Forrest had accomplished the first portion of his plan of battle—the Union cavalry were practically defeated.

When Gen. Grierson's first dispatch reached the Commanding General he was about four miles from Brice's. Sending a reply to Grierson to force the fighting and to Col. McMillan to move up his advance brigade as rapidly as possible, Gen. Sturgis rode on to the Crossroads. Col. Hoge's Brigade was ordered to move forward in quick time, without regard to the column in his rear. Two or three urgent messages were later sent to him to urge his men forward, and a double-quick was ordered. Five men of the 113th Ill. were sunstruck and many fell out, exhausted. Under oath, Col. Hoge subsequently testified that when his men reached the field they were "jaded and forlorn—exhausted. Some of them actually dropped from exhaustion as they were going in. Others were so much exhausted that they were unable to load their pieces." Other officers testified to a like condition of their men.

Hoge's Brigade was placed in line of battle on the right of the Baldwyn road as fast as the regiments came up, the cavalry falling back. Col. McMillan testified that when he, in advance of the infantry, reached the Crossroads "everything was going to the devil as fast as it possibly could. The cavalry was falling back rapidly in disorder and the roads at Brice's house were filled with retreating cavalry, led horses, ambulances, wagons and artillery, the whole presenting a scene of confusion and demoralization anything but cheering to the troops just arriving."

THE INFANTRY ENGAGES.

Col. Wilkin's Brigade came up shortly after Hoge's. The 95th Ohio was placed on the left of the Baldwyn road, the 114th Ill. on the right of Hoge, the 93d Ind. on the right of the Guntown road, the 72d Ohio and the Indiana battery on a rise in the rear of Brice's house. The 9th Minn. and Battery E, 1st Ill. L. A., were held in reserve near the Crossroads. At this time these two brigades had not more than 2,800 men in line. The disposition of the infantry had not been fully completed before the Confederates made a vigorous attack along our whole line and flanks.

Gen. Buford, with Bell's Confederate Brigade, 2,800 strong, had arrived from Rienzi shortly before 1 o'clock. Their horses were jaded from their 25 miles' ride, but the men were fresh, and were dismounted and advanced into line at the Guntown and Ripley roads. Forrest's entire force of 4,875 men were now at the front, and he ordered a general advance. Pursuing his usual plan, the Confederate commander had ordered Col. Barteau, with a regiment, to leave Bell's Brigade five miles back and to endeavor to attack the flank and rear of the Union force. This he did about 4 o'clock.

When the Confederates advanced to the attack the engagement was sharp and bloody. The right of the Union line, against which the onslaught was fiercest, was finally forced back. It was a critical moment, for the Federal front was broken. Col. McMillan, in his report, speaking of this crisis, says: "I was obliged to throw in the only regiment I had in reserve to drive the enemy back and reestablish my line at that

point. This work was gallantly performed by the 9th Minn., under the heroic Marsh, and I desire here to express to him and his brave men my thanks for their firmness and bravery, which alone saved the army at that *critical moment from utter defeat and probable capture.*"

I was color-bearer of the 9th, and that the contest here was fierce and bloody is evident from the fact that three of my color-guard were shot down. Soon after this the regiment on the left and left center gave way, because of superior force and an attack on their flanks. Falling back, a new line was formed and the fighting was continued with desperation on both sides.

While the battle was raging the head of the wagon train arrived within a short distance of the firing line, and was ordered to be parked in an open field, where the cavalry was reorganizing, and from where it was, a little later, turned to the rear.

After another hour of severe fighting the Confederates again appeared on our flanks, and again we were compelled to fall back. The Third Brigade of Colored Troops had arrived with the wagon train, and were sent forward. Certainly "the colored troops fought nobly," and aided materially in holding the enemy in check, but the Union forces were outflanked every time they drove the enemy back, and were compelled to retreat to prevent being surrounded. A new line would then be formed, and the battle continued until we were again outflanked. By this time the train had been started to the rear, and portions of the infantry, artillery and cavalry were following in considerable confusion. After this, and until darkness set in, it was a continuation of fall back, form new line, resist as long as possible, and retreat again. Flushed with victory, the Confederates pressed on, and capturing one of our batteries turned its guns upon us. The last stand of any consequence was made at the White House, and here again the enemy were repulsed. Says Col. McMillan: "In this affair the 9th Minn. again took a conspicuous part." Just before this Gen. Sturgis and staff rode in front of our line and halted on a rise of ground. While they were there I saw a bottle going the rounds. As the enemy opened fire they galloped to the rear, and this was the last we saw of Sturgis.

THE ARMY IN RETREAT.

It was now dark, and the army was in full and disorderly retreat. Our regiment was in the rear, but the Confederates followed us no farther that night. As we marched along the sight was one to beggar description. Abandoned wagons, which had been set on fire by the "mule whackers," lined the road. The horses or mules had been cut loose and ridden away by the drivers or soldiers. As we moved on our men applied the torch to wagons which were not already burning. Many pieces of artillery were observed spiked and dismantled. When we reached the swamp on the Hatchie we found that the ambulances containing the wounded had mired in the soft road and been left there. The remainder

of the wagon train, which had been turned back late in the afternoon, together with 14 pieces of artillery, were also left at this point. As the retreating column passed along the wounded begged piteously for water or to be taken along, but nothing could be done for them. In crossing the swampy bottom the men sank into the mud to their knees, and found it difficult to drag themselves along, owing to their exhausted condition; and, much as they wished, they could not aid their wounded comrades. The ground was strewn with broken and abandoned muskets and all kinds of accouterments, clothing and other articles. A short distance beyond the Hatchie a line of camp fires was observed ahead, and the tired men thought at first that this must be "camp." But it was only a ruse to deceive the enemy into thinking that the Union forces had halted for the night. It was absolutely necessary, however, that a stop should be made, as the men were completely worn out. Accordingly, a rest of two hours was given, at the end of which they were aroused and moved on during the night. Many gave out, and fell into the enemy's hands in the morning. Col. Wilkin was with the rear column, which had been swelled by stragglers from other regiments, and ably directed its movements. At daylight on the morning of the 11th the enemy's cavalry began firing on our rear. Col. Wilkin displayed great coolness and bravery, and constantly encouraged his men to keep on, and to fire on the pursuing force at every opportunity. He sent a young staff officer forward with a request that cavalry be sent back to protect our rear. When the Aid returned and reported I heard Col. Wilkin say: "Lieutenant, you are mounted, and can make your escape. You can go on with the cavalry. I will *remain with the men!*" The young officer replied: "Colonel, I will remain with you." The Commanding General at no time displayed such a heroic spirit.

Soon after sunrise a company of our cavalry was met, and took position in our rear. A little farther on a considerable force of cavalry was found in line across the road to check the pursuing rebels. This relieved us, for the first time, from rear-guard fighting, and we moved on to Ripley, reaching it about 7 a. m. The town was filled with our troops.

On the previous night, four miles from the battlefield, Gen. Sturgis directed Col. Winslow to go to Stubbs, the camp of the night before, and halt the retreating cavalry, but later ordered him to continue the retreat to Ripley. Col. Winslow replied that this would oblige the abandonment of the train and all the artillery. To this Gen. Sturgis replied: "The artillery and train have already gone to ——." At the Hatchie Bottom Col. Bouton overtook Gen. Sturgis and said to him: "For God's sake, General, don't let us give it up so." Sturgis replied: "What can we do? For God's sake, if *Mr.* Forrest will let me alone I will let him alone! You have done all you could and more than was expected of you, and now all you can do is to save yourselves."

ATTEMPTS TO REORGANIZE.

When the advance reached Ripley at 5 a. m. of the 11th an attempt was made to reorganize the command. The infantry were exceedingly worn out, having marched all night and the day before, as well as fighting six or seven hours. Many had no guns, and those who had were short of ammunition. As soon as a partial reorganization had been effected Gen. Sturgis ordered the retreat continued on the Salem road. As the main column of infantry and cavalry was leaving Ripley the enemy commenced a furious attack on the place, which was resisted by Hoge's Brigade and the colored troops until overpowered, when the retreat was continued, the enemy following and harassing the rear during the day. This column reached Colliersville at 10 a. m. of the 12th, a distance of about 75 miles from the battlefield, which they marched in 40 hours. During the retreat hundreds fell out and were captured. Little or no attempt was made by the Commanding General to guard the rear with cavalry. Forrest gave up pursuit at Salem, leaving a small force to follow and pick up stragglers.

Of those who reached Colliersville many were barefooted, all were footsore, with feet badly blistered and swollen, and had been without food for two days. A relief train with reinforcements reached them here from Memphis.

When the First Brigade and stragglers from other commands reached Ripley on the retreat, Col. Wilkin found that the main body was moving out, and, discovering that the enemy was following the column on the Salem road, he decided to take the Saulsbury road. This was a fortunate circumstance, as the enemy apparently overlooked us and we were not seriously molested thereafter. Capt. Foster, with 600 colored troops, joined us during that evening. At dark Col. Wilkin decided to bivouac for the night, as the men were utterly worn out. The officers advised moving on, but Col. Wilkin held that a night's rest was imperative and would put the men in better condition to continue the retreat, as well as enable stragglers to overtake the command. About 200 came up during the night.

When the order to halt had been announced I threw myself upon the ground, enfolded the colors in my arms, pillowed my head upon "Old Glory," and was asleep. For the time being I was as dead to all things earthly as are our comrades who rest in Arlington. My next earthly consciousness was a feeling that I was being forced into a sitting posture. I resisted until a familiar voice shouted in my ear: "Wake up, Sergeant! Chicken!" "I *was* awake in an instant! The only one left of my color-guard had gone "foraging," had found a sitting hen, had cooked her, and sought me out. Talk about Thanksgiving feasts, Christmas dinners or Loyal Legion banquets, the recollection of that tough old Mississippi rebel hen will live in my memory as long as life shall last as the most toothsome morsel that I ever ate.

CHARGE OF THE INDIANS.

We continued the retreat at daybreak much refreshed. In the afternoon a detachment of Confederate cavalry appeared on our flank and fired a volley. Col. Wilkin threw out the 9th Minn's. Chippewa Indians. Their war whoops and rapid charge sent the cavalry to the rear, where they remained during the day. We marched until 12 p. m., and bivouacked four miles east of Colliersville, which place we reached next day, the 13th, at 9 a. m., but found neither reinforcements nor relief train, as it was believed in Memphis that Col. Wilkin and his command had been captured. Two officers and three men volunteered to ride to White Station and communicate notice of our approach. They were pursued by Confederate cavalry and two of them captured. The others escaped. While waiting for relief a party of the enemy appeared, and skirmishing was continued until the whistle announced a train. We reached Memphis that night. Col. Wilkin brought in 1,600 men. His conduct thruout was that of a brave and gallant commander, one who was devoted to the welfare of his men, and would not desert them in the hour of danger to seek his own safety. The soldiers were in a pitiable condition, footsore, wornout and famished.

And this is the story of the disastrous expedition into Mississippi and the battle of Brice's Crossroads. Our loss was 223 killed and 394 wounded. The number of prisoners, including the wounded, exceeded 2,000. Of 233 of the 9th Minn. who were captured 119 died in prison. At this ratio for other regiments, over 1,000 died in Andersonville. This swells the Brice's Crossroads death roll to over 1,200. The Confederate loss was 96 killed and 396 wounded. A comparison of casualties among the officers is peculiar. Eight Union and 12 Confederate officers were killed. Fifteen Union and 68 Confederate officers were wounded.

STURGIS INVESTIGATED.

The complete and overwhelming character of the defeat created bitter criticism in and out of army circles. The officers and men who composed the expedition were especially denunciatory. Gen. Washburn in reporting the result said: "If the troops had been properly brought into action, I am confident the result would have been a most triumphant success."

Gen. Sturgis addressed letters to division and brigade commanders soliciting their views as to the cause of the disaster, and, further, as to whether they had knowledge of his having been intoxicated during the march and on the field of battle.

By order of Gen. Washburn a military board of investigation was convened at Memphis on June 27, 1864, to examine into and report the facts as to the disaster. Its sessions were continued until July 30, 1864, when its testimony was transmitted to District Headquarters without recommendation.

I submit the following brief extracts, covering replies to the question: "What was the cause of the disaster at Brice's Crossroads?"

Gen. Sturgis—Because of undertaking an impracticable expedition; the enemy were aware of our force 36 hours after leaving Memphis; he can concentrate his force at any point and can destroy you in detail. If you go forward he can overwhelm you with numbers; if you do not you starve, and if you go back he will destroy you, because you have to retreat over a desert.

Gen. Grierson—Because of the slow march, giving enemy time to concentrate; infantry not getting into action sooner; want of instructions to my command; my orders to go on to Baldwyn when my judgment told me to fall back. "If the cavalry had been with the infantry, and marching on their flanks, and they had gone into action together, the result would have been different."

Col. McMillan—The immediate cause of defeat was meeting masses of the enemy with fractions of our forces; troops tired from long march and excessive heat; number of men sunstruck; hundreds fell out by the way; of the two brigades first engaged not more than 2,800 were in action.

Col. G. B. Hoge—We should have reached Ripley 48 hours sooner than we did on the outward march.

Col. Edward Bouton—The march to Stubb's should have been made in four days instead of seven.

Col. D. C. Thomas, 93d Ind.—By men being so much exhausted; by commanding officers leaving field without giving instructions to brigade and regimental commanders. The Commanding General said to me on the retreat: "Colonel, you have no command and I have no command. I propose that we take the 19th Pa. Cav. and take some by-road and make our escape." Contrast this with the gallant Col. Wilkin's words: "I will remain with the men!"

Lieut.-Col. King, 114th Ill.—Exhaustion of men; bad management of commanders.

Lieut.-Col. Eaton, 72d Ohio—The manner in which we were put into the fight; excessive fatigue of men.

Capt. J. A. Fitch, 1st Ill. L. A.—Our men were exhausted before they got into the fight; I think the Second Brigade was beaten before they got into the fight at all; I think I passed 300 of them lying by the wayside before reaching the Crossroads.

Col. J. M. Johnson, 114th Ill.—The position at the Crossroads whipped us. In my opinion the position ought to have been taken two miles back.

This is a sample of the voluminous testimony at this hearing. A number of witnesses testified as to intoxication on the part of Gen. Sturgis before leaving Memphis, and to drinking while on the expedition.

That the disastrous failure of the expedition and the crushing defeat of the splendid little army which marched down to Brice's Crossroads was solely due to incompetency and bad management I believe I have

conclusively shown. The testimony at the investigation fully sustained Gen. Washburn's report that if the troops had been properly brought into action the result would have been a triumphant success.

GEN. A. J. SMITH AND TUPELO.

The next chapter in military operations in Mississippi tells a different story. I only refer to it here to illustrate what able leadership accomplished in the same locality where incompetency met defeat. July 5 Maj.-Gen. A. J. Smith left La Grange, Tenn., with a force of 14,000, including the First and Third Divisions of the Sixteenth Corps and Grierson's Cavalry. Gen. Jos. A. Mower was in command of the First Division. Gen. Smith moved southeast thru Ripley. Gens. Lee and Forrest made extensive preparations to give him battle at Okolona, beyond a swamp, felling trees across the road and intrenching, but Smith, learning this, turned toward Tupelo, which threw the enemy on his flank and rear, and made a forced march for that point, reaching Harrisburg, near that place, on the evening of the 13th, where he selected a position and prepared for battle. The enemy opened the attack at 7:30 next morning, charging repeatedly, and being repulsed each time with heavy loss. This was kept up for nearly three hours, when the enemy retired, leaving 210 killed and 1,116 wounded on the field. Our loss was 77 killed and 559 wounded. Ten miles of railroad were torn up by the cavalry, and the object of the expedition was accomplished. In his report Gen. Forrest said: "The battle of Harrisburg will furnish the historian a bloody record, but it will also stamp with immortality the gallant dead and the living heroes it has made."

The 9th Minn. here met with a great loss—the gallant, brave-hearted Col. Wilkin was killed while sitting upon his horse viewing the battle. His death cast a gloom over the regiment—every man felt that he had met with a personal loss. His loyalty and devotion to the troops on the retreat from Brice's Crossroads had won for him the esteem of every man in the brigade. He was the highest officer in rank from Minnesota killed during the war. Alexander Wilkin served as Captain in the Mexican War in 1847; he removed from New York State to St. Paul in 1849; he was Territorial U. S. Marshal in 1851; he visited the allied armies during the Crimean War to observe their movements; he was Captain of Ca. A, 1st Minn., and for bravery at Bull Run was commissioned in the Regular Army; later he became Major and then Lieutenant-Colonel of the 2d Minn., and finally Colonel of the 9th. He was a strict disciplinarian, and regarded efficiency in drill and military evolutions as necessary to success in the field. Hence the 9th was a well-drilled regiment.

Forty-two and more years have passed since the occurrence of the events referred to, and which were but minor incidents in that great civil war in which nearly 4,000,000 of Americans struggled for the mastery.

As we, survivors of that terrible conflict, gather together this evening, what a gratification it is to know that the bitterness and hate which characterized those dreadful years have disappeared; that their scenes of blood and carnage are but a distant memory, and that we are again a united, prosperous and happy people—one flag floating over all.

It is told of the ancient Greeks that when they builded monuments to commemorate their victories over a foreign foe they sought out granite and adamant and the most enduring materials, that they might stand for ages to tell the story of the valor of the Greek; but when they came to erect shafts to mark a victory of Greek over Greek they used wood and other perishable substances, that they might soon rot, decay and pass away, and with them all memory of fratricidal strife between the Greeks. I have sometimes thought that it would have been wiser if we had followed the example of this people of the dim and shadowy past, and placed no stone to recall and preserve civil war memories. But as we of the North have erected monuments in honor of the bravery of our soldiers who fell in battle, I have *no* sympathy with that feeling which criticises or would deny to the people of the South the privilege of erecting similar monuments to their fallen dead, to whose bravery we who met them in the battle front can fully attest. And now I can see wherein these monuments to the men of the North and the men of the South have become, in a sense, a great National protection; for, as they dot the battlefields of the Southland, standing like sentinels on the citadels of the Republic, they speak a no unmeaning warning to the nations of the world, as in silent tho eloquent voice they tell the story of the bravery, the endurance, the intelligence, the indomitable courage of the American soldier!

THE BATTLE OF MISSION RIDGE.

The Fourth Corps Led in the Grand Assault.

By I. G. Heaps, Kewanee, Ill.

Editor National Tribune: I have been a reader of The National Tribune since it started, about 30 years ago, and I enjoy the reminiscences of the old boys—the stories told of camp life, the tiresome marches, the battlefields with the heroic dead of "the brave boys"—in all that pertains to a soldier's life. I also read with pleasure and profit the able, accurate, and unprejudiced histories of the battles of that great civil war, written by that American Macaulay, Col. John McElroy. I am sometimes amused at the attempts of some of the boys to make one believe that his regiment was the great factor that caused the success of the Union army which put down that infernal rebellion, and had it not been for that particular regiment there centainly would have been a Southern Confederacy established upon the broken and shattered ruins of the grand old Union of States.

Then, there is another class who delight in designating their regiment by such high-sounding names as the "Tigers," "The Bloody 00th Regiment," "The Iron Clad Battalion," "The Always Get There Legion." Whether they expect us to believe their wonderful, hair-raising stories, their blood-curdling experiences, etc., I do not know; but sociologists tell us that a person can tell a story so many times that the time will come when the teller will actually believe the story he tells is true. The boys who were in other regiments in the same organization with these fellows tell us that no one ever used the high sounding, euphoneous titles but the men who belonged to them, and that the "Tigers" were no more thirsty for the gore of the Johnnies in front of them than were they; that the "Bloody 00th Regiment" never shed any more of the blood of the "Confed" who happened to be in their front than they did; that the "Iron Clad Battalion" was just as careful to keep out of the way of the enemy's bullets as were they; that the "Never Quail Boys" hunted rods, logs, trees, stumps, etc., to shield themselves just like the other fellows; that "The Never Retreat Regiment" ran just as fast to the rear when an overwhelming force of Gray suddenly swooped down upon them as did the common "Yanks;" that the "Always Get There Legion" never ran to the front any faster than the rest of the advancing line when charging breastworks, forts, or battle lines of the enemy. No, boys, all that sleuth is nonsense, as the records show that your regiments lost no more men killed and wounded than did your companion regiments during the war. We like your stories, but confine yourselves to the actual facts, and tell us just

what your regiment did, and they all covered themselves with glory, and each member has a right to be proud of it, for it was made up of heroes who would do and dare anything for the cause which they loved; but your regiment was no better than others, no braver than others, and would do no more than they. As I sit here this beautiful New Year morning reading my last National Tribune, I find that the latest claimant for distinguished honor for his regiment, the 87th Ind., is Sergeant John W. Stevens. The claim covers Chickamauga and Mission Ridge. Everyone will admit without his saying so that it was a brave regiment, which did noble and heroic service in that great war, but no one believes it was any braver nor the men composing it were any more heroic than were the other 150 regiments which went out from that great State of Indiana, which furnished so many brave officers and men, and the records don't show that its losses in killed and wounded were greater than other regiments of that State or any other regiments which served with it. The letter to which I refer purports to be one written immediately after the battle of Mission Ridge, but one can see that it bears the ear-marks of a much more recent date; said marks are these: "Sherman was giving the Johnnies an upper cut on the left side, while Hooker was undercutting on the right, and the Fourteenth Corps was to give a knock-out blow on the center." Uppercutting, undercutting, and knockout blows are words concerning the prize fighting ring, and as the only prize fight of any importance before the war was that of John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers in England, these words had not been formed then, but are of much more recent date. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, published in 1867, does not contain either of them, showing that they were not in use at that time. But as he inserts the letter as his contribution to the literature of the Battle of Mission Ridge, it will be accepted as such without regard to its date.

There are several statements in that letter which demand attention, so that the facts of history may be correctly stated. I may be pardoned if, before I take up that letter about the battle of Mission Ridge, I say that I am considered by some people as a crank on battlefields, having visited and carefully studied most all of the battlefields of the wars in which this country has been engaged, from Lexington and Concord to the battlefields around Petersburg. I have carefully studied the Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain fields with all the reports and maps of all the commanders who participated in the great conflicts upon those glorious fields. I shall only take up Mission Ridge.

POSITION OF THE TROOPS.

In moving the troops into position on Nov. 23, 1863, Gen. Grant placed the Fourteenth Corps on the extreme right of the line, its right resting on Chattanooga Creek, well up toward the base of Lookout Mountain, with the left extending well toward Mission Ridge and refused, the corps facing up the valley. Two divisions of the Fourth Corps, Sher-

idan's and Wood's, were placed in front of the Ridge, facing Orchard Knob. In the afternoon Sheridan and Wood charged the first line of the enemy, which ran across Orchard Knob, and carried it after a short, sharp fight, and then moved further forward toward the Ridge so as to fully cover the Knob, upon which Grant and Thomas established their headquarters. On the 24th Hooker fought the battle of Lookout Mountain, and Sherman got his troops across the river and got into position and carried some of the detached hills north of the end of Mission Ridge and between it and the river. Sherman opened the battle on the morning of the 25th by an assault on the north end of the Ridge, but could not carry it. Howard, who commanded the Eleventh Corps, and had been placed on the right of Gen. Wood, was ordered to move his corps further to the left, so as to aid Sherman, who was battling for the possession of the north end of the Ridge. This was the position of the troops at 10 o'clock a. m. of the 25th. The first thing to be noted in Serg't Stevens's letter is this:

"We soon found out that Gen. Thomas's lean, lank, starved, never-whipped Fourteenth Corps with bulldog grit was expected to land a knockout blow by charging the enemy's strong works on Mission Ridge."

Who told him the Fourteenth Corps was to deliver a knockout blow? Certainly not Gen. Thomas, as he was a silent man and only told his Generals to do a thing and didn't publish what he was going to do. As before stated, the Fourteenth Corps was not facing Mission Ridge at all, but was at right angles to it, facing up the valley, with only a skirmish line in front. The 87th Ind. belonged to Vandeveer's Brigade of Baird's Division, Fourteenth Corps. On the night of the 24th Lookout Mountain and the valley had been evacuated (the enemy joining forces on Mission Ridge), so there was no enemy in front of the Fourteenth Corps, and Baird's Division was moved away to the left of Wood's Division to fill the gap caused by the removal of Howard's Corps to the support of Sherman, and Johnson's Division was swung around to join on the right of Sheridan, and this was the first time the Fourteenth Corps faced Mission Ridge, about noon the 25th.

It will be seen that the Fourteenth Corps was not in position until noon of the 25th to charge the Ridge, but Sheridan and Wood were facing the strongest point and the fortified places on the Confederate line.

THE MOMENTOUS SIX GUNS.

At the sound of the six guns, the signal to commence the advance of the line to the assault of the Ridge, Sheridan and Wood, Baird and Johnson, moved forward to carry the first line of works at the foot of the Ridge, which they did beautifully, sweeping the Confederates out with a broom of bayonets as a woman would sweep a floor with a broom. The story has often been told how the troops after capturing the first line of works continued on up the rugged Ridge, carrying everything before them. Many stories have been told about this charge having been made

without orders and contrary to orders after the first line of works was carried. Gen. Grant, in his Memoirs, Vol II, page 80, says:

"Without waiting further orders or stopping to reform, on went our troops to the second line of works; over that, and on for the crest—thus effectually carrying out my orders of the 18th for the battle, and of the 24th for this charge."

His order of the 24th, to Thomas's Comps, says:

"Your command will either carry the rifle pits and Ridge directly in front or them or move to the left, as the presence of the enemy may require."

On the 24th, 12 m., Thomas wires Gen. Halleck:

"Gen. Grant has ordered a general advance in the morning."

On the 1st of December he reports to the War Deparemtn and says: "Our whole line then advanced against the breastworks, and soon became engaged with the enemy's skirmishers * * * our troops advanced steadily in a continuous line * * * carried the hill simultaneously at six different points." Granger, Commander of the Fourth Corps, in his report of the battle, says the divisions of Sheridan and Wood were only ordered to take the first line of works at the base of the Ridge, and made the assault from that line without orders at first, but seeing that they were going up anyway, he then gave the orders to each to carry the crest if possible.

The Fourteenth Corps had been all broken up, one division, Davis's, being with Sherman at Tunnel Hill, Baird in the support of Wood, and Johnson at the right of Sheridan with orders to support him. Thus Gen. Palmer, who commanded the Fourteenth Corps, was left without a command, both Baird and Johnson receiving their orders direct from Thomas and Davis from Sherman. In his report of the charge Baird says:

"A staff officer from Thomas gave him a verbal order to take the rifle pits at the base of the Ridge, and then join in the general assault on the mountain." He says: "I gave the necessary orders." Thus Baird was certainly ordered by Thomas to assault the mountain and go to the crest if possible. Johnson, who commanded the First Division, Fourteenth Corps, in his report says:

"Later in the day I was ordered to form my command in two lines, resting my left against the right of Gen. Sheridan's Division, and to conform to his movements."

He further says his command steadily advanced to the summit. Johnson certainly understood he was to go to the crest of the ridge if Sheridan did. The evidence, then, is that Gen. Grant ordered an assault of the Ridge, which was to take the crest if possible. He says, page 78, Vol. 11, "Memoirs":

"I now directed Thomas to order the charge at once."

Thomas says in his report that he received the order from Grant for a general assault; he gave this order to Baird and to Gen. Granger, who commanded the Fourth Corps, and to Johnson. Granger did not under-

stand the order, for in his report he says his orders were for Sheridan and Wood to carry the first line of works, and from then they advanced without orders at first, and when over half way up were ordered to carry the crest if possible.

So it is true that the men of Sheridan's and Wood's Divisions advanced from the first line of the works without orders, when, as Granger says, 50 cannon in front of them opened, pouring shot, shell, and canister into them. This is all the evidence that there is on this disputed subject.

But, to go back to Serg't Stevens's letter again, he says: "Grant and Thomas had taken their stand on Orchard Knob with field glasses to watch the daring charge of the Fourteenth Corps."

Nothing is said about them watching the Fourteenth Corps, and it may be that Grant and Thomas did not see them, altho the divisions of Sheridan and Wood were right in their front, but they looked away to Baird's and Johnson's Divisions, which were away off on each flank; but Grant says, in speaking of Sheridan's and Wood's Divisions, "I watched their progress with intense interest." He further says:

"The Fourteenth Corps, that saved the army, mules, wagons, Rosecrans, Crittenden, McCook, pack mules, negroes, cowards, etc., at Chickamauga."

Certainly a big thing for one corps to do; but history and the official reports show a different state of affairs.

ON ORCHARD KNOB.

They show that before the battle opened on that Sunday forenoon Gen. Wood's Division, consisting of at least 8,000 trained veterans, was moved out of the line of the right wing, and was sent over to Thomas, and that when the right wing was crushed by Longstreet on that forenoon of Sept. 20, thousands of soldiers from the crushed wing rallied around the said "Rock of Chickamauga," and fought in other organizations all thru the battle on that long and terrible day, and that in the afternoon Gen. Granger came upon the field with his reserves, consisting of several thousand veterans, and Gen. Steedman with his division of several thousand tried soldiers all joined in the fray and did terrible fighting until the enemy was whipped to a standstill by five o'clock and sullenly retired from the contest. The other soldiers on that field outnumbered those of the Fourteenth Corps. The most remarkable part of his letter is this:

"We did not stop here (the first line at Mission Ridge) for orders, but kept steadily on and up the steep hillside, and Gen. Grant, who saw this thru his glass from his position on Orchard Knob, turned to Thomas and said:

"'General, those troops have disobeyed your orders. They can't make the second line of works on top of the Ridge.' Gen. Thomas coolly replied: 'Give them time, General; all —— can't stop Vandeveer's

Brigade. I saw them tried at Chickamauga on the Kelley farm. Just watch that old tattered flag on the left.' Well, that was the old flag of the 87th Ind."

The boys of the other regiments who took part in that glorious assault will naturally ask, and it is a pertinent question, who heard this colloquy between Grant and Thomas? When did Serg't Stevens get his account of it? He surely was not there on Orchard Knob at the time, but was away off on the left doing his duty as a file closer with his company, who were going up the Ridge. Grant neither speaks of it in his report of the battle and charge nor in his Memoirs, nor at any other time or place. Thomas does not mention such a conversation in his reports, nor in any of his dispatches, nor is it mentioned by any of the distinguished biographers who have written the life of Gen. Thomas. There were many other Generals besides Grant and Thomas—Meigs, Granger, Hunter and Reynolds, and many staff officers of those Generals; many able correspondents representing the largest newspapers in the country were there, because from the Knob the whole line was before them, among them being Benj. F. Taylor, of the Chicago Journal, who not only wrote an able report of the battle, but in "Camp and Field" has an account of the charge that is an epoch. Don Piatt, of the Cincinnati Commercial and Gazette; W. F. G. Shanks, of the New York papers, and others who were there, each wrote extensive articles on this wonderful charge, and the incidents connected with it, not one of them at any time ever mentioning such a conversation as quoted by Serg't. Stevens. Then, think og the incongruity of the statement of Grant saying that army "can't" do it. "Can't" is a word that Grant never knew and never used in connection with army movements. It is said in history that when Napoleon had marched his army in front of the Alps on his march to Italy, and gave the order for the troops to cross the rugged hights, one of his Generals said, "It can't be done;" on hearing of which the "Little Corporal," in a burst of anger, exclaimed, "Can't is the language of fools and cowards. Let the army move forward, for beyond the Alps lies Italy," and soon the army arrived on the plains of Piedmont, and Napoleon dictated terms of peace to the King of Italy. Grant always acted as if he, too, thought "can't" is the language of fools and cowards. "I will" was his motto, and "I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all Summer." Then why should he turn to Thomas and say "They can't carry the second line on the top," when at that very time the entire line was sweeping on like a tornado, driving everything before it, and was fast climbing the rugged hights of Mission Ridge. Then, even if the conversation took place, why should Thomas tell Grant to watch the old flag of the 87th Ind., which was at least over a mile to the left of Orchard Knob, when there were over 100 flags going up the frowning hights in front and to the right and left of him? Grant says he watched the entire line intensely.

THE FLAG OF THE 87TH IND.

Again, how could Thomas and Grant, even with their glasses, distinguish the flag of the 87th Ind. at that distance, amid the dense smoke of battle which hung like a pall over the valley and up the sides of the Ridge, and which was only lifted part of the time by the wind? And above all, think of those two silent men who never had any gush about them, and never spoke unless they had something to say, and then said it in as few words as possible, talking about watching the flag of one regiment amid the grandest panorama of war spread out before them that the world ever saw. No, they had no time to single out and watch the flag of one regiment when a line of battle 10 miles long was grappling with the mighty forces of the enemy and a hundred cannon on the summit was belching forth a storm of fire and iron in an effort to aid the double line of infantry to destroy the intrepid Union army, and their gaze never left that line until it swept over the summit, capturing the works, the forts, the cannon, and thousands of the men who so gallantly defended them. Grant, in his Memoirs, says of this charge, after speaking of the capture of the first line of works at the base of the Ridge: "The pursuit continued until the crest was reached, and soon our men were seen climbing over the Confederate barriers at different points in front of both Sheridan's and Wood's Divisions." No mention is made of the 87th Ind. nor of the Fourteenth Corps. Sheridan and Wood faced, stormed and carried the strongest point in the Confederate line, and their terrible loss in killed and wounded tells the story of the heroism of their men. Baird and Johnson, of the Fourteenth Corps, did all that was required of them, and they did it well. Both divisions stormed the Ridge and carried it.

THE HEAVILY FORTIFIED RIDGE.

I have carefully studied the fields of Gettysburg and Mission Ridge, and after days of examination of each, that Mission Ridge, which the Confederates occupied, and which they had six weeks in which to fortify, using all the skill of able engineers for that purpose, was a much stronger defensive position than Cemetery Ridge, which Meade occupied at Gettysburg and that Sheridan and Wood, with about the same number of men that Pickett had in his famous charge, carried by assault a position naturally much stronger and made more so by engineering skill, than the low place at the Bloody Angle and the Umbrella Trees on Cemetery Ridge, which Pickett failed to carry in his historic charge July 3, 1863.

Serg't Stevens, of the 87th Ind., claims so much for his regiment and the Fourteenth Corps in the battle of Mission Ridge, that a few figures from records of the War Department and the reports of the commanding officers in that battle may help to elucidate the question. In that battle the 87th Ind., which Grant and Thomas were to watch, lost two men killed and two officers and 11 men wounded, total loss in that

battle 15; while the 15th Ind., of Sheridan's Division, lost one officer and 23 men killed and nine officers and 166 men wounded; total loss in the battle, 199. Vandeveer's Brigade, to which the 87th Ind. belonged, lost in the battle two officers and 18 men killed and 15 officers and 126 men wounded; total loss of the brigode, 163. Wagner's Brigade, of Sheridan's Division, with about the same number of men as had Vandeveer, lost in killed, one officer and 69 men, 51 officers wounded (many of whom were mortally wounded), and 609 men wounded; total loss 730, four and one-half times as many as Vandeveer.

Baird's Division, about as large as Sheridan's, to which the 87th Ind. belonged, lost in killed and wounded in the battle, 566, while Sheridan's Division lost in killed and wounded 1,346, over two and one-half times as many. The two divisions of the Fourteenth Corps which Stevens says were to give the knockout blow were represented by Baird's and Johnson's Divisions, loss in killed and wounded in the battle, 789; while the two divisions of Sheridan and Wood, of the Fourth Corps, all that were in the battle, with about the same number of men as Baird and Johnson, lost in killed and wounded 2,381, over three times as many as the Fourteenth Corps. These cold, gruesome figures tell more eloquently than words which troops gave the knockout blow. In compiling these figures of the different commands I would not take one laurel from the brow of the 87th Ind., nor from the Fourteenth Corps. Their reputation is immortal, and is one of which each member may well be proud, and it will grow brighter as the years go by. The charge of Mission Ridge was fought and won by the grand old Army of the Cumberland, and there was glory enough to encircle not only the brow of each corps, division, brigade and regiment, but of each man in that grand army that made that charge, and it will be the proud boast of your children and grandchildren for all time to declare that their father and grandfather were in the charge of Mission Ridge.

CONGRATULATORY ORDERS.

Boys, you may be pleased to know what your commanding officers thought of your work on that day. Here is the congratulatory order issued on the field from Bragg's late headquarters:

"Mission Ridge, Nov. 25, 1863.

"In conveying to you this distinguished recognition of your signal gallantry in carrying, thru a terrible storm of iron, a mountain crowned with batteries and encircled with rifle pits, I am constrained to express my own admiration of your noble conduct, and am proud to tell you that the veteran Generals from other fields who witnessed your heroic bearing place your assault and triumph among the most brilliant achievements of the war. Thanks, soldiers. You have made this day a glorious page of history. GORDON GRANGER."

Not only did your own Generals think that your conduct was grand and heroic (and this includes every soldier who was in the assault), but

your brave and dauntless antagonists were and are equally as enthusiastic in your praise for your heroism on that afternoon of Nov. 25, 1863. I have traveled extensively in the South since the war, and have attended some of the great reunions of the Confederate soldiers, and everywhere by every General and enlistd man who was in that conflict, only words of praise were bestowed upon you for the courage and endurance displayed in wresting that stronghold from their grasp. Gen. Marcus J. Wright, a brave and distinguished Confederate General who was in the battle and saw the assault, who is the brother of Luke E. Wright, our present Secretary of War, in an article in the Bivouac, a Confederate Veteran paper, about 30 years ago, on the battle of Mission Ridge, has this to say about you and your conduct on that field:

"Boys, remember that this assault was made after Gettysburg and Pickett's charge." He says: "Perhaps, there was no grander, no more successful charge during the war than for two miles along Grant's center, across the plains and up the slopes of Mission Ridge to its very crest, in spite of all resistance of shot and shell, of grape and canister, of minie balls and bayonets, in the hour and 20 minutes which immediately followed Grant's six signal guns—the signal for this wonderful charge. And just at sunset the divisions of Sheridan and Wood, soon followed by others to the right and left, had gained the crest by what must always be admitted to be one of the most daring and brilliant achievements of the war."

Boys, I have tried to gather up a few of the threads of that battle, and have impartially tried to weave a short story of it. Of course, it may be full of mistakes; but if they exist, it is not intentional. I am glad to see you love your regiments and be proud of their achievements. You love them for the same reason that a man loves his wife and children, because they are a part of himself. But don't be vain and boastful. Remember that you and your regiment were only a cog in one of the smallest wheels of a mighty and monstrous machine—that machine the army which saved our country and freed a race. Remember that there were others in that army who did their duty well, and that all of you will ever receive the homage of a grateful people. And remember that above all and over all, as Commander-in-Chief, was that great and noble man, Abraham Lincoln, who, were he alive this New Year's morning, would join with you in the use of the beautiful language of the President when he exclaimed: "Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomine two da gloria." "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give the glory."

New Year's Day, 1909.

Reminiscences From an Army Surgeon.

By Dr. C. E. Goldsborough, Hunterstown, Pa.

On our retreat from Winchester to the rear of the fortifications on Sunday evening of June 14, I met two young men assisting a young Lieutenant of the 18th Conn. to the rear. I had the ambulance stop and put them in. Upon reaching the Lewis House I made an examination, and found he had been shot thru the body at the waist, and I extracted the ball near the spine.

On Monday, after the fight, he was taken to the hospital in the Taylor Hotel in Winchester, and I heard nothing more of him, as I was sent on to Libbey Prison; but years after, having mentioned the occasion in a newspaper article, I received a letter from William Caruthers, Postmaster at Norwich, Conn., stating he was the young Lieutenant alluded to in the article, and we opened a correspondence.

Soon after this acquaintance began he visited me and spent several days, during which he told me the following: At Winchester he was recognized by Maj. Harry Gilmore, whom he had once had as a prisoner at Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, while his regiment was stationed there. Gilmore, in gratitude for some kindness shown him, had the best attention given him and his wants provided for, and some months after he was recaptured by a Federal raiding party and carried on to Harper's Ferry.

A report had been sent to this friends in Norwich that he had been killed in battle, and funeral services were held in the church to which he belonged. But as soon as he was able to be moved he was sent home, and all his friends were surprised, as well as delighted, to see him so much alive.

Capt. Caruthers has been Postmaster at Norwich for many years, and, although partially recovered from the effects of so terrible a wound, was still showing much disability when he came to see me many years after the fight.

GEN. TERRILL AND HIS BROTHER.

The morning my brother left to join his command Col. Terrill, who succeeded him as Provost-Marshal, invited me to take dinner with him. My brother had cautioned me to say nothing to Col. Terrill about his brother, who had been killed at Perryville, Ky., while gallantly fighting for the Union, as it was a delicate subject and might cause him distress. At the dinner I found him a very agreeable gentleman. We conversed about the fight, and he told me that he was very much relieved on the morning of the 15th to find the works evacuated, as he had been

ordered to lead the charge on them with the 13th Va. He spoke of my meeting my brother, and a sad expression of face seemed to indicate a struggle in his mind. Suddenly he inquired if my brother had informed me that he also had a brother in the Union army, and I told him that he had.

"Yes, it is so, and I will tell you all about it," he said. "My father procured an appointment for my brother William as a cadet to West Point, and I remember when it arrived he called the family together and presented it to him with a copy of the Constitution of the United States and a New Testament, and exacted a pledge before us all that he would never prove false to either. Well, the war came, and father had forgotten all about the circumstances, and when Gen. Lee resigned his commission, father wrote to brother and urged him to resign and come home and enter the Confederate service; but my brother reminded him of the pledge he had made, and declared his determination to stand by the cause of the Union. Of course, we all felt very sorry, but did not blame brother, for he was a very conscientious man. We have never heard any of the particulars of his death, and only know that it occurred at Perryville, Ky., and it would be a great satisfaction for the family to learn more of the particulars concerning our brother's death."

I informed him I would make inquiry, and if I learned anything of interest concerning the matter would endeavor to acquaint him of it.

While in Libbey Prison I met a Surgeon named Wood, from the Western army, who told me he had attended Gen. Terrill after he had been wounded, and at my request he wrote out a full account of it, and I forwarded it to Col. Terrill from Libbey Prison. I suppose he received it, though I never heard from him in reply. Col. Terrill was afterwards killed at Cold Harbor while gallantly fighting at the head of his command.

"ON TO RICHMOND."

With this little digression, I will resume my narrative of "On to Richmond." I was boarding in Winchester with a very nice family named Wright, and Dr. Pierce and myself were quite pleasantly situated; but as I knew there would be some big battles fought between the two armies when they met, and our services would be needed, I was anxious to get away, especially as we had no knowledge of Surgeons being held as prisoners of war. Col. Terrill tried to induce us to remain, but our comrades were being sent away, and we were anxious to go with them, so the Colonel gave us a parole "to report at Richmond," and we bade him farewell.

About the 20th, hearing that a squad of several hundred prisoners were to start for Richmond, Dr. Pierce and myself reported to Lieut. Tom, of a North Carolina regiment, who had charge of the command, and, showing him our parole, asked to be included in the number. He in-

formed us we should accompany him, but our parole gave him no charge over us. We reached Middletown that evening, and went into camp. I had an acquaintance with a Dr. I. R. Shipley, who formerly lived in Hanover, Pa., and I asked Lieut. Tom, for permission to spend the night with him, as Dr. Pierce was in bad health, and he granted it cheerfully. Dr. Pierce and myself spent a very pleasant night at the Doctor's house, and the next day as the command passed thru the town we joined it again.

There were many interesting characters among the prisoners, and Chaplain C. C. McCabe, of the 122d Ohio, and many others kept the prisoners in a cheerful frame of mind, so that it was anything but monotonous, tho a tiresome march of 93 miles to Staunton.

CHAPLAIN M'CABE.

My first acquaintance with Chaplain McCabe was rather amusing. One day, while Dr. Pierce and myself were trudging along, not in a very happy frome of mind, a young man with long black hair stepped up behind me and, familiarly clapping his hand on my shoulder, exclaimed: "Brother, how is the condition of your soul?"

Upon looking around and seeing he was an entire stranger, I thought it was a piece of impertinence, and gave him an abrupt answer; and from that on to Richmond we never had anything to say to each other.

After seeing more of him in Libbey Prison, where we roomed together, I learned to know him better, and one day apologized for my rudeness to him on the march from Winchester, and from that on we were very warm friends.

When near Edenburg, one of the Virginia cavalrymen who constituted our guard, and with whom I became acquainted, asked me if I did not want a good meal, as he was acquainted with a family near the pike where we could procure one. I gladly assented, and, obtaining permission from Lieut. Tom, he borrowed a horse from a fellow-guard, and we rode to the farm of a Mr. Cowan. The family, at home, consisted of Mrs. Cowan, her father and her two beautiful daughters. The head of the family was a member of the Legislature and at Richmond at the time. We obtained an elegant dinner and spent a delightful time with the family, altho I came in for a good share of raillery for my course in coming down there to fight "their people."

Upon reaching camp near Harrisonburg, a terrible rain set in and my guard's chum had erected a shelter tent, captured at Winchester, for the two of them. My friend told me he would have to go on guard, and I should take his place in the tent out of the rain, but I told him I was strong and hearty, while Dr. Pierce was delicate, and I would prefer to let him occupy the tent in my stead. They both then insisted that Pierce and I should occupy the tent, saying they were not used to such luxuries anyhow, and would be better without it. So poor Pierce and I slept under shelter that night, and I have since wished a thousand times I could remember the names of those two noble-hearted guards.

The Valley was beautiful from the time we left Winchester all the way to Staunton, with numerous villages all along the turnpike, but showed signs of the effects of war. We saw nothing but old men, women and children, with occasional bodies of soldiers marching to the front. Both armies had so frequently traversed over the territory the people had become accustomed to seeing them and paid but little attention to us, even in the villages, and before the war closed even greater events were to follow.

When we reached Staunton, Dr. Pierce and I obtained permission to go to a good hotel and spend the night, and the next morning we joined the rest of the prisoners and were put on cars bound for Richmond, which we reached early the next morning in a furious rain storm.

A BLONDE, CURLY-HAIRED SPY.

There was a very interesting incident connected with our arrival at Staunton, worth relating. While the regiment was doing guard duty in the early Spring of 1863 along the Potomac River, with headquarters at Point of Rocks, there appeared at the hotel of the place a handsome young man with blond curly hair, who succeeded in making himself very popular with the officers of the command, but eventually disappeared.

When Dr. Pierce and myself reported to the Provost-Marshal's office in Staunton to have our parole approved, and obtained permission to stop at a hotel over night, what was our surprise to find sitting behind the counter at a desk, with several others, this identical young man with the blond curly hair. He recognized us immediately and hurriedly placed his forefinger over his lips as a sign to say nothing and not betray him, and, of course, we did not, but I have often wondered what his true relations were to the two sides in the great conflict raging. I never saw or heard of the young man after this, but that he was a trusted agent by one or both of the authorities at Washington and Richmond I had no doubts; for these secret service agents, or spies, were common in the camps of both armies from the beginning to the end of the war, and sometimes were discovered and hung by one side or the other, as was the case with one of them named Webster, who was detected by the authorities of Richmond and executed at Camp Lee, he having been regarded as a trusted spy of the Confederates until detected by another named Tom Gorman, and betrayed to the Richmond authorities.

There was another very amusing incident connected with our stop at the hotel over night at Staunton that is worth relating.

BELLE BOYD'S ROOM.

After Dr. Pierce and I had partaken of a nice supper and had a short chat with the hotel clerk, that gentleman showed us upstairs to a large, well furnished room, with a large double bed in it, and, after wishing us a comfortable night's rest, retired. Pierce and I were both tired from

our day's tramp, and soon fell asleep; but it was not long before the Doctor gave me a violent shake, and when I woke up said there were rats in the room. I replied, "Oh! rats," but he insisted one had run over his face, and I called the clerk up from the office. When the clerk arrived and heard Dr. Pierce's story, he laughed heartily, and said he had assigned us to Miss Belle Boyd's room, as that lady had gone down the Valley to Winchester after the fight, but had left a pet squirrel behind in her room, and he had forgotten to mention it. The squirrel, he said, was perfectly harmless, but if we desired he would remove it, and we both said we preferred to occupy the room alone, and he took it out.

The next morning at the breakfast table we had a hearty laugh over the affair, and the clerk gave us an interesting account of Miss Belle Boyd and her eccentricities and escapades.

The ride from Staunton to Richmond was a slow, monotonous ride of 24 hours, with frequent stops, and nothing of interest to engage our attention. Guards prevented us from moving about, so we slept the most of the time or discussed with each other the incidents of the past or prospects of the future. Some were in deep melancholy, and saw nothing to be expected but a long term of imprisonment, which proved only too well founded, while others were looking forward to a speedy release and return to "God's Country."

IN LIBBEY PRISON.

If the reader will now go back in his imagination and take his place by my side, as we form in line after leaving the cars, while the rain pours in torrents from the clouds above, upon our arrival in Richmond, and, at the word "move on" from Capt. Tom, march with us thru the dirty streets of the city for some time, he will find himself on Carey street in front of a large brick warehouse, filling the square from Twentieth to Twenty-first street, with the canal and James River behind it. Here the command to halt was given. We face about and cast our eyes up at the sign over the pavement and read "Libbey & Son, Ship Chandlers and Groceries."

The building is a very forbidding looking place. The windows on the second and third floors are barred with wooden slats, but no sash or glass, and innumerable faces are peeping out at us, making all sorts of signs, motions and grimaces, that we do not understand and that would lead you to believe it to be an asylum for poor demented creatures, if it did not occur to you that it was Libbey Prison. Among the faces we recognize Capt. James Hersh, Quartermaster of the 87th Pa., and others of that and the 5th Md., who have preceded us up the Valley after their capture at Winchester.

A slim, wiry fellow, about five feet ten inches high and 30 years of age, with a cat-like tread and horse jocky style, comes out and receives the orders from Lieut. Tom, who has charge of us. That is the notorious "Dick" Turner, the turnkey of Libbey Prison, and one of the most

despicable creatures that evolution in human nature ever produced. Dick Turner has an assistant in a Georgian, whom we call "The Sergeant," and not at heart an unkind man. He leads us into the large room on the ground floor next Twentieth street. At the door we are met by a dapper little fellow with a pencil and a memorandum book, who takes our names, regiment, rank, etc. He has not a bad face like Dick Turner, and is a very active and efficient official. That is E. W. Ross, the counting clerk, who was afterwards burned to death in the destruction of the Spottswood House in 1873. I do not hesitate to say that while always vigilant in the discharge of his duties and thoroughly loyal to the South, he was a general favorite among the prisoners, and not a single act of cruelty has ever been charged against him. As a Knight of Pythias and a true gentleman, his untimely death was, I have no doubt, regretted by the many prisoners of Libbey Prison.

As we enter the door we notice an office to our right, occupied by a stout, good-natured clerk, or Adjutant, in his shirt sleeves, named La Fouche, a Marylander, from one of the lower counties. There is also a medium-sized man, wearing a bright Confederate uniform; that is Capt. Thomas P. Turner, the commandant of the prison. Capt. Turner is not of striking appearance, being too effeminate, but dresses well, affects a soldierly manner, and is no doubt a very genteel man. Inside the door we are marched out of sight of our companions by Dick Turner, and a demand made for our valuables. We produce our pocket-books, and in an instant we understand the efforts of the prisoners at the windows to warn us to beware of our money; but, alas, too late. Turner now takes the beautiful green silk sash from our shoulders and stoops down and removes our spurs, and then runs his hand down in our pockets for our knives or anything else he may chance to find worth appropriating. If he entertains any doubts of having missed anything, he hauls off our boots; of course, we feel very angry about it, and expostulate, but he does not seem to hear or care unless we become demonstrative, and that would likely enough induce him to seize a club lying handy and knock us down.

INSIDE PRISON WALLS.

After Turner had searched us to his heart's content, the Sergeant marches us to the far side of the room, next the canal, and we ascend a steep flight of stairs to a door on the second floor. We enter our prison quarters, and the door slams shut behind us and is quickly bolted. We feel humiliated and bewildered, when hundred of voices salute us with cries of "Fresh fish! Fresh fish!" and men gather about us in groups and ply us with questions, such as "Where are you from?" "What command?" and a thousand others. A sense of remorse overcomes us, and we regret we had not died upon the battlefield or jumped from the train and died, if need be, in an attempt at escape, rather than make one more of such a mass of suffering humanity. Disgust fills our soul at the thought of what we have passed thru, and of becoming one of the thousand and

more half-naked, half-starved and lousy throng before us. Dante's vision rises in all its horrors to our mind, and we see his inscription over the gates of hell with its ominous lines:

"Thru me you pass into the city of woe;
Thru me you pass into eternal pain;
Thru me among the people lost for aye;
* * * * * * *
All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

But in a few days our philosophy gets the better of our feelings, and we wisely conclude to make the best of our situation. We make acquaintances and form friendships, such as we have never known before. We join a mess of 20 persons, and to-morrow—not before, altho we have had nothing to eat since leaving Staunton 24 hours before—we will draw four ounces of beef and bone, an ounce or two of rice or beans, and six ounces of bread or meal to the man. We take our turn in the mess as assistant cook at first, and when our turn comes at the stove we put on the five pounds of beef and bone with the rice or beans and boil them. When cooked we divide equally between us all, and eat the soup and half the rice or beans and one-third the bread for dinner. For supper we eat the balance of our rice or beans and another third of bread, and for breakfast we either make hash out of our beef or eat it cold with the remaining third of bread.

After breakfast the first thing in order is "skirmishing." A thousand men—officers of all grades from Brigadiers to Second Lieutenants—strip to the buff, more or less, and search thru every seam and crevice of their garments, while squatting on the bare oaken floor, for "graybacks." We hear the peculiar "click" in volleys that sends them to the angel land. And woe betide the poor, lazy or sick man who neglects his morning skirmish drill.

DAILY EMPLOYMENT.

We are then all formed in line and counted by Clerk Ross and the Sergeant, to see that none have escaped. Then we exercise by marching round and round the large rooms, until they all drop out one after another, and the drill ends. We now read, if we are fortunate enough to have anything to read, or we talk with our friends, or visit about in some of the other rooms and make new acquaintances. After dinner we will likely have a lecture from some of the fine speakers among the prisoners, or a concert from some of the good voices among them, or a theatrical entertainment, as our company embraces all kinds of talent. These exhibitions were quite creditable entertainments, and often attended by the prison officials and their friends in the city. I give as an illustration one of the programs.

THE LIBBEY PRISON MINSTRELS!

Manager, Lieut. G. W. Chandler; Treasurer, Capt. H. W. Sawyer; Costumer, Lieut. J. P. Jones; Scenic Artist, Lieut. Fentress; Captain of the Supers, Lieut. Bristow. Thursday evening, Dec. 24th, 1863.

PROGRAMME.

First Part: Overture—"Norma," Troupe; Opening Chorus—"Ernani," Troupe; Song—Who Will Care for Mother Now, Capt. Schell; Song—Grafted in the Army, Lieut. Kendall; Song—When the Bloom is on the Rye, Adjt. Lombard; Song—Barn-yard Imitations, Capt. Mass; Song, Do They Think of Me at Home, Adjt. Jones; Chorus—Phantom, Troupe.

Part Second: Duet—Violin and Flute, Serenade from "Lucia," Lieuts. Chandler and Rockwell; Song and Dance—"Root Hog or Die," Capt. Mass; Banjo Solo—Lieut. Thomas; Duet—Dying Girl's Last Request, Adj't Lombard and Jones; Magic Violin—Capts. Mass, Chandler and Kendall. Song—My Father's Custom, Lieut. McCaulley; Clog Dance—Lieut. Ryan. Rival Lovers: Joe Skimmerhorn—Capt. Mass; George Iverson—Lieut. Randolph.

Part Third: Countryman in a Photograph Gallery. Proprietor, Capt. Mass; Boy, Lieut. Randolph; Countryman, Maj. Neiper.

Masquerade Ball—Manager, Adjt. Jones; Door-keeper, Capt. Mass; Musician, Lieut. Chandler; Member of the Press, Lieut. Ryan; Mose, Lieut. Welsh; Black Swan, Lieut. Moran; Broadway Swell, Lieut. Bennett; Richard III, Capt. McWilliams. The whole to conclude with a grand walk around.

Performance to commence at 6 o'clock. Admission free—Children in arms not admitted. Adjt. R. C. Knaggs, business agent.

Some are busy carving ornaments and napkin rings out of the beef bones of our rations, others studying propositions, tactics, phonography, etc.

The floors are separated into four large rooms on each story by brick walls, with communicating doors cut thru them, and particular rooms become more or less the habitat of those who are from the different armies they represent, and all have their central figures or leading characters, altho rank is ignored, except such as manhood, force of character and nature bestows.

After supper Chaplain McCabe will probably sing us some fine songs, such as "Rally Round the Flag," and Scottish ballads. He has the finest voice in the prison, and it is always regarded a great treat when he consents to sing for us. And here, let me remark, that he contributed more rays of sunshine, hope and comfort to the poor, despondent soul than any other one man in Libbey Prison. Yet, strange to relate, while cheering the drooping spirits of others and sustaining their waning strength, he himself became a prey to melancholy, and, neglecting his

sanitary duties, drifted into a typhoid condition, and was sent to the hospital room; and only the fact that at the last moment, apparently, of life, he was released on October 28, with the rest of the Chaplains, and taken on a stretcher to the flag-of-truce boat at City Point, which saved him from death.

Chaplain McCabe was constitutionally of a nervous, bilious temperament, but cultivated a sunny disposition, and was not only respected, but beloved by all his fellow-prisoners. As a rule, the Chaplains were not highly esteemed in the army, and it was only his rare personality that made him a favored exception.

DELAYING THE EXCHANGE.

I remember an amusing incident that will illustrate. The Chaplains were in the habit of holding services in one of the rooms of the prison. Among them was a large man, who was charged with having persuaded a slave girl to leave her owner, while we occupied Winchester, and go North with his wife. When Gen. Early took the place the owner of the girl reported the case to him, and he had this Chaplain brought before him, and, after a terrible tongue lashing, such as only old Jubal could give, sent him on to Richmond under charges. Well, this Chaplain, when it was his turn to lead the services, was in the habit of abusing the Confederates and Confederacy most unmercifully in his sermons and prayers. On one of these occasions Captain Cook, of the 3d Md., came to me and said: "Can't we stop that man's preaching and shut his mouth?" "Why, Captain," I replied, "what harm is he doing?" "Doing! Why, every time that man holds forth he sets us back about six weeks in our exchange." And we all had a hearty laugh at the Captain's anxiety to get out of Libbey Prison.

NIGHT IN LIBBEY.

After Chaplain McCabe's songs we will hunt our plank, for every man has his particular spot of the floor to lie down upon, and prepare for our night's rest. But a few homesick fellows who cannot sleep are whispering together, and they call forth from some who are annoyed yells of "Shut up there; give your tongues a rest;" and many exclamations of disgust and ill-humor. Some poor griped and half-starved fellow, hurrying out after moaning in pain for hours, treads on his sleepy companions in picking his way over their prostrate forms, and is greeted with a volley of somnambulistic curses; for men under such circumstances lose their temper even while asleep. Thus the night passes by, and at early morn the cooks are astir.

We will now visit around a little. We occupy the room directly over the office, next Twentieth street. In the room next Twenty-first street, second floor, we find Brig.-Gen. Neal Dow, of Maine, the great Temperance lecturer. He is quite a small man in stature, weighing but little over 100 pounds, but of very active and nervous temperament. He was captured by some Confederate cavalry under Capt. Logan, on the

evening of June 30, 1863, near Port Hudson. He has a penchant for pounding every nailhead he sees protruding from the floor and elsewhere in the building. It is annoying to many, but, being advanced in years, he is indulged in his fancy, and having procured a hammer, he goes around continually hunting nailheads to hit. The men say that his being a prisoner resulted from his halting while on a raid to hammer down some nailheads in a cabin he stopped at, and got gobbled up by a company of Confederate cavalry while hard at it. At night, when too dark to see to hit nailheads, he sometimes lectures, and is a very fluent speaker.

Brig.-Gen. Graham is a very quiet man, with an aristocratic manner, very much out of place in Libbey Prison surroundings. He was captured at Gettysburg in battle. We hear and see but little of him. He hails from New York.

Col. A. D. Streight, of Indiana, holds forth in a middle room upstairs. He is a large, strong-featured man, and very excitable, with strong prejudices. He is extremely radical in everything. He was captured by Gen. Forrest, near Rome, Ga., while leading a raid into the enemy's country.

A tall cavalry officer, in high-top boots, is lecturing in one of the middle rooms upstairs in most eloquent language on Mesmerism. He is said to be a professional lecturer. It is Maj. Henry, of the 4th Ohio Cav., since killed in Tennessee by Capt. Johnson, in a personal difficulty. Henry is a man of striking appearance, bland manners, and a forcible speaker. He is replied to by another tall, handsome Major, of the 67th Pa. It is Harry White, who is the majority of one needed by the Republicans of his State to organize the State Senate, and by keeping him a prisoner the Confederacy is inflicting considerable injury and expense upon his loyal State and party. He has since served several terms in Congress, and as President Judge of Indiana County, Pa.

Albert D. Richardson, correspondent of the New York Tribune, now speaks. He is not handsome by any means, like the other two, but one of the brainiest men in the prison. He receives all attention, and his friend and companion, Junius Henri Browne, of the New York Herald, sits admiringly in his front listening to him. They are both newspaper correspondents, and were captured in an attempt to run the batteries of Vicksburg on the transport A. D. Hine. Richardson has since been killed in a sensational affair by McFarland in New York City.

A DIVERSITY OF TALENT.

I don't suppose there was ever gathered together such a diversity of talent as was embraced in those one thousand and more imprisoned officers that filled Libbey Prison during the Summer of 1863. There were nine Chaplains, more than 100 Surgeons, and the rest embracing all professions, occupations and grades of commissioned officers, from Brigadier-Generals to Second Lieutenants. Of course, their talents and temperaments were also variable. Some few were always cheerful,

while the greater number were worrying all the time at their enforced restraint and surroundings. One poor fellow of a poetic nature gave expression to his despondent feelings in a parody on Longfellow's Psalm of Life, of which I yet retain a copy, but the author's name has been forgotten. Written under the circumstances, it expresses more pathos than the original, written by the great poet in his comfortable New England home. Several of the verses I append:

"Tell it not in empty numbers,
Prison life is but a dream,
'Tis but little that one slumbers,
Swarms of lice in every seam.

"No, 'tis real and deadly earnest,
And exchange is not its goal;
Thou art exchanged and home returning
Scarce is spoken of a soul.

"Not enjoyment, but deep sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,
And to live that each to-morrow
Finds us yet another day.

"Life is short and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, tho stout and brave,
While Commissioners are treating
We are dropping in the grave.

"Captured on the field of battle,
Robbed of everything but life,
We've been treated more like cattle
Than the heroes of the strife."

Thus month followed month without any hope of release appearing, and the poet writes:

"Trust no rumor howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act—act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead.

"Uncle Sam, be up and doing;
Free us from this awful fate;
Soon good regimen pursuing,
We'll regain our fighting weight.

"Then filled with wrath and something stronger,
When the volleyed thunder rolls,
Rebel foes shall feel our anger,
And will quickly hunt their holes."

I hope the poor fellow lived to see the end and enjoy some of the fruits of peace that have followed Appomattox.

Service Observations From the Standpoint of a Private Soldier.

By Chas. I. Adkins, 27th Ohio, Dayton, O.

A GLIMPSE OF SEDALIA IN THE FIRST WINTER OF THE WAR.

The first Winter of the civil war (1861-2) was attended with frequent heavy snow falls and a great deal of very cold weather, which occasioned much suffering and distress in the Union camps about Sedalia, Pettis Co., Mo. The 27th and 39th Ohio had marched, passing over a circuitous route, from St. Louis Sept. 7, thru north Missouri, thence south via Kansas City, Osceola and Greenfield to Springfield, where, after the removal of Gen. Fremont from the command of the Western Army, we turned our march northward, reaching Sedalia about the middle of November, which place at that time was only a small hamlet at the western terminus of the completed part of the Missouri & Pacific Railroad. My regiment (the 27th Ohio) was campel on the highest point of a broad prairie where now stands the city of Sedalia, and a more bleak, cold and disagreeable Midwinter campground would have been hard to find in that part of the country. We were housed in the circular Fremont tent, each having a capacity for 16 men, when they were closely adjusted in a sleeping position. As tents they were all right, but when without a stove or any manner of warming their interior during zero weather they were not appreciated as comfortable abiding places. A detail of axmen with wagon teams were sent almost every day to the woods two miles distant, where fuel was cut and hauled in. Sometimes a large tree would be cut down, trimmed and hauled to camp on the frozen ground with a six-mule team.

Much of the time small logheap fires were kept burning in the company streets, around which the boys could stand and keep fairly warm by turning around and around, in the manner of roasting the Christmas goose in pioneer days. Many comrades suffered great punishment when standing picket and camp guard. Frozen fingers, toes, hands, feet and ears were of a common occurrence from guard duty exposure. Two deaths, which were the first since leaving home, occurred from fever in my company while in that camp. But all was not sadness at Sedalia. It was on Dec. 2 that the Paymaster gave us his first exhibition of Uncle Sam's greenbacks, and they were not the only green things in camp. Their appearance was so different from that of the State bank bills that we were used to that for a time some of us wondered what manner of money it was, or whether it was real money or only certificates of service to be held until the war was over and then draw the real money. But the mystery was readily removed by making a visit to the Sutler's tent, where, without hesitation, the obliging clerk would exchange anything

he had in stock for the crisp Green Williams, always taking care that he got about four prices for his scanty supply of poor-grade goods. The sutler oftimes had competition out on the guardline, which served to keep his prices within bounds. I refer to the farmer's wagon supply, where the boys could chip in and buy a haversack full of frozen apples and turnips and a canteen of good sour cider to wash the garbage down; also from the farmer's wife, who generally came along with a corn basket full of desirable home-cooked meats, bread, cakes, apple-butter and a variety of leather-crust pies, all of which, if not well cooked, they were generally well frozen. While the average epicure might not consider the guardline supplies very wholesome, they were appreciated as a desirable change from the routine army menue.

The most notable military event relative to the subject of this article was that of the Blackwater Scout. The pages of my diary show: Dec. 15.—Very cold. Marching orders, with two days' rations in haversacks, 40 rounds in cartridge-box and extra ammunition in wagons. All men who are excused from duty remain in camp. Cavalry, artillery and infantry from all the surrounding camps were hastily assembled and in line of march and moved south. The first day we made 14 miles; then west by forced march 30 miles; camped on a broad snow-white prairie; could not pitch tents on account of frozen ground; made beds on the snow with prairie brush and cornfodder. Dec. 17.—Up at daybreak; marched north to Warrensburg; took several bushwhacker prisoners, one of whom paid the extreme penalty for breaking guard. Dec. 18.—Marched northeast; light snowfall all day; camped in a strip of timber, pitched tents the first time since starting. At 8 o'clock called out by long roll; marched three miles quick time; then commanded to halt, front to the rear, open order—march; front line, about face. Shortly, a part of 1,300 prisoners commenced marching down between our lines. They were an organized body of Confederates who had been recruited in the Missouri River Counties, and were captured on Blackwater Creek, by a strategic movement, while endeavoring to go to Gen. Price's army in the more southern part of the State. After we had received our portion of the prisoners we marched by the left flank back to camp, where great fires were built in the center of a large hollow square, formed with a sufficiently strong guard to keep the prisoners secure until morning. The next two days we marched in a deep, wet snow, with prisoners, thru to Sedalia, coming in from the north, having made a complete circuit of 110 miles in six days of very inclement weather.

A GRAND REVIEW.

A muster review took place one mild day on a large, clear, level prairie, covered with a coat of snow that was frozen as hard as concrete. Cavalry, artillery and infantry, with drums and brass bands, had assembled from all of the neighboring camps by divisions in close order. Then came, with clattering sword and glittering uniform, the Commanding

General, galloping on his charger, followed by a corps of staff officers and mounted Orderlies. After having taken their position, the army to be reviewed commenced unfolding itself into a prearranged line of march, which, when the advance had returned to the starting point, the whole line formed a complete and perfect hollow square. When all were in motion and going thru their several peculiar marching drilll movements on that snowy white field, which glistened like frosted glass under the slanting rays of a Winter sun, together with the officers' shouting command, accompanied with the harmony of drums and bands, was, to a soldier in the Western Army, a sight worth seeing, a sound worth hearing, and an occasion that he would long remember.

FROM SEDALIA TO ST. LOUIS.

It was groundhog day, and we came out. Feb. 2, 1862.—Marching orders were, each company to provide two days' rations in haversacks, strike all tents, and load with all camp equipage on wagons in regular marching order; all men having been excused by the Surgeon from marching to report at the railroad station before 8 o'clock a. m. The order, which was read by the Sergeant-Major, together with the beating of drums and blowing of bugles thruout the camps, far and near, had no sound that could be mistaken for the oft occurring grapevine telegram report. It was now evident that the army, which had been doing service for the past two and a half months about Sedalia, was on the eve of a general move, but its destiny, as in similar cases, was a matter entirely unknown to the average soldier; and, perhaps, well that it is so; for, if otherwise, it would oftimes rob one from the enjoyment of an imaginary future that would be far more agreeable than the pending reality. That bright, crisp Winter morning, when the head of the marching column was seen to move off in the direction of the rising sun, the comrades commenced reasoning, one with another, concerning the purpose. Some thought perhaps we were going to St. Louis, where we would be given more comfortable quarters for the remainder of the Winter, while others found pleasure in a hope that probably the war was over, or nearly so, and we were going home, in a quiet way, in order to surprise our friends.

With light hearts and heavy loads we trudged away at a good gait over the snow and rough, frozen road. At the end of a 14-mile march we camped on another cold prairie, near Otterville. Tents could not be pitched, on account of too frozen ground. Therefore, they were spread upon the snow, and instead of sleeping under tents we reposed for the night on top. On the second day out the ground commenced thawing, which soon made marching heavy, and before the third was over the road became very muddy, and it was that real old black Missouri mud that stuck to the shoes like tar. Altho the ground would freeze quite hard at night, the sun on the following day would soon soften the wet soil to greater depth, until marching in any sort of regular order was entirely abandoned. Some followed the muddy road, some went thru the fields,

while others walked the ties on the nearby Missouri & Pacific Railroad, where east-bound passenger trains would frequently whiz by with scores of empty seats in all of the coaches, which would generally bring forth, from some of the walkers, extemporaneous remarks that did not have a Sunday school origin and not at all complimentary to officers in charge of the transportation of troops. While it is true that railroad track marching afforded some advantages, the writer's experience was to the effect that the solid and irregular span of step from tie to tie gave greater fatigue and soreness in a day's march than did that of plodding thru the mud.

The every day's sunshine continued to melt the snow and lower the frost line until the tramping of thousands of feet of man and horse, together with the hundreds of wagon and artillery wheels, wore the frozen crust thru in many places, which made it necessary that a large detail of men from each company should be sent with the train to build crossings over the washed out gutters in the roadway and follow along with rails and handspikes to ferry out wagons and artillery that frequently got mired in the mud or stuck in chuckholes. Many wagon tongues were broken, wheels crushed, and other calamities that greatly hindered the progress of the moving army. The wagons would seldom get into camp before midnight, and sometimes not at all. Two days' rations in haversacks and brush beds in the open air were the prevailing accommodations during most of the march.

ACROSS THE MISSOURI.

Having reached Jefferson City, the Capital of the State, on the 8th, we were ferried across to the north side of the Missouri River, where the army encamped two days, during which time broken harness and wagons were mended, horses shod, and clothing repaired. While there many methods of pastime occupied the attention of some of the men when not on duty; one was that of prospecting in the search of a variety of eatables not furnished from the company camp-kettle. Our camp-ground was an ideal one, situated in a thin strip of timber a short distance from the river, protected on the north with a nearby range of very steep and high hills, which seemed to focus the warm sun rays in a manner that gave us a temperature that felt quite tropical when compared with that of the cold storage camp we had left at Sedalia. Our two days' stay at that pleasant camping place was long enough to form an attachment that was broken with much regret on the morning of Feb. 11, when we were again in line of march, going eastward, which course we continued for eight days over a somewhat hilly country thru the river counties of north Missouri. I do not know what was our commander's reason for crossing the river at Jefferson City, but it is presumed that it was in search of a better marching highway. If that was the purpose, both my memory and the records of my diary agree that it was a change from bad to worse for both man, horse and vehicle.

A new kind of obstruction appeared in the form of hills to climb and water to wade. Teamsters frequently had to double teams in order to pull up the many long and steep hills thru the stiff clay mud, oftimes hub deep to the wagons. In many places the melting snow had made artificial lakes in the bottom roadway, which soon became a loblolly of thin mud that was nearly midside to the horses in some places. As for the men, marching with this condition of roads, I will leave to the reader's imagination. Suffice to say it was the joker's morning declaration: "From mud we came, and to mud we return."

Having reached railroad communication near St. Charles on Feb. 18, we received the glorious news of the battle and unconditional surrender of Ft. Donelson, which had occurred on the 16th. Our Colonel, after having read the news to the regiment, remarked, "that if we didn't hurry on down where the fighting was the thickest, he feared the war would be all over before we had seen the real elephant."

At St. Charles we crossed back to the south side of the Missouri River, where we met with a very agreeable surprise in the form of a good plankroad, which continued the remaining 25 miles to St. Louis. It was the first and only dryshod marching we had on the whole trip. The entire distance was covered in one day with comparatively little fatigue. After reaching the city on the night of Feb. 20 we were ushered into the very agreeable shelter of the Benton Barracks, the quarters of which seemed to have accommodations quite foreign to our hitherto manner of soldiering. All of which no doubt we should have appreciated, and it was just what, as the reader will remember, some of the knowing ones had predicted, would be our comfortable destination for the rest of the Winter; but hardly had the would-be prophets time to unsling knapsacks, when the familiar but unwelcome shout was heard—"Fall in! Fall in!" and in short order the regiment turned its back on Benton Barracks and marched at almost double-quick time down the cobblestone streets of St. Louis to the Mississippi River, where we boarded a large steamer, and in due time, with all on board, the big sidewheeler D. A. January was carrying us rapidly southward on the great Father of Waters.

Since leaving Sedalia we had marched 230 miles, and since entering the State in August, 890 miles.

FROM COMMERCE TO NEW MADRID AND ISLAND NO. 10.

The steamer upon which our regiment and all of its belongings were transported down the Mississippi River carried a cargo that fully tested the vessel's space capacity from stem to stern and from the hold below to the hurricane deck. Wagons and ambulances were taken to pieces and scattered promiscuously wherever storage space could be found. So confused seemed to be their condition that I wonder they were ever again correctly reassembled. After the three weeks' previous hard marching, the two and a half days' rest which was afforded by that manner of traveling amply compensated us for the discomfiture we en-

dured from crowded quarters. There were but few towns to be seen on the 200-mile trip down the great divide between Free and Slave territory, yet the way was not without scenery or interest. On the left could be seen over the low banks the broad, rolling prairies in the State of Illinois, while in marked contrast, on the right, were the lofty Iron Mountains of Missouri, which in many places stand boldly on the river brink, with a perpendicular water front, towering to a dizzy hight, and high aloft perched on some of these cliffs could still be seen remains of the old shot-towers of early day use. The D. A. January rounded to and made landing at Commerce Feb. 23, 1862. When our debarkation had been completed, with all wagons and ambulances, regeared and reloaded, the regiment on the following day moved back from the river two miles, where we pitched tents in a woods at the south base of one of the mountains already mentioned.

Commerce was a small town about 40 miles above Cairo, said to be the place where the Smith Mormons gathered, preparatory to their pilgrimage to Salt Lake. Our coming was to join the Army of the Mississippi, which was then concentrating at that point, preparatory for an advance on New Madrid and Island Number Ten, under the command of Gen. Pope. Among the many troops arriving daily were the 43d and 63d regiments, direct from Ohio, whose Colonels were John L. Kirby Smith and John W. Sprague. Both regiments were good appearing, well disciplined, and well clothed, carrying large and neatly-packed knapsacks, which bespoke they were not wearing all they had brought along. The 27th and 39th Ohio (Cols. John W. Fuller and John Groesbeck) had already served six months together. The hard field service had reduced the contents of our knapsacks to one wornout blanket and part of an overcoat. Our clothing, rank and file, was worn to rags, blouses were sleeveless, and pants in many cases legless and seatless. It was said that our Major was the only one in the regiment who had a whole pair of pantaloons, and they were made of buckskin. These four Ohio regiments were formed into one brigade, and the reader will observe that the Colonels were all Johns. Add to this Maj.-Gen. John Pope, and you will find there was an array of Johns going after the Johnnies that would be hard to duplicate. The brigade was first commanded by Gen. David S. Stanley; later by Gen. J. W. Fuller; the history of which is now being published under the supervision of Maj. Charles H. Smith, No. 5701 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

My diary records: Friday morning, Feb. 28.—The whole army ready to move. The two new regiments took the advance in the brigade line of march. They led off with a very spritely step, and were soon far ahead of the two old regiments, who preferred to keep their accustomed moderate pace. When a few miles had been coverd and the day began to wax warm, the sandy road and their heavy knapsacks commenced teaching the advance boys the first lesson in real soldiering, and their aptness in learning was plainly in evidence before the day's march was over, by the fact that we had no trouble in keeping in sight, while

many of their knapsacks had been reduced to half their former size, the contents of which, however, had not been entirely thrown away, as was in evidence by some of the new clothing that was seen worn by members of the two old regiments, on the following day. Just how the transfer was made may be left to the reader's imagination. Suffice to say, it is more blessed to give than to receive.

GOING TO THE FRONT.

The next day we lay over and had muster; Sunday crossed the Birds Point Railroad, where we had a skirmish with Jeff Thompson's cavalry, and camped in a bottom cornfield. A drenching rain fell and flooded the camp. We had to strike tents at midnight and wade out in search of higher ground, which, in the darkness, was hard to find in that low country.

March 3 we reached the enemy's outpost about the middle of the afternoon, halted in a strip of woods, examined and loaded muskets ready for business. My regiment was deployed as skirmishers, then advanced thru a cornfield, where many young hogs were feeding on the gleanings. Before going far, a tremendous shriek was heard overhead; then a bomb was seen to burst a half mile in the rear. In an instant another exploded directly over the line, filling the air with shrieking and fluttering missiles.

Another soon followed that struck with a thud in the ground a few yards in front of the line. An explosion followed, which carried, beside loads of dirt and cornstalks, several of the aforesaid young hogs, kicking frantically, high in the air. Some of our artillery was soon wheeled into position, and after testing the enemy's strength and determination with a few shots, we reassembled and fell back to what was thought to be a safe distance, where we went into camp. The next morning, when shot and shell came whizzing and bounding thru camp, dismounting camp kettles and boiling coffee and scattering things in general, we were not long in correcting our mistake by beating a hasty change to safer quarters. In hunting for pieces of shell and other missiles to keep as war relics, an unexploded bomb was found, and while an unwise comrade was tinkering with it near a fire the shell exploded and tore him to pieces.

GEN. POPE'S DISCIPLINE.

The New Madrid camp was pleasant in some respects, but the water supply, which was from shallow wells dug in the black sandy ground, was very bad. The wells were not curbed, and the sand that caved in kept the water badly riled. If a camp kettle full of water should stand a while, there would be found a half inch of slime and sand that had settled on the bottom. It is safe to say, during our six weeks' stay, each man swallowed enough dirt to give his stomach a concrete lining.

Orders, too, were somewhat strict; as, for example, when two com-

rades were returning to camp with a wagon load of cypress rails, Gen. Pope drove alongside in his ambulance; then, with a volley of unprintable words, he invited Tom and me to get in his private conveyance and ride with him; which we did, he adding that in the interest of having his orders obeyed he would have both of us court-martialed and shot as an example to the thieving volunteer hounds. On reaching headquarters he gave us another blast of threats, and then the Sergeant put us in the guardhouse with a lot of rebel prisoners, in the custody of Regular Army guards, which made our chances for escape very discouraging and our minds burdened with anxiety as to the outcome. The Orderly Sergeant, too, who had sent us after the rails, was much concerned when Antone, the Mexican teamster, returned to camp alone with an empty wagon; and, still worse, when the frightened mule driver tried to explain by saying: "Um boy goe by Gen. de Pope he say sump like he shoot 'em; he tel me goe bak de ral on e' fent."

The next day about noon officers and mounted Orderlies were seen hastening to and from headquarters, all of which increased our anxiety, till we were called out, and by the Sergeant, in the stern dignity of a Regular, told to report to our company, which Tom and I did gladly, there to find our regiment in line, ready to go out on another of our frequent brisk skirmishes which took place before the final engagement.

VICTORY AT LAST.

This commenced at daybreak, March 13. Our regiment, having left camp at 3 o'clock in the morning, had halted, seemingly for orders, just behind the three heavy siege guns that had been planted and fortified within 800 yards of the rebel fort during the night. It was said the Ohio Brigade had been ordered to occupy the trenches and support the siege battery, but on arriving there another brigade was found to be already in the ditches. While waiting orders I was standing about 15 steps to the rear of the largest gun, trying to see thru the dim morning light what manner of death dealer we had, when without warning the monster belched forth an awful flame of fire, a deafening noise, and cloud of smoke. At the same time the whole machine seemed to rear up and back on its haunchés, then fall forward like a huge beast that had been struck a mighty blow. It was the first gun fired, and it brought a prompt reply of shot and shell, which prompted us to make a very hasty move from our exposed position by head of column file right, a short distance to a road; then file right again, which brought us square behind our battery and in line with the enemy's fire, where four legs were taken off in Co. H by a bounding solid shot, which, after another bound, buried itself in the butt of a large tree. We finally found a shallow cover by hugging the ground, where, about 200 yards from the fort, we supported its left flank during the whole day's engagement. From our position we could see the flash of the enemy's guns and their telling shots on our earthworks, and their bounding shot that tore and plowed the field at

the rear, while their higher aim rent the air with whizzing, shrieking, screaming shot and shell, crashing thru the tree tops and exploding high and low, scattering broadcast their fragmentary missiles that went buzzing and fluttering till they struck the earth somewhere thud, thud. This made one feel that he would like to occupy as little space as possible. Thus went the day, with only a smoke clearing intermission. One of our guns was disabled early in the fight by a muzzle shot from the enemy, said to have killed eight men. We were drenched at night, almost to the drowning point, by an awful rain and thunderstorm. Having been relieved in the morning, we returned to camp, where we soon heard the enemy had evacuated by crossing the river in the night. On viewing the enemy's position, we found their fort to be badly demolished, and most of the cannon disabled, which bespoke very accurate aim by our artillerymen. The fortification was on the right bank of the Mississippi River, and was protected by a semi-circle of rifle pits, trenches, sharp pole and slashed timber abatis work, making it an impossibility to have taken the fort by an infantry assault. Their hasty evacuation necessitated leaving a very large amount of commissary and quartermaster stores.

The following three weeks were comparatively quiet, save constant marching orders at a moment's warning, while the day and night bombardment was going on at Island No. 10, eight miles above, at the right fork of the Horse Shoe Bend, Madrid at the toe (north), and Tiptonville below at the left fork; the road across the heel a distance of five miles; around the bend, 22 miles.

Sunday night, April 6, transports pushed down the highwater cut-off, and gunboats ran the Island No. 10 blockade. In anticipation of the island's evacuation, we were transported across the river to the toe, moved south slowly and cautiously thru a roadless wilderness all night on April 7. On striking the Island No. 10 road in the morning we filed right and marched hastily for Tiptonville, where, by the aid of our gunboats below the horse shoe, our pursuing army bagged 7,000 prisoners of the Island No. 10 escapes. This victory was the result of a strategic move pure and simple. One could not help feeling an emotion of sympathy for a defeated army on seeing them forced to bear the galling humiliation of stacking arms and turning away from their cherished weapons of defense, barehand, before their rejoicing victors.

We marched by a well-beaten road across the heel to Island No. 10, quartered for the night in the enemy's tents that were still standing; then returned to New Madrid on the steamer Graham. The Mississippi River was now open nearly to Memphis.

The 19th Iowa in Battle and in Prison.

J. E. Houghland, Color Corporal, Co. E, 19th Iowa, Eldon, Iowa.

The 19th Iowa was recruited in the First Congressional District, principally from the cities and towns of Wapello, Keokuk, Fort Madison, Fairfield, Washington, Mount Pleasant, Keosauqua, Morning Sun, Batavia, Bentonsport, Bonapart, Salem, Birmingham, and surrounding country. It was mustered in at Keokuk, August 22, 1862, with the following roster of officers. Benjamin Crabb, Colonel; Samuel McFarland, Lieutenant-Colonel; Daniel Kent, Major; G. G. Bennett, Adjutant; J. H. Downing, Quartermaster; Philip Harvey, Surgeon; Lewis Slonaker and Dennis A. Hurst, Surgeons; Dennis Murphy, Chaplain; C. B. Buckingham, Sergeant-Major; James Bennett, Quartermaster-Sergeant; F. A. Hitchcock, Commissary-Sergeant; Thomas S. Bell, Hospital Steward; George H. Berry, Drum Major, and James Payne, Fife Major.

The regiment laid at Keokuk until Sept. 4, 1862, when it received orders to move. We boarded the steamer Theo. J. McGill and started for St. Louis, Mo., reaching there the next day, and were quartered in Benton Barracks. Here we caught our first grey back and it was a wonder, many crowded in to see it, but later they had plenty to do to pick their shirts of the many thousands that bred freely next to each man's hide. Here we were rationed with some hard tack and sow belly which seemed to have been baked in the sun and raised on iron filings, but left to rot with maggots. We at once formed in line for a funeral procession and with muffled drums and reverse arms moved out to the center of the parade grounds and dug a grave, wherein we deposited the meat, (live stock and all). From some unknown reason we were not disturbed, but the regular soldiers were dumfounded, expecting to see us shot down by the guards, but after the ceremonies were over we solemnly marched back to our quarters.

On September 11 we were ordered to move and found ourselves at the Frisco Depot awaiting a train to take us somewhere. Soon the train came in and we were delighted to find side door sleepers, but with nothing inside whatever. We climbed in and were soon on our way to the front. Arriving at Rolla, Mo., in a drenching rain in the dark, we were welcomed by the 20th Wis. and treated to a good supper for a soldier, for which we were thankful. I wish to say here that the 20th Wis. was one of the best regiments that ever marched or faced a battle line. We remained at Rolla a few days when we started for Camp Segle on September 13. Here we rested a short time before starting on our way 125 miles to Springfield, Mo. We were brigaded with the 20th Wis. and 94th Ill., forming the Second Brigade, Third Division of the Army of the Frontier, Brig.-Gen. Frank J. Herron, commanding.

Our first day's march brot us to Waynesville, Mo., and from there we went to Lebanon, where water was not to be had, except from a pond where dead mules were floating and a green scum had to be cleared away to get the water. We boiled it and made coffee and some had whisky and put it in to change the taste. It was a bitter dose for green soldiers, just from the plenty, but, like soldiers, we made no fuss. On the 23d we went in to camp at Mill Springs, where we had good spring water and peaches. On the 24th we arrived at Springfield and camped northwest of the town. We laid there until Oct. 11, drilling and getting used to a soldier's life, when we were ordered to strike tents for Twin Springs, or Camp Curtis, Mo. Here we laid for a few days and it being near the battlefield of Wilson Creek we made it a point to look it over well. The spot where Gen. Lyons fell was found by the aid of one of the 1st Iowa men, who was there and saw him shot.

On Oct. 14, 1862, we moved to Cassville, Mo. Here our first long roll was sounded in the enemy's country and the stir that it made was a sensation. Here Col. McFarland joined us and assumed command. Such a leader gave us inspiration, his presence with us was gladly recognized. On the 17th we marched four miles and went into camp in an old orchard and from there we marched on the 18th southward to Kietsville, Mo. We camped on Sugar Creek, in Benton County, Arkansas, and lay on our arms all night. Gen. Blunt's Division was camped near by, and we lay here until the evening of Oct. 20. We were ready for

supper when an order was given to fall in, but lay ready to move until near midnight before we started, no supper and an all night march was a hardship we had not as yet experienced. We made a night's march over the Pea Ridge battle ground and on to White River; crossed the river, with water three feet deep and cold and clear. Oct. 22 we marched 15 miles, halted and prepared supper. We were then within six miles of Huntsville, Ark. Fell in again at 6 o'clock p. m. and made another night's march of 14 miles to White River again, at a point below where we crossed the night before, arriving at 2 o'clock on the morning of Oct. 23, where we bivouacked until 7 a. m.

Without waiting for breakfast we crossed White River, marching most of the time on double quick, until we reached the telegraph road at Bloomington, at 12 m., forming at once in line of battle, awaiting the attack After waiting 3 hours, we marched to Cross Hollows, Ark., where we arrived at 5 o'clock p. m. and went into camp, having made a forced march of over 100 miles in three days and nights over a rough mountainous country We remained at Cross Hollows from Oct. 23 until Nov. 4; it rained, snowed, the ground froze and it was a most disagreeable time; and to add to our discomforts the measles broke out in camp and a number of men sent to hospital at Springfield, Mo. After sending our sick away we made ready for what we termed "Grand Rounds." We left Cross Hollows Nov. 4 on a forced march and the first point was Elk Horn Tavern, stopping in the road until daylight, and were off in the morning of Oct. 5, marching 20 miles, to within three miles of Cassville, Mo. The morning of Nov. 6 we marched thru to Crane Creek, a distance of 40 miles, over dusty roads.

It was a terrible tramp. Here we buried Comrades Dalzell, of Co. F, and Ogden, of Co. G, both of Louisa County, Iowa; cause of death, over marching. We remained at Crane Creek until Nov. 10, when we marched 18 miles to James Fork of White River. Nov. 11 we marched 12 miles to Ozark, Mo. Left Ozark on Nov. 15 and marched 12 miles northeast, and started on a return to Ozark about noon of the 17th. It rained all day. We reached Ozark after dark, went on about three miles and stopped near a rail fence for the night, one as dark as man ever saw. It still rained and the baggage wagons, artillery, mules and men were all in the mud, stuck and floundering. The trainmen swore, the mules brayed, kicked, and everything was in utter confusion, but nothing daunted, we pulled out every time we went in, took comfort in straw for beds, and rails to keep us out of the mud, but the rain pelted down all night. Nov. 18 we struck out again and camped that evening on James River, in a wheat field that was in stack. We tore down the stacks for bedding and for the mules and horses to eat.

Here we were obliged to remain until Nov. 22, when we marched six miles to Camp Curtis, Mo., where we had a very pleasant time getting rested and dry until Dec. 3. Little did we think or know what was ahead within a few days. Dec. 3, 1862, we were ordered to get ready for another forced march, and were in line in a few moments, but sending all disabled men to Springfield, Mo. The object of the forced march was to reinforce Gen. Blunt at Kane Hill, beyond Fayetteville, Ark. We marched to Crane Creek, 18 miles, that day, the 3d, and Cassville, Mo., 28 miles, the 4th, Pea Ridge, 25 miles, the 5th, and on the 6th we marched beyond Mud Town and stopped for supper. After supper we were formed in line and Col. McFarland formed us in a hollow square and made a short address, saying that in all probability we would meet the enemy in a very short time, and would be engaged in our first battle, cautioning us to shoot low and often. He talked in a spirit of devoted patriotism, and thev were his last words to us.

We marched to Fayetteville, Ark., 34 miles, and rested in the cemetery, little thinking that within three days some of our number would be resting within its gates. It was a beautiful Sabbath morning, Dec. 7, 1862. At daylight, that we moved out towards Illinois Creek, about 10 miles southwest, but when out about six miles we met a party of the 1st Ark. Cav. on the retreat. It had been surprised by the rebels while in the advance. We were halted, ordered to load and advance on double quick for two or three miles, then drawn up in line of battle in a corn field.

OUR FIRST BAPTISM OF FIRE.

We remained in line of battle but a short time when we were ordered forward, heard the guns of the enemy shelling our advance. Double quick again and reached Illinois Creek, where our artillery was shelling in return, silencing their guns for a time. The 19th Iowa and 20th Wis. were ordered to cross the creek, afterwards falling back to the bank for protection. In a very short time we were ordered forward throwing out skirmishers, with the 20th Wis. on our right and 94th Ill. on the left. The 20th Wis. made a charge supported by the 19th Iowa, and captured a rebel battery, but was confronted with the rebel army in lines four regiments deep and obliged to retreat. The 94th Ill. failed to support us, which left us to a cross-fire and with the 20th Wis. we held our posi-

tion under a most murderous fire. Foust's batteries, supporting us then, worked as no batteries ever worked, doing immense damage to the rebel lines, they being so deep it gave chance to mow them down by the hundreds. This saved us from a charge from the rebels which would have been disastrous to our forces at that time.

The 19th Iowa lost in killed and wounded 193 men and the 20th Wis. 220. We managed to hold the rebels at bay by pluck, energy and the batteries. (Capt. Murphy, Battery F, 1st Mo. Light Artillery, and Lieut. Foust's, Bowie's and Capt. Backoff's). Until 4 p. m. things looked desperate, but Gen. Blunt's forces advanced to our aid on our right, and went in with a yell. It was a fearful sight to witness, with roar of artillery and musketry the ground shook as from an earthquake, the smoke obscured the sun and the beautiful Sabbath day was turned into a veritable hell. The contest was fierce until darkness ended the bloody battle of Prairie Grove, Ark. We recrossed the creek and laid down to rest for the morning's renewal of battle, Dec. 8th, but when it dawned and the line was again formed to storm the batteries again and do or die, we felt that our lives were not worth much, but like soldiers, we crossed the creek and moved up the hill where we had met the enemy, but, thank God, they were not there. They had muffled their cannon wheels and left. We had possession of what had cost us more than words or figures can tell or compute, but we had won the battle.

My God! what a sight met our eyes. Here lay our boys, some dead and many wounded unto death, crying for water and help, but dying for "God and country." Here lay rebels by the hundreds in the same condition. We witnessed that day what we never want to see again. Every man and boy who could shoulder his gun that lived in the neighborhood had been in line with the rebels, many by force, and the women and children were hunting for father or brother in the mass of dead or dying humanity. How their cries still sound in our ears. Gathering up their dead and wounded they hauled them home, or to some neighboring house for care, we assisting same as with our own beloved comrades. Oh what sorrows were in store in the North when the news of the battle reached there. Homes were soon in mourning and hearts bleeding for beloved sons and fathers, dead or wounded. God preserve us from a repetition of such ghastly horrors in the future.

We buried over 500 rebels in one trench, but the number taken away by their friends is not known. Our boys lie in the cemetery at Fayetteville, Ark. Notwithstanding the greatest march and battle known in our history, we were again ordered, Dec. 28, to be ready to march, with six days' rations, leaving our tents standing in camp, with some disabled comrades in charge we took the road for the Arkansas River, over a rough mountainous country. We were fired into by bushwhackers, but camped on Lee's Creek the night of Dec. 28 and reached Van Buren, Ark., Dec. 29, after a hard day's march, and found Gen. Blunt in possession of the town and five steamers loaded with rebel supplies. We destroyed the boats and started on our return on the evening of Dec. 29, 1862. The morning of the 30th we were off on the march again and made 18 miles when we went into camp. We reached our camp at Prairie Grove about 3 p. m. Dec. 31, 1862.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF PRAIRIE GROVE.

No. 4.

Headquarters, Second and Third Division, Army of the Frontier, Battlefield of Prairie Grove, Arkansas, Dec. 9, 1862.

General: In reviewing the operations of the 7th instant I must necessarily commence a few days previous to that date. On the morning of Dec. 3 I was camped with the Second and Third Divisions of the Army of the Frontier, at Wilson's Creek, Mo., and there I received your dispatch announcing the advance of the rebel forces under Gen. Hindman, and ordering me to move forward with my command to your support at Kane Hill, Ark. Within three hours after its reception the Third Division was in motion, the Second soon following, reaching Elkhorn Tavern on the evening of the 5th instant. I then received orders to send forward all my cavalry to you, and in obedience thereto I ordered forward Col. Wickersham, with the 10th Ill., 1st Iowa, 6th, 7th, and 8th Mo., and 1st battalion of the 2d Wis. Cav., all of whom reached you. On Sunday morning, Dec. 7, at 4 o'clock I arrived at Fayetteville, Ark., having marched all night, and was pushing rapidly forward, expecting to join you, by 10 o'clock of the same day. When six miles south of Fayetteville, my advance, consisting of two companies of the 1st Mo. Cav., under Maj. J. M. Hubbard, discovered a body of cavalry falling back on the road in disorder. It proved to be the 1st Ark. Cav. and 7th Mo. that were moving forward to join you, and had been attacked by a large body of Marmaduke's cavalry, near Illinois Creek, 10 miles from Cane Hill. After some efforts the retreating cavalry was checked and reformed; but in holding their advance the 1st Mo. was severely handled and Maj. Hubbard was taken prisoner. Here the rebels formed in line of battle, but when opening fire on them with a section of Battery E, 1st Mo. Light Art., they were soon put to flight and driven back four miles to Illinois Creek.

Here I discovered the enemy in position directly in front and on each side of the road, occupying a high ridge about three-fourths of a mile from the ford of the creek, covered with timber and thick underbrush. To feel the position of the enemy I ordered the 94th Ill. with a section of Battery E, 1st Mo., across the creek and opened fire on them. The batteries were in good position, commanding the ford, and having excellent range did compel my forces to drawn their fire and enable my infantry my forces across the ford under their fire. I then ordered Col. Huston, commanding the Second Division, to cut a road thru the timber and move Capt. Murphy's Battery (1st Mo. Light Art.) to a point on the south side of the creek, one-half mile from the regular ford; my intention was to draw their fire and enable my infantry to cross the creek at the ford. The movement was entirely successful; the battery dividing and getting into position before the enemy discovered its movement. Under cover of its fire I ordered batteries of Capts. Backoff, Murphy, Foust, and Borries, supported by the 19th Iowa, 20th Wis. and 94th Ill. So rapidly was the order obeyed that the whole 10 pieces were in position and at work before the enemy could obtain our range.

The fire was rapidly replied to by the rebel batteries, they having every advantage in position, but so accurate was our firing that in two hours their batteries were nearly all silenced. During this time I had formed the infantry, Second Division, Col. Huston commanding the right, and the Third Division, under my immediate command the left of my position. It required but a short time to satisfy myself that the rebels were present in largely superior numbers and I determined to give them the best fight I could until you could come up to my support with additional forces. The enemy making a movement of their infantry towards my left, I ordered forward the Second Brigade, Second Division, under Col. Orme to the base of the ridge while their attention was occupied by the fire of the Second Brigade, I moved up the First Brigade, under Col. Bertram. The batteries advanced across the open field with the infantry, pouring in a terrible fire of grape and cannister. When within 100 yards of the ridge the 20th Wis. and 19th Iowa were ordered to charge a battery placed near a farm house on the edge of the hill. The charge was made in gallant style, the enemy was driven back and the battery taken, but the ground could not be held; regiment after regiment was hurled upon them, but they were compelled to fall back.

This was followed by a charge of the rebels, en masse, upon the batteries of Capts. Foust and Backoff and Lieut. Borries. Never was there more real courage displayed and more downright fighting done than at this moment by the above named batteries. Advancing to within 100 yards of our guns the rebels received a fire, causing a great slaughter among them. For the management of his batteries and the soldier-like qualities displayed by Capt. Foust, Co. E, 1st Mo. L. A., at this time especially, he deserves very great credit. Col. Huston was then instructed to move one of his brigades from the right to the support of the center. Arriving at the point and discovering the rebel infantry moving down the hill, Col. Huston ordered the 20th Ind. and 37th Ill. to charge them, which they did, Col. Huston leading them in person. It was a repetition of the first charge, the same battery was captured, the enemy again driven back, and we in turn compelled to abandon the position by force of numbers.

At this hour, 4 o'clock p. m., a battery opened some distance from my right, which I soon discovered to be from your Division. With the knowledge that you had arrived gave new spirit to my command, now almost worn out, by severe work, and then went at it again with increased vigor. When your column moved up, the Second Brigade of the Second Division, Col. Wm. McE. Dye commanding, also advanced on your left, having a severe fight in the timber and driving the enemy from the hillside. From this hour until dark the firing was steady and terrific, the batteries of the First Division firing the last round. My command slept on their arms nearly 1,000 yards in advance of the position occupied in the morning, and ready to renew the fight at daybreak. The arrangement for the fight on the 8th, the flight of Hindman during the night and his trickery and Marmaduke's cowardice are well known to you. Night alone saved them from capture. I have as captures four caissons, complete and filled with ammunition, a number of sets of artillery harness, caisson wheels, and about 500 stands of small arms. I regret to state that my loss was severe. Lieut.-Col. McFarland, who led the 19th Iowa in the first charge, a true man and gallant soldier, sleeps his last sleep; Lieut.-Col. Black, 37th Ill.; Maj. Thompson, 20th Iowa, and a large number of officers were wounded. Maj. Burdett, of the 7th Mo. Cav., was killed early in the battle.

My troops all did well, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri and Wisconsin, dead and living, proved by the truest test their loyalty to their beloved country. Col. Huston commanding the Second Division, was always in the front and did me valuable service. Cols. Orme, Clark, McE. Dye, and Bertram, commanding brigades, were with

their commands in the thickest of the fight and performed their duties well. I must mention especially the workings of Murphy, Foust, Backoff, and Borries' batteries. The former fired his guns with the precision of a sharpshooter, while the others worked their pieces gallantly in the midst of a terrible infantry fire. My cavalry, the 1st Iowa, 5th Mo., 10th Ill., and 2d Wis., having been with you all day, I know but little of the parts taken by them. They have on other fields proved themselves worthy of the name of American soldiers, and I have no doubt sustained it while with you. Maj. J. M. Hubbard and his command, the fighting battalion of the 1st Mo. Cav., gallantly held in check the advance of the rebels in the early part of the day, and on this occasion officers and men have added to their already high reputations. To Capt. Hyde Clark, my Assistant Adjutant-General, who had for three days been carried sick in an ambulance, but mounted that morning to be with me during the battle, I am much indebted for services on the field. There were many instances of individual services and bravery that I should like to mention, but I refer you to reports of Brigade Commanders. In conclusion, General, let me say for the Second and Third Divisions that they came upon the field in weak numbers, on account of the severity of the march; 3,500 men being all that I had engaged. Of this number I lost: officers killed, 9; missing, 8; enlisted men killed, 137; wounded, 600; missing, 168; total, 953.

(Signed.) F. J. HERRON,
Brigadier-General, Commanding.
Second and Third Divisions, Army of the Frontier.

GEN. HERRON WRITES TO A FRIEND.

Our Commanding General, in a letter dated Dec. 16, written to a friend in Dubuque, Iowa, made further report of the battle:

"For four miles we fought the rebel cavalry, driving them back to Illinois Creek, where we found their whole force strongly posted on a long ridge with magnificently posted batteries. For one mile on our front it was clear ground, and my road lay right in the center of their lines. From a prisoner taken I learned that Hindman was on the ridge with his whole force and intended to whip me out before Blunt could get up; in other words, to take us one at a time. The case looked tough, with Blunt ten miles away and 25,000 men between us, but I saw at a glance that there was just two things to be done, namely, fight them without delay and to depend on the chances of Blunt hearing me and coming up, or retreat and leave my whole train. It required no time to make a decision."

Gen. Blunt in his official report says: "The enemy's loss in killed and wounded cannot fall less than 3,000 and will much exceed that number as many of them not severely wounded were taken to Van Buren. Their loss in killed on the ground will reach 1,000 men, most of whom were buried by our men."

This ended one of the most terrific battles of the war of the rebellion. The forced march of our men for over 120 miles, and then to form in line and fight a battle against over four times their numbers and they posted in one of the most favorable positions, all armed and ready, making a charge up and into the rebel lines four regiments deep, capturing a battery and retreating in good order, is without doubt the most wonderful history of any command ever marshalled in any country. All this in the enemy's own land, in his own picked position and sure of success. It should place in the Hall of Fame these two regiments of volunteer infantry (20th Wis. and 19th Iowa) as the best men under the flag during that war. It has never been equaled. (Many a regiment has charged and fought as well and gained as great regard for bravery, but to add that forced march and fight against such numbers posted as they were, gives added glory.) (The Count of Paris claims the above and he is good authority.)

I am pleased to state that these two regiments were never parted, but served until the close of the war, side by side, and never has two regiments of men loved each other as these. Wherever they meet hand takes hand, and tears flow down faces that never turned away from the foe, and "God bless you, brother" wells up from stout loyal hearts.

AGAIN ON THE MARCH.

On Jan. 2, 1863, we took up our line of march to Fayetteville, Ark., left our wounded in hospital, many of them forever on this earth. From there we moved southeast to White River, 15 miles from Prairie Grove and went into camp again, getting ready for a grand review by Gens. Schofield and Herron, preparatory to another move. Jan. 6 we marched to Jawhawker's Point and on the 7th we made 17 miles to Huntsville, where we again went into camp. We left Huntsville on the 11th and marched to White River again, opposite Forsythe, Mo. One night on the last march to Forsythe we were in a snow and sleet storm and not being able to erect our Sibley tents lay on the ground with them over us.

In the morning nothing was visible except the teams, all under snow and sleet. Soon a call was sounded and such a resurrection as we brot on was a sight. Some of the 1st Iowa Cav. swam their horses across the river, loosing James Robertson

by drowning. We lay opposite Forsythe, Mo., until Jan. 25 before we could get across the river. On that day we got over and camped east of the town. Late one night, while all were sleeping soundly the rain began pouring down and flooded our tents, causing us to sit up with our blankets around us until morning. On Jan. 15 we moved into the town and took possession of the empty houses and made ourselves as comfortable as possible. We lay here for some time expecting Marmaduke to swoop down on us, but he had enough at Prairie Grove to deter him. We built two ferry boats and erected a good line of road over which our forage trains would go after subsistence. April 22 we moved out again toward Springfield, Mo. Arrived at Ozark about noon the 23d and received orders to proceed eastward toward Hartsville, Mo., where we halted for the night. Hartsville is 60 miles from Forsythe. Our next camp was at Big Piney, Mo., between Hartsville and Salem, Mo. We left Big Piney for Salem, distance about 75 miles from Hartsville, and arrived there May 2.

At Salem we were temporarily attached to the First Division, Thirteenth Corps, Gen. Ewing commanding. Here Dr. Philip Harvey resigned as Surgeon of our regiment and Lewis Slonaker was promoted, and it was a good appointment. The regiment left Salem June 3, 1863, for Rolla, where we arrived June 4, a distance of 25 miles. Here we turned over our surplus camp equipage. After boarding the side-door sleepers again, we soon found ourselves in St. Louis, after a hard Winter's campaign in southwest Missouri and northwest Arkansas. We arrived June 5 and at once marched to the boat landing and boarded the steamer H. Chouteau. The boat was very much crowded and we had to sleep anywhere, but it was better than marching in the mud, so we consoled ourselves. We were six days going down the river and reached Young's Point in sight of Vicksburg, Miss. We steamed up the Yazoo River some eight miles to Chickasaw Landing. We were ordered back to Young's Point, where we left the boat and went into camp. June 12 we crossed the Point and then crossed the Mississippi River at Warrenton, Miss., on the boat Silver Wave, and moved out a short distance and went into camp.

AT VICKSBURG.

On June 13 we moved to the rear of Vicksburg and took our position in the line of investment, taking an active part in the rifle pits and picket duty, and also in planting batteries and doing such other work as was required of us. Here we met the rebels between rifle pits and exchanged tobacco for whisky and talked over the war, but never did one on either side take any advantage, but were honorable at all times. When we parted we would wait until a warning was called before commencing hostilities again. Here the writer, while in charge of a detail for picket duty on a rainy night, followed up a ravine in the running water and held in readiness to shoot the rebel picket on either side of the ravine in case a charge was being made by the forces inside in order to get out, but as none came we crawled out, surprising the Orderly Sergeant as he had concluded we were taken prisoners. The usual picket fighting and shells and solid shots were exchanged up to July 3 when an armistice was declared and firing ceased. We went over to see the rebs and had a good talk, but soon the order was to look out again, but the time was put in preparing ourselves for a grand charge all along the line on the glorious Fourth of July, but in this we were gladly relieved for the news soon spread that white flags were floating over Vicksburg. We at once looked and sure enough they were. No doubt now that the city and its fortifications were ours and immediate preparations were made to enter and take possession of the stronghold.

We marched thru deep cuts in the roads with dust then so thick we could not see our comrades just ahead and would tramp on their heels, and bump up against their knapsacks. When we arrived inside the city, and what a city it was after the siege, we were met by the rebels with their cedar canteens full of spring water, and we were glad to trade our empty ones with them even up. Several of our men had sun strokes and were disabled for some time.

We lay in camp at Vicksburg until July 12 when we were ordered on board boat for Port Hudson, as we expected, but instead we went up the Yazoo River to Yazoo City, where we struck out in the country. The gunboats in advance up the river were not as lucky as we were for the DeKalb was blown up by a torpedo. Gen. Herron and Staff were aboard, but none were injured and no lives were lost by it. Yazoo was the prettiest city we had been in and we enjoyed the freedom which was extended to us (by reason of force). We remained here for a few days with orders to keep our hands off everything, which we did (in a horn). On the 15th we were ordered to march (with the 20th Wis. to hold the city until our return). We reached Blackwater River the next day, a distance of 20 miles, and camped for the night. The next day we returned to Yazoo City, having been away four days. We brot back with us a large train of cotton, mules and contraband goods which we shipped to Vicksburg.

July 22 we followed our captured goods to Vicksburg and unloaded the same and returned to the old camp from which we

started and where we had left our sick. On the 23d we boarded the Sunny South and started out for Port Hudson, La., which place we reached about midnight of the 26th. We camped in a magnificent magnolia grove, the shade so dense in the hollows that one could hardly walk without a light, but we had a fine camp.

GEN. HERRON'S REPORT ON THE VICKSBURG AND YAZOO CAMPAIGNS.

"Headquarters Herron's Division, steamer Chancellor, en route to New Orleans, La., July 25, 1863.

"I have the honor to report that on the 10th instant, while in camp at Vicksburg, Miss., I received orders from Maj.-Gen. Grant to embark the troops in my command on boats for Port Hudson.

On the morning of the 11th my command was embarked and ready to move, when news of the surrender of that place was received and order was countermanded, and I was directed to proceed up Yazoo River. As this change of orders necessitated a change of boats, consuming much time, my troops sailed about 11 o'clock p. m. of the 12th instant, conveyed by iron-clad gunboats DeKalb, Capt. Walker, commanding, and two tin-clad boats.

On arriving at Haines's Bluffs, during the afternoon of the same day, I took on 25 men of the 2d Wis. Cav., under Lieut. Myers, and proceeded up the river. About noon of the 13th instant I arrived at a point about one and one-half miles below the city of Yazoo, and immediately sent the gunboats farther up the river to engage and ascertain the strength of the enemy's batteries and commenced disembarking my troops. Capt. Walker, with the DeKalb proceeded up the river and was soon engaging the enemy. Owing to the river being so narrow and crooked he was able to bring but one or two of his guns to bear on their works, and finding that their guns were posted in strong position in well constructed earth works, and ascertaining their exact location, he withdrew after firing some 30 rounds.

Previous to landing my troops I had dispatched a cavalry force of 25 men under Lieut. Myers, from a point some three miles below, to proceed up the river to the rear of the city and prevent the enemy, if possible, from removing any of the boats reported to be there, and also obtain such information as they could of the strength and position of the enemy. Having waited some little time and hearing nothing from my scouting parties, I ordered forward the 20th Wis. and 19th Iowa to take the main road on the east side of the river and move directly upon the enemy's works.

After advancing perhaps one-half mile they discovered that the bridge crossing a bayou was destroyed and the stream not fordable. Some time was consumed repairing this to enable us to cross, when pushing rapidly forward we discovered the works had been deserted and the enemy had fled. I immediately sent the 20th Wis. under Col. Bertram in pursuit. He followed them some 10 miles, taking quite a number of prisoners and some arms they left by the roadside, a few wagons and one gun carriage, partially disabled. The 10th Iowa held the city. I then ordered the fleet to proceed up the river to the city, and with Maj. Clarke, of my Staff, went on board the gunboat DeKalb in advance of them. The DeKalb moved up to a point nearly opposite the city when she was blown up by a torepdo (a number had been placed in the river by Capt. Brown of the Confederate Navy), which tore away some two feet of her bow and sinking her in less than quarter of an hour in 15 feet of water. Fortunately no one was hurt, and to the coolness and efficiency of Capt. Walker and his subordinate officers may be attributed the fact that none were drowned, as she became unmanageable after being struck and she sank very rapidly. Capt. Walker afterwards raised and brot away her guns and most of her small arms.

My troops having entered the city, I placed Gen. Orme in command with three regiments of infantry (19th Iowa, 20th Wis., and 94th Ill.) to protect the city, its private property and to collect the captured stores. The city had been garrisoned by the 29th N. C., with one battery of light artillery, commanded by Col. Christman. The enemy having intimation of our coming sent their steamers up the river, but my cavalry pursued them so closely they were compelled to leave five of them, the Magenta, Prince of Wales, Magnolia, Pentonia, and J. F. Fargo. The E. J. Grey, Hennett, Arcadia, and Mary Keen escaped. The cavalry captured the steamer St. Mary a small side-wheeler, formerly used as a light draught gunboat, from which they had previously removed the guns to place in the works at Yazoo City. I found mounted in the works one 8-inch Columbiad, four 3-pound Parrotts, one 1-pound howitzer, total 6 guns, with about 200 rounds of ammunition and 300 prisoners, with eight commissioned officers.

On the morning of the 15th instant I received orders from you to proceed across the country to Black River to protect the flanks and rear of our forces then investing Jackson, Miss. Owing to the fact that I had taken no transportation of any kind with me I was compelled to press into service teams and wagons to haul cooking utensils and rations for my men. At 12 m. the same day I left Yazoo City with seven regiments of infantry and a battery and proceeded towards Benton. From thence I moved to and across Black River

at Moore's Ferry, pushing a portion of my force into Canton, Miss., arriving at 3 o'clock, after a fatiguing march, owing to the dust, excessive heat and scarcity of water. Having sent out my mounted force to scour the country I halted for the night. On the morning of the 18th I received a dispatch from Col. Bussey announcing the results of operations at Jackson and that he was occupying Canton, and on the same evening started on my return to Yazoo City, where I arrived at noon of July 19.

I immediately set my whole command at work with such wagons as they could pick up thru the country bringing in captured cotton, horses and mules, and on the morning of the 21st sailed for Vicksburg, arriving on the evening of the same day. I found in store at Yazoo City a large quantity of mattresses and bedding belonging to the rebel steamers, which I took possession of and turned over to the medical department for hospital use. I also destroyed the rebel works at Yazoo City, blowing them up entirely. I would report the results of the expedition:

1. The capture and destruction of the works at Yazoo City, Miss.
2. 300 prisoners, including eight commissioned officers.
3. One steamer captured and five burned.
4. Six pieces of ordnance and an amount of stores.
5. 250 stands of small arms.
6. 2,000 bales of cotton.
7. 800 head of horses and mules.
8. Hospital bedding, mattresses, towels, pillows, and blankets for 450 men. All of which I turned over to the proper officers.

FRANK J. HERRON,

Major-General, Commanding Expedition.

To Lieut. Col. Rollins, A. A. G., Department of the Tennessee.

The title of Major-General was won by Frank J. Herron at Prairie Grove, Ark., Dec. 7, 1862. A more favorite commanding officer never took charge of an army. He was always ready to do and dare. He is gone to his reward with a "God bless him" from all who knew him.

Our stay at Port Hudson was not a pleasant one, from the fact yellow fever broke out in every camp, but in order to not create a panic it was called malarial fever, but never was there an hour, day or night, that a salute was not heard over the grave of some unfortunate comrade. The hospitals (regimental) were full and many of the sick lay in tents. No company could have roll call, as nearly all were sick and few Orderly Sergeants were left to call the roll. I was told to send my wishes home as I would die, but said to the doctor: "You give me your remedy, and I will not die," and I didn't.

Here we pursued alligators in the lagoons and did a prank to enliven the boys. We shot an alligator and cut it in two, placing the head and tail so it was 30 feet from head to tail, and went to camp reporting an alligator which would measure 30 feet from head to tail. Not less than 5,000 men went to see it. Each squad would repeat what we said, so you can imagine what a sell it was. It helped to cheer up the boys as the laugh that passed after all had gone out to see this monster.

We now received orders to take boats for New Orleans and arrived there in due time after passing Baton Rouge and some other points of interest. We were camped at Carrollton, some five miles up the river from the city and about one mile east of Carrollton. This camp was the finest one we had ever had the pleasure of using. It was a beautiful magnolia grove, close to the river. Here we laid out our camps in style and kept them as neat and clean as mother did her house at home. Here the Thirteenth Corps, under Gen. E. O. C. Ord, and our division were camping and numbered the 3d. Here, too, we were inspected by one of Gen. Banks" white collared officers, who seemed to take pleasure in looking us over in our worn and tattered uniforms and rusty guns and brasses. He seemed to think we were a disgrace to the army, and insulted many of us with his remarks. Finally he threw away a gun, saying that it was too dirty for use. The next man he approached "Come to guard" and with his bayonet presented said: "Halt, you cannot have my gun." The action aroused the officer who abandoned the inspection and reported to Gen. Banks that the troops were dirty and insubordinate. On this accusation Gen. Banks had our officers placed under arrest.

Gen. Grant, however, quickly changed this, and Banks was told that these "dirty" men helped to take Vicksburg and if their guns happened to be dirty outside they were clean inside from use on many a battlefield.

Then there was a grand review of all the troops under Banks. That officer passed first with his Staff, but there was only a dropping of colors and saluting of officers and presenting of arms. But when Gen. Grant and Staff passed you should have seen the caps go up in the air and heard the shouting, and seen the waving of flags.

UP COUNTRY IN LOUISIANA.

On Sept. 5, 1863, the 19th Iowa boarded the steamer Sally Robinson, at Carrollton, La., all that were fit for duty, altogether about 250 men. We went up the river to Point Coupee Parish, to a place called Morganza about 20 miles below the mouth of Red River. Here we were marched out

towards Atchafalaya Bayou, about seven miles, to a plantation called Sterling, and camped in the negro quarters, having a good time doing picket duty and cooking veal and yams in a brick oven.

The Thirteenth Army Corps moved about the same time we did, contemplating making an advance up the Tech, while Herron's Division was to attract attention where we landed, causing the rebels to fear an advance from that point. This movement was merely a diversion in favor of the Army Corps. While we lay there, under Gen. Vandiver, it seemed we were in a disorganized state, part of the troops remaining on board the boats and many straggling on shore to find a convenient shade. But three picket posts protected a large number of roads, and a spirit of carelessness prevailed.

A few days afterwards Lieut.-Col. Leake of the 20th Iowa, was sent out about seven miles toward the Oppelusas road with the 19th Iowa, under Capt. Adams, and the 26th Ind., under Lieut.-Col. Rose, a section of the 1st Mo. L. A. and a battalion of the 6th Mo. Cav., under Maj. Montgomery. Col. Leake's order was to stop at Sterling Farm Plantation, making it his headquarters, and attract Gen. Green's rebel forces. A company of mounted infantry, under Lieut. Walton, of the 34th Iowa, was with us. The order was to remain at Sterling Farm as long as water could be had. The cavalry kept up a skirmish about Norwood Place and a sufficient distance beyond to assure them the force they were driving was only a scout.

Going into camp here our commander (Col. Leake) set himself at work to acquaint himself with the country. Maj. Montgomery gave him the impression that the road turning to the left from the bridge led in a southwest direction, and in placing the pickets a post was placed beyond the bridge, and another cavalry post was placed on the left hand road a short distance from the bridge. From camp an infantry picket was sent south of the house, on the same road the cavalry pickets were on, (this was not known to them) which was connected with Norwoods by an old road.

On the following day Col. Leake, with Maj. Montgomery, went to see where that road led to, and found that by it the rebels could reach our camp easier than we could reach the river, in fact could connect with the road in our rear which we could not protect with our pickets. Finding the advantageous position the rebels held as regards roads, Col. Leake at once requested permission to move within that point of the main road intersected by the by-roads, which was refused. Gen. Vandiver's officer being sent out to examine the state of things, returned to Morganza from his visit to our camp, deeply impressed with the insecurity of our position, had an interview with General Vandiver in which he showed him the map and what manner the roads and open timber country combined to render our position an easily assailable one, but failed to get a favorable reply. Gen. Vandiver deeming our position secure, we were again ordered to hold the place. In spite of these reiterated orders Col. Leake having a note from a citizen outside the pickets that told of a movement indicating an attack, and that night our little force lay on our arms, and the next day were distributed in the negro quarters and other buildings, in a way to guard against a surprise in case of an attack. Our position here was not a good one, as the road between us and Morganza was intersected at many points and especially where the abrupt bend is from the north to the east, by a path or cattle trail from the road above, known as Atchafalaya or New Texas road.

On our arrival at Sterling Plantation, Col. Leake learned from the negroes of a cattle driver belonging to the place, sent for him and learned the number, course and termination of the old unused roads, not sleeping until his pickets were posted, guarding our camp as best he could with our limited forces. Daily our cavalry would skirmish with the enemy, always driving them, but never being able to go farther than the mouth of Flat Bayou, by reason of the rebel artillery posted on the opposite side of Atchafalaya River. Each night every picket post was visited by Col. Leake, which we thought was unnecessary caution, but events showed he was right. An air of vigilance prevailed, and there never was a camp in which each man felt the importance of watchfulness.

The 19th Iowa, which had been accustomed to go where it pleased, felt the restraint, but was ever ready and in fighting trim, and could be in line in less than a minute. Each day the cavalry would go as far as the river and saw straggling rebels, sometimes in considerable numbers, but never exchanged shots. They fired once at Adj't Wood, who escaped unhurt.

It became so threatening that Gen. Vandiver was again asked if he was aware of our situation, but his answer was that he knew of it, had taken a prisoner of a Texas regiment and had been posted. Still, with 3,000 men at Morganza, we were left to our fate which was to end in a battle under unfavorable circumstances to us in every way. We had not at any time to exceed 600 men. The old road entering the main road from the Texas landing road, we apprehended an attack from its side, and Col. Leake had a gap cut in the levee that was built along Bayou Fordoche to protect the

Plantation, making a passage for the artillery a few rods from the house so it could have a sweep out towards the cane field. The battery was stationed near the gap with orders to not await orders but in case of an attack to at once open on the rebels from either side they might appear. Our forces were inadequate and knowing that if we were attacked we would have to surrender or run the gauntlet, as between us and Morganza a force of rebels would undoubtedly be stationed when the time came for the fight.

THE BATTLE OF STERLING PLANTATION.

The morning of Sept. 29, 1863, was a rainy and disagreeable one. It was after eleven, while preparing dinner and cleaning guns, we heard a shot fired at our picket post to the west, then several in quick succession, and then shots from the cane field beyond, the bullets whistling thru our camp. We immediately formed in line awaiting orders. Col. Leake took command and ordered the artillery placed inside the gap and to open on the cane field at once, just in front of the 19th Iowa. He commanded the line to about face and advance to a fence and commence firing. It was done at once as we were ready for battle. The 19th Iowa fired the first volley at the advancing line of rebels, causing them to waver for a moment.

Col. Leake leaving us at the fence, hastened to the 26th Ind. and placed them in line at a fence on our left, but a few rods in advance of our line and ordered them to fire obliquely to the right. Having the infantry posted and at work he hurried to see if the artillery was ready. He met them dragging their pieces behind a smokehouse and other buildings which obstructed their range, so it was impossible to use them. This left the available forces, all told, about 400 men. From the artillery Col. Leake turned his attention to our infantry again, but found we were being driven back from the fence, and were much broken, so he ordered us to fall back behind the levee for protection.

The 19th Iowa and 26th Ind., 400 men all told, took this position, held it against Speight's Brigade of 5,000 rebels, causing them to fall back three times and refrained from again meeting us from the front. They then tried a flank movement on our left. Col. Leake had tried to regain our lost ground by two hotly contested advances, but was driven back with loss. When the rebels saw our change of front, which left our immediate front open, another effort was made to advance, hoping to cut thru to the woods and escape if possible, but the men were so fatigued it was impossible, and the rebels from their new position opened up on us. Just then a column of cavalry was seen coming in dressed in blue uniforms and it was taken for our cavalry, under Maj. Montgomery, but alas it was a Confederate force.

Adj't Wright, of the 19th Iowa, was in the lead, and told us they were our cavalry, so they got within a few yards, when the tallest man of the 19th, who stood just behind me, said: "Jim, they are rebs, see the long hair." We then fired at them and Maj. Boone, commanding Waller's Battalion of Confederate cavalry, fell wounded, as did a Lieutenant and two others from these two shots. It caused a halt, and then a forward was sounded and we were enveloped with rebel cavalry, who shot at us promiscuously, wounding many of our men, calling on every one for his six shooter. In the meantime Col. Leake and his command were taken separately, no formal surrender being made. Col. Leake was wounded over his stomach and was suffering badly. Confederate Gen. Green rode among us saying: "Why don't you stop firing," as our men were shooting from the fence corners and every available protecting point, and some from the cane field, from which many escaped to regain our forces at Morganza in a day or two.

It may seem we were surprised, but no. we were taken knowing what was likely to happen and did not even act surprised. It meant a want of foresight on the part of Gen. Vandiver, who was in command at the river, with several thousand men ready to help us. Our dearly beloved Col. Bertram, of the best regiment in the service (20th Wis.), plead with his superiors to let him go to our rescue, saying: "My God, General, the 19th Iowa is in trouble, let me go to them," but of no avail, we were left to our fate, unsupported and without a feint at rescue. If the forces at the river had come to our help there would have been a great victory, as Gen. Green had crossed the Atchafalaya River on a ferry boat, with only about 6,000 men, who from the fighting qualities we had tested, would have have been neatly compelled to surrender instead of us. The battle lasted two hours and ten minutes by the watch, giving time for a forced march from the river to our help in time to have turned the tide of battle in our favor.

The dead and wounded of the rebels equaled our whole number engaged, so you see we were not fooling our two hours and ten minutes away dodging around fences and behind trees and in cane fields for nothing. I know these to be facts as I was in the thickest of the whole fight. I wish to say just here that Col. J. B. Leake, of the 20th Iowa, proved himself a man, soldier and one able to command a division if necessary. He was shot from his horse and yet while bleeding profusely staid with us until forced to surrender. Our cavalry escaped thru the cane fields to the river.

Capt. William Adams of my Co., E, 19th Iowa, was in command of the regiment and proved himself worthy of the position. I say that by a charge of our cavalry from the river would have rescued us and turned the tide, but not either a fool or drunken man was giving orders there. Col. Harrison, of the rebel forces, said he had directed five of his sharpshooters successively to Col. Leake and after seeing their fire ineffective, had himself drawn his never-failing weapon, but at the last moment refrained, why he could not tell. I heard Gen. Green say at the ferry at Atchafalaya River that if he had the men back he had lost he would let the "damned prisoners go," but now that he had them they must take their medicine. We were ferried over the river that night and lay in the rain and mud until morning without a thing to eat.

Let me now diverge from further personal details and give a report of the battle from the Galveston News, a rebel sheet, of Oct. 20, 1863, under the heading of "Battle of Fordoche:"

"We have been furnished, thru a private letter, with the following account of the battle on the Fordoche. According to plans Lieut.-Col. James E. Harrison, commanding Speight's Brigade, was to bring on the engagement with the enemy's main position, some miles in rear of his cavalry. Col. Gray was to hold Col. Monton's Brigade, two miles above in the direction of Morganza, to meet any reinforcement sent to the enemy from that direction, while one battalion was to follow Harrison in supporting distance. Harrison was conducted by a guide who gave but little idea of the country. He attacked their rear about 11 a. m., Sept. 29. The Yankee position was almost as strong as if it had been made for the purpose. He was covered on every side by ditches, embankments, fences and levees, with a large sugar mill on his rear, in addition to a large ditch and fence. Inside of all this there were large negro quarters in regular streets.

The Yankee force consisted of two regiments and a battalion, in all much stronger than Speight's Brigade, the latter in advancing on him had to pass thru a cane field covered with vines, which, while it afforded little shelter, embarrassed our troops very much. The advance was made under a galling fire, from his entire force covered. He was driven from the sugar mill and first ditches to the first row of negro quarters, where he contested every inch of ground. Harrison made him change front by flanking him, forcing him from street to street till he was forced over the levee, when he had to change his front, face by the rear; here he fought desperately with two pieces of artillery with great effect.

Col. Harrison then ordered one of the pieces to be taken, which was done and retained during the action. The enemy now attempted a flank movement on his left by marching rapidly behind a strong levee. This attempt was discovered thru a gap in the levee. Our men were now inside, the enemy outside, behind the levee which was his former front. While he was attempting to perform this act Harrison flanked him with his right and with a division held his flanking column back where his left gave way, retreating across an old field covered with high weeds. At this moment Maj. Boone, commanding Waller's Battalion of cavalry, came up with a gallant charge on his right flank, and completed the rout. The supporting forces never reached Harrison, and the officers and men fought gallantly, men could have not done better. Adj't Jones and John Harrison (a son of the Colonel) distinguished themselves. Maj. Daniels was wounded, but acted in the most gallant manner.

Col. Harrison had two horses shot under him and sword and blanket around his shoulders cut off. We lost 27 killed and 80 wounded, and captured from the enemy 432 privates and non-commissioned officers and 29 commissioned officers. The foregoing is an accurate account of the engagement which lasted an hour. Gen. Green, in the general plan, took the road direct in order to attack the cavalry and any force at the bridge, four miles below the battlefield. There was only 200 men there and we soon drove them off, and hearing the fight above ordered Maj. Boone to rush to their assistance and "charge the enemy if ten thousand strong." Boone did it nobly, only a few shots were fired by the enemy, two of which took effect on him, shattering his shoulder and arm. The latter has been taken off at the shoulder joint, the other hand has only two fingers on it. He is still alive and it is hoped he will recover. Col. Harrison and Maj. Boone are especially noticed by Gen. Taylor for their conduct in his reports to general headquarters."

A detail under our Capt. Jordan, of the 19th Iowa, who was at the river, buried the rebel dead, over 50 of them, and a paper in Alexander reported the wounded at over 200. To speak of individual bravery one could not, as every man fought individually until forced to surrender individually. So desperately did the 26th Ind. and 19th Iowa, with the two pieces of artillery, hold and fight this battle that the rebels themselves praised their bravery. None could do better. They were the men who fought in the battle of Prairie Grove, Dec. 7, 1862.

To furnish the names of the killed, wounded and prisoners of the battle of Sterling Plantation would take too much

space, but in order to satisfy the wants of the comrades and friends now living, and for the use of generations yet unborn, I will give the names of the prisoners who should have their names inscribed in gold over the portals of every loyal home in the North:

OFFICERS CAPTURED.

Co. A—Capt. Thomas L. Sproat and Lieut. Norvill Powell.

Co. B—Lieut. John M. Woods.

Co. C—Lieut. George Johnson and James Bennett, Quartermaster.

Co. D—Lieut. Thomas A. Robb.

Co. E—Capt. William Adams.

Co. F—Capt. Levi Fisher and Lieut. Soloman P. Keys.

Co. G—Lieut. B. F. Wright

Co. K—Capt. S. F. Roderick, Sergt.-Maj. Oscar G. Birch, Commissary-Sergeant Daniel H. Roderick, and Fife Major James Payne, of Co. I.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Company A—Sergt. J. Henry Schroder, Corp'l David G. Anderson, Corp'l Isaac N. Clark, and Corp'l Jasper K. Mason; privates Howell G. Adell, Barney Amos, Joseph Cooper, John M. Games, Benjamin Goodwin, George Hoffman, John Howard, Dan C. Lemming, George A. Marks, Fred A. N. Pierce, Alex. Quarry, David A. Robinson, William Stewart, Benedict Reumer, Chris Smidt, Eli Sheets, Charless W. Towner, and Joseph White.

Company B—Serg'ts J. E. Roth and T. A. Stolebarger, Corp'ls Enos Rushton, D. R. Comegays and John A. Montgomery; Privates Albert J. Allen, Ed. Darling, John Driscoll, Manfred Hall, William R. Hendricks, Joseph Hudgel, J. N. Skinner, and John M. Towne.

Company C—Serg't Thomas E. Johnson, Corp'ls L. Stone Hall, George W. Cosner, Wm. McDowell, and Levi B. Cocklin; Privates J. Irvin Dungan, Luke W. Osborn, J. S. Anderson, H. W. Anderson, S. T. Easter, E. B. Helwick, Wm. Lytle, John M. Lytle, Charles McDonald, A. McCampbell, Wm. McGregor, John M. Porter, Robert J. Moore, Wm. J. Lewis, Addison P. Randall, W. D. Sherman, Abraham Snyder, Israel Trostle, James Van Winkle, John N. Young, Abner B. Power, and Charles H. Nichols.

Company D—Serg'ts Daniel Buckingham and James Barns, Corp'ls John H. Lagle and Perry Harrison; Privates Miles Burris, C. B. Campbell, Jonathan Elder, Willard Flenor, Flavius Remine, John Locke, McKinney Robinson, Nelson E. Hall, John Huddleston, and Adam Stump.

Company E—Serg't George W. Hardwick, Corp'l J. B. Knight; Privates Sylvester Dye, James Deighton, Wm. T. Grey, Eli Hampton, Alem H. Hampton, James E. Houghland, J. J. Marsell (died in prison); Abraham Morgan, Gideon Miller, Fieldon Taylor, George A. Vice, John Wallis, John Yager, Nelson Mallett, Abner S. Smalley, and Ross Crossley.

Company F—Serg'ts Wm. H. Friend and J. P. McDaniels; Corp'ls Edward H. Thomas, Hile B. Davison, and David Gable; Privates Wm. Herron, Milton Gable, George B. Dotson, John H. Hager (died at Shreveport, La.), David P. Herron, Jacob Heindle, Daniel McKay, A. Morris, Leonard Rathfon, Joseph Racer, I. S. Siverly, J. R. Shipman, and Daniel Sowash.

Company G—Serg'ts George W. Woolwine and Olive Donaldson; Corp'l David Hasher; Privates Wm. Campbell, Reuben Cocklin, David Crane, Geo. W. Cunningham, J. W. Clearmont, W. H. Dowell, G. S. Ervin, John J. Fryer, Wm Hoffman, Joe Ross, Philip Richley, Samuel Taylor, Samuel Turkington, J. C. Wilson, James Milton, Sanford Pugh, William Pugh, Asa Lewis, and George Tucker.

Company H—Serg'ts William Byers, A. J. Smith, and Wm. H. Clayton; Corp'ls J. T. Dougherty, J. F. King, Wm. H. Smith, Chris Mort; Privates J. C. Akers, Samuel E. Botkin, Z. C. Dean, Isaac D. Evans, Omar Hoskins, Wm. C. Holmes, Henry Jones, Andrew Jones, Silas Langford (tallest man in regiment); J. H. Lannam, Joseph Mort, J. G. McIntosh, J. Nixson, R. H. Parsons, J. F. Paxton, David Smith, Ed. P. Taylor, and Thomas Umphrey.

Company I—Serg't's John S. Ragsdale and Datus D. Proper; Corp'ls William Orr William Bragg, and George W. Merideth; Privates John T. Barker, David Barker, D. K. Calhoun, W. N. Holliday, Oliver Johnson, George Clise, J. H. Miller, Jessie Meredith, John Newton, John Roth, Israel Rowe, William Spraker, George Stevens, John H. Webber, and Rufus Collins.

Company K—Serg't Noble E. Dawson; Corp'ls P. H. Grant, John Terrill, Thomas M. Pritchard, and Reuben F. Caster; Privates John L. Burdett, David Davis, Samuel Evans, L. McBarnes, John Wood, Harrison Woods, John W. French, and Jessie Starkey.

TEN MONTHS IN PRISON.

We who suffered and endured have only God as our witness. He alone could describe our condition. While we recognize Andersonville at times was worse than our prison and the boys there suffered more than we did, but we do say that we better know how to sympathize with them than any other class of comrades. We have forgiven the rebels for all their misdeeds, but we cannot forget. Now with the greatest country on earth, made so by the valor of

our armies, an undivided and prosperous people, all differences laid aside, with one aim in view, we proudly face the world and fear nothing. God has been with us in purifying and making us what we are. "Blessed be His Name."

"After our capture we were marched in the mud and rain to the ferry at Atchafalaya River and camped on the north side. The rain did not cease for over 48 hours. We felt sore over our defeat and more so at being left to our fate by a force sufficient to have made it another grand victory. We stood around the fires in a sullen mood. In the morning we were ordered to fall in line for a journey. Not until noon did we get a morsel to eat, and then only beef and meal. We had no vessel to cook with, therefore ate the meal dry and the meat raw.

We marched thru the river bottoms, passing thru Gen. Taylor's army, who had crossed at another ferry. The rebel soldiers used us well, dividing their rations with us (this was always the case on either side). We were loaded on some cars of a plantation railway, narrow gauge, which ran very slow, until we arrived about 21 miles journey to Alexander, La., on Red River. This place was a nice little city with a court house. We were placed in the court room, filling it up so to lay down was but the lot of a few. Luckily we stayed but one night, when we started overland to Shreveport, La. The land lay somewhat rolling with many streams to cross, and having heavy timber, plantations and little towns scattered along. We were guarded by rebels who had not faced the music and knew nothing of the Yankee, so to be smart they used us like as if we were cattle. At Natchitoches we laid over Sunday.

The natives looked at us as if we were animals. While I was cooking some yams a Union planter had kindly hauled into our camp, there was some 20 women and children standing around, and one little girl said, "Ma! Ma! I don't see any horns: they look just like our men!" It seemed the children and some of the grown people believed we were beasts and had horns on our heads. We were under a fellow called Capt. Alford, a Texan. He was a brute, and his life was sworn to be taken by the first man who had a chance, under any circumstances. (He lived to be killed after the war by one of his own men). He would ride thru the streams we were to cross with his cavalry and stir up the mud so we could not get a clean drink. Once drawing his saber he slashed a helpless chap over the head, cutting a long gash from which the blood ran down over his face, and said; "You d—— Yankee, take that."

Another man, old and gray haired, fell fainting by the roadside. Capt. Alford kicked his prostrate body and then had a lariet tied around the old man's neck and attached it to the pommel of his saddle and dragged the helpless prisoner for a half mile or more. Another man who had dropped exhausted was ordered up by Alford. Not being able to respond the Texan devil shot him and then ordered a negro to finish him by beating the prostrate man on the head with a rail. And we were helpless to avenge the acts of this monster.

After some days we reached Shreveport, La. We were huddled together on a hillside and having marched all day we were quite exhausted. Then we started out next day without anything to eat and marched four miles before we had a chance to get a bite. My first, as with others, was gathered up from the offal of cattle that had been fed corn. This we parched and ate with a relish. Hucksters swarmed around us with good things to eat (for sale) and if one of us had something to trade it was done, but the poor unfortunate without anything was left to go hungry. But few had things left as we were robbed when captured of everything, even clothing. At Shreveport we had hoped we would be paroled, but no, we were turned into Texas, and after marching thru Mansfield to a spring, four miles east of Tyler, a distance of 120 miles, we were camped in the open without shelter. There was a good spring of sulphur water and it was free.

At this spring we commenced the erection of cabins, the materials for which we cut and dragged from a forest a half mile away. We built several pretty good cabins with stick chimneys. On this long tramp from the battlefield, a distance of over 320 miles, Col. Leake marched at the head of our column and with his severe wound, eating the same coarse fare we had, but not of a necessity as the rebel officers wanted him to go with them, but he would not leave his men, who so gallantly obeyed his orders. He chose to endure his sufferings with us. Very many times on the march his influence would gain some desired rest, or other needed things. We all remember his devotion to us.

We lay at Tyler (Camp Ford) until Winter's blast seemed to chill our very bones when we were ordered on a return to Shreveport for exchange, only the enlisted men, leaving our beloved officers at Tyler prison camp. We were in light marching order, but a sleet covered the ground, and we without shoes or any protection to our bare feet. We fell in and started, marching 22 miles from 2 o'clock p. m. to Sabine River for night camp. Blood from bleeding feet marked every yard of that road. Here we were stopped without a morsel to eat, except a small piece of raw meat and a handful of what they called meal. (Not the ration allowed us

at Tyler, where it was three-quarters of a pound of beef and one pint of meal for each day. It was rationed out daily to us from a central place in camp). The meal was in boxes which had done duty many a day and when empty was covered with maggots, but the new meal was dumped in on them and we were served with meal, maggots and all. The meat was covered with green flies, which deposited their eggs and by the time each individual ration was served ready to be given out it was white as a piece of paper. With nothing to cook it in we wet it with sulphur water and springled ashes over for salt and baked it in the ashes of our fires.

After a most uncomfortable night, stiff and sore from the long march, the morning came and we started again and had to ford Sabine River, stepping from the ice on the shore into water knee deep and then again on the shore on the other side. With curses we were driven along as the rebels were expecting to get clear of us and were getting all the revenge while they could. Capt. Alford was the most aggressive in meanness. At last we reached Shreveport, and then down the Red River about 10 miles to a refugee camp, which had some pine lumber set on end, with same roof, but no doors or windows, just a space left for them. On the dirt floor we built our fires and huddled around to keep from freezing. Here a boy I was raised with, John J. Marshall, died. His bed was made of leaves I gathered, and by his side I remained until his soul passed to God who gave it. I begged Col. Tieard, the commandant of the camp, for lumber to make him a coffin. This was granted. I placed his body into it. The lice and maggots would crawl thru the cracks while he was in it until we buried him. His grave was dug just south of our camp between two little pine trees.

At this Red River prison camp we again built cabins. We were well treated by Col. Tieard, a Frenchman, who proved to us that he was a Union man of New Orleans, but was forced to enter the rebel army. He gathered up all the greenbacks he could get and paid us in Confederate money 15 for 1. He was going to escort captured flags to Richmond, Va. He told us that he wanted to be captured when crossing the Mississippi River and for us to get word to our forces. He told us where he would cross. (He was captured and we met him at New Orleans after we were exchanged.)

Here we were paroled and had no guards, and while in this condition we would wander miles out after coon, 'possums and roots for pipes. Some times we would find yams in a heap where they had been put for Winter storage, and we stored them. Here, too, we met the 17th and 27th La. Confederates who had been captured at Vicksburg, and who after the parole was signed by Pemberton, told us that he would make them serve without exchange, and if we would let them out they would not fight until they were exchanged. We did so and never expected to hear of them again, but they were camped near us, and when it was told them what regiment it was you should have seen them on the way to meet us. They ran up to us and with arms extended said, "God bless you, 19th Iowa, we are the boys you let go at Vicksburg and we will not fight until we are exchanged." The meeting was as if we were brothers of one family and had been parted for years. They returned to their camp and soon returned with eatables and we fed until we were filled. (Here was bread cast upon the waters.) The love we had for these boys will never die. Here from the smoke our eyes were made sore, and we could not get anything for them but water and tobacco juice squeezed out of old cuds.

After a time when Col. Tieard had left us we were again put under guard. Many a time we fought the guards after night, throwing at them, and they would return it with corn. This we wanted and this was why we entered into such fights. Then, too, after night we would steal out past the guards and take the corn given to their horses until the animals looked as thin as we did, but we were found out and that was stopped. Here some of the 5th Kan. Jayhawkers were put with us but they only staid a short time, or until they could get sufficient corn to parch and leave for parts unknown. Here our scouts would come and we heard of Banks's army coming up Red River and that soon we would be set free.

Day and night we longed and hoped for deliverance, but it did not come. Banks, instead of freeing us, was defeated and some of his men captured by the rebels and sent to swell the number of Confederate prisoners. Instead of freedom we were ordered to be ready to move again to Tyler. Two hundred of us were nearly blind, but there being no steam nor electric railways we had to walk. By opening our eyes now and then and catching a glimpse ahead would go on until we ran up against one in our front, and repeat it over and over for 130 miles. We stopped at Marshall, Texas, for a time on the way back to Tyler, and camped off the road to allow Banks's men who were captured to pass on to Tyler ahead of us.

At last, after a weary march, hungry, lean and sad, we reached our old home, but not to see an open plain, with guards all around, but high posts set in the ground, making a stockade, covering about 10 acres. We passed in at a big gate near the spring and found some 6,000 prisoners. Our old cabins were occupied and so were the

holes in the ground and shades of brush under which men huddled. There was no place, for us except the bare ground, and such ground and filth. Our clothing, infested with vermin, had turned to rags.

Our assignment of bare earth, nasty and vile smelling from causes easy to imagine, was near the east gate, where we could go out with guards each day for wood and branches with leaves on to use for shade. Many of us dug holes or graves as we called them, about two feet deep, and covered them with wood set up with a pitch, and then put over it the dirt we had excavated, making quite nice little homes into which we could crawl. When digging my place of abode, and Comrade Nelson Mallet, who was to occupy it with me, we came across a centepede about 10 inches long. This was a common event with the boys in digging.

In this stockade men would die, lying out in the sun, on the bare ground, not even a bed or leaves, no covering of any sort. Regularly a team would drive thru the camp and having a wood rack the dead prisoners would be thrown on like wood and hauled out on the ridge and thrown in a trench and covered up without even straw around them to give semblance to a shroud or winding sheet.

Banks's men from the Red River and Steel's men from the North were here. They having money and clothes had a chance to keep warm and buy something to eat. When they saw us come in, not knowing that we were pioneers of Camp Ford, wondered who we were, but they soon found out. There were Indians among the prisoners, and white men from nearly every Northern State, men old and young. Some of the Indians were clothed in blankets, which hung down around them, with holes thru which their heads were thrust. Hospitals there were none. Sick men and dying men exposed to the fierce sun, to filth and vermin, lay on the ground or in holes. Men bereft of reason laughed, cursed, prayed and talked of home and freedom, and freedom came to many a one by death. Instead of last kind words or prayers, curses fell on dying ears. Heart-sickening was the passive indifference with which these things came to be regarded. Men stood by laughing at wretches praying for something to eat. The sick, even the well, could not stomach the vile meat and meal. The ragged clothing of those who lay near sinks was stiffened with filth, and maggots, lice, and green flies swarmed about. All over the pen lay the excrement of men who were unable to even crawl, and the stench was most terrible to smell. Thievery was rampant, and the man who had something was on guard, not even sleeping sound, but expecting to be held up at any time. The rebel guard line was within 10 feet of the stockade, and on top of the timbers, on the outside, was a running plank from one guard to the other, on which a rebel paced, impatient for a Yank to step over so he could shoot him.

Outside the stockade was a pen in which bloodhounds were kept in a starving condition. They were turned loose every morning to scent for tracks of escaped Yankees and when scents were off they would go, with baying sounds which told the prisoners inside that someone was being followed. Many a man was brot back with great bleeding wounds made by the teeth of the fierce dogs. Days followed nights in slow procession. Men sought to comfort each other with stories of good times that had passed and of the good times to come. They talked of good things to eat, of chicken, and gravy, and real coffee and bread, and plates with knives and forks and spoons, and napkins. From these dreams men awoke to face horrors. These scenes of suffering, despair and death were burned into living brains, never to be effaced. The camera could make mute pictures of the scene, but only the participants could realize the hell in which they lived, guarded by supposed human beings.

Men sought freedom in death by deliberately walking over the dead line to be shot down by the young devils on guard. To recount the daily incidents of misery and horror would be to fill a book. In the presence of the assembled thousands of prisoners one morning a young negro woman, tied to a post, was lashed by a white man until the whack of the long whip resounded as it wound about the naked and quivering body of the miserable wretch, whose offending was not known to the prisoners. A united yell went up and a malediction followed from us which, had it been possible, would have wiped Texas and the whole Confederacy off the map.

One day we witnessed a trial of loyalty which should put to blush all who expected us to receive freedom by taking the oath to the Confederacy. The 19th Ky., captured with Banks on his "fizzle" up Red River, was camped on the north side of the stockade, under brush on poles they had carried from the timber. A member was found to have a mother and other relatives living in a nearby town to which they had removed from Kentucky, in hopes of getting away from the terrors of war. Learning that a member of their family was a prisoner they came to the stockade. The meeting was an affecting one. The mother fell onto the son in his ragged uniform of faded blue. She and relatives begged that he take the oath of allegiance to the rebel government and be released from captivity. At last, putting up his hands, he said: "No, mother, while God gives me life and strength to think and act, I will never de-

sert the old flag and the comrades with whom I have suffered so much." He even refused to go home on a furlough they had secured. His loyalty put new zeal into the prisoners when the story was repeated from mouth to mouth over the pen.

ON THE WAY TO FREEDOM.

Hope again for us. Orders came for us to march forward for exchange. With mingled sorrow and gladness we parted with those who were to stay. Sorry for them but glad that ourselves. Under parole, and with Capt. Wm. Adams of Co. E, 19th Iowa, in command, we started a second time for a march of 120 miles. With no guard mounted alongside, only an escort, we marched at will, but kept close together to aid our weak ones. Some had to be hauled (for the first time it was done) in wagons, so weak they could not stand, and some with scurvy and in delirium having to be held, but as we were going for exchange we could stand anything to get our comrades out into the free air among our own troops. After about five days of weary but hopeful travel we arrived at Shreveport, La., again and were placed on board steamboats and slowly steamed down Red River.

On board the boats we could parch our meal and call it ground coffee, which we put into our cans with Red River water about as nice as dishwater, so warm and muddy it left a sediment of one-fourth in the bottom of the can. This we boiled and drank as coffee, the first thing in a long time that made us think there was coffee. Meal we had in plenty and we baked pones by the armful.

In due time we reached a landing just above the dam built by Gen. Bailey, near Alexander, La. Going ashore we went into camp near a blackberry patch, and didn't the boys help themselves. Again afloat, we reached the mouth of Red River, and looking out over the broad Mississippi we saw a Federal gunboat and, for the first time in what seemed ages, our eyes were gladdened by a sight of "Old Glory." The cheers from Union throats astonished the few rebel guards and the officers of the boats.

We were soon on shore, but each man took along a corn pone. Nobody had anything else except the rags on their backs. One man in our party was better clothed than the rest. He commenced to undress and what was that wound around his naked body? It was a flag which had been kept hidden from the rebels on his body and now ready for a staff. Toe Langford, the tallest man in our regiment, ran to a clump of willows and broke out a staff and returned with it, fastening the flag on the top, raised it high above his head and said, "Cheer boys, for God's sake." Again the Union cheer filled the Southern air.

We were soon on the march down the levee to the boat which had brot the rebels up to be exchanged for us. The rebels were comfortably clothed, many of them had hand satchels and other belongings in their hands and arms as they marched off the boat. They in turn looked upon us, ragged, dirty and wan faced. And some of our boys felt ugly, and some of them said ugly things. All safely aboard, the boat steamed away. Meantime we were busy eating real food and drinking real coffee. And what a good night's sleep we had, with the Stars and Stripes streaming over head.

Reaching the Crescent City we went ashore and marched up Canal street, our ragged clothing hardly covering our bodies. Some pranks were indulged in. One man was led by a rope around his neck, the man leading occasionally crying out, "Here comes the wild man from Texas." This was July 24, 1864. We were taken to a cotton compress, and stood in line for review. Gen. Canby passed down the line speaking to each man and greeting each with a handshake. He spoke to McIntosh of Co. H, a very short man, and then turning to the next, met our Toe Langford, and looking away up to his face said: "Well, my dear man, how are you?" Langford, who was clothed in a blanket with a hole cut in it for his head, said, "I am all right, General, how are you?" We then entered the enclosure and were ordered to strip off our rags and throw them in a heap. The heap, containing the clothing worn for months by hundreds of men, went to a Jew for about $5 cash.

Now for a clean up, for a hair cutting and a bath. Each man in turn entered a bath room where hot and cold water was in abundance and real soap. You should have seen us when we emerged from this pleasing ordeal. We hardly knew each other. Clean all over and shaved, with new blue clothing and shoes on our feet, that had been bare for so many months, we felt like new men. Then came the dining room, with tables, chairs, plates, knives, forks and real cooked things to eat. After the feast thots turned homeward, and letters to wives and mothers and sweethearts were written by hundreds, all of which brot joy in far-off Northern homes. This ended the prison life of the 19th Iowa and 26th Ind., two regiments close together during ten months of living hell.

THE NEWSPAPER REPORT OF OUR RETURN TO CIVILIZATION.

The New Orleans Delta, of July 25, 1864, under the heading of "Arrival of Prisoners—Rebel Cruelties—Condition of Prisoners," printed the following:

"Yesterday at about the hour when

Sabbath bells were ringing and good people were preparing for worship, our citizens were astonished by the apparitions of a regiment, the like of which never marched thru any Christian city. Hatless and shoeless, without shirts and garments that decency forbids us to name, they were greeted with a murmur of indignation almost universal. The shreds of butternut clothing that fluttered in the breeze from their attenuated forms deceived us all. We believed them rebel prisoners in our hands, and universal excretations were hurled upon the authorities for what was deemed their inhumanity to helpless prisoners. But we soon discovered our mistake, they were Union men taken by the rebels in battle, held many months in captivity and now returned to us for the sleek, well-fed rebel soldiers that we gave up last week.

"Decency forbids us to describe the utter nudity of these men, officers and soldiers. Many of them had not even rags to be ragged with and as their bare feet pressed the stones blood marked their tracks. Animated skeletons marching thru the streets of New Orleans. They had just arrived from Red River, comprising prisoners from many battlefields, many of them from 12 to 18 months of captivity. Their story is soon told, they are an installment from the great prison pen near Tyler, Texas, where from four to six thousand are gathered within a stockade of about a thousand acres of land.

"We will not sicken our readers with a recital of the disgusting history of this camp, its foeted atmosphere, its accumulated filth, its terrible destitution. This must be imagined, we have no wish to recite them. Altho gathered from various commands, we believe a majority of them belong to the States of Iowa and Indiana. The 19th Iowa and 26th Ind. are well represented. Thomas Morehead, Co. I, 26th Ind., was cruelly murdered by a guard named Frank Smith, while 10 paces from the guard line. Four times have these men marched 120 miles from Shreveport to Tyler for exchange, their bare feet cut by the ice on the frozen earth while on the march. At Camp Ford they built huts and brush shelters for themselves. This work was slow, from the want and inability to get beyond the guard lines into the woods for materials. Whenever any of these prisoners escaped they were hunted with bloodhounds, in nearly every case was recaptured. On March 24 Col. Rose and all the Indiana officers escaped by digging under the stockade, but after a night weary marching were captured by the aid of dogs and brot back. Lieut. Collis, of these, escaped again. Lieut.-Col. Border, commanding the camp, rebuked the guards for bringing them back, and posted an order to all guards to shoot on sight rather than capture the escaping prisoners.

"These men were marched to Shreveport under Lieut. Hays, commanding a band of conscripts. So cruel were these rebel guardians that when the footsore Union men gave out by the roadside they put a lariet round each neck and tied it to the pommel of their saddles—a refinement of cruelty. Many officers remaining are in irons, and all are suffering for food, medicines and clothing. The rations served out to them are, a few ounces of beef, corn meal, and no salt. No wonder they die like sheep. We have not time to recite a third of the cruelties related to us. But there is one thing of so frightful an enormity that we should fail to do our duty if we did not call the attention of the Government to it. Two hundred of these prisoners have been vaccinated for the prevention of smallpox with virus tainted with the foul leprosy of sin. And are now impregnated with that loathsome disease. Immediately upon the arrival of these prisoners the representative of the Western Branch of the Sanitary Commission, with agents of Iowa and Indiana, addressed themselves busily to the work of ameliorating their condition. Before night they were clad and their immediate wants supplied. Col. Kimball, by direction of Gov. Morton, of Indiana, made four distinct attempts to send relief to this camp without success. Kirby Smith has now expressed a willingness to permit them to be supplied, and the agents of the different States and the Sanitary Commission will immediately ship a liberal supply of the necessaries needed, together with stores for the sick and a supply of healthy virus for vaccine purposes."

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

After the letter writing and the relief coming with the bath, clean clothes, good food and peaceful sleep, thots of a furlough and a visit home filled every mind. Meanwhile there were reunions and meetings with old friends. At one of the early reunions a handsome sword was presented to Col. Leake by the men of the 19th Iowa and 26th Ind. The presentation speech was made by Oscar G. Birch, Sergeant-Major of the 19th Iowa, and an eloquent and touching reply was made by Col. Leake, who had fought at our head and endured the hardships of marches and prison life with us, and who by his personal influence had mitigated some of the hardships. The sick were sent to the hospital and others rested.

MORE OF TEXAS.

That portion of the 19th Iowa not in prison had been doing its duty all along the line, and in due time had reached New Or-

leans. We will chronicle its movements while our portion was in prison, and do it in the first person, just as if we were along, for we have particulars from those who participated, verified by official reports, and in this way the chronicle of happenings to the 19th Iowa are kept in harmony.

On Friday, Oct. 23, 1863, the uncaptured portion of the 19th Iowa went aboard the transport Gen. Banks in the rain. Next evening we started and passed many points of historic interest and anchored at "Balize." The weather was quite chilly. On board there was two companies of the 15th Me. Many vessels passed us each way, in our expedition there were 24 vessels. The evening of the 25th the flagship McClellan came down and was received with a salute. Next morning the whole fleet started down the Southwest Pass, taking on a pilot at "Pilotstown," and were soon outside the bar, where we anchored for a time waiting for the others to come up to us. At 3 p. m. we weighed anchor and stood out to sea before a stiff breeze. The water was rough, and we being tenderfeet at sea, soon commenced to heave up all we had stored in New Orleans to feed the fishes. It is one of the easiest emetics, but it does not stop when all is out, but still ratches and heaves until one's toes seem to scratch his throat. One fears he won't die, but when it passes off he is glad he still lives. All night it was rough, a heavy sea pitched the vessel, but even with a clear sunrise the wind was a perfect gale, from the north. We could not see 100 yards thru the mist. The waves rolled high and safety was the watchguard. To help we threw overboard mules, horses, caissons and other heavy articles to lighten the ship, besides we flew a distress signal all the time.

The angry sea carried away the kitchen and next morning we were hungry, but the waves rolled higher it seemed, while we worked hard with the pumps to keep the boat from sinking. Our men in the midst of all this were calm and brave. Towards evening of the second day two sharks passed our bow and the sailors predicted death on board, and during the next night one of the 15th Me. men died. He was wrapped in old sails and lashed to a board with weights and let slide down into the sea. About 6 o'clock p. m. the Empire City passed us and seeing our signal of distress came alongside. Our condition was taken by her to the flagship and she was detailed to return and take us in tow. The morning of Nov. 1 the sea was running high, yet we rode much steadier by reason of being lashed to the Empire City. About noon there was observation taken and found we were 60 miles northeast of our desired port. About 3 p. m. we hove in sight of the low flat islands that skirt the Texas coast. The gunboat Virginia started after a suspicious looking craft to the south and soon overtook her and brot to an anchorage near the mouth of the Rio Grande. Orders were received the following day to coal up from the Empire City and steam up to Brazos Santiago where we landed.

To be once able to see land, but to put foot on it was a treat known only to such as we were at that time. The 19th Iowa was the first to land and formed in line and marched out four miles to Boche Chico, where Maj. Bruce addressed us. From this island we could see Point Isabel, where Gen. Taylor landed his troops during the Mexican War, and also a large fleet of French and English vessels riding at anchor. Brazos Santiago is a sand bar with no vegetation whatever. We suffered some for good water. Nov. 4 we crossed the channel and camped in the chaperel (a scrubby, dense thorny kind of bush), opposite Bagdad. The 5th we moved on to the last point between Point Isabel and Brownsville, Texas, where water could be had; that was about nine miles from Brownsville. Nov. 6 we reached Brownsville and encamped in some old warehouses. We were just across the Rio Grande River from Mexico. Brownsville was a city of some 7,000 people, with many fine buildings and a mixed population. We had several visits across the river at the Mexican town of Matamoras, with its queer flat-roof houses, from which the inhabitants did their shooting during the revolutions common to that country. Life here was tiresome, but it was a vast improvement on a rebel prison, in which others of our regiment had suffered. Some new recruits from Iowa now joined us. The Winter in Southern Texas is quite different from the North, being Spring like, with plenty of insect life. Our rations were good, except the fresh meat. One day we paraded the street with four quarters of poor beef with the band ahead playing the "Dead March." It came near making trouble with us from the commanding officer. On March 10 Lieut.-Col. Kent resigned and Maj. John Bruce was promoted to his place. Bruce was a brave man, but did not treat t men in a way to enjoy their respect.

On July 28, 1864, we evacuated Brownsville, and under Gen. Herron marched to San Martino and camped. Then to White Ranche for several days, where alarms of war reached us. On Aug. 4 we embarked for New Orleans and on the 8th reached Carrollton, just above the Crescent City, and went into camp. Here the prisoners of war met us near the spot where we had parted nearly a year before, they to be captured and we to start on the South Texas campaign.

On Aug. 14 we were ordered aboard steamers for a campaign in Florida. We

had smooth sailing to Pensacola harbor, with its two forts, Pickens and Barrancas. We camped at the latter fort. Gen. Asboth, a German, was in command of the post. A Maine regiment had been there for some time. Our duty was not severe, but insects were annoying. We made a number of trips inland by water and land, on one of which Rufus E. Collins, of Co. I, was killed in a skirmish with rebels. Our principal expedition was to Mariana, Fla., where Gen. Asboth lost his arm, Capt. Young and others were killed and quite a number wounded. We captured 80 prisoners and inflicted severe injuries to others.

On Dec. 6 we again embarked and after a pleasant sail put into Fort Gaines, at the mouth of Mobile Bay, Alabama. Fort Gaines is located on Dauphine Island. Here we had plenty of fish and oysters. Our stay was interrupted by orders to embark and it was not long before we were up the Pascagoola River, Alabama, to Good's Mill, where we had daily skirmishes. On Christmas day, 1864, we started again for Fort Gaines. When we returned we learned that we had been making a feint to hold the rebel forces in Mobile. While Sherman began his march from Atlanta to the sea, we were put to work building a railroad from Navy Cove to Fort Morgan, the latter to be used as base of supplies during the siege of Spanish Fort. We put down five miles of track in one day.

As to the part now played by our regiment let me quote from the History of Co. H, 19th Iowa, written by Capt. Summerville, and it covers well the movements of the whole regiment during the war. The Captain says:

"On the 17th of March we left our camp near Navy Cove (near Fort Morgan), and marched six miles to the front, and on the 18th left camp at 5 a. m., marching 12 miles; marched six miles on the 19th and same distance on the 20th, camping on a branch of Fish River, which we crossed on a pontoon bridge. Here we met Gen. A. J. Smith, with his Sixteenth Corps. After we had passed Fish River it was not such bad roads, and we had a train of 100 wagons following us. Our brigade was in the lead, and was composed of the 20th Wis., 94th Ill., 19th Iowa and 23d Iowa, under command of Gen. Gordon Granger, Thirteenth Corps. We lay at Fish River from the 20th to the 25th of March. On the 25th the whole division struck out for Spanish Fort by different routes. Col. Bertram's Brigade, of the Second Division, Thirteenth Army Corps, brot up the extreme left, and on the east side of Mobile Bay. The evening of the 26th found us in camp on a hill one mile from Spanish Fort and at the mouth of the Tensas River.

"On the morning of the 27th we marched over the road as if we were going east, but some distance on we again turned, and going thru hollows and out-of-the-way places we reached the bridge over Tensas River by 9 a. m. Here we found torpedoes in the road, which were exploded by some of the horses' feet, killing and wounding some of them. This caused some excitement, and we formed into line of battle, with Cos. A, F, and D as skirmishers. The 19th Iowa left the timber and advanced to within 900 yards of Spanish Fort, when we stacked arms and took to the shovels and picks, throwing up breastworks out of falling timbers, rails and bodies of trees which the rebels had felled with the tops toward us and sharp-pointed; but we brot order out of chaos, and soon had a line to protect us. The rebels opened fire on us from their batteries, doing good work, killing and wounding several.

"Soon Capt. Foutz, of Battery F, 1st Mo. L. A., got to active work with his two pieces, which he kept firing rapidly for two hours, when we were ordered forward again until we had covered at least one-half the distance of 500 yards, leaving us within 400 yards from the fort. (Remember, Sapnish Fort was in our front and on the bay, but trenches were filled with rebels east and then north for quite a distance, so only our division was in front of the fort during the whole investment.) It then commenced to rain, and got very chilly, and we had to lie flat on the ground until it was so dark we could move and again build breastworks for protection.

"Night came at last, and under the darkness the 20th Wis. and 19th Iowa built breastworks the full length of both regiments. Each day we fought, and each night we would crawl over the line and do new work, until the last time our dirt met the line of the rebels, so we could throw back to them the hand grenades intended to kill us.

"The evening of April 8, 1865, there was a general charge made all around the fort and adjoining works. The 8th Iowa was the first to enter the rebel works on our right of line. Col. James Geddes, of the 8th, being in command of the brigade, his regiment was led by Col. Bell, now of Washington, Iowa. The rebels were completely surprised, and the first intimation was the 8th Iowa within their lines. Our forces captured 535 enlisted men and 26 officers."

I was color guard of the 19th Iowa, and was with the regiment all the time during the siege of Spanish Fort and as our regiment guarded some of the prisoners, and had charge of the fort after the capture and talked with the prisoners, know that the statement as above is correct. The scene the night of the capture was the grandest sight mortal eye ever witnessed. The network of red cannon balls going and

coming for some three or four hours was wonderful, and we forgot the extreme danger we were in.

We remained for some time at Spanish Fort, during which we aided in dismantling Forts Hugo and Trayer. We then returned to Fort Gaines and later were ordered to Mobile and camped in Government street, the fine residence thorofare of the city. We helped the colored people to celebrate the 4th of July, but a poisoned well of water played havoc with the darkies. On July 10, 1865, we were ordered aboard of the steamer White Cloud for New Orleans. We found two regiments already aboard, on the upper decks, leaving the lower to us. Then 375 mules were brot on and tied among us. This was too much and halters were cut and the mules driven ashore. The Port Quartermaster ordered them to be taken back, but Toe Langford, our giant, stood on the gang-plank and barred the passage. For this act our regiment was ordered ashore and we returned to our old camp on Government street. Capts. Powell, of Co. E, Summerville, of Co. H, and Lieut. Bonnell, of Co. E, were placed under arrest for allowing the men to drive the mules ashore. In camp once more, we hung up blankets facing the street on which appeared in large letters the sign "Transportation Wanted for Iowa." This attracted attention and comment. We now put in our time playing pranks around the city. Finally some of our boys went to a telegraph operator with a message to Gen. Canby, commanding the Department of the Gulf, at New Orleans, asking him to order the 19th Iowa home. The operator refused until persuaded at the point of a revolver. Gen. Canby was our friend, and it was not long until an order came to Gen. Smith to forward the Iowa boys. The steamer Landis conveyed us to New Orleans where we were transferred to the steamer John Lockwood and started up the Mississippi for home. We stopped at Vicksburg, and at Cairo, Ill., where we took the Illinois Central for Bureau Junction, where a change was made to the Rock Island road, and then to Davenport, Iowa, where at Camp McClellan, on July 31, we were paid off in full and the living members of the 19th Iowa parted after its years of service in the South, fighting and suffering for the preservation of the American Union.

At the Siege of Suffolk.

By H. C. Van Vechten, Sergeant, Troop M, 1st N. Y. Mounted Rifles, Racine, Wis.

I had a narrow escape from capture during the seiege of Suffolk, Va., in the Spring of 1863. For some weeks before Longstreet appeared myself and four others from my regiment, 1st N. Y. Mounted Rifles, were doing special scouting duty outside our lines, with orders from Gen. Peck to search all houses and if we found arms of any kind to give a receipt for them and bring them to headquarters.

The reason was that some of our pickets had been either killed or wounded, supposedly by citizens who turned bushwhackers at night. Up to the time of Longstreets advance we had gathered in enough old shot guns, old muskets, and pistols to stock a small museum. We were engaged in this work on the day that Longstreet's advance cavalry guard caught sight of us, or rather one of us, as four of us were inside of a house searching for arms. We always left one man mounted outside holding our horses and keeping a sharp lookout for rebel cavalry, as they sometimes came close to our lines. Our lookout man had a dog whistle and when we who were inside heard that whistle it was a sign that we were going to get out lively right away!

When we got out and mounted our horses we could plainly see about a dozen rebel cavalry with their horses on the run coming towards us. We put spurs to our horses and soon gained on them, as we had speedy horses—the best in our regiment. They fired a few shots at us but missed. We soon reached our cavalry Videttes, told them we had been chased by rebel cavalry who were not then in sight, being hidden by woods and a turn in the road. Soon after we reached our infantry pickets, but we did not alarm them, as we did not then know that Longstreet's whole army was behind the few cavalrymen who had been pursuing us; but it was, and they drove in all our pickets, capturing some of the infantry.

The rebel army made its appearance the next day and settled down in front of Suffolk, across the Nansemond River, for a three week's siege. Then left as suddenly as they came, tho there was some severe fighting in the meantime, and we were heavily reinforced and had hundreds of negro refugees working on our forts and breastworks. We captured some 200 of the rebel stragglers while retreating. It was an exciting time for us while it lasted.

Reminiscences of a Private.

By M. C. Huyette, 125th Pa., Buffalo, N. Y.

The war began in 1861. At that time I was working on a farm "up Shaver's Creek," in Huntingdon County, Pa., for $2.50 a month, $1.00 a day in haying time, and $2.00 a day—when cradling—during grain harvest.

With the first firing on the flag, at Fort Sumter, the people of the North were aroused, and patriotic citizens manifested it by decorating homes, barns, and church steeples with the flag. I was too poor to buy a flag, but to show my patriotism I made a great big wind wheel, with wheel at least three feet in diameter, and I painted the center red, one-third the diameter, one-third white, and the outer third blue. The vane was about 18 inches wide and six feet long, and on this I painted the Stars and Stripes. I climbed to the top of the roof of the barn, and by splicing plow lines together I got length enough to hoist the wheel to the top of the barn.

When the three-months men left "for the front" I was hauling wheat to Neff's Mills, and was obliged to cross the Pennsylvania Railroad on a bridge over a deep cut, and day after day I would see long trains of freight cars loaded with soldiers, crowded at the doors and covering the tops of the cars—and I wanted to go. At that time the expectation was that the war would end in three months.

In 1862 McClellan was driven from the Peninsula; President Lincoln issued a call for volunteers "for nine months or during the war," and as I then contemplated volunteering I visited my sister at Williamsburg, Blair County, where a farewell meeting was held that night, in a church, for the company commanded by Cousin Ulysses Lindsay Huyette. The company was not full, but I was "only a boy" and no one thot I would go—or wanted me.

The next morning I said "good-bye" to sister and told her "I may go into the army;" started for Shaver's Creek, and by the time I got there had decided to go with the Williamsburg company; visited mother that evening for "good-bye;" saw some of my boy and girl friends, routed a neighbor out of bed after midnight to drive me down to Petersburg, where I knew the boys would "take the cars." I was there by daylight, "sworn in," and later climbed into a "stock car" for my first railroad ride. It was hot, noisy, dirty.

When we arrived at Camp Curtin, Harrisburg, there was about 30,000 citizen soldiers there. The camp was an old stock yard, in part. When the train pulled up to the platform we were greeted with "Moo, moo, moo—more Pennsylvania cattle." That night I slept on the ground under canvas. The sow belly, hardtack, coffee without cream and brown sugar made me wish I was back on the farm.

The regiment, 125th Pa. Vol. Inf., was organized with Jacob Higgins, of Williamsburg, Colonel. He was a Mexican War veteran and had been in the "three-months' service;" Zink, Lieutenant-Colonel; Lawrence, Major; Robert Johnson, of Williamsburg, Adjutant. The Captains: A, Bell; B, Huyette; C, Wallace; D, Hostetter; E, McGraw; F, Simpson; G, McKeage; H, Harry Gregg; I, Thomas; K, Gardner.

I was a private in Co. B (the smallest man in the company) and as B was the left company it was the whipcracker. No wonder the tail of my army blouse was worn to a frazzle. The camp was tramped so that its streets and the roads of the city were inches deep with dust ground to impalpable powder. We drew clothing and when they got traded around so we could get the big men into uniforms and the small fellows in stuff made for men, the transposition was not only ludicrous but so complete that our own mothers would not have known us.

Arms and ammunition were issued and the same evening was entrained for Washington singing "We Are Coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand More," "Maryland, My Maryland," "John Brown's Body Lies A-mouldering in the Grave," "Dixie," etc. This time we traveled in box cars.

We marched thru Baltimore, which was then practically a hostile country. We expected and to some extent taunted and invited a fight. After crossing the city, every man with 40 rounds of ammunition, we again climbed into box cars and the next morning we had a prepared breakfast in "the soldiers' retreat," near the Baltimore & Ohio Depot, in Washington; pine board tables about as long as a city block, tin plates with a big chunk of cold fat pork, bread, no butter, tin cup of black coffee and brown sugar. I had lied to get into

the service and if lying would then have got me out I would have been glad to be twins or triplets at it.

We marched down Pennsylvania Avenue, then paved with cobblestones, and then we hit the dirt road to the Long Bridge. The dust and heat was fearful and not being accustomed to carrying such loads it was torture. We went into camp near Fort Barnard; part of the men were detailed daily to work on the forts and breastworks then being constructed for the defense of Washington, and those not on fatigue duty were being drilled twice a day, guard mount and duty and daily dress parade.

Gen. Pope, he of "headquarters in the saddle" fame, was being forced back from the line of the Rappahannock, McClellan's demoralized army had landed from the transports as fast as it arrived from the James River, and distributed in part for the defense of Washington and pushed to the front to reinforce Pope. The confusion was almost a panic.

The day of the battle of Second Bull Run and the night of the battle of Chantilly I was on foot courier duty conveying messages along the lines to Washington. We were placed two men on a post, the posts separated distances such as a man could cover quickly and not get fagged out, and messages passed from hand to hand. We were made familiar with the path and obstructions, not a minute would be lost, and we could beat a mounted courier. This was before the field telegraph had been developed.

All day long we could hear the roar of the cannon and the sounds becoming louder and nearer we knew our army was being defeated. The suspense and strain were terrible, stragglers began to troop by with their tales of the losses and defeat. At night the fighting at Chantilly closed in a pouring thunderstorm. Wet to the skin, alone in the dark, fighting mosquitoes, swarms of them, turned my overcoat cuffs over my hands and put the cape up over my head so as to fight from front only, we put in the night. In a few days our routed army was safe within the defences of Washington.

Lee recuperated his army quickly and started Jackson for Harper's Ferry. The secrecy of his movements and his quick developments had won for Stonewall Jackson's troops the name of foot cavalry. Whilst Jackson cut loose for a turning movement Lee threatened Washington and the fords of the Potomac towards Point of Rocks, holding McClellan's army inactive. However, this gave time for reorganization, reinforcements, and proper equipment, at the same time gave time to drill the raw recruits into some kind of soldierly form.

When Jackson began to close in on the command of Gen. Miles at Harper's Ferry the Army of the Potomac was cautiously pushed northward via Rockville and Damascus towards Frederick, so as to be in position to protect Washington and Baltimore and at the same time be within supporting distance of the command at Harper's Ferry. We were not in position to take the offensive with assurance of being able to crush Lee, and to attempt and fail meant the loss of Washington, foreign recognition, the North would have to accept terms of peace and slavery would have been perpetuated.

At dark one evening we started and crossed the Potomac at Georgetown, marched all night and next day rested at Rockville, 14 miles from Washington. Three days' rations, musket and accoutrements, canteen, overcoat and rubber blanket, 40 rounds of ammunition was a heavy load (we had left our knapsacks in Washington). I had some Scotch herring in my haversack and mother had sent me some tea, which was placed in the inside (only) pocket in my blouse; the straps across my chest bursted the paper and crushed some stogie cigars so that it was all tea. I made some at Rockville and one taste was all I wanted.

We arrived at Frederick in time to hear the firing when the rebel pickets were being driven out and bivouacked near the town in a stubble field previously occupied by the enemy, the refuse of their stay scattered all about—and some of the grey backs (body lice), and we took on our first supply of "live stock." Here a private of the 125th found a tissue paper which had the earmarks of official C. S. A. field use. He turned it over to an officer and it was quickly delivered to Gen. McClellan. Up to this time he was in the dark with regard to the intended movements of Lee; that order was for a concentration of all the outlying rebel commands on the line of the Antietam; it was the famous Lost Order.

Then began a forced march after Lee's retreating force. The heat, stifling clouds of dust, load to carry, and lack of water was a terrible experience. In the afternoon we arrived where we could see down into and across Middletown Valley. Could see the line of smoke from the guns of the infantry working up the slopes of South Mountain, and could see the puffs of smoke from the cannon and that from bursting shells; had a panoramic view of the field of battle, the music of which had been greeting us at every step of the day.

After dark as we worked our way up the mountain, after the battle terminated, we had to halt at times to let ambulance trains pass down, and to the rear, with their ghastly loads of wounded on their way to field hospitals; the quiet of the night disturbed only by the words of com-

mand, the swearing of teamsters and the groans of the wounded.

About midnight we were close to the front and massed by company in a field, dropped to the ground so exhausted that we lay about as later I have seen the dead, nearly half of our men worn out and were straggling. The next morning, Sept. 15, the Johnnies had gone and we cautiously started after; the dead of both sides all about and the weather hot. Burial parties were detailed; the mountain was rocky and heavily timbered; earth was scarce and the digging hard, and for this reason a lot of the Johnnies were "planted in a well"—until it was full. Whilst most of the men in the army were inured to hard toil before entering the army, it was a common question, "Soldier, will you work?" and the answer would be, "No, I will sell my shirt first."

Thus far in the Maryland campaign we had marched thru the fields on either side of the main road, thru fields of tobacco, sweet potatoes, corn, clover fields and orchards; fences were torn down and the destruction of property was immense. Corn was at the "roasting ear" stage and we lived on it, raised our own sweet potatoes (from the ground), made apple sauce, would not allow a rooster to crow if we knew it and occasionally shot a porker or stole a sheep—and this altho strict orders had been issued to shoot at sight any man guilty of foraging.

The one thing which impressed me most strongly thus far was the incessant rush of men and material to the front, the callousness of men to physical suffering and danger—neither of which would quiet the tongue of the wag of the company (somebody was always the butt for fun), and destruction of property.

Before closing this record of experience I want to give you some idea of a soldier's life—a little of one day's experience. The day we forded the Monocasy River, close to Frederick City, it was fun to see the boys when the head of column arrived at the banks of the river. A soldier always wants to keep his foot gear dry, and when we came to water the boys would take off shoes, stockings, pantaloons and drawers and, placing them on their shoulders, would wade thru the stream and it was more than amusing. After crossing the stream of course it was re-dress. We then halted for rest. This meant some got an opportunity for a bath, the footsore had opportunity to wash their feet, horses and mules watering in the stream as far as eye could carry, and we who were lower down the stream getting water to drink and do our cooking, make coffee, etc. The water was wet, if it was dirty.

On the march, in our early experience, one man would carry the meat, another man the coffee and sugar, and in this way the rations were divided up, but a few marches taught us the lesson that each man must necessarily be a self-contained unit; at times on the skirmish field or fighting line it was a first essential for control of the potential for the soldier, viz, proper food. For that reason we quickly learned to divide the rations so that each individual had the material for a substantial meal in the way of coffee, brown sugar, whatever kind of meat was on for the day or three days, hardtack, salt and pepper.

It was surprising how quickly we could get what we then called a square meal. At stated periods of time we would halt for a ten-minute rest and at each such rest many would boil coffee and feed and it was surprising how quickly one could make a can of coffee and with how small a quantity of fuel the water could be boiled. Ordinarily we had a two or three-pound fruit can with the opened end unsoldered, with a little piece of wire for a bail. We would fill the can with water and put in a small handful of ground coffee. In our early experience we would always boil it over and the coffee would be dumped into the fire. The fire, ordinarily, was little pieces of twigs or coarse weeds or any little old thing. We quickly learned that to lay a little stick or the coarse body of a weed across the top of the can would keep it from boiling over. After the coffee was made we would dump in a couple spoonfuls of brown sugar, break some crackers and knock the weevils out, stir up the mass and it all went. We ate all the grounds. It was surprising how much endurance we could get out of a simple meal of this kind. "It tasted awful good!" We would get a bite of this kind every few hours. Our canteens were covered with woolen cloth, to have a cooling effect by reason of evaporation of water therefrom, because we would ordinarily submerge the canteen in order to fill it, but the water was as warm as the atmosphere and it seemed as if we could drink a barrel of it.

In our later experiences, when in Winter quarters, we would use iron camp kettles for making soup, and a savory stew made of fat pork, potatoes when we could get them, hardtack and fresh beef; would use the same kettle to boil our clothes when they happened to be washed or when we wanted to kill the "live stock"—and we all had them at times, and some had them all the time. It was no uncommon occurrence to see commissioned officers—possibly with a dress coat on and shoulder straps—sitting by the wayside, and partially undressed, digging for the "live stock."

If I remember correctly, the battle of South Mountain, Md., was Sept. 14, 1862. Late in the afternoon of the 15th we crossed to the north side of the mountain,

marched thru Boonesboro and to the left where we halted in an open field and bivouacked for the night. The next morning there was some firing by batteries of field guns on the hights near Antietam Creek and we advanced to within supporting distance, from which point we could see the guns silhouetted against the skyline and could see two lines of battle lying down and sheltered by the crown of the hill. I remember one regiment wore straw hats.

The evening of the 16th we were massed in the rear of the line, rations were issued and some rest obtained. The cattle for our meat was driven "on the hoof" and usually was killed close at hand. About 10 o'clock at night some steers broke away and rushed over the sleeping, dead-tired men, and when they tried to "save the meat" Gen. Mansfield shouted, "Let them go, boys, you won't have time to cook it." On the march the beef issued was so fresh that we did not have time to wait for the animal heat to pass away—a bullock at one hour, an hour later meat, and a feast would immediately follow.

Thus far we had marched thru fields, in the main, leaving the roads for the artillery and trains, which at all times stretched away as far as eye could see.

About 10:00 p. m., the night of Sept. 16, we quietly heard fall in, formed and started to join Hooker's Corps, which had forded the Antietam in the afternoon and later, under cover of the night, had worked so close to the enemy's line that the men could be heard talking. We crossed on a stone bridge, muffled our tin cups, etc., so as to suppress all sound possible. Commands were given in low tones, the talking of the men was suppressed and about the only sounds was that of scattered picket firing in front and the mingled noises of men and artillery being rushed into position. After midnight we arrived near the George Lyon house and when massed by company we stacked arms. We wanted and needed water, but guards had been placed at the wells and springs to "keep the water for the wounded"—which was strongly suggestive of expected occurrences for the morrow. We were in a cornfield, the night was close, air heavy with slight rain and fog, and the smoke from stragglers' fires to the rear hung low. As soon as it was light, so that objects could be seen at close range, battle on the right began. First a rattle of musketry, cheers and the rebel yell, then a roll of musketry as parts of one or both lines of infantry got busy; flashes of fire from the muskets, here and there a battery hurried into position and opened fire, the rebels answering gun for gun, and "Hell had let loose."

The battle then on extended from our extreme right, in the north end of West Woods, to the left, across Hagerstown Pike, about the Miller buildings, stacks and outhouses, our edge of the cornfield—in which the rebels were partly concealed, our edge of East Woods and to the left of the Muma farm buildings. The brigade moved first towards the cornfield, massed in column by companies. When we got where the shells went over our heads most men ducked and then would straighten up with a sickly kind of a grin. Then we were moved to the left and deployed, forming line of battle near the south end of East Woods, in which the two lines of battle were then engaged and were not 100 yards apart.

Just before we entered the woods the drift of battle stragglers and wounded and riderless horses surged to the rear and drifted past the right and left of the regiment, the solid line of men (shoulder to shoulder) making a passage thru the line impossible. As I was the smallest man in Co. B, and B the left company of the regiment, I was the extreme left. I remember one wounded boy, who was shot thru the left wrist and holding his right hand over the lower forearm, writhing with pain, call out as he went by, "Go in boys, go in boys, give them hell, give them hell." I then wished that I was in the cavalry, which in that stage of the war was always sent to the rear, a fact which as so manifest that we would taunt them, as they would trot past, with "Who ever saw a dead cavalryman."

When we entered East Woods our lines had melted away, but Johnny Reb was on the spot. We could see flashes of fire and hear the "zip," "ping," "thud" when they hit an object. Our wall of steel and solid line of blue dislodged them, but they kept up a hot fire while being pressed back. Under clouds of smoke, as would lift, we could see men running, stopping to load, and firing again. We were now in the thick of the fight.

Just after we had passed thru East Woods Co. B had to double on Co. A, which that day was next on our right, and had to do so or be separated from the regiment by two lines of fence at either side of Smoketown Road. We had broken thru the rebel line, both flanks in the air and no supports, were ordered to halt and lie down; again advanced; halt; lie down. At this time spent bullets were crossing our line from the right rear and were fired by our men at the rebel line which yet remained intact on their front. A little later Gen. Mansfield was near our right front and was mortally wounded. Later Gen. Hooker came from the rear with his horse on a dead gallop and when he saw Col. Higgins (who was on his knees in a fence corner where he would be partially protected from the firing in front and be able to observe the movements of the

enemy) said: "Colonel, what regiment is this?" "What is in front of you?" Colonel answered: "125th Pa.," "nothing but rebels," and the General ordered "Advance and hold that woods," pointing to West Woods. The bullets were like hail, his horse frantic with pain, wounded in several places. Col. Higgins said: "General, you had better get out of this," and he replied: 'Guess I had" and at that instant "snap," "thud," the impact of a musket ball and crack of the leather as it plowed thru his right foot under the instep. Hooker wheeled his horse and galloped to the rear, and was out of the fight—disabled.

While we were lying in this position a cannon ball clipped the long rein held by Lieut.-Col. Zink and he lost his horse, and about the same time Adj't Johnson was mortally wounded. He was looking to the rear, to see if supports were approaching, and was shot in the back. As he fell he exclaimed: "At home they will think I was running away." A true soldier prefers death to being called a coward. Bob Johnson was a brave soldier.

The Muma home, barn and outbuildings were burning and with the smoke of battle obscured the field so that extreme caution was necessary. The next short forward movement Co. B crossed from the regiment (then in a clover field, partially plowed) to the left of Smoketown Road. As we were being shelled by massed batteries, located near Dunker Church, two or three of us crawled to the left and took cover from a disabled Confederate cannon, which had been abandoned. The Johnnies thot we intended to capture it so they turned a gun on it and the first shot went thru a wheel; when the spokes flew we rolled over and crawled out of range, and you can imagine how our new blue uniforms looked after the rolling process.

Before crossing to the left of Smoketown Road a Staff Officer passed from the left of the regiment to the right, carrying a verbal order. The horse was on a dead gallop with side to the rifle and shell fire of the enemy in and about the east front of West Woods. The horse's neck was stretched to the utmost, the long rein was held loosely and was swaying with the plunging pace of the horse struggling over the plowed ground; the rider was wobbling perceptibly; a shell hit the horse in its lower flank and rider and horse tumbled forward in a heap. The Lieutenant was jarred, sober, and when he got back to us the first thing he said was: "It was a hell of a wonder I was not killed, and me so damned drunk." The next time I saw him was when we were extending our line at the extreme left, down below Petersburg, in 1864. We dropped out of the road to let a regiment pass to the front. At its head rode a Lieutenant-Colonel, and when I recognized him I saluted, took hold of a stirrup leather and walked on the Corduroy road to talk. I then uttered that in quotation marks above. He laughed and said: "You were there; been wounded three times, always below the knee, and believe I will get thru."

Our next short advance carried the line so that Co. B lay down at the near fence of the lane leading from Smoketown Road to the Muma farm buildings. The fence was a post and rail fence. Cannon balls made the splinters fly, and we lay as thin as possible, and stuck our heads in the furrow—turned away from the fence. Capt. U. L. Huyette was in his place at the right of the company and a couple of yards from the left fence of Smoketown Road; a plunging shot cut a furrow between him and that fence.

The smoke lifted and we could see the enemy in West Woods. In the meanwhile a battery of 12-pound brass guns advanced to and in line with our right front and opened fire on the Confederate artillery—to the left and in front of Dunker Church, and compelled its removal to get out of the deadly range. This relieved us and we started for West Woods. In this movement the regiment swung away from Smoketown Road and to close the gap we scrambled over the two fences, under sharp musketry fire from West Woods. Dead men were hanging on the fence and you may rest assured we were lively to get down. The near side of Hagerstown Pike was a post and rail fence, but it was so completely wrecked as to not be an obstruction. When we got possession of West Woods the skirmishers, Co. G, were pushed down from the crest of the woods and close to an open field, and the regiment took possession of the crest. Co. B was detached to Dunker Church to protect the left flank. From the time we passed East Woods no Union troops were in sight to our left. Dead and wounded lay about in every conceivable condition, the trees freshly scarred, and broken branches hanging and littering the ground, the walls of the church scarred by bullets and daylight let in thru the holes made by shells. We could look to the left and see rebel formations being made to drive us out, and our regiment alone in the rebel lines without supports.

Before passing Muma Lane Adj't Johnson had been mortally wounded and a cannon ball had clipped the long rein held by Lieut.-Col. Zink, and he lost his horse. Maj. Lawrence had been disabled. The only available horse was that of Col Higgins and he gave it to his brother, Lieut. Joseph Higgins, Co. B, and sent him to the rear to get reinforcements. Two regiments were sent in, but before they could get into line Co. B was double-quicked to its

natural place in the line of battle. By that time about two companies of the supports had uncovered, on our left, our skirmishers were driven in and a partial cross-fire from about 2,000 muskets combed the ground in front and from both flanks, and the slaughter began. Up to this time the regiment, other than the skirmishers, had been passive, taking our medicine and inactive for damage to the foe. When we opened fire the crash, shouts, and cries of the wounded was a fearful din and it was impossible to hear orders.

The cross-fires from the right and left caused an order "Fall back," which no one heard, to be obeyed. The disintegration was first from the right and extended to the left. The first thing I knew was to be almost alone and the mass of yelling and firing rebels only about 50 yards distant. I was among the last to cross the pike in retreat and was in a right smart hurry. When we got to the clover field, which was partly plowed, my toe caught in a "devil's shoestring" and I went down. The leaning forward, running, made my haversack hang in front and interfere with my leg movement and for this reason I pushed the strap over my head and by that act was divorced from my grub, and my cap went with it. With the zip of the bullets and the infernal rebel yell coming closer I was in too big a hurry to waste time to regain that cap and it was lost in battle. I tried to keep up with long-legged Jim Houck. The several hours' physical exertion, and at times quick movements, had exhausted us and we would reduce pace to a walk at every lull in the firing, then there would be a clatter of bullets striking the ground and whistling about us, more rebel yells, and we would strike a trot.

In the clover field was a battery of 12-pound brass guns, double-shotted with canister. The commander sat his horse as if on parade, and with his sword was motioning us to lie down or separate. I obliqued out of range and when uncovered the guns they discharged as if one gun. Lanes were mowed thru the mass of men, and they would pull their hats down to keep the dirt out of their eyes and press forward. One of our men did lie down, the rebels charged over him until we were driven back by the canister from the guns, the rebels retreated over him and after they had gone he got up and came into our lines.

When we passed to the rear of the battery we laid down and again began firing, to support the battery, and we stopped their rush when within about 25 yards of the guns. Their dead and wounded lay like a winrow in a hay field and scattered where they fell. The next day I counted as many as 15 lying in touch. The time was now about 10:30 a. m., and as we had begun about 6:30 without much sleep and no breakfast we were about exhausted.

In so far as practical results Hooker's battle, on the right, was ended. In the meanwhile, at the opening of our fight on the right, the battle had extended to the center and left to the Roulette House and to Bloody Lane, and on later to Burnside's Bridge, where Burnside's Corps was held in check until about 5 o'clock by about 1,500 Confederates. Earlier in the day a brigade of about 3,000 men had forded Antietam Creek and outflanked the right of the enemy, practically was in their rear and in position to have doubled them up the same as Jackson did the right of the Army of the Potomac seven months later, at Chancellorsville. For some reason the troops retreated, recrossed the creek and the golden opportunity for a complete victory was lost.

With Hooker disabled and out of battle, Mansfield killed, Crawford seriously wounded, Kane collapsed, the frightful loss of officers and men and the utter exhaustion of the men, our initiative was lost and our after effort was to hold position. After we were driven back from West Woods, soon after noon, several attempts were made to dislodge the rebels from West Woods, but the forward movements were made at an oblique to Hagerstown Pike, leaving the right flank of advancing columns exposed to the enemy's musketry, delivered from West Woods, and each such attempt was failure.

As the sun went down it was so obscured by the smoke of battle that it looked like a great red ball of blood. Commanders of batteries knowing that ammunition chests could readily be refilled, after the fighting of the day would cease, increased their rapidity of firing with the natural result that the enemy increased their firing in like manner. With darkness the artillery firing ceased. Then the noise of firing of the muskets and rifles of the pickets were the only sounds for the night, other than the groans of the wounded and subdued orders and conversation of the men.

Without food all day, little or no water, a frightful thirst and biting in the mouth, by reason of the saltpetre in the powder, biting cartridges, the intense mental and nervous strain, and the long-continued and extreme physical effort, the men lay in line of battle as if dead. The root of a tree was my pillow. During the night the ambulance corps was succoring the wounded, exhausted troops relieved from the front—in part—and placed in close supporting distance, and ammunition was issued, bringing all up to the standard requirements. In sheltered places small fires were seen, where the tired, hungry men were making coffee.

The 125th was now in the west edge of East Woods and our pickets nearly to the line of Muma Lane; the rebel pickets in the edge of West Woods, just across Hagerstown Pike.

On the 18th the sharpshooters kept busy but there was no general fighting. In the afternoon an unauthorized flag of truce party went out Smoketown Road and as I wanted to see the Johnnies at closer range I made one of the party. Lieut. Shallenbarger, of Co. B, was in charge of the party. A rebel Lieutenant, one of the Louisiana Tigers, met us about half way between the skirmish lines; firing ceased for a few 100 yards on either side of the lane, but it was kept up on all other parts of the field. The Lieutenant wanted the body of his brother, who was left dead in our lines; we exchanged some dead. Looking at the line of dead rebels and with tears coursing his cheeks he said: "Most of my men lie there," and when we parted he shook hands and said: "Hope we will not meet in the battle of tomorrow."

I quote the following paragraph from "The Issue," a novel by George Morgan, in which he gives the experience of one of his imaginary characters, and I do this because it expresses my experiences more perfectly than I probably would do myself:

"It was grewsome and strange to him, sitting with prone figures almost within reach of his hand; and when he looked far and wide over the field, with its smouldering fires and flitting lights, a sense of sorrow and terror and the unpitifulness of God seized him. He was not on the crust of the sweet old earth where were birdsong and cricket-chirp and fireside joy and the thousand brightnesses he had known in times past; he was not on such an earth—but upon another world—an outer, darker, more savage world; a far Plutonic spot in ether, where one breathes away his breath without hope of the mercy of the Lord Jesus. If one's soul may suffer an ague, that Johnsey's suffered, being projected in spirit thus away from this dear world and off into the outer space where there can be no warmth for the human heart. Even when death lays hold upon one there is bound to be sorrow. But how when upon undug graves lie thousands, comrades, better men perhaps than yourself, each lopped off of his loves and hopes?"

No words can portray the scene of wreckage and suffering upon which we looked when the light of the morning of the 18th broke.

The actual fighting men, the rebel official reports show to be 35,255, these fighting on the defensive and under conditions where one man was equal to at least two or three of those on the assaulting side—Union forces. The Union Army was officially reported, present and accounted for, 87,176, and of these 47,000 or less comprised the actual fighting force, making a total, both armies, of 82,255. Of these 12,410 Union soldiers and 10,924 Confederate soldiers were killed and wounded, making a total of 23,334; or, in other words, the loss was 28 per cent of those actually engaged in the battle.

To get back to my story, on the night of the 18th and 19th the rebels began their retreat and just before daylight their skirmish line departed in haste. With clothes dirty and torn, faces begrimmed with dust and smoke-furrowed here and there, where perspiration had run down, it was a difficult matter to recognize comrades.

Burial parties were detailed and the work of digging long trenches for the dead men, and pits in which to dump the dead animals, and the gathering of abandoned cannon, rifles, etc., began. The whole field was littered with abandoned caissons, cannon, rifles, swords, bayonets, dead animals, the dead men of both armies, and accoutrements of the troops. The dead were placed in trenches, covered with blankets and the trenches refilled, and in many instances without identification or marks of the last resting place. In the meanwhile troops started in pursuit of the enemy, but the Twelfth Corps did not start until late in the afternoon.

In the battle our brigade, about 3,000 lost more men, killed and wounded, than Shafter's army, of about 50,000, at the battle of Santiago. The 125th Pa., my regiment, had less than 800 in action and lost 272 killed and wounded, in other words, 34 per cent.

On Sept. 17, when I went into the battle, I was yet only a boy, but then learned that in the time of trial I could endure as well as the men and by Sept. 19 was a man. I went in as firm a supporter of "Little Mac." as could be found in the army, but when night closed my confidence had departed, and the opinion then formed has never changed. I am clearly of the opinion that 5,000 or possibly 10,000 true supports to the 125th, before 9 a. m., Sept. 17, Antietam would have been the Appomattox of the war. Further, had Burnside pressed and carried the bridge in the early forenoon, and at the same time had the troops, then across the creek on the right flank and rear of the rebel line, pressed the advantage their position gave them, the rebel army would not have regained the south side of the Potomac. At any time that day we had weight of numbers, about 30,000 troops, which, if pushed into battle, could have crushed the enemy. They did not fire a shot, were held to cover a retreat if we were defeated. The General was licked in advance, was always ready to retreat and always slow to advance. It

was a piecemeal fight, the line of battle only about three miles long, and the way it was fought enabled the rebels to reinforce from their left, and at most times they had equal or larger numbers of men at points of contact, other than Burnside's front.

The anxiety at home might be measured by the fact that Huyette blood was present as follows: Capt. Samuel L. Huyette, 110th Pa.; Ulysses Lindsay Huyette, Miles C. Huyette, William Neff, David Neff, Albert Knode, all of the 125th Pa.; Capt. William Lewis Neff was either in the battle or near at hand, and Dr. Joseph Huyette, at this time, was a Brigade Surgeon, with Grant, at or near Vicksburg, Miss.

On Sept. 19, leaving our position on the field, we marched thru the field to the right of Muma Lane and struck Hagerstown Pike near Dunker Church, followed the pike into Sharpsburg and turned to the right. On the corner was a great stone "L" house which was the village hotel. The swinging sign showed that it was kept by Jacob Grove, a distant relative. This was the headquarters of Gen. Lee during the battle. (My father's name was Jacob Grove Huyette.) We followed the north side of hills or mountains and crossed to the south side near Brownsville, marched all night and about daylight scaled the mountain and followed it to its terminus, Maryland Heights. This was a strong natural position which commanded Harper's Ferry. The timber had been slashed and with the rocks made the advance slow in our approach to the log breastwork, which had been built transversely of the mountain. We advanced expecting a battle, but the rebels had abandoned the position and recrossed the Potomac. Gen. Miles had abandoned it after allowing himself to be cooped up in the Ferry, and had surrendered. When we arrived at the works we found only the dead of both sides and the wreckage of their battle. The bodies were in a fearful state of decomposition and as burial was out of the question we gathered logs and brush and burned the bodies of friend and foe.

We remained on top of the mountain several days. One day several of Co. B started out foraging. We went down into Pleasant Valley and when we found a big farmhouse a comrade and myself entertained the old folks and daughters whilst the others drove the turkeys away to the rear of the farm buildings. When the boys started for turkey there was a commotion and a nigger ran to massa and said, "Dem sogers are stealin' de turkies." Then the vials of wrath opened and we were called "Lincoln hirelings," "robbers," etc. We who were on duty got out of range of their fire of vituperation and the procession scaled the mountain, having in the meanwhile raised some sweet potatoes from the ground. That night we had a stew of hardtack, salt pork and turkey, roasted sweet potatoes and black coffee.

Later we moved to the base of the mountain in Pleasant Valley and bivouacked in the brush. The only protection from dew, rain and snow was brush canopies. Later we went around the end of the mountain, part way, and scaled the heights to a bench on its north face, then again higher to the rear of a battery of 50-pound rifled siege guns, which had been spiked and tumbled from their platforms when Gen. Miles abandoned the position. The ground was so steep that we drove pegs in the ground and after placing logs above them would sleep with our feet against them to keep from sliding down the hill, and at times would wake up with parts hanging over the log. Block and tackle was supplied and we hauled guns into position and got the spikes out of the vents. In a few days we moved to the right and occupied more favorable ground, in the brush, and as cold rains came on and we were poorly clad, and no shelter, our situation was pitiable to say the least.

We picketed the line of the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal. One day a native started for a fish basket out in the Potomac. We refused to allow him to pass our lines and we then examined that basket with the result that we secured a large supply of eels, catfish and suckers. We attended to that fish basket regularly thereafter. This location gave us an opportunity for a swim. We would wash our clothes and stay in the water until they were dry. One day I was sitting on a rock washing my drawers put on before leaving Washington, and spying a big gray back, and not knowing what to do, I let go and my only cotton flannel drawers floated away towards Washington.

Later we crossed the Potomac to Harper's Ferry and then the Shenandoah on pontoon bridges, rounded the end of Loudon Heights, and again bivouacked, in the brush, at the foot of the mountain. Here we were later supplied with shelter tents—dog tents was the soldier name. The cloth was about as thick as the shirt I wore, was fairly heavy cotton cloth, about six feet by four feet, and had button holes and a row of buttons so that three men could make a shelter by buttoning two pieces together and after putting over a ridge pole would place the third piece cornerwise to the roof and thus close one end. The pieces had loops at one edge for tent pegs. By spooning three men could lie together. Long men would stick out at one or both ends of the tent.

We picketed on top of Loudon Heights and to the south across Loudon Valley. From the Heights we looked down on Har-

per's Ferry and could see 40 miles out the Shenandoah Valley. Cold rains, snow and cold winds caused great discomfort and much sickness. All the timber on the top of the mountain had been cut away and there was no protection for us but the rocks. We would remain on picket 24 hours.

In Co. B we had Gabe Lucas and his sons, John, Abe, and Dan. Gabe was so useless as a soldier as to be poor food for powder. He was detailed as a teamster, but got tired of that and began reporting daily at sick call for the hospital. Rheumatism was claimed, soon one crutch and later another; then he applied for a discharge. As he was absolutely useless the application was approved and in due time the document was delivered. He stuck it in his pocket, threw away the crutches and said "Good-bye, boys. I am going home," and walked away. We had John Brantner. He would eat all the stuff he could get hold of, but kept losing flesh until nearly skin and bones. He reported daily at sick call. The case baffled the Surgeons. He applied for a discharge and when he got it went home. Nothing ailed him; he drank vinegar. Shortly after his return home he fattened up and was better than ever.

Mosby's and McCausland's men covered the Loudon Valley outside our lines towards Snickersville and to the left to Leesburg. Many a night we had to hustle out to support the picket line. I remember we used a log school house, to the left of the road on a little hillock, as a reserve post. One night one of the men awoke and wanted a smoke and as he carried his tobacco loose in a pocket with cartridges some of the powder had worked out and in with the tobacco. He filled his pipe and when he lit it there was an explosion and a commotion, thinking we had been attacked. Something was knocked down on Capt. Huyette's head and he thot he had been shot—this all in the dark.

Alone on picket on that line tried one's nerves. The line stretched across the valley. The men separated by spacings 15 to 25 yards, regardless of weather, to lie there with musket barrel extended, with thumb on hammer and finger ready for the trigger, with every sense alert, small wonder than a occasional rabbit or cow, or the waving of a weed would cause some nervous man to shoot, and, if so, others let go and the camp be alarmed. Then "Fall in; fall in," and probably thru the mud and darkness to the front.

To protect our hands from the cold and at the same time have control for almost instantaneous firing mothers, wives, sweethearts and others knitted coarse woolen mittens with thumb and forefinger, and almost all the men wore them, but in firing the right hand had to be bare on account of reloading our Springfield rifles, which were muzzle-loaders.

About Dec. 11 we started for Fredericksburg. The first night out we bivouacked near Goose Creek, in a fine, rich, open country. When awoke in the morning we were buried under about six inches of snow and it was a sight to see the men pop up out of the snow. Then we went thru Leesburg, via Fairfax Court House, to a point near Opequan River, here we bivouacked in a forest of pines. That night a cold rain poured down and we got soaked. The next day we plunged thru the mud and the rain continued. For this reason we did not get to Fredericksburg in time to participate in the battle which had been fought on the 13th, our army defeated and had recrossed the Rappahannock River. For subsistence and recuperation we doubled back and camped in a jack pine woods near Fairfax Station. Then we built comfortable log huts, filled the cracks with mud, covered them with pieces of our dog tents, and for the first time since early in September we were reasonably protected from the rain and snow and were comfortable. We had fireplaces and chimneys built of small sticks and plastered with mud. Our main trouble was that heavy rainstorms would wash the mud down into our cooking meals, and spoil the bean soup.

Mosby started out looking for trouble for the "Damned Yankees," and we were rushed out to and across the Opequan River. After dark Kane's Brigade was advanced several miles to a fork in a road and was placed in ambush. The night was very cold, no fires allowed, all noises suppressed and on the constant alert we waited. Mosby avoided us and passed so near our camp that the guards could hear the rattle of their arms and tin cups as they trotted by to raid Fairfax Station. Mules and horses were captured, a telegram sent to Washington to have better stock next time, the wires cut. Gen. Stoughton and some of his Staff, captured in their own quarters surrounded by the Vermont Brigade, were taken to Richmond as prisoners. After it was all over we returned to camp.

Jan. 20, 1863, we broke camp and again started for the front, Fredericksburg, made camp near Stafford Court House, and again built Winter quarters, as at Fairfax Station, but not so good. This was the dirtiest and most dreary camp in all my experience; rain, mud, snow; the men sick, poorly fed and discouraged. When a man was sent to a field hospital, as a rule, he died. Here I got camp fever and was ordered to a hospital, but begged the Surgeon to "Let me stay; all who go die; we cannot march or fight; Metz will take care

of me." I was allowed to stay and Buck Metz was my nurse, but I was so sick that I really wanted to die. Every day would hear the three volleys as men were being buried, and they were simply laid in blankets and buried in the mud.

I think it was in March when we again broke camp and started for the upper Rappahannock; marched in the evening and most of the night. A cold rain began with a driving wind and we plunged thru the mud most of the day to finally drop out in the evening utterly exhausted. Artillery and wagons stuck in the mud and abandoned pontoon trains hopelessly stuck in the mud and the roads lined with dead horses and mules, when they would fall they would be half buried. The famous "Mud March" was at an end. Then we struggled and straggled back to our old camps.

The 27th of April the roads dried up and the weather was fine, bugles sounded "Pack up, pack up, pack up," and the boys were so tired of the monotony of camp life that they threw their caps in the air and yelled like school children. We started for Chancellorsville, crossed at the upper fords of the Rappahannock and later crossed the Rapidan, where we captured some rebel prisoners, who were building a bridge. The move was to flank Lee and force him away from his strong defensive works on Marie's Heights and compel battle on ground of our own choosing. As we proceeded towards the enemy we uncovered the fords of the Rappahannock so that other corps of the army could throw over pontoon bridges and cross to our side of the river. In the meanwhile Sedgwick was making a strong demonstration in front of Lee's center and other corps were manuvering into position to the left of Sedgwick. Lee was kept busy and believed his center and right the intended objective point. After dark the bulk of those troops made a forced march to the right and crossed to the south bank of the river, and Hooker had his army massed at Chancellorsville. This was on April 30 or May 1.

The Twelfth Corps (Slocum) had the advance and the 125th Pa., of Kane's Brigade, in front, with Co. B as skirmishers. We did not know of a Johnny within miles and expected Lee would retreat towards Richmond. As we advanced the first thing we knew was when crossing an open field and when we approached a worm fence, at the edge of a woods, we unexpectedly got a volley and fell back under cover. Here George Rhodes was taken prisoner, and the three days' battle was now on.

Our position was changed several times, at one time near the Chancellor House, the headquarters of Gen. Hooker. It was used as a hospital, was set on fire by shells and burned. Unfortunately a cannonball hit one of the porch pillars and so stunned Hooker as to disable him at a critical time, and he lost control of the situation. The next day the rebels pressed matters and kept us busy while Jackson made a wide detour to their rear and left. Clouds of dust led us to believe that they were retreating, but when Jackson got into position, near night, opposite our extreme right—the Eleventh Corps, commanded by Gen. Howard—they advanced in lines of battle closely massed. The first Howard's men knew birds began to fly from the front, rabbits came scurying thru the brush, both being driven from their resting places by the advancing solid lines of infantry. The underbrush so thickly covered the ground that they were hid until at close range. Our boys had arms stacked—some were sleeping, others cooking and eating, and others playing cards, some were chasing rabbits—when firing began. This was the time when a soldier yelled, "Run, cottontail, run! If I had no more interest in this fight than you I would run, too!"

The attack was a surprise, the right was smashed and we of the Twelfth Corps had to fix bayonets and guard our right rear to keep from being crushed and stampeded by our own men, frantic cattle, horses, teams and artillery; at the same time we were fighting off the rebels in front. After night they pressed up to our log-and-rail breastwork, and for a time they lay close to one side and we on the other; the flashes of the guns lapped and one of our men was knocked down by a rebel musket used as a club. Fortunately for us, just at dark, Jackson was killed, Rhodes was close by, a prisoner, and with darkness their further advance was impracticable. Their opportunity for a complete victory had departed.

The Eleventh Corps was composed mostly of Germans; many regiments had German officers, and the German language was used. After this battle it was quite common for members of other corps to call out when they would see an Eleventh Corps man: "We fights mit Sigel and runs mit Howard!" That night our lines were contracted, and then another day of battle, making three days. Later in the day a terrible thunderstorm and downpour of rain made retreat absolutely necessary, because the river would rise quickly and possibly carry away the pontoon bridges. The trains were parked in the open fields on the north side of the river. To get them away as quickly as possible a battery was turned loose in that direction, using shells. An order never more quickly obeyed. That night the Army of the Potomac retreated to the north side of the river, pontoons cut loose from the south bank, and the army was safe.

During the night battle referred to above

the men were not more than five to eight feet apart—and this for at least an hour. The dead leaves and rubbish in the woods took fire and many of the wounded were burned, and for those who survived that great rainstorm was a godsend. After crossing the river we immediately proceeded to our old camps, and as our term of service had expired we were then taken up the Potomac to Washington, where we were mustered out, and then went to Harrisburg, where we disarmed, were paid off and sent home.

I was not satisfied to remain at home, and delayed only because I did not want to go as a recruit in an old organization—among strangers; an added reason was the fact that the curse of camp life had taken full possession and physically I was unfit for duty.

Soon the call for 300,000 for one year or during the war. I then wrote out a company enlistment roll, and after signing it said: "Come on, boys, sign; we are needed." That started the foundation of Capt. Schollar's company. I expected to be First Lieutenant, but Cal. Hewitt bought the votes of some of the boys and I lost, after which Cal. and I were enemies, and time and again we had it out while in the service. When the company was organized I was commissioned First Sergeant; Shallenberger, who was First Lieutenant over me in my first year of service, was a Corporal under me in this organization. In less than two weeks we went by canal boat to Holidaysburg, where we took cars to Altoona and thence to Harrisburg—in passenger cars this time—and were again in Camp Curtin.

In about two weeks the 208th Pa. was organized, and as we were a likely lot of men the commandant of the camp, A. B. McCalmont, sought and obtained commission as Colonel; Heintzelman was Lieutenant-Colonel, and Bob was Major. The Captains were: A. Hoffman; B. Shollar; C, Smith; D. Mitchell; E, McKeehan; F, Palm; G, Miler; H, Wishert; I, Marshall; K, Weaverling.

As soon as we were equipped we went to Baltimore, where we took transport for the front, via Fortress Monroe; was for the first time on salt water and out of sight of land. The second night out we anchored in Hampton Roads near where the Monitor and Merrimac had their famous engagement; at daylight we could look out and see the wrecks of the Congress and one or two other boats which had been sunk by the Merrimac.. That day we steamed up the James River, and after another night on the transport we disembarked the next day at Bermuda Hundred and made a part of the Eighteenth Corps, Army of the James, commanded by Gen. B. F. Butler. From that day until April 9, 1865, I was to hear firing day and night.

The Army of the James stretched from the Appomattox River northward to the James River, and later this line was extended for some distance on the north side. The river was so strongly fortified that our gunboats could not ascend, and Butler was digging the Dutch Gap Canal to make a new channel so that the gunboats could get to Richmond and thus turn the rebel works at Drewry's Bluff.

The rebels had a 50-pounder mounted to play on the men digging the canal, and about six times an hour a flash, then "Boom," and the screech of a big shell. That and the hoot of the owls made the first few nights sleepless. We lay within supporting distance of the first line. Water was so scarce that I did not wash my face for a week at a time, and the only water we had for drinking and cooking was where the mules and horses would make footprints in the soft mud, which would fill with water in time, and from which we would skim off the green and get the water. I did not sleep with shoes off for more than a month; in fact, for about eight months I do not think I slept with my shoes off a dozen times, and in all that time I never slept with my clothes off.

Later we moved to high ground on the north bank of the Appomattox River near the signal tower, and held the lines between the river and Battery Zabriskie. The camp was named Point of Rocks. Here we built Winter quarters in the rear of the breastworks, which were made of small pine logs notched at the corners and built up about five feet, the gable ends of same material and the shelter tents for a roof; the door was made of pieces of cracker boxes; the chimney to the fireplace was built of small poles and plastered with mud, and above this one or two pork barrels with heads knocked out. Fire was not unusual, and if so we tore the chimney down and built a new one.

Three of us bunked together. The lower bunk was wide enough for two, above this a bunk for one only half as wide as the lower one. The lower one served as a seat for all and visitors in day time, and we could sit to cook with feet to the fire. The bunks were made of small poles, and for a mattress we cut small boughs from pine trees and covered the poles; over this we would spread a rubber blanket, then a woolen blanket, and in cold weather go to bed with our clothing on, with the addition of our overcoats, the cape of which was turned up over the head and the cuffs turned down over the hands; for top cover we would then have one woolen blanket and one rubber blanket. The uncertainties of our stay was such that we postponed

building, and lived in the dog tents until late in October when cold weather made us get busy.

Here half the men were on guard or picket duty every other 24 hours. There was no picket firing by tacit agreement, between the Appomattox and James Rivers, but they would plunk a 50-pound shell over in the neighborhood of the Dutch Gap Canal every 15 minutes, day and night. The works inside were countersunk about two feet and poorly drained; next the works a banquet or step-up, so that the head would be above the works. The crest had sandbags placed end to end, leaving a space of about six inches between with a third sand bag placed on top which would protect the head whilst in the act of firing.

Every morning, regardless of weather, we would fall in about 4 and deploy in the works to resist a surprise expected at any time. The line was so thin that we had a man for every 15 to 20 feet and nothing in support. In front the timber was slashed and telegraph wire tightly stretched through it to entangle and detain under fire. The food was poor and at times the salt hoss (corn beef) so near rotten as to nearly push the heads out of the barrels. The food, duty, and exhaustion was such that about half the men were unfit for duty, and it was an urgent case if a man would be excused from duty.

While in line in the works a large drink of whisky, with quinine in it, was served from camp kettles, the same being used to boil meat and boil our clothes; the soaks would save the vile mixture until they would get enough for a drunk. Here I had a snap. The officers, other than the First Sergeant, had to do guard and picket duty every other 24 hours; I made the details and remained in my quarters.

The picket lines were well in advance of our lines of works and the two picket lines close together a small stream of water between. At daylight men from each side would go down to the little creek and get water to wash, for cooking, and drinking. We had a man by the name of Lem Herschell (think I have the name correct) who when off duty in the night would sleep, and at such times he would snore. Sometimes a Johnny would sing out, "Wake that fellow up and make him stop that noise."

To our right, across the James River, there was picket firing, and day and night big siege guns exchanged shots near the Dutch Gap Canal; to the left, across the Appomattox, picket firing was incessant day and night. Daily about 10 the smoke and fog would lift and the cannon and mortars began firing and keep it up until 9 to 10. At night we would watch the ascending and decending curves of light from the burning fuses of the mortar shells, and see the flashes of light as they would burst.

While we were here Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry made a wide detour around the left of the army and captured the cattle camp in the rear of the Army of the Potomac, at a point on the south bank of the James River. The men were stampeded and several thousand head of cattle—our meat—was driven in to the Confederacy. A day or two later when revelle was sounded the rebels set up a great shout, "moo!-moo!-moo!" in all possible tones and inflections. When they quieted down one of our boys would sing out—"Who cut your mouth, you rebel ——— ——— ———?"

When Sheridan won his first victory in the valley of Shenandoah every battery on the line fired a salute of 100 shotted guns at sun-rise, and as the rebels believed that we were about to attack them they answered gun for gun. The several hundred cannon and mortars, on a line about 30 miles long, made the earth tremble. For his second victory a like salute was fired at sundown. When quiet was restored a rebel sang out, "Cap, what broke loose over there?" When he was given to understand the results he answered back, "When we capture cannon from you fellows down here and send them up to the Valley we should consign them to Phil Sheridan, care of Jubal Early, because Sheridan gets them all."

Late in October the roads were almost impassable—scarcely jackassable—and we concluded that we would winter there, so Lang, Feay and I went to work on Winter quarters. We carried the small logs on our backs and had scarcely built our hut when I got orders to pack up and be ready to march at a moment's notice. This was a great disappointment, and we decided to wet the shanty; got a couple of canteens of whisky and had a house-warming, and it was a hot time all night. The next day we moved.

A reorganization was in process; the negroes were transferred from the Ninth Corps and then we, being relieved, took their place in the Ninth corps in front of Petersburg. The brigade of colored troops came in the night and relieved our pickets; the relief was not fully completed at daylight when a darky saw a Johnny and said, "I see one," and immediately fired as had been the custom on the old line south of the Appomattox. That started fighting along the line. We marched away to the pontoon bridge, crossed to the south side of the Appomattox and camped in a ravine near the Avery House, in reserve, about a quarter of a mile in the rear of our main line of works. Here we did not waste time, but went right to work on new Winter quarters. As it was "dangerous to be safe almost any place" we did not build high; we dug a hole in the ground about

three feet deep and built up about two feet with small poles and plastered interstices with mud, and built customary chimney of sticks plastered with mud. At the front the men were protected from direct fire by the works and many of them lived in bomb-proofs, built up of large logs and covered with several feet of earth; but even these did not always stop the plunging fire of mortar shells.

Almost every night it was an interesting sight to watch the flight of the mortar shells, the faint trails of the lighted fuses as they would rise in graceful curves, poise at highest flight, and then, gaining in velocity in descending, see the flashes as they would burst just above or in the works. They were "a-comin'" and "a-goin'" all the time. In day time the large field guns and siege guns joined in the mortar chorus. Hundreds of these were in action at the same time.

As soon as we got settled in camp, orders were issued for company and squad drills twice a day. The first day the regiment was scattered over the plateau and in plain view of the rebel works. I saw a puff of a big gun in the Confederacy, next heard its deafening report and then the screech of its 84-pound shell as it whistled over our heads. We all made a bow and double-quicked out of sight, and there was no more drill that Winter. They would not interfere with guard mount or dress parade. That was the first shot from that big gun, but not the last. However, notwithstanding the fact that each shell contained more than 100 canister (about one-half inch in diameter) I never learned of but one man being killed by that gun, nothing solid touched him, the shell passed near his side and the displaced air knocked him about 10 feet. When picked up he was dead, killed by concussion.

When they would open fire the first shot would be a surprise; then the signal man on a platform on the top of the Avery House—the headquarters of Gen. Hartranft—would watch, and call out the stages of reloading, finally, would call out "fixing friction primer, hunt your holes, boys!" But we would wait for the puff of smoke before hunting cover.

The only fuel we had—and the Winter was one of extreme cold—was mostly green pine, and owing to the almost impassable condition of the roads and fields we at times would have to carry it on our backs for a distance of from one to two miles. At first occupation the country was practically covered with a luxuriant pine and hardwood forest, which was used in building breastworks, bomb-proof huts, corduroy roads, and for fuel, and was all cut down—the stumps were ultimately cut close to the ground for fuel.

The inactivity, monotonous life with little to read, nothing but sick-call, roll-call night and morning, guard duty and dress parade, caused much sickness. Every morning at sick-call I would take 10 or more men to the hospital; and it did not matter much what the ailment, the prescription would be "—— pill hydrargeri and —— teaspoonfuls of terabinthinate mixture," and more or less quinine. Two men of my company became ill, were sent to the field hospital, and died of nostalgia—homesickness. If the Surgeon believed that a soldier was shamming, the prescription would be an emitic. He would not come back.

We would play cards all day and night until taps, and playing tricks on comrades was the daily program. One trick was to cover the top of the chimney when the boys were asleep and smoke them out; another was to drop loose cartridges down into the fire. One morning it was my turn to go for water—we took turns cooking, getting water, and wood—Feay stayed in the bunk and Lang was cook for the day. I took the canteens and a package of cartridges, stopped behind the hut for a few minutes, pitched the fireworks into the open top of the pork barrel and quickly ran away, filling the canteens and got back innocent (?) of what had happened; several kinds of sulphur in the air, the spider, coffee pot, and fire scattered and Joe a sight to behold.

Shallenberger, George Metz, and Jim Houck built and occupied a hut together; the lower bunk was wide enough for two and the upper for one. One day they went a long distance for wood and fell in with some battery boys whom they knew, and instead of getting loaded with wood they got loaded with whisky. Metz lost his cap and returned with a straw hat, altho the weather was cold. Metz got in the lower berth and Jim Houck the upper; later Metz got sick, and whilst sitting on the lower berth had his hands on the dirt floor, Houck leaned over and patted him on the most elevated part of his anatomy and said "go in, Dordie, save your country." There was much of the laughable which is unprintable.

It was a common punishment for any infraction of camp orders to punish delinquents by putting them on rail duty, with weights proportional to the offense, place a guard over the delinquent and compel him to march up and down the company street. This was followed by putting them on barrel duty, which meant standing them on the head of a barrel, possibly with a weight on shoulder, and with a man on guard over them. This is the only place where I put men on log duty.

The most welcome thing was letters from home. As we had plenty of time to write, the more letters we wrote the more letters we received, and for that reason we all had

numerous girl correspondents. It was not unusual to write loving letters to all of them. Joe Lang was a poor correspondent. I wrote most of his letters, and to one girl I practiced love-making, wrote and read the replies. When matters got interesting, and her cup of joy so full that a confidant would relieve the strain, she showed one to a girl who was one of my best correspondents, and the first thing was "Why, Anna, Miles Huyette wrote that letter," and I got it hot from Kate. When I went home and would see Anna on one side of the street I had urgent business in another direction.

While the enemy were feeling around trying to find our camp, which was located in a little swale, those 84-pound shells dropped around kind of loose. One day one of the boys was asleep in his hut when a shell knocked the whole roof off above him, did not hurt him, but he woke up quickly and did not stop running until he got in the railroad cut, nearly a quarter of a mile away. In December, 1864, we got orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice, no baggage, 80 rounds of ammunition, picket shovels, etc. Just after dark that night we started, a cold norther blowing and prospects for a storm. We started after dark, so that the enemy could not observe the movement, and went into bivouac in an open field to the rear of Fort Hell. Soon after arriving at the place it began to rain, which turned to sleet and snow; the rain and wet snow froze on our overcoats, so that in the light of our fires we looked as if we wore coats of mail. We had small fires of smoky pine; rest was impossible, and thus we put in the night. Next morning the mud, slush, snow, and ice were more than shoe-mouth deep. We were marched out and formed in a hollow square surrounding a scaffold, to see five deserters hanged, for the moral effect on us; after which we started on a raid down the "Jerusalem Plank Road" towards Suffolk. The cavalry, artillery, and troops ahead had mixed the mud so that the roads were in horrible condition for marching, the storm turned to rain and all night and until noon next day we pushed forward and almost without food; many becoming exhausted and dropping by the way. I had a canteen full of whisky but used it sparingly in small doses and shared it with others but in doing so kept my hand on it and "only a mouthful." About noon we stopped in a plowed field low land on the near side of Black Water River and for food I skinned the stump of tail from a cow hide, the meat of which the troops in advance had carried with them, made an ox-tail soup without salt, parched some corn, and made coffee and this when standing in mud shoe-mouth deep.

After dark we started back. Soon we found that our stragglers had been killed—murdered—and for punishment Gen. Warren ordered the burning of all places that would shelter man or beast. The only light on that night march was burning buildings and some were fine. The wind changed to the north and the temperature fell rapidly; mud froze solid and in the darkness we made a forced march for our rear line of works. There was much straggling; some slept in the cold and lost toes and feet by freezing. After we reached the rear line of our works organization practically ended and we straggled and struggled to gain our camps.. Lang and I reached our hut about 3 a. m. and found it occupied by troops brought from City Point to take our place in the line while we were away. We turned the men out and tumbled in with our clothing on and blankets over us, but could not get warm. Before daylight I got orders to "form company and be ready to march at a moment's notice." I shook Joe awake and told him to "take one side and I will take the other" to wake up the men. He remarked "Taat is a —— of a note."

We started down the lines and halted in a pine woods to the rear of Fort Hell, built fires and shivered about them until daylight; then the Commissary wagons came with rations. I had nothing to eat since my ox-tail soup, parched corn and coffee the afternoon previous. The first thing issued was a big drink of Commissary whisky, and, suffering with cold and hunger as we were, nothing was more welcome. The result was that I never saw a lot of men get drunk so quickly before or since. We spent the day there and that night slept on the ground in the open, and it was intensely cold. In the night I wanted water, and that in my canteen under my head was frozen solid. A day or two later went back to our old camp.

The regimental postmaster was one of my chums. One day he said: "Huyette, I was married a few days before leaving for the front, and I want a furlough to see my wife." I asked, "when did you have a letter from her?" He replied: "yesterday." I said: "Give me the envelope." That night I wrote him a letter, dated at about the right time and the place his home, informing him that his wife was seriously ill and if he wanted to see her, to get a furlough and hurry home. The next day he got the letter (from my hand), showed it to his company officers, applied for furlough, and he got it later. One night he woke me and told me the good news and that he would start before daylight next morning, and "What can I do for you." I gave him detailed information and instructions, and in due time I got a letter—in my case it was my mother. I put on a long face, used the letter with my application for a furlough,

and it came through quickly, for 30 days. I had six months pay due me, but not a dollar; spent a Sunday riding down the lines to find acquaintances in other regiments to borrow enough money to get home. I could get free transportation to Washington, but would have to pay from there. I took rations to last to Washington and was off for home.

To City Point on the Military Railroad was up hill and down dale, little attempt at grading. As we made City Point I was pushed out the car door (box car) and struck the rail of a side track, cut through my only pants and cotton-flannel drawers and fractured a bone below the knee-cap; but, as I was "going home," pulled together and stood in line at the Provost-Marshall's office several hours to get my furlough stamped so I could get transportation, and then went to the boat. When I arrived in Washington I hunted up the Paymaster and got the nicest and best money the Government then issued—gold notes and "interest-bearing." I then had the largest wad I had ever owned, $126.00. Then took the train by way of Harrisburg to Williamsburg. As nearly all the men were in the army, I had a splendid time. with the girls. There would be half a dozen girls for one soldier, plenty of snow, fine sleighing, and 20 below zero, and we made the bells jingle.

While home I discovered (?) one of my comrades had a sick wife, wrote him a pathetic letter and he got a furlough. The time passed quickly and I went back. In the meanwhile the army had again "extended the line to the left," and the regiment participated, but was not in the fighting. That was the only march I missed. When I got back the Surgeon ordered me off duty because of my leg, but I said, "roads are such that we cannot march, and there is no fighting, I can attend to camp duties," and I was allowed to remain on duty. Less than a week later I was wakened about 4 a. m. by volley firing, the boom of an occasional cannon shot, and the rebel yell near Fort Steadman. This being out of the ordinary, I thought best to take our canteens and fill them with water, so that if a fight and I should get wounded would have water. On my return, and just as I was about to enter my hut, an officer galloped by and said—"Form company and double-quick for Fort Steadman—don't wait for anybody." Co. B was first in line and started on double-quick. When we got in line with Fort Haskell we ran into the rebel skirmishers in our own lines, and lay down and began firing; the remainder of our regiment formed on our right. At this time Haskell was a rim of fire on three sides, the men fighting to front, right and left. We were getting shrapnel from the left, and from our own guns (captured by the rebels) in Fort Steadman, and rifle fire from the front, towards Steadman. We could not make out if or not our men held Fort Haskell, and at times were tempted to open fire upon it; but when daylight broke the smoke drifted away, briefly, and we could then see Old Glory being waved from the top of the works. Then the cheers from those of us on the firing line, and the sight of the flag was an inspiration and we redoubled our fire. The main body of the rebels had advanced straight to the rear of Steadman nearly half a mile, and the fighting was on all sides of the loop we made around the break in our line.

When nearly out of ammunition the order "Charge" was given, and with a cheer we started for Fort Steadman, drove the Johnnies out, faced about, and captured every rebel then to the rear. The 208th had more prisoners than men in battle. In our advance I tripped and fell so that the stump of a slashed tree took me where I had wounded my leg; but, in the excitement I did not know it until the fighting ended and felt "something wet in my boot."

Our men had been surprised and rushed before they could get under arms—the first fighting came at close quarters. After the fighting ceased a soldier came to me and said: "Have you seen a big rebel with a shaggy overcoat on?" I pointed to a dead man, and he quietly said: "That is my meat—it was the first shot before I got out of my tent; he was looking in, and ordered me to surrender, and I fired from the hip."

From Fort Steadman to the main rebel works was not more than 200 yards. We maintained a picket line half way, and had crowded the enemy back into their works. We were short on tobacco and they were short on rations. As soon as the firing ceased we went close to their line and held up haversacks with food. Their officers would stand on the works and motioning us to get back to our lines or they would open fire upon us, but we got tobacco.

We remained on the front line here several days, and one night a woman whom I well know came mighty near losing her chance to change her name to Huyette. We were on high ground. The flashes of fire from the muskets at night was a fine sight. Thoughtlessly I stuck my head above the top log, not thinking that the sky made a fine background for a sharpshooter to take a shot at my head; saw a flash to my left, and as I turned in that direction "Zip!" and felt the wind from the bullet, which grazed the log near my left ear. I sat down quickly and felt my head to learn if it was all present and accounted for.

Recruits and conscripts carried cooked

rations to us, and as they were not accustomed to the firing, the zip of the bullets made them bend low, to keep under cover. One day a man had a camp kettle full of coffee and, going down the hill, the seat of his pants made a good mark, and I fired an onion at that mark. He heard the whistle of its shell, and when it hit him he doubled to the ground and cried that he had been wounded.

Again back to camp and all was bustle and preparation for a forward movement; convalescents sent to the rear, sutlers ordered to City Point, ammunition issued to the full limit and three days' rations always in hand.

The battle of Fort Steadman was March 25. On the 31st, Sheridan began the fighting of his turning movement against the right of Lee. We kept still.

The night of April 1 I turned in at taps and was wakened at midnight by the roar of more cannon than I had ever heard at that time of night. Then got orders "form company immediately, picket shovels; no baggage, and be ready to march at a moment's notice." Formed the company and we marched to the parade ground, where the regiment was formed. Waking up quickly, the roaring of the cannon, trails of light ascending and descending, burning fuses of mortar shells traveling in both directions, the bursting of mortar shells and sharpnel from the field guns, made a din which was trying on the nerves.

My hair raised, but when I got a bite of plug tobacco got my nerves under control; the next man to my left asked for the tobacco, and it was passed down the line, and never came back. Both lines were fitfully lighted by the flashes of the guns and bursting shells; then a low order, "load at will—load; fix bayonets; shoulder arms; right face." Next the right of the regiment doubled past us, breaking by file from the left. The cannonading had gradually ceased. Up to this time I believed it to be only a false alarm. One man, Joe Wentling, came to me and complained that he had heart trouble, and asked to be excused from duty. I, too, had "heart trouble," but, believing that it was to be a battle, I wanted to get rid of my haversack, with its three days' rations, so I stuffed some meat and hardtack inside my blouse above my belt, gave him the remainder, and sent him back to "guard the company property," having left no one in charge of our company camp, there being the regimental guard around the camp.

The night was clear. Cannon and mortar firing ceased, but the picket firing sounded vicious and ominous for the coming daylight, indicated unusual alertness and was suggestive of trouble ahead. We quickly marched to the left, in the rear of our main line; could see the trenches were fully manned and artillerists at their guns. First thot was "an attack is expected," but when below Fort Rice could see the men in columns of four clambering over the works, and then knew it meant an assault on the strongest part of the rebel works.

We were on the right of Fort Hell, and at left, in front, was Fort Mahone (rebel) and which was better known as Fort Damnation. When the boys desired to jar their friends at home they would date their letters "Between Hell and Damnation." Immediately in the rear of our picket line, which was in a ditch from which the earth had been thrown out towards the enemy, about 100 yards in front of our works, we filed right and could then see two lines of battle, massed, and with "Halt—front; lie down;" we were the third line. When the formation was complete we were five lines deep, 10 men solid front to rear, and at intervals, where the "file-closers" were, 15 men deep. The pickets were keeping up a lively fusillade, and as we were lying in the open, without cover, the bullets were whistling about us. I missed some of my men, and went back into our main works, where I found Shives, Fox and Herschell, marched them out and put them in their places in the line, the last time I saw them —all three were killed.

While lying there, feet to the east and head to the enemy, I turned on my back to take a last look at the morning star, and knowing what was ahead, the strength of the works, and the nature of the work before us (I had no expectation of getting out), thots of those I loved at home, the bad of my life, God and eternity rushed thru my mind. At the time I considered it the last day of my life, and I wanted to live. Capt. Shollar came to me and in a low tone asked: "Sergeant, what is the time?" I struck a match under my blouse and replied: "Four o'clock," and he said: 'It will come soon," and went to his place.

A rocket was set off to the rear—up—up —up—towards the rebel line; when it exploded, "Forward," and we rose as one man and rushed towards the rebel works. Not knowing where our picket line was or what its formation, I dropped into a ditch about five feet deep, scrambled out and shouted "Forward, forward,' and ran ahead keeping my eyes on the rebel line. Finding that I was on the Jerusalem Plank Road (without the plank), I shifted my position so that I ran on its south side, leading to the works of the enemy. Just before we reached their obstructions I saw the flash of a friction primer, and dropped on my belly as thin as possible; four guns discharged and the air was full of canister; could hear the thud as it hit men, their cries of agony, curses and cheers, and by the flash of bursting mortar shell could

see men falling all about in the rear; then the roll of musketry from their main line of works. As soon as the canister passed us, "Forward, forward," and did not wait to see my following; got thru the broken obstruction, ran up the face of the works and jumped in, landing on a cannon, with Jim Riley a close second and one other Yankee. The gunners were reloading, and not knowing our numbers they ran into a bombproof, and that four-gun battery was "in the Union" to stay. To keep it out of action I put the one man I did not know at the opening and ordered him to "Blow the head off the first rebel who looks out."

Later these guns were turned and manned by artillerists from our line and aided us in holding the position. With the guns out of action, Riley and I started to the left, toward the firing, and when we passed thru an opening, next the works, on the inside, into the next section of works, saw one Yankee and one Johnny. We three formed a triangle about 25 feet each side. The Johnny was raising his gun to shoot when my rifle went to my shoulder and at the same time "Drop that, you rebel——." (We were not very polite.) He looked sideways, dropped his musket, and I ordered "Get over the works and git for our lines." Under the excitement we used language more forceful than elegant. I gathered about 30 men and started for a low line of supporting earthworks to which the rebels had retreated and from which they were firing; but as it was now practically daylight, no line or field officers in sight, and our men cleaning out the main line, did not dare push up to the line of fire on our front; marched the men back into the rebel works and made them lie down, and we opened fire against the enemy. Our men had got mixed up, organization eliminated; gathered such stragglers as we could find and put them into the line and kept them firing.

This was Sunday, April 2, 1865. The only men I knew were Riley, Feay, Lang, and Alexander—Billy and I did not see a commissioned officer while in that position. From their second line of works came shell and canister, a plunging fire of mortar shells, and a constant hot musketry fire. The works were countersunk and at their rear were about three feet below the ground line. I had the men lie down, for protection, and we fired as rapidly as possible; later supports came in and they lay on outer face of the captured main line and fired over our heads. About 10 a. m. a mortar shell burst about 10 feet from my head and crushed a foot and took off an arm on opposite sides of a man next to me; the blood all over my overcoat. I threw it away. The concussion was such that I thot my head had bursted. Time and time again they charged and tried to crowd us out, but we stood them off until in the afternoon, when a General made his horse leap over their low works, leading a charge. As soon as he appeared fire was concentrated on him and he fell from the saddle; but the men pressed forward. When within 15 to 20 paces Riley said, "Come, Huyette," and as I looked back saw him plunge head first over the works into our supporting firing line, and I tumbled after him. Feay and Lang got out, but when the rebels jumped into the works they captured Alexander and most of the others. The fire was too hot, and they were driven out again.

It was a critical time, the men at the right and left broke to the rear and I thot "Here is for Belle Isle or Macon," a prisoner; then a regiment of Zouaves (Red Legs), which had been brot up from City Point, was rushed in. They had to cross an open field which was being swept by direct and converging fires and plunging shell fires. At almost every step men tumbled to the ground, dead or wounded. It was a thrilling sight; we battled to hold on and praying for supports; the thot was, "Can they stand it?" "Will they make it?"

When the rebels were forced back to their second line we remanned the small portion of inner works temporarily abandoned, the four-gun battery was turned on the enemy, and their own ammunition used by artillerists from our line. When ammunition for the infantry ran short we robbed the cartridge-boxes of the dead and wounded. Later men ran that gauntlet of death, the old cornfield, to carry in ammunition. A Lieutenant in charge of such detail was John McKay, of a Rhode Island regiment. About 1880 I engaged him as superintendent of a factory I was operating in Detroit and later learned that he was the Lieutenant.

That Sunday was cloudless, air calm, and we could look up and see the little curls of smoke from burning fuses of mortar shells, and see the spheres of death-dealing metal gaining in velocity as they would approach the earth. They would come so straight towards me that I would think "that is it" (the one to hit me), and knowing that it was shrapnel, knew that I was helpless for protection from that sort of fire; but God was my protector.

Between the charges of the rebels I would caution the men, "Hold your fire," to have ammunition in reserve for emergency. In a lull in the firing I went into a rebel hut—that of an Adjutant—and from the stuff for rations knew they were short of the potentials for a soldier; examined the papers, and taking some of his coarse paper pencilled a letter to sister, giving a hasty description of the battle of

the day. While I was writing minie balls were perforating the canvas above my head and it was riddled before I was thru.

To get back to the battle. I never was so glad to see the sun go down. I now had a chance to eat some hardtack and cold salt horse and take a few swallows of water (half a gallon for the 24 hours). The night was spent in the issue of ammunition—to some extent the men finding their own commands—and the strengthening of our position.

Capt. Shollar was detailed officer of the picket and had charge of our skirmish line. Before daylight, April 3, we were on the alert; could hear explosions in Petersburg, and in the rebel works fires were burning, and as the rebel fire suddenly ceased we knew that they were in retreat. We pushed forward, and I got my squad into place in Co. B. Soon the skirmishers got touch with the rebel rear and kept up a running fire as we pressed the enemy into Petersburg and across the Appomattox River to the open country towards Richmond. Soon after daylight we formed columns of four in quick march pushed up the water works hill. At its crest the men could look down the main street into the city, for which the army had been fighting for nine months. As the men caught sight of the coveted city they would cheer and start on a double-quick. When we got to the center of the town we stacked arms, and as we were out of tobacco we immediately made a break for the tobacco warehouses. The owners protested, uselessly, as most men came out with a caddie of plug tobacco, and it was so good. The skirmishers were still exchanging shots across the narrow river, and Capt. Shollar was trying to save the bridge across the Appomattox, which the rebels had fired so as to destroy it and delay our pursuit. When we entered Petersburg from the south, the whites remained indoors, but the niggers lined the way, most of them kept at a distance; those near shouting "Praise de Lord." "Now we free," etc.

Not content with tobacco, the men made a hunt for "applejack" (every old soldier knows what the means), and when they found it began drinking. Soon the Provost Guard arrived and placed guards over property and rolled the liquor into the gutters and smashed in the heads of the barrels. Some men would dip the stuff from the gutter, in tin cups, and drink it.

When we began to press the enemy back there was a series of explosions, as they were blowing up magazins of ammunition, and simultaneously fires lighted the sky where they had warehouses stored with public property and cotton.

To go back to the night of April 1. When ordered to "Form company" I assumed that it was "a false alarm," and instead of putting on my gunboats, the low, large, flat-heeled government shoes, which never made corns, I put on a pair of fine calf-skin stub-toed boots that had heels about an inch and a half high and tapered forward to about the size of a half dollar, and, walking in the dry sand, I suffered torture.

In memory, looking back to the early morning of that April 2, knowing the strength of the works we were to assault, the double row of chevaux de frise lashed together with telegraph wire, I did not expect to get thru unscathed, and went in because it was duty and would rather be killed in the line of duty than go home alive and have comrades say "He was a coward and ran away." When the battle began not only duty but the element of personal safety was incentive to get in the rebel works as quickly as possible. Had I known the future and made a report of that morning's work Jim Riley and I would doubtless be wearing the Congressional button of honor, which has been given time and again for less valuable effort.

About noon "Fall in, fall in," and after forming the regiment we made for camp, where the order was given to "Pack up," and the first thing I did was to get out of that pair of boots and get into my gunboats. As we marched away I saw an ex-slave the proud owner of that pair of boots. Late in the afternoon we passed thru Petersburg after the enemy, then in full retreat on the north side of the Appomattox. We followed the south side of the river, and from now on it was a foot race and a running fight to prevent Lee from reaching his main base of supplies, Lynchburg, and to prevent a junction of Lee and Johnson's armies, whose whereabouts were unknown.

The front of the Ninth Corps pressed forward day and night, practically without stopping, until April 9. We had at the front a double line of battle ready to fight Lee to the north or Johnston to the south; the right (the front) would break by regiment out of the road and the men get water, cook and rest; the following regiment would march past and break off in like manner and so on. At the same time we were picked up from the rear in like manner, making condition such that half the men were feeding and resting, and the other half pressing to the front.

After leaving Petersburg the fences had all been destroyed and were being destroyed. As the men became tired they began to unload from their persons and with the result that the whole country was covered with tobacco, cards, overcoats, blankets, and other articles of clothing, and the darkies had the time of their lives picking up discarded property. There was mighty little eatable to be found. One day three

of us started out foraging. We found about a dozen sheep that the boys in advance had missed getting. We drove the sheep into a fence corner, caught three and selected the best one; then we discovered the fact that we had nothing but a pocket-knife with the blade broken off, but we killed that sheep all right, dressed it, and after tying the legs together, hung it over a pole and carried it back to where the regiment was bivouacked. When we arrived they were just falling in to start for the front. We quartered the sheep, gave away what we did not want, and between us we carried a hind quarter of that mutton all that night and most of the next day before we got a chance to cook a mouthful of it.

The day of the battle at High Bridge we could hear it all, but did not participate, because it was off to our right, further north. Early the next morning the prisoners were marched past us, while we were pressing towards the front. At the front of their line was about half a dozen Generals, and other officers of lower rank, and following them were the privates. It was a crowd of dirty men of unkempt appearance, dressed in dirty, faded gray and butternut brown, wearing all kinds of headgear, with the Federal blue in evidence here and there.

The evening of April 8, after a hard day's march, just at dark, Co. B was detailed for picket duty and you can well understand the amount of grumbling and profanity. We marched to the left on a country road which I think was called the Lunenburg Road, leading to Nottaway Court House, crossed a creek, and after ascending to the top of a hill established our reserve post and placed our pickets in advance. In advance of our pickets was a cavalry picket, some of whom in the night, from time to time, would get nervous and come in and report their opinions. In the night our pickets captured a civilian and brot him to our reserve post, where he could be comfortable. Zack Morgan asked him if he owned any land around there, and he replied: "A small patch." My curiosity was aroused, and I asked him: "How many acres?" and he answered: "2,040;" told us that his sister owned a plantation adjoining, and that he was trying to get to her home to see if they were all right. We detained him all night, and the next day sent him to brigade headquarters.

On April 9 Lee surrendered his army, with the result that we were allowed to remain. A short distance from our reserve post was a tobacco barn. As there was some rain, and we wanted tobacco, we moved our reserve post to the tobacco barn, and every man became a cigarmaker and we were all smokers. Nearby was a great Colonial mansion. I went there to investigate, found a widow and her daughter living alone with a few of the slaves who had not run away. She asked for "a safeguard" because the stragglers from our army were carrying off everything in the way of food supplies which were limited at best, and stated her troubles. To save some chickens she put them in the cellar, but, she said, "Roosters are roosters and they will crow." One morning the roosters began to crow and some of our stragglers going by heard them and broke into the cellar. Not content with taking the chickens they smashed in the heads of the hogsheads containing sorghum molasses and flooded the cellar floor. We stationed a safeguard at the house and, later, for greater security, she invited us to make the house our official headquarters and placed the lower portion at our control. She had a piano in the parlor and one on the upper floor, and we had a good, comfortable time. When I told her Lee had surrendered she clapped her hands and said: "Now my boy will come home." She stated that everything that had been raised on the plantation had gone for the support of the war.

The second evening we were on picket on the Lynchburg Road two fine-looking men, dressed in Confederate uniforms, came from within our lines. When ordered to "Halt" they produced passes, were allowed to advance, and I read "Headquarters Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac." Pass bearer in the lines and out of the lines at any place at any time," and was signed "P. H. Sheridan, Major-General, commanding Cavalry Corps." They were spies and were going forward to try and locate Johnston's army. They were superbly mounted, each had a pair of navy revolvers in holsters on the saddle, one in each boot leg, and one on either side suspended from the belt, and never intended to be taken alive. Their pay was $250 per month in gold.

Later Sheridan's cavalry came marching over the plantation, and as they proceeded to bivouac, commenced tearing down fences and breaking them up for fuel for cooking. A staff officer dismounted in front of the house and walking up on the porch, saluted and stated that Gen. Sheridan wanted to take possession of the house for his headquarters, and requested us to vacate. The widow protested, but of course it was useless. She took all our names and said that at any future time she would be glad to see us. We then returned to the bivouac occupied by the regiment, and I think the next day word came of the assassination of President Lincoln. I never knew of such universal sorrow and absolute paralysis of effort at any time in my life.

The uncertainties of the ramifications of the treasonable efforts in the North were

such that Gen. Hartranft and his staff, of our division, was immediately ordered to Washington, the Ninth Corps to follow as rapidly as possible. We then took up our march to City Point. Owing to the condition of my wounded leg, I one day rode in an ambulance, the first and only time during the war. When we arrived at City Point transports were ready, we sailed down the James River, up Chesapeake Bay, the Potomac River, and landed at Alexandria, where we went into camp near Fort Lyon. Subsequently the other corps marched thru Richmond and proceeded over the old roads we time and again tried to advance over to capture Richmond.

Gen. Hartranft and staff took charge of the conspirators until date of their execution.

After the surrender of Johnston's army Sherman's army marched to Washington and went into camp on the Virginia side. Later the "Grand Review," and well named. The first day it was the Army of the Potomac. The day previous the Army of the Potomac was assembled in Washington on the hights east of the Capitol. That part of the city was then truck patches and a very poor class of buildings scattered here and there. When we marched around the north end of the Capitol grounds and got where we could look down Pennsylvania avenue it was a sight never before (and probably never again will be) equalled on the American Continent. Cavalry, batteries of artillery, infantry, marched in columns by companies guide left, as far as eye could see, where the turn was made to the right at the Treasury Department Building. As we proceeded sidewalks were crowded, all windows occupied, building roofs lined with people. Those on the sidewalks tried to decorate us with garlands of flowers, etc. We were not on dress parade, altho most of us had our shoes shined. We were wearing the toggery of actual campaigning. My position was at the right of the company, and naturally I was near the middle of the street.

In front of the White House was a large reviewing stand, which was occupied by President Johnson, the Cabinet, Senators, members of the House of Representatives, foreign diplomats, Gen. Grant and his staff, gaining in numbers as joined by Gens. Meade, Sherman, Parke and other corps commanders. After passing the reviewing stand we quick-marched so as to quickly pass over to the Virginia side, on pontoon bridges, to uncover for those who were following. I do not know the exact time, but apprehend it took about eight hours for the Army of the Potomac to pass the reviewing stand. The next day Sherman's army, "bummers" and all, passed in review. After the review we resumed our position and began counting the days and the number of hardtack we would probably have to eat before being mustered out.

Before leaving this active part of the history, in first army experiences we got hardtack which were round, about the size of a teaplate and about half an inch thick. Men would hold one in the left hand and strike with clenched fist, but could not break them; place them in water or coffee, to soak, and they would become as tough as sole leather. To make them eatable we would place them in water and sprinkle in salt, and they would then flake up, be light and we would fry them in grease or make coffee soup, and eat grounds and all. The boxes of hardtack always bore date of inspection and inspector's name; the boys claimed that some of the inspection dates were "B. C."

Some time in June we were mustered out of the service, and after marching thru Washington the seventh time we took cars en route for Harrisburg. At Baltimore we again marched thru the streets, and late of an evening clambered into box cars for transportation to Harrisburg. The weather was extremely hot, and as there were no openings for ventilation the men immediately began to provide ventilation by knocking off the sides of the cars with the butts of their muskets; in 15 to 20 minutes that train looked as if it had been struck by lightning from end to end. The next morning we were again in Camp Curtin, turned in our arms and accouterments, and as soon as we were paid off took transportation for our homes—and this time in passenger cars. I was now 21 years old, without a vocation, without employment, little or no education—in fact, could neither add, multiply, divide or subtract fractions or figure interest; did not want to return to farm life, believed I was too raw material to make a business man, and was sorry that the war was ended; the breaking of the comradeships was trying. It was harvest time and I swung the scythe and cradle, after my return from Indiana with sister. While in Indiana I met her who is now my wife—the inspiration of my life.

Before closing these reminiscences, should you ask the question, "Were you afraid?" my answer would be "Yes." I am not prepared to say that it was courage that carried me thru the tight places; no man but with a desire to live, and no man could look death in the face, as we had to do from time to time, and not feel physical fear. The experiences made a standard of measurement of men, as men, and neither social position or money could make a man; the result was bonds of friendship which today bind men of the old army in closer fellowship than any other bond on earth.

The total enlistments (army and navy) were 2,778,304, but as 543,393 were reen-

listments it leaves the actual number of individual soldiers 2,128,948, from which we will deduct 117,247 deserters, leaving 2,011,701 actually in service. Of that grand total 359,258 died, killed in action, died of wounds, or other causes.

Most men preferred active duty at the front, were equal to the opportunity and demands made upon them, yet it is safe to assume that at least 25 per cent were in line of duty such as that their exposure to death was largely that of sickness.

Of material things which I had at the front I have my old canteen, which is now a rust-eaten wreck. The smell of the whisky is all gone; the sash I wore is in a good state of preservation, and an old original Ninth Corps badge, a shield with crossed cannon and anchor.

More valuable than all else is the precious memory of the endurance and courage of my comrades.

On Picket in Front of Petersburg.

By Charles Porter, Grinnell, Iowa.

The first time I was detailed for picket after returning to the Petersburg line from the Shenandoah Valley was after a raid had been made on the line from the other side, when the officers thot it a good plan to put a picket outside the regular line some 20 rods. An old breastwork which had been taken from the Johnnies the Summer before, and which ran almost directly from our line and theirs, was utilized by the rebs to sneak up on our pickets, which they did by creeping in the ditch of the breastwork until within 100 yards of the videt line, then with the rebel yell driving back the videts toward the reserve and gobbling blankets, haversacks, and any other "plunder" they found and retreating to their own side before the reserve got into action.

Well, I was posted 100 yards or more out and on top of the infernal old breastwork, with orders to fire at the approach of any one coming from the rebel line and retreat to the regular picket line. It was in February and thawing some, so that pieces of dirt would drop into the ditch with the usual noise with any usual move. Twenty times during my hour of duty my musket was cocked, and by stooping I was almost certain that the rebs were upon us, as I could see them, in imagination, approaching. But the hour passed—after two or three weeks, as it seemed to me—and no rebs appeared; but perhaps there was not a nervous Yank, and again perhaps.

The other experience which I remember was during the same Winter in front of Petersburg, nearly in front of Fort Ormiston. We lay across the Weldon Railway and near Fort Fisher, north of that work perhaps a half mile. For the first and last time during my service I was on the reserve, but near the left. We had not fairly got settled when an order came for a half dozen men to fill the detail, and of course my luck was the usual one, and I went, being the last man drawn. I went to the extreme left of the Sixth Corps picket, among entire strangers, and as at the other time a videt was put out in front at night and withdrawn at daylight.

The left of the corps picket line was in the woods and underbrush. After the detail had been divided into reliefs, and the time came to put the advanced videt out, one of the men tried to hire me to stand his hour as outside sentinel. He was not afraid, "only nervous," as he expressed it; but I informed him that he would have to stand his own turn, and I would take my turn with the rest.

The Sergeant placed me at about 11 o'clock at night, and I heard no more of him or the relief until daylight, when, according to my instructions, I came back to the picket post. I heard the videt relieved on both sides of me two or three times during the long hour, and knew they were taking advantage of me, because they all were afraid to stand out there in the brush, and therefore neglected to relieve me all those long six hours. When I went back to where the rest of them were I read the riot act to them individually and generally unsoldierly. The sergeant was informed that as soon as I got into camp his Captain and Colonel should be told of his meanness, if not cowardice, and I would see to it that he never had an opportunity of repeating the offense. Then one and all began to make excuses. "We all got asleep," said the Sergeant. After my threats I was offered a watch and what little money they had, but I was made clear thru and would not listen to argument or bribes. But when camp was reached my anger toned down, and I never said anything officially about my unsoldierly treatment. If any of the men who were in that deal are alive and see this I hope he or they will write me, and explain just why they played the unwarranted trick.

My Escape From a Rebel Prison.

By Capt. M. S. Ludwig, Meadville, Pa.

On June 22, 1864, my brigade, the Fourth, First Division, Second Corps, commanded by Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock, was ordered to make a flank movement on the Weldon Railroad to the left of Petersburg, Va. After marching all day we came to a halt to ascertain where we were to connect with the Sixth (Wright's) Corps. While halting a woman came along on horseback, with a bag of grain, and stated that she was going to the mill to have it ground. The road led thru an extensive swamp, and after giving this plausible excuse she was permitted to go on her way.

The "Forward—March" was then sounded, and we again moved forward. We passed off to the right of the road, and after marching several miles we bivouacked for the night. The next morning it fell to me to go on picket duty. I was quite ill, but I would not shirk my duty. Part of the detail was from my regiment, and part from the 68th N. Y.—altogether 100 men and two officers, a Captain from the N. Y. regiment and myself as First Lieutenant. The Captain marched us out about half a mile, and then brot us to a halt, while he went forward to see where we were to make connection with the night detail. The topography of the country was rolling and covered with a thick growth of brush, which made it almost impossible to see far ahead of us in any direction.

Our Captain never came back. Firing had begun on the pickets whom we were to relieve, and in less time than it takes to tell it we were surrounded by the 11th Va.

I was using my sword as a cane, but when I found there was no possible means of escape. I threw it into the bushes. I was then marched to the rear and taken to the headquarters of Gen. Robert E. Lee, near Petersburg. He asked to what corps I belonged. I gave him an evasive answer, simply saying that they would soon find out, if they proceeded much farther. This ended my interview with the famous rebel General. He at once ordered the guard to take us to Petersburg. Some of the guard made various attempts to relieve me of my regulation hat, but by appealing to one of the officers in charge I was premitted to retain it. At Petersburg we were marched to an old tobacco warehouse, where we found about 200 other Union soldiers, some of whom were Berdan's Sharpshooters.

Early next morning we were taken down the Appomattox River to an island, where they took our names, rank, regiment and army corps. To my surprise, as well as regret, I here found about 1,500 more of my own corps and many of my own brigade, who were also prisoners. Meeting with other men who had been detailed for duty the preceding day, we learned the cause of our capture. The woman whom we had met on horseback was one of Gen. Lee's spies. She knew that the Sixth Corps could not connect with us for some time, thus giving Gen. Mahone an opportunity of getting around to our rear and cutting us off.

The following day we were put onto old cotton cars and taken to Richmond, Va., and lodged in Libby Prison. As we passed Castle Thunder, another prison, we saw a woman looking down at us from a second-story window. She was recognized by some of us as Dr. Mary Walker. At Libby Prison the rules were very strict. It was worth a man's life to walk up to a window and look out, and many who did so were shot. Libby Prison, as every one knows, was an old tobacco warehouse, owned by Libby & Son, and was in the most filthy condition. The food given us consisted of cornbread and bacon. This was dumped onto the floor. The bacon was often alive with maggots.

About July 1 we were hustled out of Libby and marched to the railroad station and entered rickety old cars which threatened to go to pieces at every turn of the wheels. At Burkville Junction the train came to an abrupt stop. Gen. Stone man's cavalry, then on a raid around Richmond, had burned bridges and tore up a good deal of track. We were ordered out and marched into Lynchburg, and bivouacked in a vacant lot like so many sheep—some 500 men all told.

The following morning, which proved to be July 4, we were again on the march,

this time for Danville, Va. While going thru the woods frequent shots were fired at those who attempted to escape. Whenever we attempted to sing our good old National airs we were promptly ordered to "Shut up." It was a sad day to me, owing to the fact that just one year previous I had assisted in marching 2,500 rebel prisoners from Gettysburg, Pa., to Westminster, Mo., while today I, myself, was a prisoner.

From Danville we were taken to Macon, Ga., where we were placed on an old abandoned plantation, with a strong guard around. Ten feet inside the sentries' beat stakes were driven into the ground at short intervals. To step across this line meant death, and every guard who shot a "Yank" was promptly promoted. We remained here during the month of July and up to the second week in August, without shelter of any sort to protect us from the intense heat. One morning, at about 2 o'clock we were routed out and put aboard flat cars and sent to Savannah, Ga. We learned that this sudden change was due to the fact that Union cavalry was near there to liberate us. At Savannah we were lodged in the old United States Marine Hospital yard. This yard had a brick wall 15 feet high around it, and on top of that a board fence about five feet high, with sentry boxes at intervals. At Savannah we found more Union sentiment than at any other point in the South. It was not at all unusual for a dead chicken to fly over the fence at night, altho it was so very high. It was only a short distance from Savannah to Fort Pulaski, and Col. Griffith conceived the idea of tunneling out under the wall. We thot that once outside we could easily reach the Union lines down the river. One night, after dark, we began to dig in Col. Griffith's tent, next to the wall, and the earth which we removed was put into our hats and emptied into the cesspool. After 10 nights of hard work we had succeeded in digging a tunnel, thru which we could pass beyond the wall, and we decided to make the attempt the following night. We were, however, destined to be disappointed, for as we were laying our plans a cow, grazing outside, broke into the tunnel. This mishap led to an investigation. The rebel officers were soon probing around with ramrods to find the starting point. Finding it in Col. Griffith's tent, he was arrested and taken down town and placed in a jail cell. After a couple of weeks, he was released on giving his pormise not to do any more tunneling.

About this time we heard an exchange rumor from Charleston, S. C. We put our heads together, and began to make other plans of escape. It was our intention, if again placed aboard a train, to capture it as soon as we had crossed the Savannah River. There were among the prisoners several engineers and other railroad men who were competent to handle a train. The train itself on such occasions consisted of dilapidated old box cars which had been used for hauling cotton; generally, there were two armed guards at each door, and these might have been easily overpowered, their arms taken, and the engineer and fireman shot. Sure enough, a few days after this, we were put aboard the old cotton cars and headed for Charleston. Our plans were all arranged, but when we reached the point where the signal to make the attack was to be given we were surprised not to hear it. Looking out the door at the top of the cars, we discovered rebel guards on top of each car, and this was the reason the signal was never given. So we could only swallow our disappointment.

At Charleston we were placed in the jail yard, without shelter of any sort and within fire of our own guns on Morris Island. Shortly after our arrival a shell exploded just over our heads, tearing off the right arm of one of our men. Naturally, great confusion ensued. I asked one of the guards what they were going to do with us, and he replied: "Nothing will be done with you fellows, but the 'Yanks' in the hospital will be removed to a place of safety." Soon after this yellow fever broke out among the prisoners, and our men died at the rate of 40 a day. I saw men crawling to the pump who were so emaciated they were unable to wash themselves. Here the Sisters of Charity did some noble work, calling several times daily and ministering to the sick. Each morning one-horse carts were brought into the yard, and those who had died during the night were rudely thrown in and hauled away like rubbish. The citizens of Charleston were now alarmed, fearing a spread of the fever, and they sent an appeal to Gen. Sam Jones to send away the Yankees. Anticipating that our removal would follow this appeal, I went around and said "Good-by" to my friend, Capt. Sands, of Reading, Pa., fully expecting never to see him again. We were not surprised when we were marched to the old cotton cars. Our destination this time was Columbia, S. C. Arriving there, we were taken to Camp Oglethorpe, about one and a half miles from town. While on the way to Columbia several prisoners escaped from the train, but were recaptured by bloodhounds. I saw one poor fellow with his ears bitten off and another with his neck and shoulders fearfully lacerated. Camp Oglethorpe was an old pine slashing, with some small trees still standing, and a little stream of water flowing along one

side. The trees were our only shelter. The sentries were stationed 20 or more paces apart, just outside the camp. Ten feet inside the sentries' beat stakes were driven into the ground, a few feet apart, making the usual dead-line.

There were in this prison 1,800 Yankees. Each man's ration consisted of one quart of corn meal and a piece of bacon one inch square, which constituted his allowance for five days. It is needless to say that many of the men ate their full allowance at one time. It was white meal, with the cob and corn ground up together. There were no cooking utensils of any kind and no salt. I finally found a flat stone about one foot square and an inch or so thick, on which I succeeded in baking a corn-cake in the sun. I kept a portion of my ration, which I was obliged to hide under my head at night, in order to know where it was in the morning.

One afternoon we were surprised to see a visitor enter in the form of a 350-pound hog. The guard doubtless drove it in for the purpose of seeing some fun. Be that as it may, the porker had no sooner crossed the deadline than 1,800 starving prisoners were on the run to welcome him. It was not long before he was well scattered. Some of the men ate their portion of pork raw. Many of the men were injured during the scuffle to get a bite of fresh meat. This incident created such a commotion that the rebel officers had the artillery charged with grape and canister, ready to fire, thinking we were making a rush for liberty.

It was now the latter part of October, and the weather was growing cold and sleety. Having nothing to protect us from the elements, we asked, and were granted, permission to go outside and gather pine boughs and brush for the purpose of making hovels into which we could crawl for shelter from the rain, wind and sleet. We were, of course, obliged to give our parole of honor to return.

Not a day passed during all this time without plans of escape being talked over. I was one of a party of six who built our hovel near the dead-line. One morning we dropped back to the extreme left of the lines and entered into conversation with a guard. One of our boys had a very fine watch, which he offered to give the guard if he would permit the six of us to pass out of camp at his post, and this he agreed to do. He told us at what hour he would go on duty, and we were to keep tab so as to be sure where his post was located. Fortunately, it was in the rear of our hovel. At the appointed hour we formed into line, single file, on our hands and knees, with the owner of the watch in advance. When within a few feet of the post we discovered that there were three men there, instead of one. Lucky for us, the night was very dark and the three shots fired at us passed over our heads. There was nothing to do but beat a hasty retreat, congratulating ourselves that we were still alive and no bullet holes in us. The next morning the guard told us that the officer of the guard had just reached his post with the relief when we came in sight, and there was nothing for them to do but fire at us. This, to us, seemed a very plausible explanation.

One afternoon as Lieut. Young was sitting in front of his hovel he was shot dead by one of the guards. The real cause for the deed was never known, but we were given to understand that it was an accidental discharge. Col. Huey, of the 8th Pa. Cav., was the senior "Yank" in camp. He was approached daily with new plans of escape. Many and varied were the schemes advanced, but it seemed impossible to agree upon any definite plan. One was to overpower the guards take their guns, make a dash for the Savannah River, cross it, and then get to Gen. Sherman's army. This plan, after being discussed, was abandoned, owing to the large number of weak and almost helpless men who could cover only a few miles a day, and it was 80 miles to the river. These poor fellows would, no doubt, be recaptured by bloodhounds and possibly killed. We therefore agreed that the sacrifice of human life would be too great Our litle party of six determined not to remain in a rebel prison much longer. We were surprised one evening to see a fair-sized regimnt of boys and old men marching into camp. From their appearance we judged they would range anywhere from 15 to 80 years. It proved that these men and boys were to act as guards, and those then on duty would go to the front. Now was our chance, and I said to my companions: "In the morning, when these old men and boys go on duty, we will say that we are on parole, and are going for the remainder of our wood and water." Next morning an old fellow was placed on guard near us. I told the boys to "come on," and we stepped right across the dead-line.

The old man raised his gun and said: "Halt dar; who goes dar?" I replied that we were on parole, and were going with the others to get the rest of our wood and water. This seemed to satisfy the old chap, and we passed on in the direction taken by those who were in reality on parole. About 300 yards from camp we reached an old abandoned plantation road which had been washed out by the recent rains to such an extent that we were completely sheltered from view of the guards who were out with

the parole party. As we were rapidly making our way along this road we came upon the blackest nigger I ever saw and he seemed as much surprised as we did. We formed a circle around him, made him hold up both hands and solemnly swear that he would not tell of having seen us. If he did we could come back and kill him. By this time the poor fellow was almost white. He raised his eyes toward heaven, and his voice trembled as he said, "Bless de Lawd in heaven, dis niggah neber tell on youse good people; I knows who yo' is, and de day of salvation am suah come."

The day previous to our escape we bought from the rebel sutler corn meal at $1 a pint; some sorghum at 50 cents a cup, wheat flour at 25 cents a pound, and a $5 chicken. I, being cook for our party, had put the chicken on to cook. Just before crossing the dead-line I went to one of the boys, who had been badly wounded at Chickamauga, and said to him: "If we don't return by the time that chicken is done it is yours." I presume he had a feast on chicken.

Continuing on our way after meeting with the negro, we reached a swamp, and could hear bloodhounds baying in the direction of Camp Oglethorpe. We deemed it wise to climb trees, as none of us had weapons—not even pocket knives. If the dogs were in pursuit of us, they must have got the wrong scent, as they did not come our way. It was about 11 a. m., and we remained in the trees till dusk, when we came down and moved ahead. We had not gone far when we came upon five strapping negroes. As there were six of us we stopped. They proved very friendly, and we at once asked them if they could direct us to the Augusta turnpike. One of them said: "Do you see that light out yonder? Well, the overseer is there, with a brace of pistols and a pack of bloodhounds to guard us niggers and, incidentally, to catch runaway Yankees." We lost all desire to travel in that direction. They told us to follow and they would show us a better way. This was on a road which was being graded between Columbia and Augusta, Ga. They kept their word and took us to the turnpike. It was a bright, moonlight night and we walked rapidly for several hours, hearing nothing but the occasional bark of a dog. It was our intention to put as many miles as possible between us and Columbia that night. Suddenly we were startled at seeing a man jump out from a fence corner. He proved to be another friendly negro. He came right up to us, saying: "Boys, don't go any farther; you are right on the outskirts of Pittsfield Court House. I know you must be prisoners from Columbia, and you might be caught." He told us he was on his way to see his sweetheart, but that he could postpone his visits until the next night. I asked him if he lived at Pittsfield, and he replied: "Yes; I'se de cook at de hotel." One of the boys remarked that it was fortunate for us, as we hadn't had a bite to eat all day. He then took us back in the woods where we would be safe, and he started for the hotel for some "grub." We waited, hours, it seemed, and began to feel suspicious at his long absence. However, he finally returned, bringing with him two large loaves of cornbread, some raw pork and sweet potatoes, phich provided us quite a feast. While eating we asked him questions about the country in the direction of Augusta. He strongly advised us not to attempt to reach Augusta, and told us he knew a Union white man by the name of Boozier, who lived about three miles from Pittsfield, and that he would take us to him. We learned later that this man was Ex-Senator Boozier. Having finished our meal, our guide led us along a path on the outskirts of Pittsfield. Asking us to stand still, he went ahead, and after quite a time returned, accompanied by an old black woman. He told her who we were, and asked her to take us to a place of safety and give us breakfast in the morning, and if possible obtain an interview for us with Senator Boozier. This she agreed to do, and she then led us into a thicket, where we could build a fire without fear of detection. It was now midnight, and we had traveled about 20 miles since dusk.

We at once lay down on the ground by the fire we had built, and it did not take the foot-weary men long before sleep came, from which we did not waken till after sunrise. A small stream nearby furnished us with a cold drink and a good wash. This over, black men, women and children came, each carrying some article of food. Old mammy was leading the procession, and with her was a young white girl. Mammy said Mr. Boozier did not think it safe to come. He did not know who we were, only having the word of the black man that we were escaped prisoners. We might be Southern men. We begged her to say we were all right. At dinner time we had more food and word that Mr. Boozier would meet us at dusk. As night was coming on we were provided with more food, and later Mr. Boozier came. He was nervous, saying that it would not be safe for him to be found talking with escaped Union men on his plantation. He advised against taking the road to Augusta, and suggested that we try and reach Knoxville, Tenn., a longer route but safer. This way was a sort of underground railroad, the negroes along part of the road would guide us. He sent

a negro out 15 miles and he turned us over to another black man. Before leaving he offered us some Confederate money and gave us a compass which proved of a great help. A romantic feature of our stay here resulted in a love affair between a young Lieutenant of our party and the young white girl. After the war he returned and married her, and they now live in Pennsylvania.

Under the guidance of old Ned, after a most cordial parting with Mr. Boozier and a lingering farewell between the lovers, we started. We walked until almost morning, when Ned turned us over to another negro who hid us in a barn for the day, and provided us with food. That night our new guide took charge of us. This night's trip was varied by being taken to an old tobacco barn where a large party of negroes were having a dance. Our appearance broke up the entertainment, and quite a number followed us. One old darkey asked us to turn in and spend the next day at his cabin, but we went on, and after a tramp of 20 or more miles another colored man took charge of us.

We were now in a section where provisions were scarce. Our coffee was made of parched corn and salt pork or bacon and corn bread constituted our bill of fare. After a day's rest in the hay in a barn, our new guide appeared with several other black fellows, who brought a sheep's carcass. Fresh mutton went good with our cornpone. It was getting near dawn next morning, after a long tramp, when our guide asked us if we knew where we were. Of course we did not. He told us we were on the plantation, in South Carolina, belonging to Preston S. Brooks, the Congressman who assaulted Charles Sumner in the United States Senate Chamber, and which created a great sensation at the time. In proof of this one of the house servants brought us the cane. It was in two pieces, of heavy gutta-percha make, with a large gold head, on which there was an inscription to the effect that it was a gift to him from the ladies of his district. We partook of the Congressman's hospitality, without his knowledge, until evening, when we resumed our journey. We traveled some 20 miles, when our guide said he must leave us, and could not turn us over to anyone else; we must now look out for ourselves. We went into camp in the woods and slept well after daylight. From our hiding place we found we were near a town, which proved to be Pickensville, S. C. Late in the afternoon a couple of colored boys passed along the road, driving a hay wagon. We stopped them. We had a talk with them, and we finally bargained to have them come back and guide us thru the town. We were alarmed just after dark by having heard loud voices in the road —white men in dispute. We thot of trouble for us, but luckily they went on. Later we heard our boys' whistle. We joined them and were told to pull our hats down over our eyes, walk carelessly in single file and hum a negro tune in unison with them. We went along in good style, passing on the way a building with sentries pacing up and down, but they paid no attention to us, ignorant of the fact that the supposed negroes were escaping Union officers. We reached a railroad depot just as a train arrived and a good many passengers alighted, we passing right thru the crowd without being noticed. We slouched along humming Dixie. The street lamps were in evidence, too. The boys led us safely thru the town to the cabin of an old negro who fed us on cornpone, cooked pork and parched-corn coffee. And it was a feast. This old man guided us some 10 miles, and left us to our own resources. We tramped northward by the compass until coming light warned us to take to the tall timber. We rested all day in the woods, and started out again at dusk, resolving to trust to luck. We walked nearly all night for many miles in a cold, sleety rain, which drenched us to the skin, our teeth chattereing, and to add to our misery and discomfort we thot we had gotten off the main road. We had to keep moving to keep from freezing. The crowing of a rooster told us we were near a habitation, and turning to the direction as well as we could we soon reached a clearing and it was not long before we were inside an old blacksmith shop. We were thinly clad, and wet to the skin. In this uncomfortable plight, and shivering with cold, we waited for the morning and what was to come with it. It was well light when we heard some one whistling. We found it to be an old darkey on his way to the barn. We attracted his attention. He seemed scared at first, but the outcome was that we were soon in his cabin before a blazing wood fire. We found we were on the plantation of Col. Lomax, and that the Colonel had been killed in a battle before Richmond, a battle in which we had taken part. The only whites on the place were the Colonel's widow and young daughter. Our presence soon became known, and other darkies came to see the Yankees. One light-colored girl threw both her arms around Lieut. Broughton's neck and gave him a hearty kiss, exclaiming as she did so: "De Lawd hab answered my prayers at last; I'se done been wantin' to see de Yankees eber since de wah begun." All this time the girl was praying and saying, "Salvation hab surely come, bless de Lawd; now if I could only see Massa Lin-

cum, de collud folks' good friend, I'd be willin' to die right heah on dis spot." As she said this Lieut. Rueger took a $10 greenback out of his pocket, which had the vignet of Lincoln engraved upon it. He handed the bill to her, at the same time pointing to Lincoln's picture, and she kissed it over and over. By this time a crowd of colored people, 50 or more, had gathered in and about the cabin. Our old friend came in from the barn and I asked him if he did not think it would be better for us to go to the woods, as we were creating considerable excitement. He said he had expected just about such a scene, and had built a fire for us out in the woods. After a short walk we reached the place and found a fire burning brightly. We at once lay down and were soon asleep. We awoke about noon, and it was not long before the colored folks brought us a splendid meal of ham, fried potatoes, cornbread, sorghum and hot parched-corn coffee. It was another feast. That night the old negro led the way until midnight when he said he must return home. He had given us quite a supply of grub. He parted with us with a hearty "God bless you" from each one of our party. Next day we hid in the woods and could find no water. Along about evening we ventured out into the road and met a white man. We asked how far it was to Pickensville Court House, which we had previously learned was not very far distant. "It's a right smart way yet,' I reckon," he replied. I told him we had been conscripted in the eastern part of the State, and had been ordered to report there. His reply was, "This road leads to that place."

We now trudged on until we could dimly discurn the outlines of a small white house, back 50 feet from the road, and several young white women standing at the gate. As we came abreast of them one cried, "Stop, Yánks, or we'll shoot." Lieut. Rueger replied: "Shoot and be blowed!" We did not wait for introduction, but "hiked" down the road as fast as we could walk. Soon hearing the clatter of a horse's feet in the road, we jumped a fence and went into hiding. We soon heard the voice of a negro, saying, "Don't git sceared; I'll help you. Dat man you saw back in de road, he stopped at de house yous jist passed, and tole dem white girls dat he had jist seen some 'Yanks,' an' dat he was going over to Massa Jones's, Massa Smith's, and Massa Rice's, to git dere bloodhounds and ketch 'em. But doan be 'fraid ob me, cause I'se de cullud preacher, an' I'se gwine to help you outen dis scrape, an' it's a bad one." He then went on to say that in August he had met a Rev. Mayberry, a white man, who had been pastor of the village church and lived about two miles from this point; but his license had been taken from him because he refused to pray for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy. He was a loyal Union man, but his three sons were in the rebel army.

The colored man further explained that he had asked Rev. Mayberry if he would assist any Yankee prisoners in making their escape, if they were to pass his place, and he had assured him that he would gladly do so. We soon crossed the field, the preacher leading, toward his house We presently found ourselves beside a small stream. Our colored friend stepped right into the water and bade us follow suit, to prevent the bloodhounds following our scent. He said if we had cayenne pepper to put under our armpits and in our shoes, or earth out of an old grave, or even mashed garlic and alcohol, we wouldn't need to wade the stream. But we considered the stream-wading by far the most convenient. We had waded in the stream for more than a mile when I asked him why he kept us in the water so long. He replied: "Cause the bloodhounds will cross de water and follow it up and down for a long way befo' dey gives up de hunt, and I 'tends to make a sure thing ob it; 'cause dey'l suah be after us." After a while we left the water, and found ourselves by the side of a pretty spring. Here the negro left us to go and find Mr. Mayberry, and we need not worry about the bloodhounds. We heard their yelps, however, but they went down stream instead of up. It was not long before he returned with Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Mayberry and daughter, who took us home with them, where we had a good supper. Before parting with our darky preacher, Lieut. Rueger gave him a $10 greenback. Rev. Mayberry told us that one of his sons was then at home on sick leave, and was upstairs in bed. Another son was "lying out" in the woods to evade the patrol and avoid being taken back to the rebel army. The third son was still in the rebel service. He took us to a dense thicket, where we found a clearing covered with straw and leaves. This made a comfortable resting place. Mr. and Mrs. Mayberry stayed with us until about midnight. He told us that no less than 30 rebel deserters were hiding in the country around. He said, too, that next morning (Sunday) his daughter would go on horseback to the hiding place of her brother, and bring him home with her. In the evening the brothers were to meet a friend, and then join the rebel deserters in the mountains. Mr. Mayberry was to visit the man on Sunday morning and inform him we would be

with his sons. On Sunday Mrs. Mayberry and her daughter made each of us a haversack of heavy bed-ticking. The son at home, being a shoemaker, mended our shoes, which were almost a total wreck after the long weeks of tramping. Miss Mayberry left home early Sunday morning, returning at about noon accompanied by her brother. After dinner the family visited us. I asked Mrs. Mayberry if she did not dread seeing her sons go with us into the Union lines. She stood up, and raising her right hand toward heaven said, "Lieut. Ludwig, I would rather see my two sons die in the attempt to get thru to where they will see 'Old Glory' than to see them dragged back alive into the Confederate army." Miss Mayberry then stepped forward, and said: "I feel and know that you will do all you can for my brothers." Rev. Mayberry then knelt and offered a prayer for our success in reaching the Union lines. They then returned to the house to prepare supper, asking us to follow them. After supper the good-bys were said, and taking up our haversacks (which we found well filled with cornbread, hard-boiled eggs and fried ham), we at once set out on our journey. At the appointed place we met the man previously mentioned, and were soon on our way to the mountains. After walking what seemed to be 25 miles, but proved to be only 14, our friend stopped, saying we were near the deserter's camp, but it would not be safe for us to enter before daybreak. At daybreak we entered the camp. We learned that two men had gone to Asheville, N. C., for powder, and would not return till late at night. Those in camp were busy making bullets from spoons, lead, etc. We were told that women would come a distance of 25 miles or more to bring food to these men. We also found that three other Union officers who had escaped from prison had made their way to this camp, which was situated on a high mountain, sloping abruptly in every direction. It reminded me of Little Round Top at Gettysburg, Pa., only this was very much higher. During the day we formed a military company, elected a Captain from the deserters, and two Lieutenants from the Union officers who had previously arrived. The deserters weer all well armed; but there weer no two guns alike. The Captain at once sent out men to procure arms for us. It was my good fortune to carry a double-barreled shotgun.

Our night marching now ceased, as the country was too rugged to travel safely after nightfall. By previous arrangement the women (wives, sweethearts, sisters and daughters) had been notified that on the following day the start was to be made. So, early the next morning, they began to arrive, each one laden with good things to eat, and one would have thot it a picnic; but it was anything else as will be seen later on. At about 10 o'clock the women spread white tablecloths on the rocks, there being no grass, and arranged the food in good, old-fashioned country style, and during the progress of the meal there was much merriment among the assembled friends; but I am under the impression that much of it was forced. Finally the Captain announced that he would allow us just one-half hour in which to bid our friends farewell, at the same time ordering all men who were to join our company to stand up. He then produced a paper which in effect was a most solemn contract, the substance of which was as follows: "We, men of the South and men of the North, have been brot together, as it were, by the hand of Providence, and have this day bound ourselves together by the most solemn oath that each and every one of us will fight until death; for in the event that any of our number should be taken prisoners, those of the South would be shot as deserters and those of the North hung as spies, being captured within the Confederate lines. We are about to undertake a most hazardous journey; each man is well armed and will do his duty. We pray for the guidance of an Allwise Providence, and that we may reach Knoxville, Tenn., safely."

Having read aloud this document, during which every man held up his right hand, the Captain announced that the order to "Fall in line" would be given in 10 minutes. Never, before nor since, have I seen merriment so suddenly supplanted by tears. The women rushed to their respective loved ones, clinging to them, and weeping in the most heartrending manner. Even to this day I seem to hear their wails. Be it remembered that these poor women and children had very little hope of ever seeing their loved ones again. Amid all this crying and sorrow, the Captain gave the command to "Fall in" and then "Forward—March!" As we filed around to the left into the only road which led up to this mountain peak, my heart almost failed me as I looked upon the spectacle we were leaving behind. Those poor women were standing, as if transfixed to the spot, weeping harder, if possible, than before.

We marched until we had covered 10 or more miles, when the Captain told us we had reached a point where we could safely build fires and turn in for the night. He then said we had dangers to encounter which we probably knew nothing about. One was that two companies of North Carolina militia were not far off, and whom we must pass in some way; another was a

band of some 80 Indians whom the Confederacy paid in gold every month to patrol the mountains and prevent white citizens from going into the Union lines. He said: "The militia give me no concern whatever, for we will pass them without a shot being fired. With the Indians it may be different."

The mountain section we were in was sparsely settled, and we soon had trouble to get food supplies. We had to depend on foraging, and all we could get was corn in the ear and chestnuts—the latter in abundance; the corn and chestnuts were parched, and this constituted our diet for over two weeks, and when we could no longer get corn we substituted wintergreen root.

One day we halted about 5 o'clock for the night. It had started to rain, and we had great difficulty to start a fire. We had no shelter except the trees, and consequently we were drenched to the skin. No one slept much and when morning came we were all sore and stiff; but we proceeded on our journey, nevertheless. The sun came out bright and clear at about 10 o'clock, and its warm rays were very welcome. At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon the weather changed and it began to snow. We marched till 5 o'clock, when we again halted for the night. We gathered nine boughs and twigs and succeeded in making a rude shelter. The snow did not make us as uncomfortable as the rain. The following morning we got an early start; but at about 9 o'clock our Captain brought us to a sudden halt, bidding us remain quiet till he came back. He returned in about an hour and said, "Do you see those stacks of muskets over yonder?" Looking in the direction indicated, we noticed what had hitherto been unnoticed. Continuing he said: "That is the militia I told you of, and I have arranged to pass them unmolested." We then marched forward, and as we approached the militia we found to our surprise that they had been brought to an "Attention," with opened ranks, front ranks faced inward as if to receive the President of the Confederacy. We marched between the lines and halted just beyond. Our Captain remarked to the Captain of the militia that his men would have to be excused from stacking arms, as they had not yet received their new muskets from the Government. The militiamen then came up and offered us their canteens, which we found contained apple whisky. Their Captain informed us that we need have no fears of the Indians, as they were at that time a hundred miles to the south of us. Bidding these men good-by we proceeded on our way, marching till late in the afternoon. During our march next day we noticed numerous veins of coal, some of them five feet thick. Much of this land could have been bought for 25 cents an acre.

When we halted for our lunch next day we had nothing to eat but parched corn and chestnuts. Our Captain now said that from there to Knoxville he was unfamiliar with the country. "But," said he, "don't be discouraged, as tomorrow we will reach the cabin of Jim Woods, a hunter, and I think I may be able to hire him to guide us to Knoxville." We got on the way early in the morning, and after marching several hours we halted, and the Captain, pointing to our right, said: "Over yonder, where you see that smoke, is the cabin of Woods." Another man and myself were detailed to interview Mr. Woods in reference to acting as our guide. Mrs. Woods answered our knock at the door, and I asked if her husband was at home. She said he was not, and that she did not know when he would return. I then said that I was sorry, as we wished to hire him to guide us to Knoxville, and also informed her that we were escaped prisoners from Columbia, S. C., and knew nothing of the country. At this we were surprised to hear a voice up stairs say: "I'll be down there in a minute." The voice belonged to Mr. Jim himself, and he came down, a tall, lean, lanky Yankee, over six feet high. I explained our errand to him. He said he knew where we were camping, but it would be impossible for him to act as our guide, as the Confederacy had offered a reward of $500 for his body, dead or alive. "In that event," said I, "it strikes me that it would be best for both you and your wife to go with us." I followed up this remark by offering him $100, but this had no effect. I then made it $200. His wife urged him to go, saying that she would feel perfectly safe at home. He finally agreed to go if I would give him $250. I said: "I suppose you are perfectly familiar with the road to Knoxville?" "Yes," said he: "I know every deer-lick and turkey-patch." He said he would be ready to start in an hour. "Big Jim" arrived on time, and was a regular walking arsenal, being armed with a squirrel rifle, two navy revolvers, and a huge bowie knife. His commissary department consisted of a two-bushel bag closed at either end and with an opening in the center, one-half being filled with cornbread and the other half with dried venison. We started at once and marched till nearly night, when Jim said: "We will camp here, where there is a good spring of water." We were now in snow about three inches deep, and, of course, were cold, weary and tired. By scraping away the snow and leaves, we found plenty of chestnuts. "Big Jim" saw

me gathering nuts, and beckoned me to where he was sitting. With his big knife he cut off a slice of cornbread and about a pound of venison. It is needless to say that I didn't gather any more nuts that night. We resumed our journey in the morning, but had gone but a short distance when Jim called our attention to what looked like smoke from a fire. We were halted and three of us sent forward to reconnoiter. Upon reaching the place we found but one man, who proved to be a private in Col. Jim Brownlow's regiment, and was on his way home to visit his family. He took in our condition at a glance, ragged and half starved creatures that we were. His home was on our way, and later his wife baked us corncakes. During his absence all the stock on his little place had been stolen by the Confederates. During the remainder of the day we rested, and at night slept in a cave. Knoxville was only about 75 miles away. We had cut this distance to Knoxville down some miles when it was our good fortune to fall in with two squadrons of colored Union troops, out foraging. We were halted, and it was not long before we were at headquarters and had a good dinner. It was 25 miles to Knoxville. The officer in command offered us horses, but it took us two days to reach there with the old animals provided. It was with unusual emotion that we saw the Stars and Stripes again waving high in air. We forgot our ills and aches. We were taken to the headquarters of Gen. Amonen, and then to the hospital for a bath and a change of clothes. After a night's rest and a feeling of security we were nearly as good as new. We found Big Jim Wood and the rebel deserters at the office of the Provost-Marshal. Jim was paid his reward, and was induced to send for his wife and remain inside the Union lines. The Mayberry boys and others who came with us were well taken care of.

The way now was easy. By rail we went to Cincinnati, Adj't-Gen. Amonen, the son of the commander of the post, going with us. From Cincinnati we went to Wheeling, W. Va., by boat, then by rail to Washington, and joined our command, thankful for life and limb, and after our weary days in prison and the long tramp in the midst of alarms and dangers, to be once more under the protection of Uncle Sam.

The 11th Kan. Cav. After Price and the Indians.

By W. F. Nichols, Co. A, 11th Kan. Cav., Fort Collins, Colo.

I was a member of Co. A, 11th Kan. Cav., under Capt. H. E. Palmer, and enlisted at Millwood During the Summer and Fall of 1864 Cos. A and D were stationed at Aubrey, Johnson County, under Maj. Anderson. Co. K was at Little Sante Fe and Co. C at Coldwater, when we were ordered out to meet Price.

We first went to Warrenburg, Mo., and from there to Lexington, Mo. On the night before the scrap at Lexington we were on picket duty about three miles east of the city, and in fact until about 3 p. m. the day of the fight, when a messenger reached us with orders to move to the west as rapidly as possible; that the Confederates had passed to the south and were likely in the city at the time. Our horses being saddled, Capt. Palmer had the company on the move at once. We were on a road leading west thru the extreme southern part of the city. As we rode leisurely across the main street leading into Lexington from the south, the rebels had passed our street by about a block. A Confederate officer rode back to within 75 yards of us and asked, "What troops are those?" when George Edwards, of Co. A, (killed two days later at Little Blue) turned out of ranks and with his carbine shot the officer from his horse. Our Captain immediately ordered us forward on a run, and we were none too quick, for it was no time until there was about 2.000 cavalry on our trail; but our horses being fresh and theirs badly worn out, we soon lost them. Above Lexington we overtook a little battery of mountain howitzers and, I believe, a part of the cavalry. Col. Moonlight being present, ordered the battery at a square turn in the road to be masked in a paw-paw thicket commanding the lane nearly a half mile back, and charged with canister. When the Johnnies were within pistol shot of the turn in the road he discharged the entire battery in their double-column ranks, and before they were half done falling over themselves he gave them a second round. He then limbered the battery and with the cavalry in its rear took up the retreat in good order, leaving our Missouri friends so badly mixed up that it must have taken them all night to get to their places: at any rate, we saw no more of them until next day, when they again interfered with our arrangement. We were roasting some mutton for future use while we were in camp a short distance above the bridge on the Little Blue, and that sort of bother got our Irish up there, as very few men like to have their cooking interfered with. Our boys burned the bridge, just for spite, I suppose. But that was a small matter with old Pap. In a very short time he had fords made and crossed his artillery over and sent his wagon train further up the creek to other roads. This was the first fight Co. A had with Price. Co. B and some others of the 11th had been under fire the day before south of Lexington, but being less than one to 20, they had no show. Price being able to send a force in front able to whip them and at the same time send flankers on each side strong enough to capture our force, only for the fact our horses were fresh.

But we were receiving reinforcements every few hours. While we were in the fight at Little Blue Jennison's Jayhawkers (the 15th Kan.) rode in with drawn sabers, and shortly after a Missouri battery opened on them, and the 11th fell back. After the charge on the brick house we met the 2d Colo. Cav., so that we began to feel as if there was a show for us yet. But, of course, we were not strong enough to stop Price, altho it was evident we were holding him back more each day. We made another stand at Big Blue and amused our Southern friends to the best of our ability. A part of the 11th, including Co. A, was drawn up in line in concert with troops in another part of the field, made a charge and drove from its position a heavy field battery that was shelling us in good shape, when Gen. Pleasonton rode out of the timber near them. With drawn sabers and carbines strapped to their saddles, that battery was limbered and on the move in about as short time as I ever saw one moved; but Pleasonton found others there, if the battery did get away. While they were having their fun we sat on our horses as onlookers, being held there awaiting our next orders. Here I saw a fight in the open between dismounted cavalry of about equal numbers, 200 of the Kansas militia and about the same number of Price's cavalry, the distance between their lines being about

250 yards, what hunters here in Colorado call fair shooting distance.

They opened fire on each other at about the same time, and kept at it as fast as they could load for about 30 minutes, when the rebs retreated in good order, leaving the Union militia in possession of the field. When the breeze carried the smoke away a horse was seen standing where the rebel line had been formed, and the militia, being kind-hearted boys and being afraid they had really hurt some of "You-uns," a squad was sent over to investigate. They returned with a prisoner, a fine looking young fellow, who said his home was about a mile south of there, and that he had with his own revolver shot one of his fingers off in order to be captured. He was disarmed and paroled, his horse and arms being taken by the militia, after sending him to the field hospital and having his finger dressed.

The next morning (Sunday) on Brush Creek, south of Westport, was rather the hottest place we found. Co. A ran on to a force of Johnnies in an old field grown up with idle weed, giving them a great advantage, as they could keep out of sight by crouching down in the weeds. We, being mounted, were exposed to view. We had two killed, James Gordon and James Davenport, besides a number wounded, and would undoubtedly have been surrounded and captured but for the keen eyes of a Mexican recruit who saw they were creeping by us in large numbers, when our Captain ordered us to fall back. At that instant I noticed a tall, red-whiskered reb raise up under a small black oak tree directly in front of me and begin loading a muzzle-loader of some kind. I had just fired my carbine, a Merrill, and as we had about the same time for action, the idea occurred to me to show to him the advantage of having a breechloading gun. As he was withdrawing his ramrod I placed the cap on my carbine and was not long getting sight. Just as I pulled I heard a yell behind me, and on looking around saw the company on the gallop fully 200 yards away and Serg't John Baker midway between waiting for me, and of course I did not have time to look back to see how it was with the Johnny, but I have an impression his comrades found him with his gun partially loaded. I was not many seconds reaching the Sergeant. His orders to me were: "Get out of here," and as he was my superior it was my duty to obey, and under circumstances a more willing boy you never saw. We went out with the air full of lead around us.

Late the same evening we were on the extreme right, and were among the first to notice that old Pap was getting cold feet and was turning his toes to the South. We were at once ordered to do likewise and to keep well to the front and on Price's right flank, I suppose, as an escort home. Our route lay thru Little Sante Fe, Aubrey, west of Coldwater Grove, to Fort Lincoln, where we ran up against some of Price's men who had enlisted in that neighborhood and were acquainted with an old minister and his daughter living there. The rebs halted in front of the house, called the old man to the door and shot him dead, and rode away laughing and jeering at the daughter. But our little force, under command of Lieut.-Col. P. B. Plumb, soon induced them to go back to the main army—that is, all but five or six of them, whom we excused with lead.

At the battle of Mine Creek we were spectators. We were on the right flank, as before, and had nothing to do, as Pap found it necessary to concentrate his forces at Mine Creek in order to save any part of his army. We were at rest on a high point to the west, but in plain view of nearly the entire battlefield. All the available artillery under Blunt's command was placed in position on the brow of the hill overlooking Mine Creek Valley, and opened on the rebs, who were then crossing the creek. The cavalry, coming up from the rear, passed thru and to the front of the battery which ceased firing only long enough for them to get far enough down the hill to be out of line of the fire, when they resumed and did not cease until the cavalry were among the rebs, and as the distance was about a mile, they were dropping the shells where they would do the most good. We were orderd forward at this time, and I thot just then I would have given my best revolver to stay and see the finish.

We got into Fort Scott sometime during the night, and were standing nearby the next morning when the captured cannon was fired in the street. As the story was told then the guns, brass, 18-pound fieldpieces, were captured at Mine Creek and brought to Fort Scott, arriving during the night. The harness had been cut from the horses, leaving the guns standing in the principal street, and a crowd of the curious had gathered to look at them. A knowing man who had somewhere in his travels seen a salute fired, volunteered to show what he knew about artillery. He opened a chest and found primers and a lanyard. He placed one of the primers in the vent, hooked the lanyard in the ring and stepping from between the wheels (the gun was limbered) pulled the lanyard, firing a solid shot, or more likely a shell, while failed to explode, its course being almost parallel with the street, there was very little dam-

age, and fortunately no one was hurt.

From Fort Scott to Newtonia, Mo., very little was done, more than to follow the trail, which was strewn with guns, sabers, wagons, harness and rundown horses. At Newtonia we overtook Price and camped in sight of his campfire. A number of rebs came to our camp at night and told us they had lost the greater part of their train of over 700 wagons, the most part of which had been burned for firewood; that the infantry had thrown away their arms, and that there was not enough ammunition in camp to last in a three hours' fight. They had very little rations, except corn and salt, and they were living on blue beef and parched corn. The next morning we were ordered back on our trail six miles to rest our horses. We fell back and put in the time foraging and hunting, but there was very little to pick up.

From Newtonia to Pea Ridge we were carefully watched to keep us from stepping on Pap's heels. I was on the detail for picket at Pea Ridge, our post being on the old battleground, near a large oak tree standing on a low mound. To this tree our Sergeant ordered us to tie our horses, the tree being on higher ground than that surrounding it and partially sheltered by its branches. I being on third relief crept in as near the horses as I thot safe and thereby kept out of the snow as much as possible. I had gone to sleep, and I was partly awakened by what I took to be the sound of a bass drum. I was wearing at the time a very broad-brimmed wool hat, and having no blanket I had lain down with my hat and overcoat on, first pulling the hat brim well over my face and then turned the cape of my overcoat up over my head. This was the situation when I was aroused, but as I had acquired the Indian habit of keeping still until I knew which way to run, I lay still, and after a few more taps the sound ceased, and the tapping on the cape of my coat, covering my head, ceased at the same time. I began working to get the overcoat from over my head, as the wet snow or sleet had fallen on it and froze until the whole affair was about all a man could lift. When I managed to get free I found my horse standing with his hind foot on either side of my head. After giving the relative positions of myself and horse, I have no doubt anyone can guess what caused the thumping on the icy covering over my head. As I found my position to be no longer comfortable, I vacated, and after bursting the ice and snow from my coat I sat down in as warm a spot as I could find to rest up for the next day's march. In the course of a couple of days I developed a nice little start for a fever, but managed to keep step. I had been unable to ride, and had turned by horse over to a comrade, Bob Thompson, during the day, but the next day I would surely have fallen by the wayside had I not been so fortunate as to meet a comrade of the 2d Colo. Cav. (L. Coffman, now of Beaver, Colo.) whom I had known as a boy in Florence, Ind.

He was ambulance driver and he helped me to a ride to Webber's Falls, where we arrived in time to see the rear guard of Pap's forces crossing the river. A battery was run into position and a few shells dropped on each side of his line, I suppose, for the purpose of keeping them on the road.

We then went into camp when it began raining. I think for a steady night's rain it was about the worst since the flood. Our beds consisted of two rails laid on the ground, about four inches apart to keep us out of the mud. We did not try to keep out of the water, which soon covered the rails.

My fever growing worse on the way to Fort Smith, I remember very little; in fact, I hardly knew how I got there. We went into camp on the north side of the river. Maj. Tom Anderson, commander of the post, met us to welcome his father, Maj. Tom Anderson, of the 11th. To say we lay in camp would fit my case to a finish. I lay in camp, and in the same spot the entire time, a week or more, with a saddle blanket for a bed and covering and a big McClellan saddle for a pillow. Being too tough to die, I began to sit up a little in my rocking chair—a saddle with the blanket thrown over it. I have often wondered since why it was our officers could not get a few necessary articles for us when in the condition I was. I went the round trip from Kansas City to Fort Smith and back and to Fort Riley without drawing blankets or an article of clothing. To say I had a hard time of it puts it mildly. I pulled thru, and, being a good shot, was, as usual, detailed by my messmates, W. H. Crane, Bob Thompson, and Anton Martinez to kill prairie chickens for supper and breakfast. Being handicapped by the rear guard and being weak, I had got but one bird during the day, and was hardly as jolly as a well-fed soldier doing post duty would be expected to be. We had been in camp awhile, and were lying about on the ground when a prairie chicken alighted 35 or 40 yards from where I lay. I lost no time in getting a navy in line and tumbling that grouse over, and Anton was after it before the bullet had stopped. In a few minutes an Orderly from Col. Moonlight's headquarters was asking who fired that shot. I told him I was the culprit. He told me to report to the Colonel. I told him I was

on the sick list, and could not go. We were soon surprised by the coming of the Colonel, who asked me if I had heard the order that morning not to fire a shot on the march. I said I had, but we were now in camp, and not on the march. He overlooked my attempt at being funny, gave me a lecture on the duty of carefully observing orders, and everyone wondered how fortunate it was that I had not been sent to the guard house. The next day, on the march, we came across the bodies of two of our scouts who had been out looking for bushwhackers. Further on the bodies of three more men and a horse were found. That night we camped near Fort Scott. The Commissary seemed to have overlooked the fact we needed something to eat, no rations being issued, and after a long wait into the night a committee of hungry men called upon Col. Moonlight, but in his absence Lieut.-Col. Plumb was appealed to. In person the Lieutenant-Colonel called upon the lazy Commissary, and such a dressing down no officer ever received. And we soon had supplies aplenty, and the men did justice to them.

We spent a day or two at Fort Smith, and then went to Mound City. The weather was fine when we started, but that night we shivered around our green-wood fire. After a day's rest all those who had been on the raid to drive out Price were allowed to go home for a few days.

Again left for our regiment and met the boys at a point between Topeka and St. Mary's, on Kaw River. Then we marched to Fort Riley, where we lay in camp until some time in March, and, after being refurnished with horses and accoutrements, we started to the mountains, up the Republican, across to the Blue and to the Platte River at Fort Kearney; up the Platte on the south side to Julesburg via O'Fallon's Bluffs, where we met a genuine sandstorm. After the storm had passed the command was found to be scattered in every direction and many of the boys with hands and faces bleeding where they had been struck by small pebbles carried by the wind.

We crossed the river at Julesburg, and went in camp on Pole Creek about where Denver Junction now is, and encountered a thorobred Dakota blizzard that gave us a bad time. After three or four days days the weather turned warmer, and we were again started, moving to North Platte, striking the river below Chimney Rock, following up the valley to Scott's Bluffs, where we met a band of 60 Sioux Indians under Standing Elk, and in the employ of the Government. The warriors were dressed in uniform. They afterward killed old Standing Elk and joined the tribe on the warpath.

Our next point was Fort Laramie, passing there and over the eastern point of the Laramie range, where we struck the North Platte at the mouth of Deer Creek near the Little Volcano, a small ridge where smoke was continually issuing from a crevice in the rocks; passing up the Platte by the Lower Bridge to the Upper Platte Bridge, we went in camp. We lay there until the first of June, when we had a visit from the noted scout, Jim Bridger, whose home was in Westport, Mo., where he died in '67. He told the Colonel of a camp of Cheyennes about 75 miles north of us. A pack train was organized from our company and a strong detachment of the 11th under Col. Moonlight, with Maj. Bridger, and a Mexican as guides, started to round up the redskins. All went well until the night we arrived within 10 or 12 miles of their camp. Early next morning the Major was up and informed the Colonel it was all off—the Indians had gone. The Colonel thot the Major had been guessing and showed his displeasure. However, we went on and found the camp and traces showing that the Indians had left but a short time before. The Major said that by smoke signals they had conveyed information to another and stronger band. We turned about and on return the Colonel ignored the Major, and gave his time to the Mexican, who led us into a dreary and desolate canyon, where we spent the night. Next morning the Colonel sought to make up with the Major, who in return soon had us on ground where there was a forage and water for the horses. While in camp Serg't John Bristow and I decided to explore the country. When a couple of miles away a cloud of dust was seen, and concluding it was made by Indians we dropped behind some boulders, and waited. With guns cocked and ready to sell our lives dearly we watched. Instead of Indians it turned out to be a lame buffalo. The soldiers became hutners, and we had our first shots at America's noted big game animal. Our shots counted, and we had fresh meat for supper. The smell of blood brot wolves, and they made the night hideous with their howls.

From here we traveled south to Independence Rock, on the Sweetwater, and down the old California trail to the Platte Bridge. Shortly after our return to camp a scout reported a small band of Sioux Indians down the Platte. Another detail was made and sent to investigate. I was not on this trip. There was a young man belonging to Co. A, who in his three years' service had never been in a fight of any kind. He was always on duty that kept him out of action, of course, thru no fault of his. On this occasion it so happened

he was detailed as company cook. He asked permission of Lieut. Thornton to change places with a member of the detail, saying he did not like to go home after three years' service without seeing a fight. He was given a place. The Indians were located some 25 miles below, on the Platte, and while reconnoitering a shot was fired from the opposite side of the river by a renegade white man, killing young Glidden almost instantly.

We remained here a short time, and a part of the regiment, including Co. A, was ordered to Fort Halleck, via Laramie.

The second night, while in camp near the mouth of Deer Creek, three Indians crept up near camp and shot (with arrows) Silas Henshaw, our company armorer, who died the next day, being the second man they killed belonging to A. Our route then lay west up the Laramie River to the north end of Laramie plains, then across the plains to Rock Creek and west on the Overland Stage line to Halleck. The evening of our last camp on Laramie River the musketos were so numerous as to stampede our horses and mules, which were recovered 50 miles back on our trail. One of the herders, W. W. Willhouse, had dismounted and his horse, with saddle, bridle, and overcoat, pulled away from him and went with the herd; but all were recovered next day in good order.

On arriving at Halleck we were scattered from Medicine Bow, a station eight miles east of Halleck, to what is now known as Vye's Road Ranch, eight miles west of Bridger's Pass, where the Rawlins and Meeker road crosses the old stage line. On nearly 100 miles of road eight men at each station to guard the line, but why they wanted it guarded was a mystery to me. The Indians could not move it and we could not keep them from traveling it if they cared to, which they did not, and there was not a stage horse on the route from Camp Collins to Green River, and likely further. So all we had to do was to hitch four of our cavalry horses to the stage, once or twice a week, and take the first-class mail (no papers, circulars or catalogues allowed) and escort it to the station west, stay all night and return to our station with the eastbound mail (no passengers allowed). I was stationed at Pine Grove, 16 miles west of North Platte Ferry and eight miles east of Bridger's Pass. Shortly after reaching the Grove, Serg't Wm. Young gave me permission to act as scout, to go with a hunter by the name of Jim Beaman, who in return furnished us with antelope meat, I to pack it to camp, so that, when the Indians were not too familiar, we had fresh meat, and, altho rather dangerous, it suited me much better than the monotony of camp or escort, except when there happened to be an emigrant train in camp with us.

One of those trains camping with us came very near being the Waterloo of my life. I was at that time supposed to be the best revolver shot on the route, by Co. A at any rate. On coming on from a hunt with Beaman we were told the train that had come in during my absence had with them a man who could do me up for any amount and at any distance. I was tired and hungry, but did not propose to take anything off any one—especially a bluff, as I took it to be. I sent a challenge, saying to my opponent that he could name stakes and distance and give me half an hour to be ready at the emigrant camp. Imagine my surprise when I was introduced to a handsome young lady of about my own age. I thought I was being guyed. She began by saying she had never fired a revolver or gun until about six or seven weeks before, after they had left Iowa. She had been told I was a first-class shot, but was willing to match me. I told her to name the stakes and distance. The distance she named at 150 feet and the stakes the loser's good opinion of the other's skill. The judges, two emigrants and one soldier, said they never saw a closer match in their lives, and altho I was given the best of the match, it was often by half the width of a bullet hole or less. I was in no way proud of my victory, and for some time afterward, if I made a careless shot, the boys would say if your girl was here she would show you how to handle a revolver.

On one of our trips between the Ferry and Pine Grove we had a set-to with the reds, about 40 of them, on nearly level country a short distance east of Sage Creek. They raised up as if out of the ground and before we hardly knew what was going on they were riding around the stage in a circle, moving along the road as we did; but it so happened we had in command of the squad an old plainsman, Serg't Wm. Pitcher, who had been two round trips to California, and had fought before. Instead of running, as they expected us to do, he ordered all to dismount, which meant the four whose horses were used on the stage to get out on the ground and the four on horseback to dismount and march four on each side of the coach. It so happened that there were two horseshoers who had been working for the stage company, in the coach, unarmed. They were ordered out to lead the team by the bit. The Indians were led by a young chief of not more than 18 or 20 years (we heard afterward a son of Maj. Bridger). Riding a fine horse, the boy had on a war bonnet of buckskin, beads and eagle feathers,

and a red silk sash that had at one time belonged to an Army officer. There were in our squad three first-class shots, Serg't Pilcher being one of them. He gave orders to the other two to fire at the horse's nose when he was in the road in front of the stage. The Indian fell at the crack of the carbines, but being tied to his saddle was carried away, with his head dragging in the sagebrush, his horse running on out of shooting distance. The band took no notice of his death. An older Indian immediately took command and continued the fight four miles to the Ferry, we going the entire distance in a leisurely walk. One of our lead horses was shot with an arrow and died after reaching the station. One of the horseshoers received a slight cut on the arm from an arrow, and one soldier had an arrow shot into the stock of his carbine. The old coach looked like a scared porcupine from the arrows shot into it. The band was armed with bows and arrows. There were two or three rifles which were fired in the beginning of the fight, but being short on ammunition, or not having time to reload, they depended on their arrows. At Pass Creek Station, between Halleck and the Ferry, we had another lively little fight, but having a stockade and a larger force the reds withdrew after having one killed. The Indian was killed by a boy whose father, mother and two sisters had been murdered by the Indians about a year before. The boy, at the time, was about 14 years old and a close friend of Jack Watkins, also an orphan made by the Sioux murdering his family a few years before, not far from where Garden City, Kan., now stands. Jack was a boy of about 13 at the time and hid in the sagebrush and escaped and the next day made his way to a train of emigrants. During the fight at Pass Creek the boy claimed to recognize one of the Indians in the attacking band as one of those who murdered his family the year before. He watched until the Indian got nearenough, when he fired and "got his meat."

At Medicine Bow Station, eight miles east of Fort Halleck, on July 5, they ambushed the station and shot Commissary-Serg't Henry C. Gale, the third man of Co. A killed by them during the Summer.

We were now relieved by another command, and ordered to Fort Leavenworth. The long tramp back was without serious incident and only once did any Indians show up, and that was at Virginia Dale, and a few shots sent them out of reach. At Fort Kearney we turned in our horses and arms. On Sept. 26 the 11th was mustered out within a half mile of where it was mustered in three years before. Our company (A) did not take part in the fight of three days at Platte Bridge. Some comrade of Cos. I or K could doubtless tell a good story about it, and should do so for the benefit of history.

A Heavy Load of Gold.

By James F. Bullard, Co. C, 4th Mich. Cav., Paw Paw, Mich.

In The National Tribune, March 26, 1908, there is an article from B. B. Floyd, East Chattanooga, Tenn., in regard to a colored man named Isham Brantley, belonging to the 4th Mich. Cav. There was a man by the name of Isham came to us near Atlanta and came to Co. C; wanted to know if we wanted a boy. We told him we did, and he stayed and worked for us—Ed. Crane, James Buckley, David Dillon, and myself. He was with us a long time and after that went to work for the Adjutant of our regiment and was leading the Adjutant's pack mule at the time of the capture of Jeff Davis. A man by the name of James H. Lynch got Davis's saddle bags with $18,000 in gold in them and after taking the gold he threw the saddle bags away. A man by the name of Currey, of Co. C, picked them up and got Isham to put them on the Adjutant's pack mule. Lynch and Dillon then left camp and took the gold with them. Search was made for the gold, the bags were found on the Adjutant's mule. Lynch buried the gold and after he was discharged went back and got it. Before burying the gold he gave Dillon $2,000 and he put it in his cartridge box with a row of cartridges on top. After the regiment was searched I was sent in advance to order the company of men that was left to guard a ford on the river to report to the regiment, and on my way I came up to Dillon and Lynch and exchanged belts with Dillon and carried the gold to Macon, Ga. After we got to Macon I was placed on the detail to guard Davis and party to Fortress Monroe and did not see the regiment again until after they were discharged, and I never heard from Isham until I saw his name in The Tribune. He never enlisted in the company. The regiment never had a colored man enlisted in it. I think he is the same man as he mentioned Ed. Crane as his Orderly Sergeant. If there was a chance to help the old man I would be glad to do so, but there is not.

The Cumberland Gap Campaign.

By E. T. Petty, Co. D, 42d Ohio, Akron, Ohio.

On March 18, 1862, after the close of the Big Sandy campaign, the 42d Ohio was ordered to Lexington, Ky., and assigned to the command of Gen. George W. Morgan, who was organizing the Cumberland Gap expedition. We took boats at Piketon and went by rive rto Louisville, and thence by rail to Lexington. We remained at that city for about two weeks before we started on a march to our destination. Lexington is in the heart of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. Our camp was near the cemetery, which at that time was one of the finest burial places in the country. Henry Clay and other prominent men of National reputation are buried there. On our march we passed thru Camp Dick Robinson, where we stopped for a short time. While there some of the boys captured some most excellent wine, which was duly sampled. We also passed thru the battlefield of Mill Springs, where our forces had gained a victory over the Confederates a short time before. Here we saw skeletons of dead soldiers. They had evidently been hurriedly buried, and the trenches being shallow the elements or animals had removed their covering, leaving their remains in view. We wondered if the same conditions would happen to us.

About May 1 we went into camp about 10 miles from Cumberland Gap, near the head of the Cumberland River, naming the place Camp Patton. There is an immense spring here which comes up out of the ground in large volume and forms the source of the river. We remained here a short time only, and were organized into a brigade, with the 16th Ohio, 14th Ky., and 22d Ky., with Col. John F. DeCourcey, of the 16th Ohio, as brigade commander. Col. DeCourcey was an officer in the British army, who obtained leave from his Government to take part in our war. He had been in military service since he was 13 years old and had lost an eye in the Crimean War. He was an expert horseman and swordsman, and a strict disciplinarian. He required much drilling to be done, and kept his brigade constantly at work. The drills with knapsacks proved to be beneficial to us in fitting us for hard marches, so that we were able to march without becoming fatigued, as other troops did. He required the men to keep themselves and their accouterments clean and neat, and heard no excuse for carelessness in either respect. He remained with the brigade until after the battle at Arkansas Post, and was then assigned to a command in Kentucky. He afterwards was killed in the Franco-Prussian War.

We then crossed the river and went into camp at the junction of the Cumberland Gap and Rogers Gap roads, about five miles from Cumberland Gap. We named this place Camp Bones, on account of the large number of cattle bones lying around, the ground at some time having been used as a slaughter ground. We were now among the Cumberland Mountains and the country was very rugged. A short distance back of our camp the mounatins on each side of the road were almost perpendicular and came so close together as to leave barely room for the river and a narrow wagon road. At this point Capt. Lyons, Chief Engineer of the Army, with a force of men, went to work to blockade the road. The rocks on either side were drilled and filled with large quantities of powder and so arranged with fuse that it could easily be ignited, when the falling rocks would of necessity completely block the roadway. On June 5 Gen. Morgan, with most of his force moved by way of Rogers's Gap and crossed the mountains into Powell's Valley, Tennessee. He then moved toward Cumberland Gap with the intention of attacking from that side. The Confederates, however, did not permit themselves to be shut in, but on the day and only a few hours before our forces reached the Gap moved out on the Tennessee side. Capt. Lyons, on receiving notice of the escape of the enemy, rejoined the army and left his work unfinished. Enough powder was wasted here to have supplied a good-sized army if made into cartridges. The 42d Ohio was the first regiment to enter the Gap and plant its flag on this stronghold.

Gen. Morgan, as soon as we were settled in camp, put a large force at work felling the timber on each side of the Gap and constructing numerous forts and rifle-pits, and within a short time had made the place impregnable against any reasonable force

that could be sent against us. Our camp life here was arduous but pleasant, and most of the boys had excellent health. Cumberland Gap at the time we were there was 150 miles from a railroad on the north and about 50 on the south, the nearest railroads being at Lexington and Knoxville.

The country around was thinly setttled and wild. It was a genuine backwoods region, well adapted to moonshine enterprises. The inhabitants were rough in appearance, poor, uneducated and uncultured. They were about equally divided on the question of the war, and each side was extremely zealous in its views. Most of the able-bodied men were in one or the other of the armies. The feeling was very bitter between the two factions, and bushwhacking and murders were quite common. Several regiments were organized from among these people while we were there, and they made splendid soldiers, and did valiant service for the Union. The mountains about the Gap were heavily timbered, much of which in the immediate vicinity was cut down by our forces to give better opportunity for observing the approach of the enemy and repelling an attack should one be attempted. The pass was almost on a level grade, but the mountains on each side were precipitous and extremely rugged. There were numerous and large springs of pure cold water gushing from the mountain sides. On the south side, and within a few rods of the Gap, was one which afforded sufficient water to run two water mills with overshot wheels. There was also near the Gap a strong spring of sulfur water which bubbled up out of the ground and could be scented for a long distance. This was to most of us a curiosity, as we had never drunk sulfur water, neither did we specially relish this, particularly the odor. Numerous caves abounded, one of which was quite extensive and had the appearance of not having been discovered until our boys found it. So far as it was explored by us it was very interesting.

Cumberland Gap was considered an important strategic point, being the natural gateway between the South and Kentucky. Large quantities of fruit, especially peaches, were grown in the vicinity, but being so far from market was of but little value. Huckleberries and blackberries grew in abundance, and were gathered and utilized by us. The citizens brot large quantities of peaches and other fruits to the picket posts for sale, but could not be prevailed upon to accept greenbacks in payment. As a matter of necessity, for we wanted the fruit, some of our boys established a mint and turned out a fair imitation of silver half dollars, made principally of bullets, which readily passed on the natives for their commodities. During our stay at the Gap the health of the army was excellent, and we lost but very few men from sickness. Gen. Morgan was very popular with the men, and used skill in making the fortifications as well as in conducting the retreat.

During the Summer the Confederates made a raid into Kentucky, under the command of Gen. Kirby Smith, and succeeded in cutting off our supplies, so that our provisions were practically exhausted. On Sept. 8 the army having been living on quarter rations for several weeks, the evacuation of the Gap began. Our brigade marched out by way of the Harlem road to Manchester, about 50 miles distant, where we remained until the 19th, when, after destroying more than 100 extra wagons and other surplus baggage, we continued the retreat to the Ohio River.

While at Manchester, on Sunday, before leaving there on Monday, we witnessed a military execution. A soldier of a Kentucky regiment had shot a comrade in a dispute over a game of cards; a drumhead court-martial was convened, he was tried, convicted and sentenced to death. With the entire force forming three sides of a hollow square, he was marched to the side, made to kneel on his coffin beside an open grave, and a squad of 12 soldiers with six loaded and six unloaded rifles were stationed in front of him, who at command fired. Five bullets pierced his breast and one went thru the coffin. He fell forward and expired instantly. We were then marched past the corpse to our quarters. It was the only military execution we saw during the service, and we were not anxious to see others.

On the morning we left Manchester we received about enough rations for one square meal, the last that was issued to us for 16 days. Our march was opposed by the enemy, who annoyed and delayed us with frequent attacks and by constantly placing obstructions in the road, and this was continued until we reached Grayson, Ky., about 20 miles from the Ohio River. The distance marched was 250 miles, and our principal food was new corn too hard for roastingears, which we used by punching holes in our tin plates and grating the corn on them, and making a kind of mush, without salt, in our tin cups. When we stopped at night the usual order given was "Corn to the right, water to the left. Be ready to march by daylight."

During a great part of the march we suffered greatly for water. The weather was very dry and water very scarce, so much so that we were often compelled to drink the most filthy kind from pools and other

sources. Our own company (D) lost all of their canteens one day early in the march, when acting as rear-guard. We were halted a short distance from a house which we had just passed, and one of the boys, Wm. Rosenbush, proposed to take the canteens and go back to the house and get them filled with water. We gave them to him and he went back, but he was captured, the canteens taken from him, and he was paroled and came back to us before the order to march was given. The enemy kept a force immediately in rear as well as in front of us during the march, so that any stragglers or boys falling behind were sure to be captured. We found it hard to suffer from hunger, but the suffering from thirst was simply awful.

Many amusing incidents occurred on the march which might be related, were it not for making this paper too long. I will only relate one. Early one morning two of our boys, Bates and Larrick, known as "Pat" and "Bige," who were skilled foragers, captured a fine turkey, and undertook to carry it until we went into camp at night. They were selfish, and not willing to take any of the rest of us into partnership, but kept the turkey between themselves until late in the evening, when we halted for a rest. They had taunted us during the whole day over what fine supper they expected to have that night while we were eating our mush. Soon after we started again, after the last rest, it was discovered that neither of the boys had the turkey, and when Pat asked Bige whose turn it was to carry it, where it was, he said: "Oh, Lord, I left it the last stop." Pat gave him a good scolding in soldier's language, but the rest of us richly enjoyed their disappointment. Even yet, when the boys meet Bige, they ask him what became of the turkey. We afterwards learned that Capt. Foskett and some of his company had a huge turkey roast that night at the expense of the two boys.

On the night we reached Grayson, about 20 miles before coming to the Ohio River, we had been on continuous march for almost two entire days and nights, and men actually went to sleep while on their feet marching along, and would fall asleep the moment we stopped. About 3 o'clock in the morning, having reached the top of a hill above the town, the men were halted and the entire army fell down, with their traps on, in the road and went to sleep. The officers made an ineffectual effort to arouse us and get us into some kind of position, but had to give it up, and we were then allowed to sleep until noon the next day.

The enemy having left us here, we then marched leisurely to Greenupsburg, Ky., a small village on the Ohio River, where we arrived on Oct. 3, utterly worn out, ragged, shoeless, and covered with the accumulated dirt of 16 days' march, but otherwise in perfect health. Never were men gladder to see God's country than we were on reaching our own beautiful river. At Greenupsburg we received the first full meal we had eaten for two months, prepared and given to us by the good people of that town. We then crossed the river to Sciotsville, on the Ohio side, where we were given a splendid barbecue by the citizens. We were then taken by rail to Portland, Ohio, where we remained until Oct. 21, when, having had our wardrobe replenished with entire new outfits, we were ready for the next campaign. It is safe to say that no harder march was made by any of our troops during the war and that no more forlorn-looking body of men was ever seen in Ohio than our army was at the time we reached the Ohio River. We remained strictly in camp while we were at Portland, for, owing to the ragged condition of our clothing, we were ashamed to be seen and even ashamed to have our friends visit us.

A Family of Nine in Service.

By Wm. L. Baldwin, Private, Co. K, 4th Wis. Cav., National Soldiers' Home, Kan.

Our whole family, nine in all, six brothers, mother, sister and stepfather, were in the service, the brothers active and the other three as nurses. We were living in Wisconsin when the war broke out. My mother was in hospitals all along the Mississippi from Cairo to New Orleans. My sister for a time was in secret service, and ran great risks in a trip up the Red River. My first service was as a boy on the gunboat Essex, and had many adventures while steaming up and down the Mississippi with rebel guns firing at us. I was discharged from the Navy June 27, 1863. On Feb. 22, 1864, I joined the 4th Wis. Cav., and was taken prisoner at Greenville, Miss., and thence to the close of the war spent the time in various rebel prisons, suffering worst treatment at Cahalu, Ala. My brothers are all dead. To attempt to tell the story of the experiences of our family would be to fill a large book.

The Martyrdom of Lieut. Sanborn.

By Capt. Wallace Foster.

On the morning of July 13, 1863, there appeared in the "Semi-Weekly Virginian," published at Norfolk, Va., the following double-headed "scare" lines:

"Horrible Murder!—A U. S. Officer Shot in Cold Blood.—The Villain Arrested!—Preliminary Examination.—Intense Excitement Among the Citizens and Soldiers. —The Scoundrel Committed to Prison!"

On the afternoon of Saturday, July 11, 1863, the city of Norfolk was greatly excited by a most brutal murder. A United States officer, at the head of his men, while marching along one of the principal streets was, without warning and without the slightest provocation, cowardly shot to death by a rabid Secessionist, a church member, and a well-known physician.

To a careful reader of many thrilling incidents and narratives published since the war of the rebellion, none have more historical merit, or are of greater interest to the Union soldier and the colored race than the murder of Lieut. Sanborn. No public record of it has ever been made, so far as I have been able to learn.

Before the tragedy there seemed to have been a race prejudice, or inborn hatred, on the part of certain men to the enlistment of colored men as soldiers; but when Dr. Wright, a rabid Secessionist, deliberately and without the least provocation, murdered a United States officer, there was a revulsion of sentiment, and those who had protested most strongly were most pronounced in favor of enlisting colored men as soldiers.

As an introductory to the noble life of Lieut. Sanborn I do not know how I can better present to your readers the subject herein set forth than by first giving a brief sketch of his excellent traits of life and character.

Lieut. Sanborn was one of the many noble patriots who went forth determined to ,gl1Mf 2f tU W qffi rv teaosh rtatatatt of duty to God and his country, trusting that whatever might be his fate it was better than inactivity in an hour when his country was in peril and he was needed in its defence.

Lieut. Sanborn was born in Springfield, N. H., April 19, 1834. In 1857 he graduated from an educational institute at Fayette, Iowa, and taught a couple of terms. He afterwards taught two years in Missouri, barely escaping with his life when the rebellion first broke uot. Then he returned East, located at Thetford, Vt., accepting a position as teacher of the village school. Dec. 4, 1862, he commenced his patriotic service in Columbian Hospital, where he remained until May, 1863, when he entered the service by teaching contrabands the elementary principles of citizenship. When measures were taken to raise a colored regiment, he was one of the first to respond to the call, enrolling the names of the first 12 men who were enrolled as United States soldiers.

Thru the kindness of Mrs. Mary S. Mathewson, formerly a resident of Los Angeles, Cal., I am able to give a few extracts from a letter written to his mother, dated May 10, 1863, illustrating the Christian spirit that inspired the trueborn patriot to take up arms in defense of his country. The letter, in part, is as follows:

"Dear Mother: Being about to enter upon more active military duties, and realizing that you will consequently feel a greater anxiety for my welfare and safety, it is due to you, as the one of all others who most earnestly desires that success should crown my efforts, to disclose my purpose and feelings upon the enterprise in which I am about to engage. I have long felt that God had a work for me to do, and I am confident that he has now placed that work before me. I truly feel it my duty to take my position in the field, to battle the enemies of our country, the enemies of our oppressed people, and the enemies of God. I do not by any means enter rashly upon this work, but rather have taken a full survey of the work before me. I believe it to be the most holy and just work in which it is in the power of man to engage; it is a work of justice, a work of humanity, a work of God, and realizing as I do that it is my duty to enter upon this work, I cannot well shrink from it. Should God in His providence see me safely thru and spare my life, it is well; but should the sacrifice of my poor life be required, I pray, and desire your prayers, that I may then come off victorious. * * * I wish you to give yourself no uneasiness about

me at all, at least, until we are called into the field. Then, and not till then, need you give yourself any trouble or anxiety about the result. Doubtless you would very much prefer that others who desire it should perform such duties, but please remember that the million of men who have already gone into the field and bravely fought their country's battles, all, all had mothers, who, did they live, would feel the same anxiety for their sons as you do, or others who live, feel for theirs. It is a solemn duty, but nevertheless a duty, and I would rather die in the field, fighting for my country's glory, than to be spared at home in quiet ease while my brothers die upon the altar of their country. It is for justice, humanity, and a God-given country, for which we are contending, and trusting in God all will be well. Did I not feel it my duty I would not engage in the work. We meet much opposition on every hand, yet this only makes the cause more glorious."

In another letter to his sister, bearing date of May 17, 1863, he says:

"Your kind letter admonishing me not to act the imprudent part, received. Your own statements of the case are sufficient to urge me to the step I am about to take, if I had no other reason. First, you say, you believe the war is but just begun. Second, you say, we are whipped in nearly every engagement. Would you, dear Sister, wish it to be said of your brother that in the hour of his country's peril, when she was agonizing and bleeding at every pore, he shrank from duty thru pure cowardice? Or would you desire it to be said of him that he forsook the glorious cause of his country until compelled by conscription to go forth to duty? Or would it be noble and manly to remain a passive and indifferent subject while thousands and hundreds of thousands are marching on to duty, to glory and to death? I am sorry to have you ask if it is the compensation that prompts me to engage in this enterprise. You ought to know, before this, that I am no money worshiper. I assure you that is the very last consideration. I go from a pure sense of duty. I believe God calls me to 'act in the living present, heart within and God o'erhead.' I assure you I am not about to enter the field without taking a full and complete survey. I well know and realize the hardships and danger to which I shall be exposed. I well know the suffering and pain liable to be inflicted, but when the strife is over, when the clash of arms and the booming of cannon is heard no more, when at least our glorious God-given country is rescued from the enemy's grasp, and peace with all its blessings again smiles upon the blooming face of our beloved country, I desire it to be said of me that the Angel of Death bore my spirit away while battling for right, justice and downtrodden humanity."

Every one who loves the spirit of patriotism and deep religious feeling must admire the conscientious course of this noble patriot to country, duty and God, which is the threefold chord that encircles all.

On the afternoon of Saturday, July 11, 1863, A. L. Sanborn, of Co. B, 1st U. S. C. I., was in command of his company at the United States Custom House, Norfolk, Va., where his company was reviewed by Gen. Viele. After going thru the customary drill and manuvers attending a military review, he was complimented for the proficiency displayed by his men. After the review the Lieutenant marched his company east on Main street to the National Hotel, and as I was coming to Main street from Market Square I met the command returning to their quarters in Union street. I had just entered Main street when my attention was attracted by the color of the men marching, it being the first company of colored soldiers I had ever seen, and I was naturally interested in their appearance. Every movement of the officer and his men was orderly, nothing unusual happening until the company had reached a point opposite to where I was standing, in front of a dry goods store kept by a noted English Secessionist, by the name of Andrew Foster, but no relation of mine.

The company was marching by fours in the street near the sidewalk, and when near the entrance of the store, Dr. D. M. Wright addressed the Lieutenant with a grossly-insulting remark. He halted at once, dressed his company in front of the store, and then replied to Wright's insult, informing him if he ever insulted him again in that way he would have him arrested. He then turned to his men and gave the order to "Shoulder arms." As he did so, Dr. Wright drew a revolver and fired, without the least warning, taking advantage of the officer when his back was turned, the ball entering just back of the left shoulder and penetrating the spine. At the first fire the company stampeded into the middle of the street. Seeing the Lieutenant raise his sword and grapple with the Doctor in the door, I immediately ran into the street to rally the company, at the same time telling them to defend their commander, and not until the second shot was fired, inside of the store, did they realize what was going on. I ran into the store and found the Lieutenant with his sword still grasped in his hand, hanging over the counter near the front, the

blood gushing from the wounds in his shoulder and arms. He was gasping for breath and apparently unconscious, and only lived a few minutes after I entered the store.

Raising the body of the dying man upon the counter I saw the murderer standing behind the counter, under a projection from an outside stairway, with his head bare and the revolver still grasped in his hand, defying every one who dared to go near him. Not until a marine came in was he dislodged from his position. The brave act of this sailor is as fresh in my memory as tho it occurred but yesterday. He was off duty, in holiday attire. Stepping up to me, saluting, he asked, after pointing to the dead Lieutenant, "Where is the rebel who murdered that officer?" I can distinctly remember the expression of that brave fellow's face when I pointed to the assassin. He put his hands on the counter and in less time than I can tell it sprang over, grasped the Doctor by the throat and in an instant he was spinning over the counter into the middle of the store, with the marine standing over him.

The news of the murder flew in every direction, and soon an excited crowd of angry citizens and soldiers was gathered before the door of Foster's store, and nothing but the arrival of the provost guard prevented the Doctor from being hung to a lamp post. Expressions of rage and indignation fell from the lips of all present, accompanied by threats of vengeance, which marked their abhorence of the cowardly and atrocious crime.

After the arrest of Dr. Wright by the provost guard he was conducted down Main street to the Custom House, and led before Maj. A. S. Bovey, Provost-Marshal. As soon as the necessary witnesses could be summoned the preliminary examination of the murderer commenced. Lieut.-Col. Flood, 155th N. Y.; Maj. Murray, 148th N. Y.; Lieut. Parker, and, I think, several officers from a Connecticut regiment; 1st N. Y. Mounted Rifles; 11th Pa. Cav., and myself, with others, were examined. During the examination the conduct of the prisoner was arrogant in the extreme In reply to one of his haughty remarks Maj. Bovey inquired if that remark was intended for him. "Yes, it is intended for you," he replied, "and you are too much of coward to resent it." His daughter, receiving courage from her father, said to him: "Don't mind the nasty Yankees, father; they won't dare to harm a hair on your head."

This last insult from the daughter fanned the spark into a flame. Maj. Bovey's eyes almost flashed fire, and he could not restrain his pent-up indignation longer, but sprang to his feet with revolver drawn and anger in his eyes that made the rebel tremble in his chair, telling him if he heard any more of his insolence he would take the law into his own hand. He then turned to the daughter, giving her to understand that her presence was not desirable, and ordered the guard to remove her from the room.

It will not be necessary to go thru all the details of the final trial by military court, presided over by my brother, Maj.-Gen. Robert S. Foster. Every advantage was given the prisoner for a fair and impartial trial, after which he was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged by the neck until dead, which sentence was carried out with the utmost propriety and good order. Every reasonable indulgence was extended to his family and friends to visit him in his cell, and afford him all the comforts of life under the circumstances.

On the evening preceding his execution his daughter visited him in order to carry out a plan for his escape, smuggling into his cell a female outfit. When the daughter's time to leave came the father instead of the daughter left the prison and succeeded in passing the first guard, but the keen eye of the second guard detected the imposition and he halted him with a command that every soldier knows means instant death if disobeyed. The Doctor's voice did not betray him, but his boots did. After some resistance he was marched back to the cell and a stronger restriction was placed on the further visits of his family.

Every means was resorted to in order to secure his reprieve, even an appeal being made to President Lincoln, but the deed was so defiant that a Nation's honor demanded his punishment. It was the Doctor's wish to suffer death by being shot, but that was denied him as being too honorable a death for the murderer of a United States officer. While he was confined in prison it is said he made all necessary arrangements for his interment, by having a casket made to his special order, with photographs of every member of his family arranged in a frame adjusted above his face on the inside.

The murder of Lieut. Sanborn caused such indignation and excitement in Norfolk that all the available troops in and around the city were ordered on patrol duty to keep the negroes from burning and sacking the Secessionists' property in the city, so incensed were they at the cowardly murder of their friend and instructor.

Every martyr to the cause of human rights, discussed by the sulfered lips of the cannon and with arguments of solid lead and iron, desires to have his blood remembered; and well he may, for our rights

were secured to us by the blood of our fathers, and in it is the blood of the martyr for Freedom, which shall perpetuate them to coming generations.

Can their blood be covered and forgotten? Will the blood of our murdered comrade be forgotten? Never! The marble slab at Theaford, Vt., may mark the last resting place of his mangled body, and tell when, where, how and by whom he was murdered, but that is not to be the extent of his record. The bloody corner where Lieut. Sanborn fell will never be forgotten. The scenes there enacted will never pass out of the traditions of Norfolk. Where, when and why Dr. Wright met the doom of justice will always be a Norfolk legend; and last, but not least, the colored race will tell the tale from generation to generation as they work out their redemption from thraldom and degradation, and the name of Lieut. A. L. Sanborn will be held in grateful and lasting remembrance.

Having been an eye-witness to the terrible tragedy, and making due allowance for my memory of what occurred a half century ago, I believe this to be substantially a true statement of the murder of Lieut. Sanborn, Co. B, 1st U. S. C. I., by Dr. D. M. Wright, of Norfolk, Va.

The Record of a Nine Months Regiment.

By O. B. Wright, Co. K, 132d Pa., Scranton, Pa.

President Lincoln, in the Summer of 1862, called for 75,000 volunteers to serve nine months. This call seemed imperative, owing, no duobt, to the failure of the Peninsular campaign and the threatened recognition of the Southern Confederacy by foreign powers. Under the call Governor Curtin asked that 15 regiments be recruited to take the field at once. Sept. 1 most of them, if not all, were moving to the front. Among the number was the 132d. This regiment was mustered into service Aug. 14, 1862, and on the 19th was ordered to Washington, where on the same day it passed up Pennsylvania Avenue and across Long Bridge into Virginia, going into camp near Fort Corcoran. Bates's History of Pennsylvania Troops says:

"This regiment was from the north central part of the State, made up from the Counties of Bradford, Carbon, Columbia, Luzerne, Montour and Wyoming, and was composed of an unusually fine body of men."

Here the regiment commenced the practice and drill of the soldier, under the inspirating music of the guns of Bull Run and Chantilly. Sept. 2 it was ordered to Rockville, Md., to join the main Army of the Potomac, and on the evening that day took up its first line of march, 22 miles, which it performed in seven hours. It had been assigned to Kimball's Brigade, French's Division of Sumner's Corps, composed of the 14th Ind., 8th Ohio, 7th W. Va., and 132d Pa. On Sept. 13 the brigade made a forced march of 33 miles, reaching the battlefield of South Mountain on the 14th, just as the fighting for the day had closed. It participated in the pursuit of the enemy on the 15th thru Turner's Gap, Boonesboro and Keedysville, on to Antietam Creek, where on the afternoon of the 16th it sustained a severe tho harmless shell fire.

On the morning of Sept. 17 it met the enemy for the first time in close quarters with one-half of the effective force of the brigade. It was no small honor to have participated in that engagement and shared the honors paid in the splendid achievements of the contest. The position of the brigade was a most exposed one, and especially trying to new troops for the first time under fire. For four hours the regiment maintained its position without wavering and until ammunition was exhausted, when it was relieved. The brigades of Hill, Colquit and Ripley, of the Confederate army, were the ones in front of them and occupying the "sunken road." Here the slaughter was terrible.

The dead lay in heaps, the Confederates madly rushing on nearer and nearer into the very jaws of death. Richardson's Division just at this time coming on the left of French, the whole pierced the Confederate center and closed the fight for the day on this portion of the field. The loss of the 132d Pa. in this engagement was 30 killed and 114 wounded. Among the killed was Col. Richard A. Oakford, who fell early in the fight. Gen. Kimball, in his official report, says: "Every man of my command behaved in the most exemplary manner and as men determined to save their country or die."

After the battle of Antietam one of the fiercest of the war, the regiment moved to Harper's Ferry, and during the month of October was occupied in drill and camp duty and participated in several reconnoissances, among them to Leesburg and Charlestown. On the 31st it joined in the general movement of the Army of the Potomac towards the Rappahannock, reaching

Falmouth Nov. 6. The following morning it was detached from the brigade and sent to Belle Plain for duty. A month later it returned to Falmouth and was assigned to the Third Brigade, Third Division of the Second Corps. On Nov. 11 it was supporting the cannonading of Fredericksburg and laying of the pontoon bridges near the Lacy House, crossing over and into the city next day. In the charge on "Marye's Hights" on the 13th it occupied a position in the second line of advance, and showed its heroism in the loss of 130 men out of the 300 engaged; and all this dreadful loss in 15 minutes. Five men and two commissioned officers were stricken down while bearing the colors. Among the latter was Lieut. Charles McDougal and Henry H. Hoagland. The latter was killed while receiving the flag from the hands of the dying bearer.

An interesting incident occurred following this battle of Fredericksburg. While the regiment was returning to the town at night the color-bearer then, who had been severely wounded and weak from the loss of blood, but still clinging to the flag, entered a hospital, where he soon became unconscious and later died. In the darkness the flag was not missed, altho it was known that the colors were with the command on entering the town. They were found but carried away by the officers of another regiment and reported as captured from a "flying regiment." A court of inquiry was called upon the circumstances of the loss, the result of which was an order issued by Gen. O. O. Howard, in command of the corps. An extract is as follows: "The last color-bearer, badly wounded, left his command after dark, and in the town entered a church used as a hospital, taking his colors with him. He was carried away from this place and the colors left behind. The very fidelity of the color-bearer, holding on to his colors as long as he was conscious, was the occasion of their loss to the regiment. Not only no fault should be found with the regiment, but it should receive unqualified commendation."

An order issued by Gen. French, after citing the circumstances and commending this gallantry in most unqualified terms, adds: "As commander of the Division, and knowing the character of the 132d Pa., which has fought under my eye in two of the bloodiest engagements of the war, and which has the highest encomiums of its brigade commander, Gen. Kimball, who knows what brave men are, I have deemed it my duty to make this record."

Returning to Falmouth after the battle the regiment encamped near the Rappahannock, there performing the ordinary duties of camp and picket until the close of April, 1863, when the movement to Chancellorsville commenced. The term of service of a large portion of the men had already expired, yet when the order came to move on the enemy they again buckled on their armour and without a murmur turned their faces to the front. The regiment was held in reserve until May 2. Next morning it moved rapidly to the spot where disaster had visited the Union lines. Entering the woods near the Chancellorsville, and near the Fredericksburg Plank Road, it received a severe fire from the enemy in a well-chosen position. It was briskly returned, and in a charge with the bayonet captured a number of prisoners. In the new line of battle there formed it occupied an advanced position, which was held until the battle closed. Again returning to Falmouth—the term of all the men having fully expired—it was ordered to Harrisburg, where, on May 24, 1863, it was mustered out of service and discharged.

In his farewell order at Falmouth, Gen. French expressed the hope that, after a brief sojourn at home, the brave men of this regiment, who had passed unscathed thru the thickest of the fight in three most important battles under his eye, would again rally round the flag they had so ably defended. In this hope, he was not disappointed. Two-thirds of the command reenlisted in other regiments and remained until the close of the war.

There were many incidents in this campaign common, no doubt, to all soldiers. Let me recite one worthy of notice. It was the good fortune of this regiment to be brigaded with other troops, every one a veteran, such as composed the 14th Ind., 8th Ohio and 7th W. Va., commanded by that veteran hero, Gen. Nathan Kimball. It was known as the "Gibraltar Brigade," having seen service in West Virginia in 1861, and in the Peninsular campaign of 1862, and was, with good reason, jealous of its reputation and record. The morning the 132d Pa. joined the brigade these old veterans came swarming into the camp, curious, of course, to know what kind of men were to be their associates. The new, bright uniforms, with shiny buttons, was the occasion of many remarks, such as "Don't you want a sugar rag?" "Does your mother know you're out?" "Don't you want to go home to mammy?" Under this sarcasm these boys were mute, but their determination was as firm as their lips were silent, altho the fun and guying was kept up until after the battle of Antietam. They took it all good naturedly, and when having passed thru that battle and brot honor to the old brigade, these old veterans came again into our camp paying many compliments for their hard work and gallantry, and were ever after among their warmest friends.

In More Than Ninety Battles.

By Erastus Blakslee, 1st Conn. Cav., Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General.

The history of the 1st Conn. Cav. is in some respects unique. It began active service, a battalion of four companies, fighting bushwhackers among the mountans of West Virginia in March, 1862, and ended it, a regiment of 12 companies, by escorting Gen. Grant when he went to receive Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House, in April, 1865. Meanwhile it had spent three months with its corps within the defenses of Washington, and 14 months, for most part on provost duty, in Baltimore, Md.; so that its brilliant record in the field was acquired by a fighting service of but about 20 months, seven as a battalion and 13 as a regiment. Yet such was its exceeding activity when at the front that it was engaged with the enemy in some form over 90 times, and suffered loss in killed, wounded or missing on over 80 different occasions. Its regimental service was in Sheridan's renowned cavalry, in the division commanded at first by Wilson and afterwards by Custer. It fought cavalry, infantry, and artillery, mounted and on foot, in the field and behind breastworks, and its captures of prisoners, wagons, guns, and flags were very considerable. Allowing for names appearing on its rolls twice or more because of transfers from one company to another, for deserters, for rebel prisoners enlisted at Baltimore and transferred to the Northwest to fight Indians, and for others nominally but not really serving in it, a careful inspection of the rolls at the Adjutant-General's office fixes the number of persons actually doing duty in this command at 1,361.

Of these, in round numbers, 100, mostly reenlisted veterans from the original four companies, served nearly four years, 300 about three years, 100 about two years, 600 about a year and a half, and the remainder but a few months. Thirty-two of its officers and men were killed and 97 wounded in battle, while of its entire number 205, or almost 15 per cent, lost their lives in service, and altho no part of the command was ever taken in a body, the captures from it were 304, or over 22 per cent of the whole, nearly a quarter of whom perioshed in prison, 47 in Andersonville alone, and its casualties of every sort, so far as recorded, were 772, or over 56 per cent. Of its enlisted men 43 afterward became commissioned officers, receiving in all 79 commissions.

Among these were three who attained the rank of Major and 10 that of Captain, while of its officers three became Brevet Brigadier-Generals, there being but three volunteers from Connecticut of a higher rank, and but 14 others of this; and of the 12 Medals of Honor awarded by Congress to Connecticut soldiers for distinguished bravery, three or one-quarter of the whole, were awarded to members of this regiment. These figures tell a story of endurance, courage, and achievement of which the 1st Cav. may well be proud.

They include and unusual number of heroic personal adventures, without which the regimental history cannot be complete, but for which there is no room in this brief official record.

The 1st Conn. Cav. was originally organized as a battalion of four companies, one from each Congressional District in the State. The call for it was issued Oct. 1, 1861, and on the 23d it assembled at Camp Tyler, West Meriden, Conn., with full ranks. It remained there on drill and discipline until Feb. 20, 1862, when, under the command of Maj. Judson M. Lyon, it proceeded to Wheeling, Va., arriving on the 24th. March 27 it was assigned to the brigade of Gen. Robert C. Schenck and ordered to Moorefield, Va., to fight guerrillas. It was very active here, covering the ground with its scouting parties for many miles up and down the south Potomac valley, and penetrating into alomst every recess of the mountains on either hand. Early in May the brigade moved up the valley, and was present on the 8th at the battle of McDowell. The battalion covered the rear of our army as it fell back, repulsing an attack by Ashby's Cavalry near Franklin on the 11th. Jackson having driven Banks from Strasburg across the Potomac, our army, under Fremont, hastened to intercept him. The battalion led the advance over the mountains. At daylight May 30 it met and repulsed the enemy's cavalry at Wardensville. June 1, at dusk, it overtook and charged Jackson's rear at Strasburg, and in the pursuit of him up the Valley was constantly in the

advance. Under Capt. Middlebrook it joined in the sharp cavalry fight near Harrisonburg, June 6, where the rebel Gen. Ashby was killed, and in Fremont's battle at Cross Keys two days later; and on the 9th made a dash to save the bridge at Port Republic, but too late for success.

The army now retired down the Valley, and on July 10 crossed the mountains to Sperryville. About this time Maj. Lyon resigned and Capt. Middlebrook assumed command. The battalion, now in Sigel's Corps, was at the battle of Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9 and on the 12th joined in the purusit of Jackson to the Rapidan. With its brigade under Col. Beardsley, 9th N. Y., it fought thru Pope's disastrous campaign and helped to cover the shattered fragments of his army on its retreat.

It was now badly used up and to a large extent dismounted, and lay with its corps in camp near Washington three months, during which time it received about 100 recruits, and was entirely refitted and remounted. In December it moved with its corps to Stafford Court House, where it remained a month, scouting and picketing, when it was ordered to Baltimore for provost duty and to be filled up to a regiment.

During this period the headquarters of the regiment were at Camp Cheesebrough, Baltimore, Md. Maj. Fish was Provost-Marshal. The Secession element being strong in Maryland, the business of the office was large. Several officers from the regiment were appointed assistant marshals, and large details of its men were constantly on provost duty in the city and on provost duty, and scouting expeditions to various parts of the State. Capt. Farnsworth had charge of the camp. Under his energetic lead the men rebuilt the barracks and officers' quarters, paved the company streets with brick, and graded and turfed the ground between. Barns were also built, and a hospital and chapel. July 5 he was ordered with 180 men to Harper's Ferry, then occupied by the enemy. On the 14th, with 49 men, he attacked a rebel picket on Bolivar Hights, numbering, with their reserve, 200 or more, but his horse becoming disabled under him, he was captured with more than half of his men. The remainder withdrew, bringing back several prisoners captured by them. On Aug. 7 the battalion took part in an expedition under Capt. Vinton, 6th Mich. Cav., which was surprised in camp at night near Waterford, Va., and suffered considerable loss. Later the 1st Conn., under Lieut. Rogers, returned the compliment by surprising a rebel camp in the same region and capturing a large number of prisoners. Afterwards, with other troops, it made two expeditions to Winchester, and one in November, of 15 days, to Harrisonburg, meeting the enemy each time. Meanwhile large additions were being made to the regiment. In January, 1864, its ranks were full, and Maj. Blakeslee, who had been on recruiting service for some time, was ordered to Baltimore to assume command. The detachment at Harper's Ferry was sent back and the recruits put under rigid drill and discipline. The regiment was mounted and fully equipped, and on March 8, 675 strong, marched to join the Army of the Potomac. The regiment arrived at Stevensburg, Va., March 24, and was assigned to the First Brigade, Third Division, Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac (Sheridan's Cavalry), with which it served until the end of the war. During the Summer Gen. Wilson commanded the division and Gen. McIntosh the brigade. March 29 Serg't Fish, Co. H, was wounded on picket at Grove Church. As he lay helpless on the ground the rebels brutally shot him repeatedly with his own revolver. He received 21 wounds and was left for dead, but lived long enough to tell the tale. On May 4 the army crossed the Rapidan. Next morning the 1st Conn., as advance guard, met Longstreet's advance at Craig's Church and opened the Wilderness battles on our left. Maj. Marcy, with about 200 men, reconnoitering, was cut off. As the only chance of escape, he ordered sabers drawn and a charge thru the enemy. His feat was most gallantly accomplished, with the loss of about 40 men. The division fell slowly back, the 1st Conn. covering the rear, to Todd's Tavern, where it made a stand and checked the enemy.

The terrific infantry fighting of the next two days being ended, the 1st Conn. led the advance in Grant's movement towards Spotsylvania Court House, and early in the morning, charged into the town, driving out the enemy there and capturing 35 prisoners, mostly infantry; but supports failing to come up, the division presently withdrew. That night the regiment received Spencer's and Sharp's carbines in place of the much-inferior Smith's, Gen. Wilson saying: "It had earned the right to carry them."

At daylight on the 9th, stripped of all incumbrances, with one feed of oats in their nose-bags and two days' hardtack and five days' salt in their haversacks, the cavalry started on Sheridan's raid to Richmond. Stuart followed, and engaged us at Beaver Dam Station on the 10th and on the 11th at Yellow Tavern, where he was killed.

On the 12th the corps, with the 1st Conn. in the extreme advance nearest the city, fought nearly all day within the defenses

of Richmond, withdrawing across Meadow Bridge at night with much difficulty.

On the 15th it met supply steamers at Haxall's Landing, on the James, and rejoined the army at Hanover Court House on the 25th. The 1st Conn. lost about 150 horses used up on this raid; their riders, except as they took the places of the killed and wounded, being sent to Dismount Camp. May 31, at dusk, the brigade charged on foot up a steep slope, driving the enemy at all points.

The 1st Conn., which had been on the skirmish line, away from horses and haversacks nearly all day, remained there all night, Gen. McIntosh saying he "Must have a regiment there that he could trust." The next day, at Ashland, while en route in the woods, the brigade was surprised by an attack in its rear. The 1st Conn. had orders to support Fitzhugh's U. S. Mounted Battery, and was the only force between it and W. H. F. Lee's Cavalry Division. It was a splendid prize, and Lee determined to have it. He charged furiously on the division pack train in the rear of the 1st Conn., stampeding several hundred led horses and mules thru the regiment, causing great confusion. But the regiment quickly rallied, and by a gallant countercharge checked the enemy. It was a hard fight, a regiment against a division, but with seven distinct rallies in about a mile, now in line and now by counter-charge, and at a loss of about one-fifth of its men engaged, the regiment won, time was gained and the battery was saved.

Among the killed was the heroic Capt. Warner, shot twice before he fell and fighting to the last, and the gallant Color-Sergeant Whipple, shot dead proudly facing the foe. Lieut.-Col. Blakeslee being wounded in this fight, Maj. Marcy assumed command. The division was now on the extreme right of the army, where it remained on severe duty as rear guard during Grant's hazardous movement across the James. On June 10, in one of its many skirmises, the much-lamented Capt. Backus was instantly killed while gallantly leading his men. His body, left a short time in possession of the enemy, was stripped by them of everything but his shirt.

The division, almost worn out with fatigue, crossed the James on the 17th. At 1 o'clock a. m. on the 22d it started on Wilson's daring raid against the Southside Railroad, and, without rest even to water the horses, marched for 24 hours by a circuitous route to Ford's Station, 14 miles west of Petersburg. It destroyed the railroad from there westward. At Nottaway Court House a heavy fight occurred while the 1st Conn. was tearing up the track towards Danville. An attempt to destroy the great bridge across the Staunton, at Roanoke Station by daylight having failed, Gen. Wilson called for Capt. Morehouse and 75 men from the 1st Conn. to burn it by night. They responded cheerfully, tho knowing that but few probably would return alive. Fortunately, while they were preparing the combustibles, the attempt was thot so desperate that the order was revoked. The retreat across the country to Stony Creek, on the Weldon Railroad, now began.

The 1st Conn. Cav. distinguished itself in the unsuccessful but hotly-contested attempt to break thru the enemy's lines at this point, and then covered the rear in the perilous withdrawal to Reams's Station. The enemy were met here on the 29th in heavy force. The command was in the utmost danger. Capt. Whitaker, of the 1st Conn. Cav., on Wilson's staff, was dispatched to Gen. Meade for succor. With 40 men of the 3d N. Y. he dashed thru the enemy's lines and reached headquarters with 14 men and two prisoners. But it was too late. Wilson burnt his ammunition and baggage wagons, left his ambulances, spiked his guns and retreated in hot haste. The enemy's pressing in on every side, turned the retreat into a rout.

Color-Serg't Hawley, 1st Conn., stripped the flag from its staff, stuffed it into his bosom, under his shirt, and escaped with a wounded horse and with four bullet-holes thru his blouse and one thru his cap. The 1st Conn. was the first regiment to make a stand against the enemy. It formed line, rallied stragglers, and holding the enemy back covered the retreat of the rest of the division. This desperate rear-guard service was continued all night, and, with the fighting of the day before, cost the 1st Conn. over three-score men. Private Clarke, Co. A, wounded twice and captured, was deliberately and repeatedly shot by the rebels while a prisoner, and with 17 bullet wounds in his person was left for dead, but, after almost incredible hardships, survived.

The command recrossed the Nottaway, and with a detour of 100 miles reached Petersburg July 2 utterly exhausted. The 1st Conn. brot into camp but 85 men, the rest came straggling in for days as best they could. The expedition was gone 10 days, marched 300 miles, destroyed 68 miles of railroad track, with tanks, sawmills, and depots, fought four battles and many skirmishes, rested at no place over six hours, and during the last four days not over four hours, had but little food or forage, and went for whole days and even for 48 hours without water under a blazing sun and with but one slight shower, not enough to lay the dust, on the way.

It was at the wind-up of such an expedition as that that the 1st Conn. rallied and covered the rear, and was specially thanked by Gen. Wilson for its services. The regiment now had a month in camp and on picket duty in the rear and on the left of our army at Petersburg, and was then ordered with its division to the Shenandoah Valley. Col. Blakeslee rejoined it en route at Washington, where it was remounted and thorolv refitted, being fully armed with Spencer carbines.

The campaign in the Valley under Sheridan was a busy one. Aug. 16, just after dark, while fighting dismounted, the 1st Conn. was cut off and almost surrounded by a large body of infantry, many of whom were within easy speaking distance. Escape seemed impossible, but, aided by the darkness and by a swamp which hindered the march of the enveloping column, it was effected at the last moment, greatly to the surprise of both friend and foe.

On the 25th the regiment fought at Kearneysville, and was complimented by Gen. McIntosh for "the handsome manner" in which it charged thru the woods; and on Sept. 14 Capt. Rogers's squadron, by a rapid dash, helped to surround and capture the 8th S. C. with its Colonel and colors. Col. Blakeslee, still suffering from the effects of his wound, now withdrew, leaving Maj. Marcy again in command.

The regiment opened the battle of Winchester, Sept. 19, crossing the Opequan at dawn, and driving the enemy at a gallop until the first line of rebel earthworks was in sight. Then, the whole brigade in line, the 1st Conn. in the center, charged magnificently up the slope, and with a yell went over the breastworks, man and horse together, capturing 100 prisoners by the way. The brigade held this position till our infantry came up, and was then put on our extreme left, where towards night the division made a grand charge against the flank of the retreating enemy, driving all before it for miles. On the 21st, at Front Royal, the division forced a passage across the Shenandoah in face of the enemy, and with one charge scattered them in wild confusion. All movements were performed at a gallop in the open fields and under the eye of the Commanding General, and the 1st Conn. gained the credit of being "better handled and maneuvered than any other regiment in the division."

The regiment joined in the pursuit of Early to Harrisonburg, and then, Sept. 26,-29, took part in Torbert's destructive raid to Staunton and Waynesboro. Oct. 1 Wilson was sent West, and Custer was put in command of the division. The troops now retired down the Valley. Oct. 17 found the regiment on picket at Cedar Run Church. Rosser dashed in at night with two brigades, hoping to surprise the division in camp, but tho he captured Maj. Marcy and 30 men, was defeated in his plans thru the stout resistance of the men on guard.

Concerning the renowned battle of Cedar Creek, Oct. 19, Gen. Sheridan says: "I attribute the breaking up of the main line of the enemy as it was falling back to the charge around the left flank by the cavalry under Gen. Custer." The 1st Conn., under Capt. French, led that charge, dispersing the enemy's cavalry, and with the help of reinforcements driving it across Cedar Creek; thus opening the way for the rest of the division to the half a hundred guns, and many wagons, prisoners, and flags that it captured, and which were as truly trophies of the 1st Conn. as of any other regiment.

The regiment was now for weeks constantly on the alert. Nov. 12, under Capt. Rogers, in a reconnoissance across Cedar Creek, it had a sharp fight with Rosser, was nearly surrounded, but receiving reinforcements, drove him and returned victorious with a loss of 30 men, including Capt. Rogers, wounded. Lieut.-Col. Ives now arrived and assumed command. The Winter was a hard one. Nov. 24 a man froze to death at night in his tent. On Dec. 19-22 the regiment, temporarily under Maj. Whitaker, marched with the division 120 miles in four extremely cold days, gallantly repulsed a fierce night attack in an ice-covered bivouac at Lazy Springs, and returned to camp with 50 frost-bitten men; and on Feb. 4-5 50 picked men of the regiment, with 250 others from the division, all under the same officer—then and until the war closed on Custer's staff—marched over the Alleghanies to within four miles of Moorefield, 140 miles, in 48 hours, half within the enemy's lines, and, capturing the noted Harry Gilmore in bed, brot him back a prisoner.

The first step towards Appomattox Court House was taken by Sheridan Feb. 27 1865, when, committing his Winter quarters to the flames, and with bands playing and flags flying, he started on his great raid from Winchester to Petersburg via Waynesboro, which place he reached March 2, Custer's Division in the advance. Here were Early's headquarters. The enemy were strongly posted on a ridge with artillery. They must be dislodged. The 1st Conn. Cav. and two other regiments were assigned to Lieut.-Col. Whitaker for this purpose. They were secretly put on the rebel left flank and dismounted in mud knee-deep. An ice storm prevailed and the shells crashed fearfully thru the ice-covered trees. The flanking party, the

1st Conn., led by Maj. Goodwin, being on the right, charged with great enthusiasm, at the same time the division advanced, the enemy broke, and 1,303 prisoners, 150 wagons, 11 guns, and 18 battle flags were ours, won wholly by Custer's Division, and largely by the flank attack led by a 1st Conn. officer, and fought in good part by 1st Conn. men.

The next day the command was at Charlottesville, and marched thence eastward, working untold destruction on railroads, bridges and canals. Near Ashland, March 14, Longstreet attempted to intercept Sheridan, but was discovered by Lieut.-Col. Whitaker, who with Capt. Neville's squadron of the 1st Conn. drove the rebel skirmishers at a gallop and uncovered their infantry. Sheridan then avoided battle by recrossing the North Anna. In this spirited charge the squadron lost 17 men, including the brave and genial Lieut. Clark, who was killed. He was one of the original battalion and universally loved.

The command was at White House March 21 and before Petersburg on the 27th. Here Col. Ives, who had been absent recruiting, rejoined the regiment, which at sunrise, April 1, was at Five Forks. There had already been much fighting here, but without success. The brigade, dismounted, made a resolute attack, but was repulsed. Among the lost here was Capt. Parmelee, one of the bravest of the brave, killed by a shell while gallantly leading his men. The battle raged fiercely. In the afternoon our lines charged twice without avail. The third time they were successful, capturing 6,000 prisoners and many guns and flags.

"In this memorable battle," writes Gen. Custer, "the 1st Conn. achieved the honor of being the first to leap the enemy's breastworks, seize his cannon, and turn them on the retreating foe."

The two guns thus gallantly captured by the 1st Conn. were the only ones taken at that time by Custer's Division. For two days they pursued the flying enemy. On the 3d, at Sweat House Creek, the division had a sharp engagement, but soon won a victory. On the 7th the 1st Conn. led the advance. It attacked Lee's wagon train near Harper's Farm, and, routing the guard, separated. Col. Ives, with the right battalion, charged a battery in the woods defended by infantry, and captured five guns with caissons, men and horses, and two battleflags. Maj. Morehouse, with the left battalion, went towards the head of the train, capturing men, horses and mules and burning wagons; but the enemy being reinforced the regiment retired with its splendid trophies. About 3 p. m. the brigade was ordered to charge the enemy's breastworks, mounted. It gallantly galloped forward, only to be terribly repulsed. Col. Ive's horse was shot under him, and the dead of the 1st Conn. lay nearest the enemy's works. At sunset these same works were again attacked in force and 5,000 prisoners captured.

On the 9th Sheridan saw that the end was near. He had cut off the enemy's way of retreat and was just advancing to a grand final charge. A flag of truce appeared, asking a cessation of hostilities. Under it Lieut.-Col. Whitaker, of the 1st Conn. Cav., at Custer's request, entered the rebel lines, and with Gen. Longstreet acting for Gen. Lee, made the negotiations which stopped the fighting. Soon after the regiment itself was detailed to escort Gen. Grant when he went to receive Lee's surrender. These two unique events were glory enough for one day.

The remaining story is short. The regiment went nearly to Danville with Sheridan, but on Johnston's surrender marched back to Washington, where it took part in the Grand Review and was found so excellent as to be selected for provost duty in the city, where it remained until August. A battalion of it was sent to Gettysburg at the laying of the cornerstone of the soldiers' monument there July 4, 1865. On its muster-out it was allowed to return to its State mounted, a privilege granted to no other regiment in the service. It was discharged at New Haven, Conn., Aug. 18, 1865, almost three years and 10 months from the date of its first encampment at West Meriden, Conn. Its record is a noble one, an honor to itself and to the State that sent it out.

What Might Have Been.

By G. W. White, Sergeant, Co. C, 106th Pa., Colusa, Cal.

During the war a great many strange things happened. To the average man behind the gun much took place which could have been avoided. Of the boys in the Army of the Potomac, many would have made good Generals if the opportunity had presented itself. A great many of them thot we could have taken Richmond with one-half the loss sustained in the retreat to Harrison's Landing. Little McC. was a big General and had a big army, and big things were expected of him. We all fail-

ed (that is the observing ones) to see just how McClellan could have placed more men on the Peninsula than those he already had, as the whole region was nearly swamps. It was a better place for ducks than an army.

But it is all right. We all remember the wearisome march from Fair Oaks to Harrison's Landing in the mud. Time cannot obliterate the trials of the boys discouraged with thot of a backward movement. Think of the feelings of the men who composed that grand army, as bright and brave a lot of men as ever lived; think of the destruction at Savage Station; think of the brave boys left behind in the sweltering heat; think of the filthy water we were compelled to drink; think of such a magnificently equipped army showing its back to the foe when one and all were ready to lay down their lives to face the enemy.

I wonder if the boys remember when we hit the road and hoofed it to Newport News, via Yorktown, and there took the steamer Baltic for a picnic at the second battle of Bull Run; how we ran aground and the old sidewheeler stuck, and how, with little to eat and no way to cook what we had, we held chunks of salthorse against the old smokestack to warm it up. Do they remember how the Nellie Baker landed us at Aquia Creek, when we hit the road for Fredericksburg and marched half the night, and then countermarched to Aquia Creek, again where we embarked for Alexandria, where we were to get grub. Yes, we were, but we got little, and what we did get was accompanied with an order to strike out for Manassass, Centerville, etc. Again, we hit the road and hit it hard, and finally ran up against Chantilly, where much good blood was spilt. Chantilly, another fruitless victory.

Well, while we had our clothes on, and without putting us to the trouble of unslinging knapsacks (those who had them) we were headed for Chain Bridge, and finally pulled up at Tenalleytown. Here we were approached by our comrade, Gen. O. O. Howard, who in his pleasant way stated we were now in our own country and should have our much-needed rest, new clothes, shoes, and plenty of good food. But the General had hardly finished talking before our Adjutant sang out—"Fall in!" (the poor boy gave his life at Gettysburg), and we struck out for South Mountain. That was the kind of rest we got. We hardly stopped until we got to Antietam. Talk about rest.

Comrades, did you ever sleep on the march (not on post)? I did. I would go to sleep while marching and would wake up feeling quite refreshed, unless I happened to strike my foot on a stone or chunk of mud, and wake myself up suddenly; then I would feel cross and tired.

Only those who were in the army and experienced the marching and the countermarching of the Army of the Potomac could ever form any conception of the hardships and trials suffered by the boys who were there and passed thru the ordeal. I always stood up just as long as my legs held me, and then I dropped down. I was a good runner; none of the boys had any advantage over me in that racket. I did not put down the rebellion by myself, but when the time came for hiking home I hit the road about as fast as any comrade could well do. We all have had our talks and our way of thinking. Comrades, how often do you think of those beardless boys who gallantly marched by our sides and drank from the same canteen? I wonder if we were to place as many men in battle array, elbow to elbow, two lines deep, as an equal number of those who gave their precious lives for this wonderful country, how long a line would it make? It would be amazingly long.

Hood's Invasion of Tennessee.

By John S. Van Arsdel, Sergeant, 22d Ind. Battery, South Bend, Ind.

I will not relate my camp and enlistment experience, as other comrades have interestingly done, but instead give some reminiscences of Hood's invasion of Tennessee, in the Fall of 1864. The capture of Atlanta was followed by a few weeks of repose, which was welcome to both officers and men. I can not go into details about our movements in October, but will say this, that our marches and counter-marches were hard and tiresome. However, there was one move that we made that was interesting to me, and that was just before the battle of Allatoona Pass. The Pass was defended by a brigade of three regiments, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Tousetelotte, of the 4th Minn., insufficient to man all the works which had been constructed for its defense; but it was reinforced by Gen. Corse in the nick of time, who assumed command. Considering the numbers engaged, this was one of the most desperately contested actions of the war.

While the battle was going on we were

not idle, but on the move. On Oct. 5 the Army of the Tennessee moved into the old lines of the Confederates near Culp's Farm, covering the approaches to the railroad between Marietta and the river. The Army of the Ohio marched from Pace's Ferry to Brushy Mountain, about three miles north of Marietta, where they relieved the Army of the Cumberland, which moved to the left. The month of October had been a busy one, Hood's activity and generalship was worthy of high praise, but he everywhere failed doing damage in comparison with the means used. Sherman now gave Gen. Thomas's force enough to cope with Hood in Tennessee, and in that force was included the Twenty-third Corps, which was called the Army of the Ohio. I had the honor to belong to the Third Brigade, Second Division. On Nov. 3 our division started by rail from Resaca, Ga., for Nashville.

When we arrived at Chattanooga the officers of my company wanted something in the city that could not be had on the Atlanta campaign; so they went to town while we waited for orders. I was Orderly-Sergeant, and in their absence was commanding officer. My superiors had been gone but a short time when an Orderly rode up with an order to the commanding officer of Denning Battery. I tore it opn and it read something like this: "You will move immediately to Nashville, and when you arrive there you will draw five days' rations and go from there to Pulaski, Tenn., on the Memphis & Charleston Railroad. We started at once. When we got to Nashville I made a requisition for rations, but it had to be signed by a commissioned officer. After a little hesitation I made up my mind to go and see the Post commandant, who proved to be Gen. John F. Miller, a former resident of South Bend. Introducing myself, he said: "Sergeant, what can I do for you?" I told him that I was here with Denning's Battery, was in command under peculiar conditions, and had orders to draw rations and go to Pulaski, Tenn, but I needed the signature of a commissioned officer to get my supplies. He said that he would sign it. He further said that I ought to be Captain of the battery, and if I would file charges against the officers he would sign them. I told him "No." We had been on the Atlanta campaign all Summer, and I thot that they needed something besides branch water to drink. Gen. Miller had one eye shot out at Stone's River. I shall never forget the look he gave me from that one remaining eye when he turned around in his chair.

Well, I got my rations, and had just time to throw them on a flat car; they were issued on the run. In due course of time we reached Columbia, or near there, and unloaded in a cotton field in the mud. The boys did not like to work for me, a non-commissioned officer. Col. Prather, of the 123d Ind., brot his regiment up and helped me. He stood on one side of a telegraph pole and I on the other and issued orders alternately until we were unloaded and parked. We staid there over night, and next morning started for Pulaski, 30 miles further south. When we got to Pulaski our battery officers came up with us, sober and smiling, but tired and ashamed of themselves.

On Nov. 15 Forrest's cavalry had joined Hood, and a portion of the Confederate infantry occupied Florence, covering the bridge that was laid there in preparation for the advance of the whole of Hood's army. We stopped at Pulaski a few days and rested and I was detailed to hunt a farm house, and dry out official papers that had gotten wet. Schofield received word on Nov. 20 that Hood had begun his advance. On the 21st he was reported at Lawrenceburg, 12 miles west of us, and we hastily retreated to Columbia. Schofield ordered Col. Strickland to prepare a defensive line by which he could hold the town, or at least the crossings of Duck River at the railway and pontoon bridges. We belonged, or were attached to, the Third Brigade, Second Division of the Twenty-third Corps. Col. Strickland, of the 50th Ohio, was in command of our brigade. We could not hold the town, but we did hold the pontoon and railway bridges for a while. Hood sent one of his best corps to force a crossing, and we lost our pontoon. Our battery was then sent and posted south of the bridge, and we were ordered to burn or destroy it. A detail was made from the 50th Ohio to burn the bridge, but it was a square, hard timber structure, and slow to burn. I was on the skirmish line with the Ohio boys. There were 14 of them, and they put their loaded guns down by a rock in the railroad cut and went out on the bridge to fire it. I saw the rebels advance and deploy their skirmish line and come on the double-quick.

The skirmish line advanced in an oblique direction towards me. I picked up one of the guns and, having a good rest, fired at the coming line of men. They kept coming. The ball went somewhere in one Johnny's neighborhood. At any rate, he heard it and fell down, but when the smoke cleared away he was still on his course, and I fired again, and still he came on, apparently unharmed. So, comrades, you see my will was good, but my marksmanship was bad.

The Ohio boys had to retreat, and then we went at the bridge with solid shot from two guns while from the other two we used case shell and grapeshot to keep back the rebel line. The rebel battle front was near the bridge at that time, and made a strong effort to cross, and we had hard work to hold them back. Our order was to hold the bridge at all hazards, and the rebels had orders to cross at all hazards. They brot up a six-gun battery as close to us as they could and opened on us with case shell. We continued pounding away at the bridge just the same, and finally knocked down the middle bent or span. We kept up our fire until dark. Then we commenced our retreat to Franklin. While we were using our best efforts to keep the rebels from crossing the river in our front, they had crossed a few miles above us and got in our rear at Spring Hill and Thompson's Station.

I heard the dull, pounding and roar of artillery in our rear, and visions of Andersonville crossed my mind, and made me draw several long, deep breaths. I did not care to reinforce some of our comrades at Andersonville if I could help it. Our retreat to Franklin that night was interesting. We marched along the road with the rebel campfires burning dimly, with here and there a sentry walking his beat, the whole making up a scene that I shall never forget. We stopped, after we had got clear of the rebel army, to feed our tired and worn horses. What sleep I had had was in the saddle. After feeding my horse I went out a few yards from the road and lay down, with the bridle rein over my arm, and thot I would try and sleep a little anyhow. I had lain there a few minutes when a provost guard came along and punched me with his bayonet and said: "You must move along." I tried to argue the case with him, but of no avail. Then another guard came along, and with bayonets on each side they raised me up. I felt a little like as if I could whip both of them at that time. I differed a little with Josh Billings, who said that when he was going thru the woods and saw a snake with his head out of a hole in a tree he took it for granted that the hole belonged to that snake without any argument.

Without further incident we reached Franklin. A comrade and I stopped at the Carter House for water, and drove our lariat pins in the ground to let our horses eat some of the dry grass in the yard. While we were sitting on a high gatepost the old man and his two young daughters came out and talked with us. While thus pleasantly engaged I looked across the field south of us and saw our skirmish line coming rapidly towards us. The men were bent over and would lay down occasionally. I said to my comrade: "What does that mean?" He said: "I don't know." We watched them a little time and then I cast my eye to the south, les than a mile, and apparently the whole rebel army burst out of the woods. They advanced to cleared ground, halted and fixed bayonets, and as far as I could see to the right and to the left came the flash of bayonets. We did not have to wait long to find out what they were going to do; the whole line started straight for our works. We quickly mounted our horses and got back to our line. For a description of the battle of Franklin read "Campaigns of the Civil War," No. 10, by Jacob D. Cox.

Music and the Hair.

By A. J. Ward, 4th Mich. Cav., Grand Haven, Mich.

I read an article in The National Tribune of April 9, 1908, about Corp'l James Gardner, of the Garrison Band, on Governor's Island, N. Y., having died from rheumatism of the heart; I also noticed in the same article a strong assertion that blowing a musical instrument made the hair grow. For fear that some of your readers may commence to blow on a horn to start their hair, I wish to contradict that idea, as far as personal experience goes. I joined the 4th Mich. Cav. January, 1864, and was assigned to the band. I played a musical instrument in that band until the war ended, and after returning from the South I joined Gardner's Flint City Band, and have played an instrument in that organization for over 25 years; using the same one that I played on in the war. I also had the pleasure of playing on that instrument for Jeff Davis when our regiment captured him, down in Georgia, and it was a time when the band did play. I still have the same instrument in my possession. I wish to inform the readers of your most valuable paper that I am baldheaded, and have been since I was 30 years of age. Still, the kind of an instrument might make some difference. Mine was a bass drum.

The Mansion by a Spring in the Valley of the Shenandoah.

By Henry Seymour Clapp.

The blinding rays of the Summer noonday sun were pouring down upon the dusty pike. The shimmering waves of heat danced over the brown fields until they were lost to view in the shade of the evergreens which clothed the sides of the mountains.

A troop of Federal cavalry had halted at a wayside watering place. They had been riding at smart trot for two hours, and the men and horses, half choked with heat and dust, were crowding about the large spring and the long stone trough thru which the overflow ran eagerly quenching their thirst with the pure, cold water.

The Lieutenant in command of the troop had been among the first to refresh himself at the spring. He had bathed his face in the trough where the horses were drinking, had shaken himself free from the dust of the road, and he now stood in the shade of a large tree near the spring, his cap in one hand, his bridle rein in the other, while his horse nibbled the scanty grass at his feet. He watched with satisfaction his men and horses as they gulped down the cold water, and listened with amusement to the remarks of the tired troopers, one of whom was cursing the day that he enlisted and consigning the man who induced him to do it to a place supposed to be much hotter than the surrounding temperature. His comrades, who knew the man to be one of the best soldiers in the troop, always the first into danger and the last out, greeted the remark with shouts of laughter, as they began to feel the refreshing effects of the cold water.

The Lieutenant told his Sergeant that they would stop there a short time for dinner. A strong guard was sent a mile up the pike, and of the men detailed to watch while their comrades rested none came forward more willingly than the man who had cursed the day he enlisted. Videts were posted at other points where danger might lie in wait. These things attended to, the saddle-girths were loosened, the horses given their oats in the nose-bags, while the men made coffee and ate their lunch from the contents of their haversacks.

The time was August, 1862. The troop belonged to a regiment of Vermont cavalry. The spot was one of many delightful places in the beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah, 15 miles above Winchester, in old Virginia.

The Lieutenant commanding the troop, Charles Brownell, had been sent out to look for a company of Confederate cavalry commanded by Capt. Harry Faulkner, a somewhat noted raider. He was supposed to be in the vicinity of Fisher's Hill or Cedar Creek.

It was the Lieutenant's first experience in command of a scouting party, but he looked to be equal to the responsibility placed upon him. He was six feet in hight, broad shouldered, had an honest gray eye, and open, sunny face, and, except on rare occasions, a cheery word and smile for every one. He was a native of Vermont, a graduate from an Eastern college, had studied law, and was about to begin its practice when Lincoln's first call for troops changed his plans. He enlisted for one year in a Vermont regiment of infantry, and was discharged at the end of that time. His fondness for horses induced him to try the cavalry arm of the service. An application to the Governor of his State brot a promise of a commission, provided he enlisted a certain number of men. These were soon secured among the green hills of his boyhood home. He received his commission, joined his regiment, and had done his part so well in helping to make it a credit to his State, that his Colonel had given him command of this expedition to see, as he said, "what stuff there was in the young fellow."

Opposite the spring, a short distance west from the pike, stood a fine old brick mansion of the typical Southern style, a broad veranda extending around three sides. In the rear of the mansion were the neatly whitewashed negro cabins, and off to the left the barns and outhouses.

The spacious lawn between the spring and the mansion was dotted with large and beautiful shade trees. Under these the tired troopers had led their horses to munch their oats, some of the men improving the opportunity to stretch themselves out on their backs and catch a wink of sleep while a comrade was boiling the coffee at the little fires kindled by the roadside.

The Lieutenant, after seeing that his orders were all carried out, walked up the

broad gravel path to the mansion. The front door was open. The heavy brass knocker, being somewhat out of reach, he rapped lightly on the casing. There was no one in sight, and while waiting an answer to his summons he turned and with a look and action which showed that he realized tha responsibility resting upon him, he closely scanned the road and horizon to the south. Far away, rising sharp against the dark background of Massanutton Mountain, he saw a cloud of dust. He took out his fieldglass and watched it intently until he was satisfied that it was moving in his direction. He was speculating upon what might be the cause of it, when he was brot back to himself by a voice at his elbow which showed rather poorly suppressed anger.

"Do you wish to see me?"

He turned and found himself facing a tall, pretty and very indignant young lady. She was dressed in white, with a single rosebud at her throat. Her fluffy reddish-brown hair, and peach-bloom cheeks framed the brightest pair of dark-brown eyes that the young man had ever seen. She stood aggressively near him on the threshold of the door, which brot her eyes on a level with his own and they were flashing daggers at him, each pointed with an interrogation as to why he and his blue-coated followers were trespassing upon her premises.

The charming apparition quite took the Lieutenant's breath away and rendered him speechless and motionless for a moment. Before he could collect his senses, doff his cap, and make his bow, she said:

"If you have any business here, I wish you would make it known. I am very busy."

He was now getting used to the dazzling brightness of those eyes, and his mind began to return to its normal condition. His gray eyes, with a shadow of amusement in them, looked squarely into hers as he said:

"I am sorry to take up so much of your time, but I felt that I ought to apologize for trespassing as we have upon your grounds."

"You need make no apology. We are so accustomed to being run over by the Yankee hordes that we have become hardened to it."

The smile in the Lieutenant's eyes deepened a little as he said: "The persecution does not seem to have left any visible impression upon you."

"If my wrath was altogether visible, it might impress you."

"Then it is fortunate for me that you have it so well under control. I am quite overcome as it is. I judge from your manner that you are not in sympathy with the Northern soldiers. If so, you would probably object to letting me know whether there have been any Confederate troops in this vicinity within a day or two?"

"Your judgment does you great credit. It is slow but correct. You will do well to cultivate it. All its lacks is speed.'

"Thank you," said the Lieutenant, with a good-natured laugh. "I will make a memorandum of that."

Turning to the south and pointing to the cloud of dust which was now perceptibly nearer, he said: "Would you tell me what you think is the probable cause of that cloud of dust?"

She looked intently at it for a moment, and the Lieutenant saw the defiant gleam in those brown eyes change to one of hope and exultation.

"It may be stock that is being driven down to Tumbling River to water."

"Yes, it may be, but it is more likely to be a company of Confederate cavalry moving this way."

The girl made no reply.

"We shall be here only a short time, but while we remain I will place a guard at the barn to see that your property is not molested."

"Oh! it will not be necessary for you to put yourself to that trouble," said she, showing for the first time a disposition to unbend. "We have but little to tempt anyone, and we are used to taking care of ourselves."

"I have no doubt that you are quite capable of doing it, but you will not be compelled to put it to the test while we are here. You may have a good saddle horse in the barn. If so, I will see that it remains there until after we are gone." Lifting his cap, he bade her good day and quickly returned to his command.

The guard was stationed at the barn and orders were given to bring in any one leaving the mansion. The men were ordered to be prepared to move at a moment's notice. A scout who was accompanying the expedition came in saying that a company of Confederate cavalry were but a few miles away and approaching rapidly.

The Sergeant with 20 men was sent up the pike some distance where a turn in the road would prevent their being seen by the Confederates. They were to offer only sufficient resistance to put the enemy on their mettle, then they were to retreat, drawing the Confederates after them.

The balance of the command, under the Lieutenant, left the pike a short distance south of the mansion where a byroad led out into some brushy second-growth timber which would conceal them from the enemy.

The Lieutenant had been waiting in this

position but a short time when one of his men brot in a colored boy. On being questioned, the boy said his name was George Washington, and that he belonged to Col. Fairchild back there at the big house. When asked why he was sneaking thru the woods, he said: "Miss Sally sent him."

"George," said the Lieutenant, "where were you going?"

"I—I'se just going up the pike a little ways, Colonel."

"Who were you going to see?"

"I—I couldn't tell you dat, Colonel.'

"Why not?"

"'Cause Miss Sally said I musn't."

"George, give me that note your mistress gave you."

"Oh, no, Colonel; I couldn't do dot, suah."

"See here, George, I will tie you up by the thumbs in one minute if you don't give up that note."

The Lieutenant took out his watch and turned his back to George to hide a smile which did not look very threatening. One-half minute passed and George produced the note, a very dainty one, sealed with a red wafer and addressed in a neat, girl's hand to Capt. Harry Faukner.

The Lieutenant looked at the note a moment with longing eyes, then putting it in his book placed it carefully in his pocket.

"George, I want you to stay with me for a little while, and when I see your mistress again, I'll say a good word for you."

Whether there was any attraction down the pike for Capt. Harry Faulkner other than the chance of meeting a Federal scouting party, we can only surmise. He was certainly making good time and the Lieutenant did not have long to wait before the rattle of the carbines told that the Sergeant was getting in his work. An anxious 15 minutes passed before the clatter of hoofs and the well-known rebel yell showed that the Sergeant was retreating with the Confederates in full cry at his heels.

The Lieutenant turned to his men and said in a quiet voice, "Follow me, boys, and keep together. Empty your revolvers first and then give them the saber."

The rear of the Confederate column had barely cleared the byroad before the Lieutenant's men were upon them. When the Confederates found that they had a foe behind them, they turned at the spring to beat them off. The fighting for the next 15 minutes was fast and furious. The Lieutenant's men were outnumbered and the fight seemed to be going against them, but the Sergeant, finding that his pursuers were falling back wheeled his men and came charging in upon the Confederates with a rush that they could not withstand. Their leader was wounded and they broke and scattered in every direction. Many threw down their arms and surrendered.

The wounded were brot into the shade of a large tree near the spring and first helps given to all, both friend and foe. A courier was sent to Winchester for a Surgeon, ambulances and such supplies as were needed for the wounded.

These things attended to, the Lieutenant again presented himself at the door of the mansion. The young lady answered his summons this time with dilated eyes and pale cheeks.

"Miss Fairchild, I am sorry to have to inform you that Capt. Faulkner is wounded. His wound is painful, but I think not very serious. I thot you might want to have him brot to the house. There are also a number of other seriously wounded men who ought to be cared for at once. If you have a room that you can convert into a hospital until tomorrow morning, I can then get them to Winchester."

"Bring them in at once," said the girl in a low voice. "I will do all I can for them." As she was turning away the Lieutenant handed her the note addressed to Capt. Harry Faulkner, saying: "I took this from your boy, George. He was in no way to blame for giving it up. I hope you will not reprimand him."

She took the note, turned it over and looked at the unbroken seal. Regarding the Lieutenant a moment with a grave look of surprise in her eyes, she turned away.

The wounded were brot into the house and everything possible done for their comfort by their comrades and the young girl, who assumed charge of all and seemed suddenly transformed into a brave, skillful nurse.

Capt. Faulkner was placed in a room by himself and his wound found to be a fracture of the left arm and a badly bruised knee, caused by the fall of his horse.

Among the mortally wounded was a boyhood friend of the Lieutenant. He realized that he had but a short time to live. The Lieutenant bent over him, heartbroken at the poor boy's condition.

"I want to send a few words to mother," said the boy. "Will you write them for me?"

The Lieutenant took out his notebook and pencil. An effort to raise his right hand brot a look of pain to his face. Miss Fairchild was near and handing her the book and explaining the boy's request, he asked her to write. She readily consented, tho with a somewhat surprised, inquiring look at the Lieutenant. They bent over the boy to take his dying words and when it was done he thanked the girl with a faint

smile upon his face, then with a whispered good-by to the Lieutenant, he was gone.

They arose and loked at him a moment with tear-dimmed eyes. Then the girl bent over him, crossed his hands upon his breast, and placing her lace bordered handkerchief over his face turned away. Returning to the room a few moments later she was surprised to see the boy's face covered with a gentleman's light silk handkerchief. She raised one corner of it—her own was gone. Stepping out upon the porch, she saw the Lieutenant sitting in a chair with some of his men about him, one of whom was supporting his head. Inquiry showed that he had fallen heavily into the chair and immediately became unconscious. They had discovered a wound in the right shoulder under the collar bone.

The girl ordered the men to take him into a room opening on the porch, to place him in bed and remove his outer clothing. When this was done she came in with such restoratives as the house afforded and the young man was soon brot back to consciousness. A disgusted look was on his face when told that he had fainted, and he requested that he be allowed to get up at once.

"I am your superior officer now," said the girl, "and I order you to lie quietly in bed until your Surgeon arrives. Then I will turn you over to him. You are seriously wounded and you did a very foolish, boyish thing in not having your wound dressed when it should have been done."

The young man took his scolding in good-natured silence. Later when the girl was dressing his wound and bathing his face and he felt the touch of her soft, cool hands, he thot that perhaps after all fate had not been so unkind to him, and we fear he selfishly hoped that the Surgeon would use no undue haste in getting there.

When Sally was taking care of the Lieutenant's clothes in an adjoining room his notebook fell out of a pocket. On picking it up it opened where a neatly folded, lace bordered handkerchief lay, marked on the upper corner S. F. She carefully replaced the book and handkerchief in his pocket.

The Lieutenant sent for his Sergeant, praised him for his good work that day and told him he should have a commisison if he could bring it about. He ordered him to arrange to move the troop, prisoners and all of the wounded, except Capt. Faulkner, to Winchester the next day. The Captain was to be paroled and allowed to remain at the mansion.

The Surgeon arrived about midnight and the wounded were soon properly cared for. When the Surgeon had finished his examination of the Lieutenant's wound he said:

"Young man, you have had a close call. You have got to lie quietly in bed for weeks, probably. Unless you are very careful your injury may extend to your lung. You have comfortable quarters here and a faithful man to take care of you, and I think, with a little attention from the young lady and an occasional visit from me, you'll come out all right."

The Lieutenant made a rather feeble protest against the Surgeon's order, but he was firm, so the next day the mansion was left to its usual occupants and the wounded officers with their servants.

Capt. Faulkner soon recovered from his injuries sufficiently to allow him to enjoy the opportunity given him to pay his addresses to Miss Fairchild. He was a handsome, dashing young fellow, who prided himself principally upon his good blood, good horsemanship, and gallantry. These qualifications, added to his notoriety as a daring raider, made him a general favorite with the young ladies of the Valley.

He accompanied Miss Fairchild in her daily rides on her favorite horse and endeavored to make himself generally useful and agreeable as companion and escort.

The days and weeks which followed were filled with alternating happiness and despair for the Lieutenant. Every care that womanly skill and sympathy could devise was given him by the young girl. Her regular morning visits to his room were eagerly awaited. Her very presence was a tonic that made the world look brighter to him. The touch of a cool hand upon his forehead or the pressure of soft fingers upon his pulse made him wish that the fever would be of long duration.

Altho the girl's duties were performed in a very quiet, demure manner, it is not to be supposed that she was at all unmindful of the effect her presence had upon the young officer.

She was as sweet and womanly as an angel in those morning visits. If her conscience troubled her for thus giving aid and comfort to the enemy of her beloved Southland, she balanced the account later in the day when, coming in from her ride with the Captain, she would come immediately to the Lieutenant's room, looking more bewitching than ever in her hat and riding habit, and, with shining eyes and flushed cheeks, proceed to tell him of their ride, dwelling particularly upon the gallantry and horsemanship of her escort.

One day she had been more tantalizing than ever. She had come in as usual, and seating herself opposite the bed, gave the Lieutenant a minute account of their ride,

ending with a race which the gallant Captain had allowed her to win.

"I could never have done it if the Captain had not held in his horse; for he has the best horse and he is the best horseman in the Valley."

During the recital she had watched the Lieutenant closely, as usual, to see that he was taking his punishment properly, and also to note the last degree that it would be safe to administer at one sitting, but in her enthusiasm over the race she had gone too far. An unusual flush in the Lieutenant's face told that "the worm had turned."

You have a fine horse, Miss Fairchild. If there was a probability of my ever being able to ride again, I would like to buy him."

"Oh, I shall never sell Prince. At least, not until I have to. Besides, I have never allowed a gentleman to ride him."

"But you do allow your boy George to ride him on urgent occasions, don't you?"

The young lady cast a furtive, inquiring look at the Lieutenant, and then seemed to be intently eyeing the toe of her boot.

"The Corporal who posted the guard at the barn the day of the fight told me that he found George strapping a man's saddle on to the back of your horse. If George had succeeded in getting away with the horse that day, your note would have reached its destination. You see it only lacked speed."

The young lady arose and, with a slight toss of the head, promptly turned her back to him and left the room.

As the days went by the mental condition of the Lieutenant went from bad to worse. If at times the young lady allowed him to see a deeper, sweeter side of her nature than he thot she possessed, it was sure to be followed by an equal degree of torture which required all the New England fortitude he had to suppress the outward visible signs. When he was able to sit up and be about the house and be in a measure one of the family, the opportunities for punishing him were much greater and were promptly utilized by the young lady. The gallant Captain was allowed to show her, before the Lieutenant, many delicate evidences of his devotion which he well knew would not be permitted on other occasions.

One day after the young lady and the Captain had gone for their usual ride, the Lieutenant received a visit from the Surgeon. He was told that he had been promoted to Captain and the Sergeant to Second Lieutenant for skill and gallantry in the fight at the Spring. Also, that his regiment was ordered to the Western Army. An ambulance was on its way out from Winchester, in which the Lieutenant was to return early the following morning. He was to be sent home to regain his health, and then join his regiment.

The balance of the afternoon was spent in making preparation for the journey. The young man called upon the lady of the house, a sweet-faced invalid, told her of his intended departure, thanked her in his hearty, earnest way for the kindness and care given him, and left upon the table a sum of money, which, tho sadly needed, he knew would be refused if offered to her, and which he said poorly expressed his sense of obligation to her and her daughter.

This done, he went into the parlor and awaited the return of the riders. He had long to wait. The moon was shining brightly when they returned, lighting the porch and partly the room in which he sat.

The young lady came immediately into the parlor, her escort seating himself on the porch. She explained their late arrival by giving a vivacious account of their ride over the mountain by a new road which resulted in their getting lost. She had gone on for some time before she noticed that the Lieutenant was unusually silent. She paused for a moment to study this new phase.

It gave him his opportunity. He told her of the Surgeon's visit, the orders received by his regiment, and of his intended departure in the morning. He thanked her with rather an unsteady voice for all she had done for him. After a short pause, he said:

"I go early in the morning. When I part with you tonight, it will be to say good-by. Before I go there is something I wish to say to you. It is quite probable that we shall never meet again. You will, most likely, continue to live in your old home, surrounded by those who are dear to you, and I foresee that when the war is over you have a prospect of a happy life before you. When I am fit for service, I shall join my regiment in Sherman's army. What the fortunes of war have in store for me none can tell. If I am alive when it is over, I shall probably open a law office in some crossroads town in my native State and try and earn a subsistence as a third-rate lawyer."

The young lady sat motionless, with downcast eyes, seemingly studying the figures in the carpet.

"What I wish to say to you before I go is that I love you."

The girl raised her head and with flashing eyes and uplifted hand, said: "Stop! I will not allow an enemy of the South to speak words of love to me."

"Please hear me thru," said the Lieutenant. "I ask nothing from you and expect nothing. It can certainly do you no harm to know that you possess the honest love of a man, even tho he be a Union soldier."

"I tell you to stop. You shall not speak to me of love. I hate you."

The Lieutenant arose and offering his hand, of which no notice was taken, said good-by and left the room.

Capt. Faulkner had been a listener to all that had transpired in the parlor, and thinking it a good opportunity for a display of chivalry, upon which he prided himself, stepped in front of the Lieutenant as he came out on the porch and struck him a stinging blow across the face with his gauntlet, saying:

"That is the way I treat a man who annoys a lady friend of mine."

For a moment the young officer was speechless with rage. His first impulse was to knock the man down and kick him off the porch.

"You sneaking, contemptible eavesdropper," said the Lieutenant as soon he could speak. "If it was not for the respect I have for Miss Fairchild, I would punish you as you deserve. You are a miserable specimen of your socalled Southern chivalry. I understand the meaning of your insult. I will not gratify you. I despise you and your code of honor, and let me say to you that if you ever insult me again by word or look I will horsewhip you."

The angry young officer strode down the gravel path and turned up the pike for a long walk to cool his blood.

When the Captain had recovered from his tongue-lashing he went into the parlor. The girl sat with her arms upon the table, her head bowed upon them. The Captain, laying his hand upon her shoulder, said:

"Don't cry, Miss Sally. I punished him for his insolence."

The girl sprang to her feet and faced him with blazing eyes.

"Don't you dare to touch me or call me Sally again. Whenever I need your assistance I will let you know. He has never been insolent to me, and your interference was uncalled for."

With a frigid good-night she left the room. When the Lieutenant returned, two hours later, the house was dark and silent. He threw himself upon the sofa and slept until daylight, when he was awakened by his man, who informed him that they were ready to start. In a short time they were on their way to Winchester.

When the young lady came down that morning with very red eyes and pale cheeks, she was informed by George Washington that "De gemman had boaf gone."

II.

We shall now follow the fortunes of the three principal characters in this story with a quicker pen.

The Lieutenant returned to his Green Mountains and was soon restored to health. He joined his regiment and shared it fortunes thru the campaign that gave us Atlanta. The chances and changes of war had left his regiment without a Colonel. He was promoted to the vacancy for conspicuous service. He led his brave Vermonters on the march to the sea and the northward march to Goldsboro, where the war ended with the surrender of Johnston. Then followed the Grand Review at Washington, the muster-out of the regiment, the parting of comrades, and the return to the "paths of peace."

The plan of his life which he had mapped out to the Virginia girl on that memorable evening he carried out, except that he opened a law office in one of the larger towns of his State instead of a small one, which he had modestly said was his intention. He had been a good student and his rise was rapid and well deserved. At the end of five years from the opening of our story he stood well up among the young lawyers of his State. He had taken an active part in political matters, and was talked of as a possible candidate for Congressional honors. He went but little into society, and altho he was a favorite with the ladies, both old and young, he was said by them all to be an incorrigible bachelor. Since leaving the mansion that morning he had never heard one word of its occupants. At times, when he was alone, an almost irresistible desire to see or know something of the girl came over him, but the thot of those last words, "I hate you," checked the impulse and compelled him to turn his thots into other channels.

Capt. Harry Faulkner continued to lead his raiders until the close of the war. In his rides about Winchester he sometimes met Miss Fairchild. His efforts to reinstate himself in her esteem met with such a chilling reception that they were soon discontinued. He left the Valley when his occupation as a raider was gone.

To the girl in the mansion by the spring time has seemed to deal unkindly. Her father gave up his life at Gettysburg for the Southern cause. The gentle mother, already frail, soon followed him to the grave. The girl, now left alone, faced her trials and afflictions with a courage wonderful in one so young. A widowed aunt came to live with her and fill in a measure the mother's place.

The Valley continued to be the scene of strife and conflict, one day held by the blue, the next by the gray, and destruc-

tion and destitution followed in the wake of both. The Confederates were her friends but their needs were great and she suffered alike from friend and foe. Her barns were burned, with hundreds of others, by Sheridan's relentless troopers in a futile effort to prevent future Confederate raids.

When the war was over there seemed to be little left for her. Her home was heavily mortgaged, and, with the exception of her favorite horse and the loyalty of a few of her father's faithful servants, everything seemed to have shared the fate of the lost cause.

She gathered up the broken threads of her home life and did what she could to check the tide of disaster. Under her direction the servants were encouraged to till a few acres of the plantation, and she helped out the scanty income by teaching music two days in every week in the families of her friends in Winchester, riding back and forth on her sleek-coated thorobred.

She had seen a notice in a Winchester paper of the promotion of Capt. Brownell to the Colonelcy of the Vermont regiment, and later of the muster-out of that regiment. Since then she knew nothing of him. It seemed to the girl that he had told her truly on that never-to-be-forgotten night that their parting meant good-by forever.

Sorrow and care had vailed her old coquettishness with a sweet, womanly grace that made her more charming than ever. She had many admirers, but she treated them all with a sisterly impartiality that kept them at a respectful distance.

III.

One bright morning in June, nearly five years from the time our story opened, our young Vermont lawyer came down to his office very reluctantly. All nature seemed to be conspiring to keep him out of doors. The birds, the trees, the balmy air, were all trying to draw him away to the brooks and the woods. He had been reared upon a farm, and had never lost his love for the simple, plain, outdoor life of his boyhood home. "The call of the wild" was upon him, but knowing that work was the only remedy for it, he settled himself resolutely down to his desk.

In looking hastily over his morning paper he saw a notice of the marriage of Capt. Harry Faulkner, the noted Confederate raider, to a Miss Burklay, of Chicago.

He dropped the paper and for a few moments sat with his elbows on his desk, his face in his hands. Then leaning back he took from an inside pocket a little morocco silk-lined case. Opening it, there lay the little lace handkerchief marked with the intials S. F. He looked at it very earnestly for a moment. Then his lips tightened with a sudden resolution. He shut the case with an emphatic snap and replaced it in his pocket.

Calling his clerk from an adjoining room, he said:

"I am going out of town for a few days. To anyone inquiring for me, you may say that I was unexpectedly called away on an important —— er —— er —— suit. No! That won't do. Say a very urgent case. No! No! That's no better. Well, you can fix up something to tell them," said he, with a very decided flush rising in his face.

In two hours' time he was speeding towards the South. Arriving at Winchester, he procured a saddle-horse and one evening as the moon was rising over the mountain, flooding the Valley with its mellow light, he rode up to the Mansion by the Spring. Throwing his bridle reins over the hitching rail, he walked up the familiar gravel path. As he neared the house the melody of an old song which he had often asked the girl to sing for him floated softly out upon the Summer breeze. Her voice! She is here—and the old song, more sweet than ever, seemed to assure him of a welcome. He waited until the song was finished, then stepped upon the porch.

In answer to his rap the girl stood before him as she had stood five years before. The light of surprise and gladness which shone from her eyes made his heart bound with joy. He took her extended hand in both of his, and said, in a low voice:

"Miss Fairchild—Sally—Do you hate me now?"

"Oh!" said she, "I never hated you. It was your uniform that I hated. I did not know until it was too late. He put his arm around her and drew her, unresisting, close to him. Sally, do you love me?"

The proud head was bowed upon his shoulder as she said: "I believe I have loved you since the first day I met you here."

They sat down upon the porch and talked long and earnestly of the past and of the future, and then they came back to the present and tried to realize how happy they were; what a beautiful world it was, and what a joy it was to live.

Before their talk was over he had won her consent to an early wedding. The proposal was met at first with strenuous opposition, but her lover was a lawyer and noted in his profession as a strong pleader. To aid his plea, he took from his pocket the little morocco case, and opening it placed it in her hands.

"Sally, I cannot go away again without you. For five years I have been wedded to that little handkerchief. If I had not accidentally seen a notice of Capt. Faulkner's marriage I should probably have gone

thru life without a wish to be divorced from it, but now I want you."

She looked at the handkerchief for a moment, then pressing it to her lips, closed the case and returned it to him. Looking up with a bright, sweet smile, she said: "The war is over. I surrender."

And here we leave them on the threshold of the happy new life that was opening before them.

As time passed the old Virginia home took on new life. Yankee thrift and energy transformed it into an ideal country home. Barns and fences were rebuilt, the stables were filled with fine horses and herds of fine stock grazed in the shaded pastures.

In the bright Summer days happy children played upon the lawn by the Spring where strife and carnage once held full sway.

Strayed or Stolen.

By T. J. Alley, Los Angeles, Cal.

"Disappeared from the lower deck of a Potomac steamer, opposite or a little below the ranch of George Washington, known as Mount Vernon, at the close of the War of the Rebellion, 1,300 loaves of soft-bread. Any person or persons furnishing a satisfactory account of the same, duly reported at the home of the subscriber, Third Ward, Co. B, Pacific Branch, Soldier's Home, Los Angeles, Cal., will be suitably rewarded for same."

Particulars as follows: When, after the capture of the schooner Chapman, in San Francisco Harbor, disclosing the plot to throw the State into a warfare that the all-driving people of California would certainly have put up, and the Union side had, in consequence, armed themselves with Henry rifles, the original pattern of the Winchester, thus making things safe on the Pacific side, this advertiser, knowing of the dark times at the East, took the steamer, and in due time was under marching orders at Indianapolis for the front, before Richmond. But just before the word "March" was heard, the column was returned to their quarters, and in the racket of "grape-vine" that ensued, it leaked out that Richmond had fallen and Lee had surrendered.

After a few days of "rest at will," the column was again in line, and soon doing the outside guard duty at the Soldiers' Rest, at Alexandria, below Washington, a place intended for the gathering up of all soldiers of the great armies from the South who, by any circumstances, had become separated from their commands, where they were to be rested and fed up and finally conducted by our guard to their appropriate places. On one such conducting occasion this advertiser was detailed, with a sufficient number under a commissioned officer, to take a squad of nearly 100 such "rested-and-fed-up" men down the river to Port Tobacco. Marching down Main St., Alexandria, to the river, in the late afternoon, some of the boys, or, rather, skeletons in dry hides, stopped at a hydrant to drink. Commish, who was at the head of the column, yelled out: "Stop that drinking, and hurry up the column!" "All right," responded the Sergeant, adding, in a low tone, assured words and appearances of their sore need of both drink and food: "Drink fast, boys."

We put the remains—for that was all that could be said of them—upon the upper deck, and to get there they had to march round a huge pile of nice, fresh sofe-bread, lying upon the lower deck at the foot of the stairs. How the sunken eyes did look at that bread as they filed round its broad, beautiful, odoriforous base! When our first guard was disposed about the boat, advertiser, full of kindly sympathy for the heroes from hospitals and prisons, woods, canebrake and cypress swamp, stole softly up the stairs to talk with them. "Sergeant, where is that bread going?" was the simultaneous inquiry of quite a chorus. Being kindly assured that "I know nothing about the bread, boys; all we know about the boat is that we engaged your passage to Port Tobacco." They talked freely and movingly of their hunger. Advertiser dared give no encouragement, but began to do some tall thinking, which continued as softly we glided down the placid bosom of the broad Potomac.

The second watch was called out. Advertiser marched his men from point to point about the boat, leaving a guard, under proper instructions, at each place. The guard at the foot of the stairs was to be the last one relieved. Young Zerger (by mistake enlisted as "Zinger") was to be assigned to that hightly-responsible post. Zinger bore the name of "shirh," and his shivering, teeth-chattering response,

"S—e—r—g—t,—I—m—s—k," seemed to tally well with such reputation, till vindicated by the bounding pulse and burning skin as advertiser took his hand.

"Zinger, you can't stand guard; go to your bed," came promptly, with the happy, triumphant remembrance of the officer's privilege, or duty, to take the place of any disabled sentinel. Advertiser-Sergeant now to be sentinel, promptly and firmly gave himself the best instructions of which he was at this auspicious time capable, and proceeded to execute the same by taking position immediately at the foot of the stairs, with gun and fixed bayonet extended across the same to prevent any skeleton in dry hide from diminishing that pile of soft-bread.

But even with such strategic precaution, reinforced by the remembrance of George and his hatchet so strongly suggested by Mount Vernon just above, that bread could not be regarded as quite safe, and an ominous creaking sound was heard in the direction of the head of the stairs, and the brave sentinel was startled at the sight of several pairs of forageous-looking eyes peeping from the slightly-drawn hatch. That word "forage," with its derivatives, implies wisdom and tact, and the raising and slight movement of sentinel drew the hatch to almost a close—just leaving space for sharp eyes to observe conditions below. Sentinel's thoughts had been growing more and more forageous ever since his talk with the skeletons at the hydrant, until the disease had now reached the desperate point, when he had quite made up his mind to yield to the suggestion which possessed him—which might well be designated as the stage of "Steal that bread if possible, regardless of stripes, either lost or to be bestowed."

The boat watchman was now the only man moving about on the lower deck, and the object of sentinel's most watchful eye, as he carefully measured his rounds, lantern in hand, forward and aft, forward and aft, till it was well settled that the forward round was the longer of the two. Now, when he had gone but a few paces upon that round, the uplifted finger of sentinel caused a soft opening of the hatch, sufficient for the passage of a section of loaves "at the point of the bayonet." Another section, and another, and another followed in quick, silent succession, till time for a possible return of watchman, when the hatch was again closed by the same magic means, and all was quiet.

When the forward round was again entered upon, the same systematic forageous movements were set in motion. After a sufficient number of openings and closings of that magic hatch, and numerous ghastly bayonet wounds had been inflicted in those doomed loaves, a skeleton finger signaled "Enuf." The hatch was then softly closed, and all was still—save the regular rounds of the boat watchman, upon whose movements sentinel still kept close watch till the mighty excavation was filled up with bread from around the edge of the pile and all nicely smoothed over. In all but its diminished proportions it had the innocent look of a fresh morning batch. At first liberty, sentinel sought that all-consuming upper deck with the almost whispered charge, as he moved stealthily among the dry manakins, "Now, boys, be sure that not one crumb is left on deck, or anywhere, or I'll pay for this, for the bread will be counted off and everything will be searched. "Don't you be afraid, Sergeant; this will never come out on you," was whispered and whispered, as softly-shuffling feet sought the ear of the sentinel. At an early forenoon hour, as the boat lay at Port Tobacco wharf, the cry rang round: "Thirteen hundred loaves of bread missing!" Soon Commish and the boat officers were on upper deck, and knapsacks were slung and unslung in line for examination. It was very evident that some marvelous change had reanimated those bone-and-hide specters. Limber tongues fairly flew in merry clatter: "Bill, how many did you eat?" "O, I lost count at 37." "O, thunder, I kept count up to 84." "I saw Jim cram down two whole loaves at once." "I couldn't count mine for watching that big gaunt feller swell up as he crammed down the sections, sideways, endways, crossways and every way, so he got 'em down." Of course, sentinel took an active part in the search, deftly fumbling the knapsacks and haversacks, well aware that the more he handled the safer he was. Not a crumb was found outside of dry hides, and, tho in many cases those hides were so distorted in front as to render the upper pants buttons impossible of use, still, the want of a stomach pump prevented the cause of such swellings from being ascertained, and the official report, "Loss of bread unaccountable," was received with satisfaction to both stuffer and stuffed, and the faint reverberations of an old-time oft-repeated report might have been heard: "All is quiet along the Potomac."

A Picket Story.

By William McCarter, Meagher's Irish Brigade, Army of the Potomac.

Amusing incidents on the picket lines of the Federal army during the Civil War were numerous, and none probably more so, to my knowledge, than the one which I am about to relate, and which occurred on the line of the Rappahannock, late in the Fall of 1862. Nov. 25 of that year was a clear, but bitter cold day, bringing water to the eyes and numbness to the feet and hands of those who were exposed to the weather, and especially to those manning the picket posts along the edge of the stream. Indeed, so intensely severe had been the weather a few days before that two or three of my comrades of the picket line had been frozen to death on their posts and brought into camp stiffened corpses. Just at this time (for what reason none of us knew) our daily allowance of rations had been very sensibly reduced, much to the inconvenience of myself and comrades, who, like the most of soldiers in the field, had rousing appetites. On the afternoon of the day named, at 5 o'clock, myself and four comrades were relieved for four hours from duty on two picket posts near a burned bridge at Falmouth.

It was nearly dark, and we were cold and hungry, and our near prospect of relief from Uncle Sam was far from encouraging. Our haversacks were nearly empty, and what were we to do? One of my comrades proposed a foraging expedition to a house situated on a bluff near the river and quite some distance north of Falmouth. We had been frequently near it, and, from its appearance and surroundings, thought that it would just be the place to go to have the "inner man" strengthened should our camp provisions ever run short. It did not take long to consider the proposition of our comrade, and at 5:30 o'clock, with shouldered muskets, we stole away and started for the house, our comrade volunteering to act as Captain. The ground was frozen hard and snow had commenced to fall. In three-quarters of an hour we reached our destination. Two of my comrades went to the door and knocked, while the other two and myself kept at a distance to watch how they would be received. The door was soon opened by a rough, powerful woman, apparently of Irish birth, who, upon seeing soldiers, fled out of their sight into a back room. I and my two companions then advanced, and, with the others, entered the house. We opened the door and walked into a room, plainly but comfortably furnished, where we found an old Englishman (for such he afterward proved to be) seated on a bench opposite a bright log fire, smoking a long pipe. Our visit must have been of no little surprise to him, for he arose and said quite nervously:

"Well, lads, what's yer business here at this time o' night?"

Our Captain replied: "Don't get scared, dad; we're only after grub—that's all."

"Blast it," said the old man, as he turned to leave the room. "I'll try and get ye all something to eat. Sit down and warm yerselves and I'll tell Peg, but make no noise, for yer in dangerous quarters; the folks up above"—pointing to the ceiling—"don't like a hair on a Yankee soldier's head. All their lads are in Gen. Lee's camp, just over the river there."

He then left the room and locked the door after him. "Caged," said one of my companions. "Smart trick," said another. We now thought of treachery and such like things, but, being well armed, we feared nothing but overpowering numbers. The old man had been absent for about 10 minutes when, to our surprise, we heard a loud noise overhead like a stack of muskets falling down on the floor, and also the voice of a woman, as if scolding. At the same time footsteps were plainly heard coming down a back flight of stairs, all of which increased our suspicions of foul play. We remained silent, fully prepared for the worst should it come. In a few minutes the old man returned, and in a trembling voice said:

"Bad luck, boys, bad luck; they say no cursed Yankee shall have a bite here. I would willingly give ye all something to eat myself, but I'm—I'm an auld man, living here with my two daughters, and I'm afraid, ye see, for they are strong secesh, and both of their husbands are in the Confederate army."

"Well, my old friend," said our Captain,

"we care nothing about that; my men are hungry and want something to eat, and we think there is plenty here."

"Plenty," replied the old man, "but it's not mine."

"Well," said our Captain, "we must then have enough, for which we will pay a fair price."

A few days before this, part of the army, including ourselves, had been paid off, and the men were flush, but victuals in Falmouth could not be had from the few remaining residents at any price.

Just then the confused voices of women were heard in an upper room, and soon a little inside door was quietly opened and a very pale lady, dressed in black, carrying a small burning lamp, entered the room. Addressing us, she said:

"Soldiers, have you not mistaken the place? I wish you would——" but before finishing the sentence she burst into tears.

"Madam," said our Captain, "don't be alarmed; we only come here for something to eat, not to plunder or destroy. You know it's hard to suffer hunger when there's plenty at hand."

"Then," replied the lady, in a dignified and yet indignant manner, "I suppose we must do what the Bible tells us to do, 'Feed our enemies.'"

"That's a stinger," said I to one of my companions. Then, handing a key to the Captain, she said:

"Open the cellar door and go down and take enough to supply yourself and men, but please don't destroy or burn anything."

When the Captain was in the act of unlocking the door a heavy step was heard coming down the stairs, and a coarse voice shouting:

"Don't let thim! Don't let thim, the thavin', murtherin' blaggards!"

In another minute the woman who had opened the front door and the fled out of sight rushed into the room, and what a picture—hair disheveled, dress torn and face void of the slightest trace of her sex. She was fearfully excited, and, with a large rolling-pin, threatened the lives of all the bluecoats in the house if they did not "lave amadiately."

Of course, she had to be restrained in order to allow our chief to do as the lady had directed. Myself and one of my comrades seized her by the arms, seated her on a bench in the room, and there she was held till our Captain performed his work in the cellar. She kicked, attempted to bite, swore, laughed and cried, and wished every Yankee soldiers in sheol. In vain did we try to relax her hold on the rolling-pin.

Suddenly she broke my companion's grip on one of her arms and dealt me a blow on the mouth with the heavy weapon, knocking one of my teeth out, which I never saw afterward, and drawing the claret so profusely that my post had to be occupied by another, while the lady and old man looked on in amazement, wondering, I suppose, what next. Our Captain soon returned from the cellar and deposited on a little table in the room the result of his mission, consisting of six large hoe or johnny cakes, three haversacks full of potatoes, a large dried codfish and a jar of English mixed pickles. On seeing these the crazed and violent woman, still under guard, fairly boiled with rage.

"Now, madam," said the Captain to the lady, "have you any pork here?"

"Nothing but livestock," was her reply.

"Well, then, madam, we want a hog, dead or alive; have you any objections to our killing one?"

"None now," returned the lady, with a sigh; "it would be useless to protest; take all you want, and then please take your departure."

Myself and another comrade volunteered to go in search of the hogs, leaving our three companions to guard the unruly woman and the eatables already collected till our return. With some difficulty we found the pig-pen, on the edge of a clump of woods. As we opened the door, out bounced two or three large hogs, followed by an innumerable train of youngsters, making the woods ring with their music, and one of them, running against me, knocked me down. With the bayonet, my partner soon pinned a fine young shoat to the ground, while I finished the job with the butt of my musket, and, wrapping the now dead animal in an India-rubber blanket, carried it into the house, where we found matters just as we had left them. Having now secured all the provisions we needed, the lady was asked to name a price for them.

"What kind of money have you?" said she.

"Federal money, called greenbacks," returned our leader.

"No good here," replied the lady, while the rough domestic shouted: "Trash, trash; throw it in their faces, mistress, and let them——"

Having little more time to spare, as we had to be back at relief headquarters for duty again at 9 o'clock, the lady was asked if she would accept our money or not. She replied:

"The paper may be of use to somebody, but please pay father and excuse me."

She then beckoned to the noisy woman to follow, and both left the room, the latter heaping all sorts of curses on the "Yankee sodgers, and bad luck to their pictures."

The old man was then handed a fair price for the food collected, and each of us, shaknim by the hand, hoped that he might live to see the cruel war at an end, and our country once more blessed with peace and prosperity. When leaving with our load of good things, he presented to each of us a large bundle of tobacco, which was very welcome and gratefully received.

We then commenced our return to headquarters, which we reached nearly 15 minuts before being summoned for duty, after a tramp over a rough, rugged and dangerous country, and in the face of a blinding snowstorm. We concealed the fruits of our expedition in the brush, close to picket headquarters, till coming off duty again at 11 o'clock, and then, thank fortune, we had something good to fall back upon to satisfy our own keen appetites, as well as those of several of our comrades who shared the spoils with us, and who were more than agreeably surprised at our success. We built a rousing fire of fence rails, etc.; made a thick paste of clay, covered the little pig with it, and then laid him carefully in the hot ashes, with burning wood on the top. Here he remained for about an hour, when he was taken up and the burned clay removed, revealing to view roast pork of a quality superior, as we all thought, to anything of the kind that we had ever eaten, and in less than half an hour all that remained of his hogship was his hide and bones. For one night, at least, we had enough to eat without troubling Uncle Sam, and I shall not soon forget this, my first and last foraging expedition on the picket line of the Rappahannock.

Realities Reading Like Fiction.

By John D. Vautier, 88th Pa., Philadelphia.

The capture of Lieut. Samuel G. Boone, of the 88th Pa., at Gettysburg, reads more like a romance than the adventure of just one soldier in that terrible battle.

The First Corps had stood off the increasing regiments of Lee's Army from 10 to 4 o'clock of July 1, 1863, when they were forced from the contested field by the concentrated number of rebs, who made it too hot for the boys in blue to stay longer on Seminary Ridge. But the fun was not all with the graybacks, for the battle had opened auspiciously for the boys who wore the circles, in the capture of Archer, Davis and Iverson's Confederate Brigades earlier in the day, and if they had fallen back to the friendly covert of Cemetery Hill at any time before 3 o'clock that sultry afternoon, the long list of prisoners taken by the rebels in the final retreat would have been omitted.

Boone was at the head of his company in the charge on Iverson, and when near the rebel line the Johnnies threw up their hands as a token of surrender, but one fellow, coming towards him with his musket at a trail; Boone went for him, ordering him to the rear, and striking him with the flat of his sword-blade on his back as he passed by him, but, in looking back after the man, he saw a stream of blood flowing down his back where a ball had hit him, and he then regretted the blow with the sword.

A little to the left, Sergt. Gilligan, with some of his comrades, were having a rough-and-tumble with the Confederate color-guard for the possession of the Flag of the 23d N. C., and to the right, Lieut. Levan and some others were scrapping for the Flag of the 26th Ala., under like conditions; but a free application of a few rifle butts, with the threat of the use of the bayonet, quickly persuaded the rebels that they had no further use for those Flags, the men of the 88th proudly carrying them to Gen. Robinson as trophies of war.

But in making this charge, the boys had staid too long on the contested field, and when they finally were ordered to fall back to the town, they had to run a gauntlet of fire, and many of them, being entangled in the streets and lanes of the town, were captured by the enemy.

Boone was one of the last to leave the field, but when he reached the town he found the enemy in possession of nearly all of it, and, with a yelling foe in the rear and on the left, it was a very serious question of reaching the new lines of the Union troops on Cemetery Hill, south of the town.

To add to the difficulty, the town was crowded with wounded and exhausted soldiers, the wounded ones on the doorsteps, sitting on the curb, under the grateful shade of the trees, trying to staunch the flowing blood from their gaping wounds, while the other were trying, by "skinning" up side streets and alleys, to evade the sharpshooters of the enemy, already lining up along the Diamond and Baltimore street, in the center of the town.

It was now fully 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and since dawn these soldiers had marched and fought, through the blinding dust, under a scorching sun, with the thermometer standing at 100 in the shade, without food or water, until nature could stand the fearful strain no longer, and they were now dropping from thirst and utter exhaustion, unable to fight or retreat. The churches were full of wounded, and the houses had been opened by the pitying people to help those who could not help themselves. Through this frantic work of wearied and mangled soldiers, Boone made his uncertain way, through lanes, across fences, over gardens, in any direction that seemed to promise safety and companionship with his comrades again.

A fleeing soldier ahead of him crossed a street running east and west, amid a shower of bullets from the Johnnies pushing up Baltimore street, and Boone, thinking this his opportunity, followed across the streets before the rebs had time to reload, and, continuing his retreat until in the distance he saw the Union troops marching into Baltimore street, he supposed he was now safe.

Turning to his left to get into Baltimore street, he ran through a garden and along a house, cautiously approaching the street, with the intention of looking to his left to see if the coast was clear before running out, but the instant he stepped out he came face to face with one of the wildest soldiers in the Southern Army—a Lousiana Tiger.

For a moment both stood transfixed—neither knew which was the victor or the vanquished, but it did not take long to decide.

He was evidently preparing to fire into our retreating troops when Boone made his debut, having his musket full cocked and at a ready, while Boone had no arms except his sword, and that was in its scabbard.

The fellow seemed terribly frightened, but he quickly noticed Boone's defenseless condition, and, quick as a flash, jumped back and, bringing his rifle to his shoulder, excitedly shouted, "Surrender or I'll shoot," and, there being no other alternative, Boone was compelled to submit, whether or no, the pointed rifle being an unanswerable and convincing argument.

A group of the Johnny's companions were nearby when the demand to surrender was made, and, stepping toward his captor to show that he had no chance to resist, Boone raised his right hand and said, somewhat excitedly, "You've got the best of me this time."

He then demanded Boone's sword, and as he partly turned to the rear he took hold of his belt plate to unbuckle his sword; the Tiger feared that he was reaching for a pistol and became more excited than ever; jumped back, and, aiming his rifle, asked, "Have you any pistols?"

Boone says that was the most trying moment of his life. He was looking straight into the muzzle of his opponent's rifle, and intuitively calculated that a gentle pressure of the rebel finger would put an ounce ball through his body, about three inches above his heart, and instantly canvassed the probability of it striking a vital spot.

Boone unbuckled the belt without further ceremony, and, in response to another fierce demand, accompanied by a big oath, he threw the sword and belt on the ground, saying, "I won't give it to you; if you want it you must pick it up."

This was the same weapon that Boone had used on one of the North Carolinans a short time before; now he was himself a prisoner, his sword was forcibly taken and he was ordered to the rear. What a turn in the tide of battle!

Going to the rear, he passed by many of these wild, uncouth rebels, who were yelling, "Go in, Tigers," and a minute after his capture a Tiger approached him and asked, "What kind of a watch have you got thar?" and when assured it was only an old silver one, he said, "Oh, keep it, then," and in almost the same breath inquired, "What troops are them comin' in out thar?" The Union soldiers were so dusty that they could scarcely be distinguished from a Confederate, and to delay his firing, Boone told him they were his own men, but he didn't believe it, and with a three-story oath he took aim and fired plumb into the Union column.

Boone attempted to outflank his captors and scooted up the first opening, which was a street running eastward, but ended against a fence about 100 yards from Baltimore street.

He ran to and tried to mount the fence, but while on the top rail a rebel on the right of a long line of skirmishers, about 50 yards distant, cried in clear, slow, measured tones, with the peculiar Southern drawl, "Git—back—thar—git—back," and proceeded to take a right-oblique aim at the fugitive, who promptly fell on the other side of the fence, out of sight, if not out of range. He then ran back into Baltimore street to try some other avenue of escape, but he realized the old saying, "Out of the frying pan into the fire," for he ran straight into the main column of Hays's rebel brigade, being promptly collared and sent to the rear under guard.

All the captives, some 4,000 in number, were corralled in the rear, the officers and

men being offered their paroles; but they refused them, because they hoped to be recaptured, and in any event it would take a large number of rebel soldiers to guard them, thus lessening the available force in line of battle against the Union position.

On July 4 the retreat began, and early on the morning of the 5th, Kilpatrick's Cavalry almost rescued them near Monterey Springs, but the rebel guard was too strong for the Union troopers, and they were hurried southward, being quartered in the famous "Hotel de Libbey," Richmond, on July 18, 1863.

Boone, with hundreds of other officers, was confined in Libbey until May, 1864, when, in succession, they were shipped to Danville, Macon and Charleston, where they were placed under fire of the Union guns until they were removed to Camp Sorghum, near Columbia, S. C., on Dec. 12, 1864. They had heard rumors of Sherman marching through Georgia, smashing things to the sea, and had great hopes of Sherman coming their way, and determined, if possible, to escape to his army. On Feb. 14, 1865, vague reports were spreading among the prisoners that Sherman was actually on the warpath again and striking straight for Columbia, the excitement among the captives being at fever heat, which was intensified when the prison authorities ordered the men to get ready to move at once. On the morning of the 15th a gang of 13 hid under the roof of a frame building used as a hospital, 10 more under the porch roof, and many more in holes and other hiding places all over the grounds of the prison yard.

On the 16th all the prisoners who could be found were hurried away, and search was made for the missing ones, many of them being discovered. The guards came upstairs in the frame building where these men were lying low, and Boone put his eye to a crack in the board ceiling to watch them.

One guard, after thrusting his bayonet into the heaps of straw lying on the floor, came directly underneath the crack, and, looking up, said, "I wonder if there are any Yanks hiding up thar?" At the same time Boone was looking him in the face from his concealment, scarcely four feet between their faces—could almost feel his hot breath—yet was not discovered.

All this time the concealed men were in terror of expectation; the slightest noise, the moving of a foot, a cough, even a long breath, would have revealed their hiding place, and they were more than pleased when the searchers tramped out of the building, leaving them alone in their glory.

It goes without saying that this was not a first-class boarding house by any means, for the lodgers suffered more from cold, hunger and thirst; there wasn't enough covering and grub and water to go around—in fact, there wasn't any at all—and for three days and two nights these men lay low in that cold, dark hole, waiting for the better times coming.

About noon on the 17th the four who remained—the other nine having vamoosed during the past two nights—heard, first, the faint sound of cannonading, like distant thunder, but coming nearer and nearer, soon followed by the pop! pop! of the rifles, but they were afraid to venture out yet.

After 19 months of cruel imprisonment they felt that freedom, home and friends were almost within sight, but they must exercise the greatest caution or they would be in the net again.

Suddenly a mighty, though distant, cheer was heard, which gave them more encouragement, because the Union soldiers always cheered, while the rebs had a peculiar yell of their own; still, they could not risk uncovering at this critical time, and laid low, when they heard heavy footsteps tramping up the stairs, coming directly under their place of concealment, and in a moment the ceiling boards flew up to the roof, battered by the butt of a heavy musket. Boone, being nearest the opening, looked down and saw a soldier in blue, with clubbed musket, looking up, who ordered, "Come down!" The boys were in a tremor; they didn't know if it was reb or Yank who spoke the peremptory command, and Boone asked, "Who are you, Confederate or Union?" With a laugh he said, "Why, we are Uncle Billy's boys," and with a shout every fellow vacated his quarters, and with one bound was from captivity to liberty from suffering to freedom, among friends again, under the Stars and Stripes, that now meant so much to them. He reported to Gen. Sherman, and saw the Union Army march into Columbia with flying colors, finally reaching Wilmington in March, and was then sent home, after an absence of nearly three and a half years, nearly half that time being spent in foul rebel prison pens.

Two Critical Periods—The Capture of Washington in 1861 or 1864 Would Have Resulted in Foreign Recognition of Southern Confederacy.

By Smith D. Fry, Washington, D. C.

The pinnacle of achievement always marks the point of decadence. The political chicanery of ambitious spirits reached the pinnacle of success in April, 1861, when rebellion swept up to the gates of the National Capital, endangering the life of the Republic. Confederate military skill and prowess reached another pinnacle in July, 1864, when the Confederate soldiery came again up to the gates of the National Capital and almost finished the war with a complete Confederate triumph.

When Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated the National Capital was a hotbed of secession. The Government had not, been loyal to the plain people, to whom it was responsible. The Executive Departments had been depleted by the resignations of officials of high grades, who had gone forth from the service of the Government, with the money of the Government in their pockets, with the purpose to aid those who would destroy the Government if they could do so. The politicians had been sowing seeds of dissension for a number of years. March 4, 1861, marked the date of the fructification of their work. So complete had been their plans and preparations that not one of them doubted the success of their endeavor to establish a new Government, founded on the infamy of human slavery.

Lieut.-Gen. Winfield Scott, venerable and very feeble, was one of the very few upon whom President Lincoln could safely rely. The old General received reliable information, about April 9, that on a certain night an attack would be made in force upon Washington City by Confederates encamped at Alexandria, Va., only five miles distant. The National Capital was practically defenseless. There was a battalion of men at the Arsenal, two miles from the White House, but their commander was suspected of disloyalty, and Gen. Scott distrusted him. Subsequently, his loyalty was demonstrated. President Lincoln was greatly disturbed. Gen. Scott was unable to devise any defense until soldiers from the Northern States might arrive, and they were exceedingly slow, their movements having been delayed by treasonable artifices.

Gen. Scott finally devised the plan which saved the Capital and prevented the immediate recognition of the Southern Confederacy by Great Britain and other foreign powers.

No historian has ever given the grand old soldier credit for this greatest achievement of his military career. Events of magnitude followed faster and faster in those days. The hero of the War with Mexico, the hero of Lundy's Lane and scores of other battles "was gathered unto his fathers." He went to his last bivouac just as the star of McClellan was rising. The newspapers were filled with casualty lists, showing the names of the dead and dying. All hearts and homes were centered on those awful reports of suffering and death. Everybody forgot that Gen. Scott had lived; forgot that he had been loyal to his country and Flag until his giant brain and frame had gone forever. And yet, saving the National Capital, without trained soldiers, was his greatest achievement, and should be blazoned on his tomb.

Ward H. Lamon, of Illinois, formerly law partner of Abraham Lincoln, had been appointed United States Marshal for the District of Columbia. He accepted the position solely because Lincoln pleaded with him to do so, and because trustworthy men were so scarce. He knew nothing of war, but he knew how to be loyal to his country and to his friend, the perplexed President, who needed him.

Gen. Scott sent for Ward H. Lamon and requested him to organize and equip a military force, to be known as the "Marshal's Guard." This was a legal technicality, but the old General knew that emergency required a straining of the law, and so the "Marshal's Guard" was organized, and ordered to report to Army Headquarters for orders. Thus, Gen. Scott had a squad, instead of an army, but a squad upon which reliance could be placed.

Ward H. Lamon, under the directions of Gen. Scott, went to the old Willard Ho-

tel, selected 10 men upon whom he knew that he could rely, and invited them into a private parlor, where he disclosed to them the purpose of the Lieutenant-General, the old soldier without an army. Each one of them (it is a pity that their names are not available) agreed to bring 10 other reliable men with them to the hotel at 8 o'clock that night.

With his own money, Ward H. Lamon rented Willard Hall, an adjunct of the hotel, and there 100 determined patriots assembled at 8 o'clock that night. Gen. Scott had sent to the hall, from the War Department, arms, ammunition and sabers. That band of 100 patriots accepted the arms and solemnly vowed to stand together for weal or woe in defense of Washington City until the long-expected troops should arrive. Marshal Lamon offered the command to James W. Nye, who declined it, saying that Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, a veteran of the Mexican War, had just arrived and was in the hotel.

Requesting the men to await his return, Marshal Lamon went at once to Clay's room, stated the perilous condition of the Capital and the secret organization, Gen. Scott's desire, and then, without waiting to hear more of detail, Cassius M. Clay dashed open his trunk, took from it his sword, hat, sash and Mexican War uniform, put off his traveling clothes and said: "I came here ready for service. While I live, this sword shall always be found flashing beneath the Stars and Stripes."

They returned to the hall. Clay, in uniform, made an impassioned speech, which electrified the patriot band. The organization was immdiately completed, and Gen. Butterfield, of New York, assumed the duties of Orderly-Sergeant and Drillmaster. Within 24 hours the command was enlarged until 310 men were on duty guarding the White House, the various Executive Departments and all of the bridges approaching the city.

Senator-elect James H. Lane, of Kansas, was invited to join the command. He declined, because he believed that he could organize a separate auxiliary company, and he did so. He called about him men from the far West who had come to attend the Lincoln Inauguration and had remained. Within three days he had more than 400 men enrolled. They were called "The Frontier Guards." The two commands acted together, and with great determination. Every day, and particularly every night, it was anticipated that the Confederates would attempt to enter the city.

Marshal Lamon said of them: "No more timely or effective service was rendered at any time during the war. Not one of the men slept in a bed from the time of his enlistment until his discharge. There was never banded together a braver, more determined or more desperate body of men."

Col. David S. Gordon (retired), late Colonel of the 6th Cav., was a member of Lane's Frontier command. He says: "Gen. Lane was just a little more thoughtful of his men than Clay was. We were sworn into service as emergency men, but we had no official connection with the records of the War Department. Gen. Lane looked far into the future and saw that the time would come when each of us would be proud to have an official record of our service. We were sworn in by Col. David Hunter, but Lane himself mustered us out in regular order. He gave to each of us a parchment discharge, containing the thanks of the Secretary of War, approved by President Lincoln." Col. Gordon's discharge reads as follows:

"I beg to extend to you, and through you to the men under your command, the assurance of my high appreciation of the very prompt and patriotic manner in which your company was organized for the defense of the Capital, and the very efficient service rendered by it during the time of its existence.

"(Signed) SIMEON CAMERON,
"Secretary of War.

"(Countersigned)
"Approved: A. LINCOLN."

Then follows the formal discharge on muster-out:

"By virtue of authority in me vested as Captain of the Frontier Guards, I, James H. Lane, do hereby certify that David S. Gordon, a member of said company, served his country in defense of the National Capital at a time of great peril when threatened by hordes of traitors; said service commencing on the 18th day of April, 1861, and ending on the date hereof. I also, by virtue of said authority, do hereby honorably discharge the said David S. Gordon from the service of the United States.

"Given under my hand at the East Room of the Executive Mansion, at Washington City, this 3d day of May, 1861.

"J. H. LANE,
"Captain.

"J. B. STOCKTON,
"Second Lieutenant."

Mr. Israel S. Smith, one of the oldest clerks in the Treasury Department, recently said to the writer: "Although Gen. Clay did not provide discharges for the men of his command, he rendered great service, and, of course, all of us did our duty. Gen. Clay was anxious to have us uniformed, in order that we might impress the country and the enemy with our efficiency. At our very first meeting there

was a debate, but everybody finally agreed with Senator Lane, who insisted that we should have no uniforms. Lane said substantially: 'If we are in uniforms, the enemy will know inside of 24 hours how small our number is. They will count us. But if we are not uniformed we can brag about our numbers and deceive the enemy.'

"Acting on this counsel, we were divided up into small squads every night, and went marching about in all sections of the city. People saw us everywhere, and we were a nine-days' wonder. The enemy multiplied us a hundred times, and feared us. Some time after the conclusion of the war, Marshal Kane, of Baltimore, said to Marshal Lamon: 'I would have captured Washington at that time if we had known that you were only 500 strong. We understood in Baltimore that you had upwards of 5,000 men, and that your companies were gathering recruits all the time.'

"So you see," says this venerable survivor of the heroic band, "that not only our numbers and activity, but our ruse coupled with it saved the Capital. This city was surrounded by armed enemies, and was practically defenseless. You know that the 6th Mass. was oblized to fight its way through Baltimore. Other regiments were obliged to come by way of Annapolis and march across Maryland. Our little bands met the 6th Mass. and escorted that regiment to the Capitol Rotunda, where a grand parade was given by the organization. The loyal people began to breathe more freely, and our little bands felt relieved of the tension. But not until about 10,000 troops were here did we disband or give up any of our duties."

These survivors of the emergency companies are proud of their services, and they have reason to be, for their services were even more important than those of "that little band of Spartans which, in a mountain pass, withstood whole armies."

Three years later, June 11-12, 1864, after the Civil War had been constantly in progress and numerous bloody battles had been fought, and when the arms of the Government seemed to be in the ascendant, Gen. Robert E. Lee made a masterly movement which came very near resulting in the capture of Washington City.

The battle of Fort Stevens, in the District of Columbia, although a little bit of a battle as compared with some of the Titanic conflicts of that epoch, was one of the most important of that entire period of warfare between the North and the South, an almost internecine struggle.

Secretary of the Treasury Leslie M. Shaw, in a Memorial Day address delivered on the site of that battlefield, made this observation: "If it had been possible in those days to carry the news around the world by electricity, it is probable that the Southern Confederacy would have been recognized by some of the European powers. The army of Gen. Early was within five miles of the Federal Treasury and Executive Mansion, but that fact was not known to the world for some time afterwards. In the meantime the Federal armies had been winning victories."

Gen. Lee, always resourceful and bold, had fought stubbornly against Grant's superior numbers until he was finally obliged to make a final stand behind the intrenchments at Petersburg. There Grant found the key to the Confederate Capital, and he daily strengthened his lines about the beleagured army. Gen. Lee was unable to break the chain which was being surely forged around him. At last he resorted to a bold stratagem, which came very near being marvelously successful.

While Gen. Grant was trying to take Richmond, Gen. Lee determined on an effort to capture Washington. The movement was so secretly planned that its execution was the first intimation of the design of the Confederate commander. About 25,000 veterans were placed under the command of Gen. Jubal Early, with Breckenridge and Rhodes as corps commanders. It was a splendid force of fighting men. They moved rapidly up the Shenandoah Valley and reached Martinsburg on July 3, 1864, without encountering any opposition. By July 6 they had taken Hagerstown, Md. The movement had been a grand success, and the officials in Washington were crazed with apprehension and fear, because Grant had with him all of the available veterans, the defenses of Washington being in charge of new recruits, known as "Hundred-days Men."

When discovered, the invading forces had at least two days the advantage of Grant, and they were racing towards Washington before Grant realized that his adversary had made a masterly move to outgeneral him. But Grant's military genius instantly grasped the situation. His forces were in motion like a flash. The Sixth Corps was dispatched to Washington. Then began a race for the goal—Early by land and the Sixth Corps by water.

Gen. Early was delayed by brief skirmishes at Harper's Ferry and Maryland Hights. On July 9 he was confronted by Gen. Lew Wallace and 8,000 Federal recruits. He brushed them aside and resumed his race for Washington, but nearly an entire day had been lost in these engagements. The defeat of Wallace left wide open the road to Washington, and on the evening of July 10, Early was at Rockville, Md., only 15 miles from the Fed-

eral Capital. Grant's forces were speeding up the Potomac on his best transports, but they seemed to be manifestly too late. By noon on July 11 the Confederate forces were in front of the almost empty defenses, ready to rush them with "the rebel yell."

Several hundred feeble convalescent soldiers were taken from the hospitals in Washington and sent to the defenses, but the rifle pits were poorly defended by the raw recruits. Gen. Early understood the situation and was anxious to take Washington before the arrival of the Federal veterans, whose coming had been telegraphed him from Richmond.

Under the directions of a few veterans the Government clerks had erected barricades along the streets and avenues leading to the Treasury and Executive Mansion, and had planted artillery there. They could not have withstood the onset of Early's veterans, although they might have further delayed them. It seemed that nothing but an act of Providence could prevent the capture and looting of the National Capital. Why, then, did Early hesitate? Why did he waste precious hours when he knew the need of haste?

In his official report, Gen. Early says: "A short time after noon (July 11), riding some distance ahead of my infantry, I got in sight of the fortifications of Washington, into which a force of the enemy's cavalry had retired before mine. The works were apparently feebly manned, though they appeared to be strong in themselves. I sent word for the leading division (Rhodes) to be brought up as rapidly as possible, and for the other divisions, except one to be left as guard to the trains, to be moved out of the column to the front. This was the work of time. Gen. Rhodes was ordered to have his division brought into line, and to move at once against the work. While his First Brigade was coming up he and I were in front, examining the works, and before his First Brigade could be formed into line we saw a cloud of dust from the direction of Washington, and a column of infantry had filed into the trenches on the right and left, and a regiment was sent to the front as skirmishers. We saw the men deploy with precision, and Rhodes remarked: 'Those are not Hundred-day men. They are old soldiers.'"

The deploying of that regiment with coolness and precision under the fire of the Confederates convinced Early and Rhodes that a portion of Grant's army of veterans had arrived. Early hesitated to attack veterans from the Army of the Potomac behind such strong intrenchments. His hesitation was the salvation of the city. The hand of Providence sent that small regiment there, but not a man from the Sixth Corps reached Washington until 3 o'clock that afternoon.

Col. S. E. Chamberlain, who commanded that regiment, says: "It was the work of Divine Providence. I was Senior Captain and in command of the regiment that day, and as the years have passed away I have grown to regard it as a direct act of Providence that there should have been sent there, at that important moment, our veteran regiment, which deceived Early and stopped his whole army. We were the 26th N. Y. Cav. With only a skeleton of the regiment, about 500 men, we had been sent to Camp Stoneman, near Washington, to be remounted. Thus it happened that we were near by, and were ordered to Fort Stevens. The Confederates had taken possession of all the houses within rifle range of the fort, and we went out to dislodge them and destroy the houses. That was the movement that Early saw. We marched out like the veterans that we were, drove the Confederate sharpshooters out and burned the houses. We did this in the presence of the Confederate army, and it was the audacity and coolness of the movement that convinced Early that back of that regiment there must be an army of veterans. My diary shows:

"'July 11—Ordered out as skirmishers at 2 p. m. Rebs within rifle shot of Fort Stevens. Advanced and drove enemy from houses. Sharp fighting. Burned several houses, by order. Was relieved by Sixth Corps. Loss, five killed and 13 wounded. Maloney, of my company, killed.

"'July 12—Went out on skirmish line and relieved regiment of invalids. Exchanged shots with enemy until evening, when enemy advanced strong line of skirmishers. Sharp fighting by Sixth Corps; enemy driven back.

"'July 13—Rebs all left. Sixth and Nineteenth Corps in pursuit.'"

A Rebel "Victory" on Lake Erie.

By Annie M. Nichols.

On an early Fall day in the year 1864 the steamer Philo Parsons lay moored at her wharf, foot of Bates street, Detroit, Mich. Her Captain, standing near, was accosted by two well-dressed men, and asked if he would stop at Sandwich (in Canada) on his way down the river, and take on passengers and baggage. For a moment he thought, then replied he would, as he had freight to put on at Clark's dock, some three miles below. The steamer always stopped at Malden (now Amherstburg), also Canadian, at the mouth of the river. American vessels are not permitted to touch at two consecutive Canadian ports. An American one must intervene. The starting time was 8:30 a. m. The Captain, always punctual, lines were cast off on time and the steamer headed down stream.

At Sandwich, seven men with boxes, each resembling a carpenter's tool chest, came on board. The steamer then ran across to Clark's and freight loaded; once more lines were cast off, the paddles turned and the journey resumed. Detroit River is a pretty stream, with much to see upon either shore, including several towns, among them Wyandotte, where huge rolling mills are situated. The Philo Parsons plied between Detroit and Sandusky, O., in the summer, making daily trips, which afforded pleasant outings among the islands, especially "Put-in Bay." Fall and Spring her trips were tri-weekly. Much fruit, especially grapes and peaches, were shipped from the islands, immense vineyards on the three Bass Islands and Kelly's yielding a large supply. Many hours were consumed in loading. This particular day the boat had commenced her tri-weekly trips. Upon reaching Malden a number of passengers came on board, among whom were 15 or more rather rough-looking men. They, also, had boxes resembling tool chests, but tied with ropes. They kept by themselves, apparently knowing no one on board.

In Sandusky Bay is Johnson's Island, where during the war rebel prisoners were kept, about 3,000 with Federal soldiers for guards. It was not such a place as our Northern men were put to live or die, as health or strength would hold out, but a clean, airy place. Good food was carried over there from Sandusky each day by a steamer provided for the purpose. Many people visited the island. In the bay was anchored the United States steamer Michigan. Social entertainment was common on this steamer. Plans had been laid to free the prisoners upon Johnson's Island. A dinner was to be given to the officers, both upon steamer and Island. A traitor on board knew of it. This party was to occur upon the day of which this story begins.

A telegram to that effect was sent to the men concerned, which accounted for the presence of the parties taken on board of the Philo Parsons. They were rebels, and known to each other, but to avert suspicion, passed as strangers. The boxes contained arms to be used in carrying out their plans. Among the islands and opposite Put-in-Bay is Middle Bass, where the Captain of the Philo Parsons had his Summer home. Occasionally he would stop there, leaving the care of the boat to the Mate. This was one of those days. He little thot, when going across the gangplank, what was in store for him and his boat before many hours would pass.

The next stopping place after leaving Middle Bass, was Kelly's Island. As the steamer glided from the wharf, and the Mate was preparing to go down from upper deck two men came up the stairs and said to him, "You are a prisoner," at the same time thrusting pistols in his face. "We are Confederate officers, and propose taking this boat, with the aid of the United States steamer Michigan, and release the prisoners upon Johnson's Island. You are to obey our commands. You are now to run this boat into Sandusky, unload freight and passengers. We will then tell you what to do.

They expected, as the boat entered the bay, that a signal would tell them that all was well. While those men were guarding the Mate, others were doing likewise with Clerk and Engineer. The clerk was made prisoner in his office while the engineer was not permitted to leave the engine room. All this was done in the ignorance of the passengers, as it was intended they should be landed safely at Sandusky. When the steamer entered the bay no signal was pre-

sented. Fear came over them. They thot they had been betrayed, and ordered the Mate to immediately turn the boat about and steer for Detroit. "We will be obliged to take on more fuel," said the Mate. "Where can it be procured?" "At Middle Bass Island," he replied. "Go there, as fast as steam can take us." They neither questioned or went to find out if his assertions were true. It was not fuel he wanted, but the Captain.

Steamers crossing the point between South Bass and Middle Bass can be seen from the Captain's house. His wife, with guests, were sitting upon the porch when she saw the boat coming, and exclaimed: "Here comes the Philo Parsons! What can it mean?" She hastened to call the Captain, who immediately prepared to go down to the wharf. The whistle sounded, indicating it would stop. When the steamer was turned around in Sandusky Bay passengers began to inquire the cause. Feeling something must be wrong, the men told them all to be quiet. But that did not satisfy them. They became frightened when told the boat was in the hands of Confederates. One lady, wife of an editor of a Cincinnati paper, when she heard it, said to the Rebs: "Should you want help in any way, apply to my husband, giving them her name. The other passengers were very indignant toward her, but were powerless to do anything.

As the boat swung alongside of the wharf at Middle Bass the Captain very naturally inquired the cause of her return. No reply was made until the boat was fast to the dock. He was then taken prisoner, and led to his own cabin. He sometimes used strong language; feeling this an occasion which demanded it he told them in very plain words what he thot of them. In the meantime men were loading wood as fast as possible, as no time must be lost. The passengers were put ashore, together with the Captain, all having been first sworn to secrecy for 25 hours. No one, however, intended keping it. The Captain's house and no other were the only ones near the wharf. It looked as if some one must provide for those passengers.

While wood was being carried on a small steamer, the Island Queen, plying between Sandusky and Put-in-Bay, came alongside, from Toledo, where she had been to bring down a hundred men just mustered out of service. They were without arms. Those daring rebels immediately boarded the Queen—no one could give the Captain warning—and put the soldiers ashore, took the officers in custody, rifled the boat of everything they could find, scuttled her, cast off the lines and sent her adrift. Fortunately Ballast Island lay directly in the direction in which the boat floated. Here she struck, sinking in about 10 feet of water.

By this time the Parsons had left the wharf of Middle Bass Island going toward Detroit at full speed. Officers belonging to both boats, excepting Mate and Engineer, were prisoners in hold of steamer. People on Put-in-Bay seeing the Parsons at Middle Bass and going away toward Detroit, also the Island Queen drifting, felt that something was wrong. Boats were immediately rowed over; upon learning facts, as quickly rowed back, crossed South Bass, procuring other boats, finally reaching Sandusky Bay, where the alarm was sounded.

After the Philo Parsons left Middle Bass passengers began looking around to see what was to become of them for the night, or until they could get off the Island. Most of them started for the Captain's house. Word had reached there regarding remarks of the Cincinnati woman, so by the time she came to the gate the wife of the Captain met her and said: "Don't you dare set your foot inside this yard. I would not give you one mouthful to eat, or a place to lay your head." She turned away and went to the house nearer the wharf, walked in, without asking, went directly into a room and locked the door, defying the owner.

It took some provisions to feed so many, and much planning to provide sleeping places. There always seems room. The soldiers took refuge in the barn, As soon as the news reached the steamer Michigan all was confusion. Officers were hastily summoned from their dinner. As it takes times, midnight came ere they coul start in pursuit. Meanwhile the Parsons was being run as fast as steam would permit.

In Detroit River is an island then known as "Fighting Island," now a pleasure resort known as Deschreshork. A few fishermen lived at one end of it. Upon reaching there the Parsons was stopped and all put ashore, the rebels feeling themselves capable of running the boat to Sandwich, the point from which the ringleaders started in the morning. Filled with a sure hope of success in their undertaking, after putting the men ashore, they prepared to burn and scuttle the boat. Balls of wicking were saturated with oil, that they might burn quickly. Before doing this they determined to secure everything of value on the boat.

On arriving at Sandwich they stripped the boat of its movable furniture, not stopping to take the legs from the piano, then burst out the casing of the door, that it could be caried off sooner. Every particle of clothing belonging to the Mate was taken. They even compelled one deck hand,

who had on a new pair of shoes, to take them off. While this was going on at Sandwich the men on Fighting Island were losing no time; hastening to the hut where the fishermen lived they told their story, prevailing upon them to go with boats. A row of seven miles consumes time, but they accomplished it and surprised the rebels before more damage was done.

The Canadian authorities must be aroused to see what could be done, part of the men having already gone about it. Furniture was upon the wharf. For some reason the balls of wicking had not burned, as they expected, but water was pouring in the hold. The rebels seemed almost paralyzed upon seeing the men whom they thot could not get off the island. Finding themselves outwitted, they tried to get away, but were surrounded and arrested. Pumps were put to work to keep the boat afloat. The news soon spread across the river to Detroit, and excitement ran high. War at home!

Five hours' start made it difficult for the Michigan to overtake the Parsons. She went up Lake Erie, and seeing nothing, concluded it would be wiser to return, not knowing what might be done in Sandusky Bay during her absence. A boat was sent from Sandusky to Middle Bass Island early in the morning for passengers, soldiers, and the Captain of the Philo Parsons, who was anxious to get to Detroit, which place they reached in the afternoon. The Canadian authorities had permitted them to take the boat across to Detroit, and a sorry sight she was.

People hurried down to the wharf to see her and learn the truth of the report. Police were necessary to keep back the crowd. No one was allowed on board, as it was all the pumps could do to keep her afloat until she could be taken to dry-dock.

Much red tape was used before the rebels could be secured by the United States authorities. The ringleader, it was learned after his arrest, was wanted in New York city for wrecking a train of soldiers. After a hearing for this boat trouble, he was taken to New York, tried and hung. The other leader was put in jail in Ohio, as these depredations were committed in Ohio waters on Lake Erie. His friends, determining he should not share the fate of his comrade, in some way, he was released during the night and, it was said, went to Canada, and thence to Europe. At any rate, he was never found.

This was a little taste of war far from the scene of the real war in the South, but it created more sensation with us than a big battle would down there. It was the unexpected.

Fuller's Ohio Brigade at Atlanta.

By Charles H. Smith, Major, 27th Ohio, Cleveland, Ohio.

The battle of July 22, 1864, was fought on the east side of Atlanta. The troops engaged were the left wing of Gen. Sherman's Union army, consisting of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps, commanded by Gen. McPherson, against the great bulk of Gen. Hood's Confederate army, which composed the corps of Hardee, Cheatham and Walker. It was the purpose of the Confederates to flank the Union army on its left, double it back upon the center and break up the investment of the city and then drive the Union army across the Chattahoochie River in retreat. The enemy commenced this manuver on the day previous, and about noon on the 22d struck first, with his left, the pickets of the Sixteenth Corps, and then the Seventeenth Corps in flank.

At that moment Fuller's Ohio Brigade, with the entire Sixteenth Corps, was out of position, being massed to strengthen any portion of the Union line, but as soon as the first shots were fired by the enemy they were double-quicked a half mile to the left and formed quickly in line, at right angles with the Seventeenth Corps to meet the impending danger. As quickly as it takes to tell it the battle was on and raged with the greatest fury.

That part of the field occupied by the 27th and 39th Ohio was on the right of the Sixteenth Corps, very near the spot where Gen. McPherson fell. The entire space of ground to the right of that, reaching as far as the Seventeenth Corps, was unoccupied, leaving a gap of about a half mile. As soon as the 27th and 39th Ohio were halted, Co. A of the 27th, commanded by Capt. Chas. H. Smith, was thrown out as skirmishers to cover the field in front. They marched rapidly over an open field, under a terriffic fire from the enemy, who had formed in masses at the edge of the dense woods, and who advanced their whole line upon the field, four deep. The 27th

and 39th Ohio sprang from the ground and rushed upon the enemy. Then came the impact of the two opposing forces in battle in the open field, waged with no protection of earthworks on either side, the most sanguinary of the war.

Flags of the Union and Confederate forces were placed side by side, and the two opposing forces fought with bitterness and desperation to gain the mastery, until the Confederate lines were driven back into cover of the woods. In the meantime a large body of the enemy had passd through the open space to the rear, so that Fuller's Brigade was actually surrounded on front, right flank and rear. Gen. Fuller, commanding the Fourth Division, discovered the situation, brought up a reserve regiment, the splendid 64th Ill., who struck the enemy unawares and pushed them back. At the same time the 27th and 39th Ohio made a half-wheel and commenced firing into their flank, compelling them to retreat from the field for the second time, but again the enemy reformed their lines, led this time by Gen. Walker, who was killed almost at the instant of their forward movement. He fell in front of the firing line of Co. A, 27th Ohio. It was at this moment when Gen. Fuller, seizing the Flag of the 27th Ohio, raised it aloft and the two regiments moved forward with a great shout and drove the enemy back with the bayonet in final defeat.

No army ever fought to successful issue a battle against such an overwhelming force. The dead bodies of Confederates literally covered the field, where they were slain in their unavailing attempt to break through the Union lines. While this great battle was in progress the 43d and 63d Ohio, of Fuller's command, successfully held a most important position on the left of the army at Decatur. Under the leadership and promptitude of Cols. Sprague and Swayne and the fearless spirit of the men, they defeated the entire cavalry force of Gen. Wheeler and saved the wagon train on the left of the Army of the Tennessee, and a great calamity was averted.

The battle on the left so far had been fought on the Union side by less than 5,000 troops of Dodge's Sixteenth Corps, mainly by parts of Fuller's Fourth and Sweeney's Second Division. After the third repulse of the enemy's advance, the 27th and 39th Ohio moved to the right and attacked Cleburne's forces in the rear and flank, preventing them from reforming or adjusting their lines, and from making the third assault upon the lines of the Seventeenth Corps, then commanded by Gens. Blair, Leggett and Giles A. Smith, whose magnificent fighting during this day from both sides of their works reads like romance, rather than reality. These splendid veterans who had worked incessantly, intrenching, and who for two nights had obtained no rest, leaped their works, put their backs to Atlanta and received and repelled the charging columns that came upon them from the rear with demoniac yells so characteristic of the Texans. But no sooner had the enemy been driven back on each occasion when Cheatham's Corps advanced from the direction of Atlanta, the second time covering the entire front of the Seventeenth and Fifteenth Corps. The Union troops, jumping to the right side of their works, repulsed each charge. Part of the Fifteenth Corps, under Gen. Logan, had lost some ground in this attack, but recovered their line.

The battle along the front of the Army of the Tennessee was desperate and bloody beyond description. For vindictiveness and desperation this encounter was never excelled. The carnage was terrible as it was sickening. The ground was covered with the mangled dead and dying of both armies. Cleburne reported to Hardee that this battle was the bitterest of his life. The scene upon the field at this time was grand and impressive. It seemed that every mounted officer of the attacking column was riding at the front of, or on the right or left, of the first line of battle, their regimental flags, as well as ours, waving and fluttering in advance. Their movement was covered by a well-directed fire of artillery posted in the woods on higher ground. It seemed impossible for the enemy to face the sweeping fire of Fuller's and the other divisions, and the guns of the 14th Ohio and Welker's Batteries fairly mowed great swaths in their advancing columns, which were broken up and thrown into great confusion.

Gen. Hood, commanding the Confederate forces, occupied a position where much of both armies were in view, directing the movements of his troops, and finally suffering the mortification and humiliation of defeat; yet, his vanity was such that he could not realize his own faulty judgment, but rashly blamed his troops, whose dead and bleeding bodies covering the field attested their valor. He did not seem to apprehend the fact that he was confronted by experienced soldiers who had fought over hundreds of miles of territory, securing victories in every battle, from Springfield, Mo., to Donelson, Shiloh, Iuka, Corinth, Vicksburg and Chattanooga; who had whipped his command through the mountains of northern Georgia; who were accustomed to fierce assaults and yells, and who always gave the return blows strong and heavy. It was Gen. Grant's old army, and he said of that army: "It

is invincible; no foe can stop their onward march."

When Gen. Hood stood on a hill at Resaca and, with bated breath, saw the Army of the Tennessee issue from the narrow defile of Snake Creek Gap and roll in sweeping and steady lines over the hills and valleys with the design of carrying that position, he was told by his Chief of Staff that the Army of the Tennessee was there to fight—it knew how to fight and was willing to fight.

It must be regretted by all, and especially the tried and true soldiers of the Fourth, Fourteenth, Twentieth and Twenty-third Corps, commanded by Gens. Thomas, Scofield, Slocum and Howard, that Gen. Sherman's order was not inforced to strike the foe in their front, which was on the 22d of July only a thin line. If these four corps had been allowed to attack, Hood's army would have been crushed and captured at Atlanta.

It is a matter of history that only two army commanders were killed in battle during the War of the Rebellion, both of whom were of the highest type of the American soldier.

On the Confederate side, Albert Sidney Johnston, at Shiloh, April 6, 1862; surrounded by his friends, he fell at the hour of defeat.

On the Union side, James B. McPherson, July 22, 1864. Alone, with the exception of one orderly, he fell at the moment of victory.

Captured by the Grand Rounds!

By F. I. Barker, Co. F, 47th Mass., Santa Barbara, Cal.

This untoward and laughable incident occurred while we were at Camp Farr, Metairie Ridge, on the famous old Ten Broek or Union Race course, while Banks, Farragut and Porter were up river, investing and pounding away at Port Hudson.

The Second Brigade of the Second Division, in command of Gen. Farr, to which our regiment, the 47th Mass., was attached, had been left behind to guard the city of New Orleans.

We had occupied several camps in and about it since our arrival. New Year's eve—Camp Kearney, the Jackson Barracks, and the Lower Cotton Press; but on coming out, now about the middle of March, from the old cotton streets, was like coming out of a prison pen into the sunshine—the air redolent with orange blossoms, and the merry voices of the early song birds of Spring.

Metairie Ridge is in the suburbs of the city, near the terminus of Canal street, about three miles out from the levee; the Ridge is only four or five feet elevation above the adjacent lands and waters of the lake, on the borders of a dense cypress swamp.

Here are located the city crematories—Evergreen, Cypress Grove, and several others; all very unique, on account of the burials being above ground, and the near presence of water: the graves, tombs and mausoleums are substantially built of masonry, brick, stone and marble, many of good architectural design.

The comrades of Co. F will never forget their disgust on finding the grave in the corner of Evergreen full of water, necessitating baling out, before burying their first comrade mustered out, Gardner Weatherbee. Poor boy; he died of homesickness.

We here approach the ship canal, between the basin in the city and Lake Ponchartrain, crossing by a drawbridge near the race-course gate.

From here a fine shell road runs along the west side of the canal to Lake End; the shells being obtained from some of the numerous old Indian shell mounds on the borders of the lake; an unequaled, fine drive in all weather without dust.

The course is in good repair, having one of the largest and finest grand stands in the country, nearly 500 feet long, 10 rows of seats, built of brick and iron, and handsomely ornamented; the spacious refreshment, pool and club rooms under the stand afford ample quarters for the regiment.

Visiting Camp Farr 20 years later, I found it transformed into a new cemetery, Metairie Ridge, with expensive, handsome structures; a marble city of the dead; tombs and chapels of rare beauty and design. A new race course had been built alongside south, the Oakland Riding Park.

Camp guard duties are being performed now by companies, not to interfere with the drills, and it so happens that Co. F's turn comes today, March 13, and Comrade Walker and I have the two outside picket stations or posts, No. 1, at the drawbridge, commanding the approach from the city, and No. 2 on the shell road from the Lake.

An incident occurred during the forenoon

that may illustrate the feeling that sometimes crops out between the old seasoned and the raw troops. From down the shell road a mounted Orderly was coming from the Lake, smartly loping his horse at a speed in violation of general orders, and as we drew near I took position in the middle of the road, arms a-port, and challenged sharply, "Halt," three times; but as no heed was taken I came down to the charge, and the rider rode quite upon my bayonet before pulling up—and we were both not a little excited at the threatened collision.

"Hullo; what's up!

"You were riding contrary to orders."

"How's that?"

"Orders are not to let you mounted men ride faster than a trot during the hot season."

"Did not know as that old fool order was being enforced."

"It may be a fool order; neither you or I have anything to do with that; galloping or loping may be easier for both horse and rider in this part of the country, but our Northern horses are not accustomed to it, they claim."

"Say, you came d—d near sticking my horse; didn't think you nine-months men were so everlasting smart."

"You disregarded my challenge. Did you intend to ride a fellow down? What's your business, anyway?"

"Carrying the morning report from Lake End to Headquarters."

"Your name and regiment?"

"Joe Smart, 5th N. Y. Cav. Now, you won't report a fellow for just having a bit of fun with a raw recruit?"

"You'll not try again in a hurry, I'll venture."

"No, the sight of that bayonet is something to remember. Good-by, my boy."

"Good-by to you; keep a sharp eye out for these raw recruits from the Hub."

Owing to the heavy rain last night, the usual morning drill is omitted, and the boys are fitting up their bunks; some of them are foraging brick from an old chimney and building an oven; another squad is out gathering pigweed greens for their salt pork and beef dinner. But for this miserable war, what nice picnicing in this semi-tropic climate, for Northern boys.

Six colored officers belonging to the 1st La. troops, passed my post up from the Lake, on furlough from Ship Island. They were quite light in color, smartly dressed, and fine, soldierly appearing. This is the regiment that the 13th Me. refused to do guard duty with while at Ship Island, on account of color.

The regiment is Butler's first experiment, and said to be made up of intelligent men, free men; their rolls show but 57 men who make their mark (X); while upon our rolls there are 155 white men who do not write their names; and it is claimed that no Northern regiment here represents so much wealth; the prejudice arises not from lack of military capacity or loyalty, but from race and color.

Some of the members must have belonged to a battalion of free men of color, recruited by the Confederates at the beginning of the war; but the arming of negroes for the perpetuation of the slavery of their own race was soon discovered to be both illegal and unsafe precedent, and the organization was directly disbanded.

Soon after going on the midnight relief last night we distinctly heard the distant booming of cannon up the river way, our first sounds of battle; supposed to be Farragut, Porter and Banks opening up the first ball at Port Hudson. The great distance would almost preclude such an assumption, 80 miles in an air line, but a dense cloud hanging over the entire valley must have served as a conductor.

Subsequent reports verified the supposition; Farragut, with the Hartford and the Albatross safely ran the batteries, but the frigate Mississippi went aground and had to be destroyed.

Here in camp with us are two light batteries—the 1st Vt., gray horses and steel guns; the 26th N. Y., bay horses and brass guns. We off-duty boys often sit here in the grand stand and review the wonderful drill of these fine batteries.

The 42d Mass. is down upon our right—beyond the cemeteries, at the City Park, and Duryea's N. Y. Zouaves up on our left a short distance. They come down here for parade and drill. They are a gay lot; red Turkish caps, blue jackets, bag pants, etc.; drill perfect as a machine; discipline something awful; put a man under arrest with ball and chain for carelessly holding his fire an instant.

Gen. Farr cautions Col. Marsh to hold the 47th in readiness to move at any moment, with ammunition and rations; any serious reverses to our troops up river might call for immediate action. It is well known that a nest of secretly-armed rebels, 20,000 or more of them in the city, are ready and reckless enough to try and jump us, should anything go wrong at Port Hudson. Lack of vigilance is inexcusable.

We have often been turned out at night by the long roll into line on the parade, a precautionary drill so far; some favored company having a secret cue would successfully secure the post of honor, the right of the line. But here comes a night with the long roll beating wildly, as if the very d—l was to pay; the companies hastily

fall in in front of quarters and make the usual rush and strife for the parade; right dress; front—seven and a half minutes, with only a few stragglers.

The Colonel and the Officer of the Day confront each other for the cause or origin of the alarm, but nobody can give any hint or clue. Looking across the parade opposite in the dim light are now discovered Gen. Farr, his Aids and Generals, sitting as at review. An Aid advances. "Colonel, the grand rounds; the General wishes you to form a hollow square."

After presenting arms the square is formed, and there beneath the stars the General told the story in an impassioned manner of his arrival in camp without arousing it; explaining fully the duties of camp guard. "Why," he says, "I arrived here in your camp with my guard, 15 horsemen in all, and could have captured your entire regiment asleep, just because you neglected the very simple means of arousing."

"I must give you credit for very promptly falling into line on being turned out; and I think I must also give you credit (with a little touch of satire) for being fearless and courageous, to lie down and go to sleep in the enemy's country, in these dangerous times, with such an imperfect guard for protection. The picket at the bridge, and also the guard at the gate passed us correctly; but at the general tents only two men were found; the relief was absent; no officer, not even a Corporal; no drummer, all had been allowed by somebody to go to quarters; the two men present were hastily dispatched to arouse the drummers. The only excuse you offer, the recent shower and tents without floors, you can see is quite iniquitous. I bid you good-night."

The square was broken, and the Grand Rounds passed from camp, conscious of having done a good night's jolly work—the carelessness of some easy-going Corporal of the guard doubtless. The line was reformed, dismissed, the companies returning to quarters—to sleep? No; and every man from the Colonel down, was permitted to cuss and swear to his fullest capacity, berating the untoward events leading up to our capture by the Grand Rounds.

The officers of the guard and men betook themselves to their proper stations and were seen no more in quarters that night. Capt. Hyat, of Co. A, of Cambridge, was Officer of the Day; his company, with a detail from Co. G, of Abington, were on duty. Thus rests this much ado about nothing. These two companies have been on duty in the city of late about headquarters, occupying good quarters with cots and moss mattresses, which may account for the easy way they have fallen into doing camp duty.

The 47th has heretofore been proud of her conscientiously performed duties, and this slip of a serio-comic hour was soon forgotten by still further careful work.

Surely in Columbia.

By Stephen M. Lutz, First Lieutenant, Co. H, 35th N. J., New York City.

I was pleased to read the defense that Comrade C. L. Thomas, of the 25th Ind. made in behalf of the Seventeenth Corps in The National Tribune of April 9, 1908. Gen. Sherman in his reports says the Seventeenth Corps did not enter Columbia, S. C. I believe he was misinformed. I was at that time First Lieutenant in command of Co. H, 35th N. J. Our brigade was the Second. First Division, Seventeenth Corps. We had besides my regiment also the 25th Wis., Col. Montgomery; 43d Ohio, Col. Swayne; 63d Ohio, I forget who was their Colonel this time, as Col. Sprague was made a Brigadier-General in the Fall of 1864, and was then our brigade commander. Maj.-Gen. Joseph A. Mower was our division commander. All that Comrade Thomas says can be substantiated by those who were there. I saw the boat go across the river and was always under the impression that the Seventeenth Corps did plant the flag first on the State House of South Carolina. I am also sure our division passed thru a part of the city. I know my regiment was detailed to do provost duty in the heart of the city and I think our whole brigade was on duty. I know my duties required me to place guards on the houses and protect the property of the city.

Our regiment was the only eastern one in the Seventeenth Corps. We were a Zouave organization—fancy uniforms, red trimmings, on blue cloth, red sashes around the waist, and we wore a blue fez covering the head, on which was a long yellow tassel, and our white canvas leg-

gins, all of which made us very conspicuous, and I am sure we were well known in Sherman's army, especially in the Army of the Tennessee, to which we were attached. I have several times read articles which deprived the Seventeenth Corps of the credit that belonged to it. There was glory enough for all. It is now many years since the war ended, and mistakes are often made, unless the old records and diaries are gone over carefully. Regiments sometimes do not get the credit they deserve. When histories are written mistakes are made; as for instance:

"Our regiment saved Gen. Sherman and his staff from being captured, while on our raid from Vicksburg, Miss., to Meridian, Miss., in January and February, 1864." But in Gen. Sherman's Memoirs we read that instead of giving the credit to the 35th N. J. it is given to the 33d N. J. When Gen. Sherman was called upon by some of our regiment to protest he said he was sorry that it happened, but it was the fault of the printer who set up the book. Anyone reading this naturally will think it was the 33d. If Gen. Sherman had gone out a little further on that day when our regiment was on outpost there would have been a great loss to our army, and Gen. Grant would have lost his ablest assistant in the great windup of the war. I hope others of the Seventeenth Corps will help us straighten out this matter; we want all that is due to us—nothing more or less.

A Military Execution.

By Augustine Marin, Co. K, 41st N. Y., Spartanburg, Ind.

Desertion from the Army or Navy in war time is a serious offence for which the extreme penalty is death. Between May and October, 1863, there were numerous desertions reported from the Army of the Potomac. Maj.-Gen. Meade determined to put a stop to this evil by convening courts in each division, and 186 men were sentenced to be shot, but only three sentences were approved by President Lincoln. These were for murder.

There was a class of men who enlisted at one place for a bounty then deserted and reenlisted somewhere else, and deserted again, until captured, or shot. I recollect three young fellows who joined our regiment at Folly Island, S. C., in 1863. They were assigned to Co. D. While their company was on picket on Seabrook Island, S. C., and these three fellows happened to be placed on an outpost. They were soon missed and a detail was ordered out in pursuit of them. They were followed about five miles along the sandy beach shore to a little river. The water was deep and could not be waded. One of them, who went by the name of Smith, could not swim, and sat down on the sand to wait for the tide to fall so he could wade across into the rebel lines. The others swam across and were seen no more. The detail captured Smith and brot him back to camp on Folly Island. He was a prisoner at large about camp until the regiment moved to Hilton Head, S. C., where Smith was put into the Provost guardhouse.

For some time we heard no more about the poor fellow. Then there was a rumor that he had been tried and sentenced to be shot to death. One clear Sunday afternoon the troops were ordered to parade and march to an open sandy plain near the pine woods a mile from camp. When we reached the place we formed a hollow square with an open flank towards the woods. A short distance away was an open grave with a pine coffin near it. We waited for one of the tragedies of the war, a military execution, the shooting to death and burial of one of our own men. Groups of officers on the extreme right were chatting with one another.

Then came the sounds of the funeral march. The procession had started, and when it reached the right it halted. The victim, who was accompanied by a Catholic priest and officers in charge of the ceremonies, proceeded to the open grave. The firing squad moved to a position in the center of the square, and faced towards the victim. The priest and victim knelt down on the soft sand in silent prayer. Then the priest bade the victim farewell, shook him by the hand, and turned away and hastened from the grounds. Then the victim's blouse was removed, his hands were tied behind him, a black cap drawn over his head and he was led to his coffin on which he knelt. The silence was profound. We could almost hear each other's hearts beat. Then came the low tone of command, "ready, aim, fire!" There was a sharp report and the poor fellow fell over on the sand mortally wounded. It was some 15 minutes before he died and it seemed an eternity. The body was being lifted when a mounted Orderly rushed up to the commanding officer and handed him a letter. It was Smith's pardon, but it had come too late to save his life. President Lincoln's noble, forgiving heart had often been the means of saving many a young life in the war, but it came too late in this instance. One affair of this kind is enough in a life time.