WOMAN'S AUXILIARIES

General Need for Such Organizations---An Earnest Appeal for Help, &c.

VIII.

The more the subject of Woman's Auxiliaries is agitated, the more important it seems that such associations should exist in every city, town and village in the country. It is not only that the organization is beneficial to the parties enlisted in the work; that it cultivates a fraternal and patriotic spirit; but, viewed in the right light, it is an imperative duty which the living owe to the dead, the surviving friend and comrade to him who has given all that he had for our altars and our fires. Until these societies are organized and the friendless are made to feel that there are those who would divide their sorrows and lift their burdens, will it ever be known how many in every community stand in need of encouragement and assistance, a friendly service and a generous deed? With the double hope of awakening the patriotic women in every part of the country to the need of organized efforts for the care of their struggling sisters, and to give the applicant an opportunity of reaching THE TRIBUNE readers and thereby the situation she desires, the following letter is given. The name only is withheld, but any readers of THE TRIBUNE desiring her services may address her through me.

JACKSON, MICH., April 15, 1883.

DEAR MADAM: I have read with interest your articles upon woman's work published in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C. Your last article moved me to appeal to you for aid, and I feel that I may confide in you. I am in search of employment; can assume any responsible position where ability and integrity are required. Am a competent book-keeper and a good copyist. I worked hard to finish my commercial course, by sewing while running a machine, but the effort with constant worrying, has brought on physical disabilities, and I have not the means to have myself properly cared for. My only support now is what little writing I get to do. Every place seems to be full here and all have their friends. My last ray of hope is centered in the thought that you will do something for me. My father was discharged from the war for disability, and my mother, now a widow and old, has been working for a pension for nearly seven years, but as yet has no favorable report. I most earnestly beg of you to use your influence in procuring a position for me. If you cannot get anything there, it might be that they would want more teachers at home, or, at least, a teacher in book-keeping; I am more thorough in that than in anything else, although children in the juvenile branches I could easily teach, or I would like to serve as a governess in a family. I can furnish good references as to character and ability. I have stated everything to you clearly, so that you can consider my case. Now I am situated. I am twenty-three years of age and am capable of fulfilling my engagement satisfactorily. I hope I do not bore you with this long letter, but it seems good to speak to some one, and you do not seem like a stranger; and were you my most intimate friend, and face to face with me, I could not tell you so much, but for my mother's sake I am forced to speak.

The above is but a sample of the many, many struggling ones who are in sore need of help, but who cannot and will not make known their needs save to those who are banded together to give them the sympathy and help they stand so greatly in need of. Heaven raise up friends for this poor girl and for the thousands who, like her, are left fatherless by the cruel sword, to depend too often upon the cold charities of an unthinking world.

CALL FOR A REUNION POEM.

Simultaneously, from San Francisco, Detroit and several other points, comes the request for the poem which follows, and of which the writer is the author. It is a poem which has been greatly in demand by the old soldiers, and has for some years been recited at the Camp-fires and entertainments of Ohio and Michigan and States to the West. The gentleman who writes from San Francisco is making a collection of war poems; a writer from Iowa was present when it was recited at the Reunion of the Prisoners of War in Detroit a year or two since. As I have no longer copies of the same, I give it through the columns of THE TRIBUNE. The women and men were as one that day; will they not be so now?

MEMORIES OF THE WAR.

Whenever I hear the fife and the drum
And the bugles wildly play,
My heart is stirred like a frightened bird
And struggles to break away;
For the tramp of the volunteers I hear,
And the captain's sharp command:
"Left! Left! Left!" He is near
And drilling his eager band.

For the women and men were at one that day
In a purpose grand and great;
But the men are away in a stormy fray
And the women must work and wait.

And some were as brown as the tawny South,
And some like the dawn were fair,
And here was the lad with his girlish mouth,
And there was the beard of care;
But whether from farm or from fold they drew,
From the shop or the schoolboy's seat,
Each shouldered his musket and donned the blue,
And the time with his brogans beat.

And the mother put motherly fears to flight
And the wife hid her tears away,
For men must fight when the cause is right
While the women in patience pray.

And now 'tis the discipline hard and sore
Of the camp and the march and the chase,
And now 'tis the thud and the crash and the roar,
And the battle creeps on apace.
Oh, God! It is hard when a comrade falls,
With his head at your very feet,
While "Forward!" the voice of your captain calls,
And the enemy beats retreat.

And Oh! for the mother or wife who must see
The news of the battle is known:
Killed—Private C., of company G.—
While she sits in her grief like stone.

Here, the pitiless siege and the hunger that mocks;
There, the hell of Resaca waits.
And the crash of the shell on the Georgia rocks
As you beat on Atlanta's gates;
There are dreams of a peace that is slow to dawn,
Of the furloughs that never come,
There's the tidings of grief from a letter drawn,
And the silence of lips grown dumb.

The words of your messmate you write from the crag,
Where he breathed his life away:
"O say to my darling I died for the flag
She blessed when we marched that day."

There are chevroned sleeves for some who may go,
And a captain's straps for a few,
And the leaden slug for some may show
When is sounded the last tattoo;
But the upturned face on the enemy's slain,
With its cold and ghastly stare,
Is all that is left of the pomp and the pride
Of some who the conflict share.

And lo, when the enemy lifts the dead
And rifles his breast, I ween
There is a woman's face and the dainty grace
Of the babe he never has seen.

And Oh! for the famine and Oh! for the woe
Of the comrades in prison-pens:
For the hunger and thirst, and the fever slow
And the torturing homesick sense.
And Oh! for the phantoms that walk by night,
And the phantoms that walk by day,
And the whirl of the brain in the hopeless fight
With demons that glout and prey.

And Oh! for the scenes that they loved so well,
That haunted their dying day,
For a draught from the well that will never swell—
For a breath of the new-mown hay.

Ah, well! there are few who are left, we know,
Of the many who marched away,
And the children who clung to our skirts, I trow
Are as tall and strong as they.
There are unmarked graves in the lonely South,
There are spectres that walk at will,
But the flag that you saved at the cannon's mouth
Is the flag that is over you still.

The flag through the shot and the shell that you bore,
And wrapped in your blouses blue,
The flag that you swore to defend evermore,
Is the flag of the Union, too.

KATE B. SHERWOOD,
Pres. Forsyth Post Auxiliary.
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Why Refuse the Aid of Other Loyal Women?

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I see a good deal in your paper about Woman's Auxiliaries. I think they are good things, but that they should be for soldier's wives, widows, children and sisters, and not for those who never had near relatives in the late war, for, of course, they cannot feel the interest in the work of the Grand Army that those do who eagerly watched every paper to see how it was after each battle—to see if their dear ones were still spared to them. I was a member of the Ladies Relief Corps of Major How Post, of Haverhill, Mass., for two years or more, and I know that we could find out many instances of suffering and need that the members of the Post could not, and, in that way, did a great deal of good.

MRS. G. W. PIERCE.
HOLYOKE, MASS.

A Little Girl's Love for The Tribune.

"I am a soldier's daughter, ten years of age. My father takes THE TRIBUNE and I love to read it. I am so fond of the stories which you print on the second page that I can hardly wait for it from week to week. I am very much interested in the escaped prisoner's story, entitled 'Good-Bye to Dixie,' and I should like to see it published in book form."—Minnie Carson, Medway, Ohio.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE WAR.

The Leading Events of the War Arranged by Weekly Anniversaries.

1861.

May 4. Seizure of ordnance stores at Kansas City, Mo.
5. Evacuation of Fort Cobb, Ind. Ter.
5. Evacuation of Fort Arbuckle, Ind Ter.

1862.

May 1. Action at Limestone bridge, Ala., by 18th Ohio inf.
1. Occupation of New Orleans, La., by 31st Massachusetts, 12th Connecticut, 4th Wisconsin inf. and 6th Massachusetts battery.
1. Skirmish at Clark's Hollow, W. Va., by detachment 23d Ohio inf.
1. Skirmish near Pulaski, Tenn.
3. Skirmish at Watkin's Perry, Ga., by detachment 4th Ohio cav.
3. Skirmish at Litchfield, Ark., by detachment 1st Indiana cav.
3. Skirmish near Deep Gully, N. C., by battery F, 1st Rhode Island art.
3. Reconnaissance to and action at Farmington, Miss., by detachment of 3d Michigan cav. 16th and 14th Michigan; 16th, 26th, 27th, 42d, 51st and 64th Illinois, batteries C, 1st Illinois and G, 1st Missouri art., and engineers of the West.
3. Reconnaissance to M. and C. R. R., east of Corinth, Miss., 3d Iowa and 2d Michigan cav.
4. Skirmish at Pulaski, Tenn., by 10th Wisconsin inf.
4. Skirmish near Williamsburg, Va., by 3d Pennsylvania, 1st and 6th U. S. cav., McClellan (Ill.) dragoons, and six batteries U. S. art.
4. Capture of Yorktown, by Army of the Potomac.
4-5. Reconnaissance to Culpeper Va., by 1st Maine cav.
5. Battle of Williamsburg, Va., by Army of the Potomac.
5. Skirmish at Princeton, W. Va., by 23d Ohio inf.
5. Skirmish at Lochridge's Mill, Tenn., by detachment 5th Iowa cav.
5. Skirmish at Columbiana bridge, Va., by 1st W. Virginia inf.
5. Action at Lebanon, Tenn., by 7th Pennsylvania, 1st and 4th Kentucky cav.
5. Skirmish at Franklin, W. Va., by detachment 3d W. Virginia cav.
6. Skirmish at White River, Ark., by detachment 4th Iowa cav.
6. Skirmish at Arnoldsburg, W. Va., by detachment 11th W. Virginia inf.
6. Skirmish near Harrisonburg, Va., by detachment 5th New York cav.
6. Occupation of Williamsburg, Va., by Army of the Potomac.
7. Skirmish at Horse Creek, Mo., by detachment 2d Ohio cav.
7. Skirmish near Wardensville, W. Va., by detachment P. H. B. Maryland cav. and inf.
7. Skirmish at Purdy, Tenn., by Stewart's battalion, Illinois cav.
7. Engagement at West Point, Va., by 5th Maine, 19th and 20th Massachusetts, 16th, 18th, 27th, 31st, 32d and 42d New York; 1st, 2d, 2d and 4th New Jersey; 95th and 96th Pennsylvania, 7th Michigan inf., batteries A, Massachusetts, F, 1st New York, A, New Jersey, and D, 2d U. S. art.
7. Action at Somerville Heights, Va., by 13th Indiana inf., and company B, 1st Vermont cav.
7-8. Reconnaissance to Mulberry Point, James River, Va., by detachment of 6th Pennsylvania cav.

1863.

May 1. Battle of Port Gibson, Miss., by 13th Corps, Major-Gen. McClernand; 3d div. 17th Corps, Major-Gen. McPherson, Army of the Tennessee, commanded by Major-Gen. U. S. Grant.
1-4. Battle of Chancellorsville, Va., by 1st Corps, Major-Gen. J. F. Reynolds; 2d Corps, Major-Gen. D. N. Couch; 3d Corps, Major-Gen. D. E. Sickles; 5th Corps, Major-Gen. G. G. Meade; 6th Corps, Major-Gen. J. Sedgwick; 11th Corps, Major-Gen. O. O. Howard, and 12th Corps, Major-Gen. H. W. Slocum, Army of the Potomac, commanded by Major-Gen. Joseph Hooker.
1. Action at La Grange, Ark., by 3d Iowa cav.
1. Engagement at Monticello, Ky., by 2d Tennessee, 1st Kentucky, 2d and 7th Ohio cav., 45th Ohio and 112th Illinois mounted inf., commanded by Brigadier-General S. P. Carter.
1. Skirmish at South Quay bridge, Va., by 96th New York inf.
1. Skirmish at Tickfaw River, Miss., by 7th Illinois cav.
1. Skirmish at Rapidan Station, Va., by Averill's cav. division.
1. Skirmish at Louisa Court House, Va., by detachment of 1st Maine cav.
2. Skirmish at Blount's Farm, Ala., by 51st and 73d Indiana, 80th Illinois, 3d Ohio mounted inf. and 1st Ala. cav., commanded by Col. A. D. Streight.
3. Skirmish at Warrenton Junction, Va., by 1st West Virginia and 5th New York cav.
3. Skirmish at Nansemond River, Va., by Gen. J. J. Peck's troops.
3. Skirmish at Forty Hills, Miss., by 7th div. of 17th Corps.
4. Skirmish at Shannon Hill, Va., by 5th New York cav.
4. Skirmish at Tunstall Station, Va., by 12th Illinois cav.
4. Siege of Suffolk, Va., raised by troops of detachment of Virginia and North Carolina.
6. Skirmish at Tupelo, Miss., by 10th Missouri and 7th Kansas cav.

1864.

May 1. Skirmish at Judsonville, Fla., by 7th U. S. C. T.
1. Action at Hudnot's Plantation, La., by cav. of 19th Corps.
1. Skirmish at Ashwood Landing, La., by 64th U. S. C. T.
1-8. Engagement near Alexandria, La., by cav. of 13th and 19th Corps.
2. Skirmish near Memphis, Tenn., by 7th Kansas cav.
2. Skirmish at Moore's Plantation, La., by foraging expedition of 83d Ohio inf. and 3d Rhode Island cav.
3. Skirmish at Cedar Bluffs, Colo., by detachment of 1st Colorado cav.
3. Action at Bolivar, Tenn., by Gen. S. D. Sturgis' cav.
3. Skirmish at Red Clay, Ga., by Gen. McCook's cav. div.
3. Skirmish at Baton Rouge, La., by 4th Wisconsin cav.
3. Action on board Transport City Belle near Snaggy Point, Red River, La., by 128th Ohio inf. and 73d U. S. C. T.
3. Skirmish at Richland, Ark., by 2d Arkansas cav.
4. Skirmish at Doubtful Canon, Arizona, by detachment of 5th California inf. and 1st California cav.
4-13. Yazoo City expedition by 3d U. S. colored cav., 11th, 72d and 76th Illinois inf., 5th Illinois cav. and 7th Ohio battery, Gen. McArthur commanding.
4. Gen. Kautz's cavalry raid from Suffolk to City Point, Va., by 5th and 11th Pennsylvania, 3d New York and 1st District of Columbia cav. and 8th New York battery.
5. Naval engagement with Confederate ram Albemarle on Roanoke River, N. C., by U. S. gunboats Ceres, Commodore Hull, Mattabessett, Sassacus, Seymour, Wyalusing, Miami and Whitehead, commanded by Captain Melancthon Smith.
5. Engagement at Dunn's Bayou, La., by U. S. steamer Covington, gunboat Signal and transport Warner, with 56th Ohio inf. on board.
5. Skirmish at Wall bridge, Va., by Kautz's cav. raid.
5. Action at Craig's Church, Va., by Wilson's cav. div.
5-7. Battle of the Wilderness, Va., Army of the Potomac, Gen. Meade commanding.
5-9. Engagements at Rocky Face Ridge, Ga., military div. of Mississippi, under Gen. Sherman, including Tunnell Hill, Buzzard Roost, Dug Gap and Snake Creek Gap.
6. Naval engagement off City Point, Va., by U. S. gunboat Commodore Jones.
6. Skirmish at Princeton, W. Va., by advance of Gen. Crook's command.
7. Action at Benton, Miss., by 11th, 72d and 76th Illinois inf. and 7th Ohio battery, General McArthur commanding.
6-7. Battle of Port Walthal, Va., by portion of 10th and 18th Corps, Gen. Butler commanding.
7. Engagement at Bayou La Mourie, La., by portion of the 16th Corps, Banks' Red River expedition.
7. Action at Stoney Creek, Weldon R. R., Va., by Kautz's cavalry raid.

1865.

May 4. Surrender of Confederate Gen. Taylor with 10,000 men.

A Soldier's Tribute to Senator Logan.

"Our ex-soldiers throughout the country would, in my opinion, second the nomination of Senator John A. Logan for our next President. He has done as much, and I think more, for the soldier than any other man who ever went to Washington. He was faithful to his command in the field and he will be faithful to his comrades in the White House. Pass it along the line."—Caleb Wood, South Norwalk, Conn.

Too Many Becks and Not Enough Logans.

"I was a member of the Eighth Tennessee Infantry, company A, and at the battle of Columbia, Tenn., lost my left leg above the knee. That is eighteen years ago, but I often think that if Senator Beck had to suffer what I endured he would quit whining about pensions. If we had more men like Logan and fewer like Beck we would be better off."—T. D. P., Benton county, Ark.

Who Will Comply With This Request?

"Can you tell me where I can obtain a copy of the poems, 'Battle of Lookout Mountain,' and 'By the Left Flank, March!'"—B. T. St. John, New Genesee, Ill.

FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns.

An Iowa Soldier's Story of Shiloh.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

The Sixth Iowa infantry volunteers was the first regiment to disembark at Pittsburg Landing, and, after making quite a reconnaissance out on the Purdy road, returned and went into camp and formed the extreme right wing of the army, resting on Owl Creek. Company D, Captain M. M. Walden, was placed on guard at the bridge over Owl Creek, near the little water-power mill, which was used by the command for grinding corn.

By request of the officers and men of the company we were allowed to remain on duty as picket guard at the bridge until we abandoned the post on the first day of the battle. We enjoyed the nice warm weather and spent the time from March 19th to April 3d in fishing and scouting over the surrounding country. On Thursday before the battle the enemy was discovered in considerable force on our front, well out on the Purdy road, and on Friday they became bolder and rode down to our outpost and fired on us, wounding one man in the hand. On Saturday they pushed their scouting parties in greater force nearer to our lines, and every man doing duty on the picket lines in our part of the army was well aware that the enemy was in our immediate front in great force. All these facts were promptly communicated to brigade and division headquarters by our officers.

On Saturday night I was one of the forty men detailed to stand guard at the little field across the swamp, on the Purdy road, and we were the eye of the army on that main road leading into our camps. All that long night we could hear the enemy cutting roads and building bridges above us on the creek and moving artillery and wagons. They came down very near to the post several times during the night in large forces. As soon as it was light enough to see, the enemy was discovered, in large force in our front, and all going towards the main Corinth road, about half or three quarters of a mile to our left.

There was no doubt in the mind of any soldier on Owl Creek during all that long and sleepless night as to what the movement would bring. Remember so well how we talked about the chances of battle and the messages committed, one to another, in case the giver should fall in the coming engagement, and the bequests of little personal effects that were made. From our picket post we could see the long line of skirmishers advancing in front of our camps up on the hills, and they were soon engaged and pressed back as the heavy column of gray filed down through the timber. We saw the brigade move away and push back into the woods to the rear of our camps. Our tents were taken down by the enemy so that the lines of battle could pass over the ground without breaking.

The battle had opened in all its fury, the roar of musketry and loud booming of artillery made the scene awfully grand and terrible to our young minds. The guard at the bridge was re-enforced by Captain White's company during the morning, and we remained there until about 11 o'clock, when we retreated down the creek through mud and water knee deep, receiving an occasional shot from the bluff, until we came opposite our line of battle, and then we joined the regiment in front of McClernand's camps. The regiment was hotly engaged in the fight until night closed the battle of the first day. We lay down in the mud and water in front of Colonel Webster's line of big guns, where we remained until morning.

That we were there and had good staying qualities the list of killed and wounded attests; Out of less than 700 fit for duty that morning, 65 were killed and over 200 wounded. General Sherman and the other officers in command may have been surprised at the bold dash made by the enemy on the morning of the 6th, but they were not surprised to find the enemy in force advancing in their immediate front, because they had been repeatedly informed of the fact. It was well known to all in command that the hosts of the Union and Confederate armies were concentrating in that vicinity. I know that it was the conviction of myself and all who were near me that there was a great battle impending in that vicinity, and that the enemy would be the attacking party.

I have no doubt but that many regiments and brigades were surprised at being rushed into the fight that morning and meeting the enemy in such great force, and there can be no doubt that it would have been the part of discretion in our commanding officers to have prepared a line of earthworks in front of their camps, as the men from boyhood learned to do, but the officers, like the men, felt confident and were willing to meet the enemy in any position and under any circumstances. Both armies learned a great lesson at Shiloh.

I admire the honesty and patriotism of General Hovey and General Veatch, and am glad to see them discuss this matter in such good humor. I am of the same opinion as some others: that if the Sunday forces were able to repulse the whole force of the enemy in their last grand charge, while they were flushed with the capture of our camps and mad with the desire to drive us in the river and capture us before relief could come, we would have been able with the aid of Wallace's division to hold our position on the next day. That grand army should not be judged by the actions of the teamsters, musicians, camp followers, and slightly wounded found at the river.

HENRY H. WRIGHT,
Company D, 6th Iowa infantry.
CENTREVILLE, IOWA.

The Fifty-fifth Illinois at Shiloh.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

In answer to Henry Reinock, who wants to hear from the Fifty-fifth Illinois infantry, I will say that I was a member of company D, Fifty-fifth Illinois, and took part in that long-remembered battle. I cannot agree with him as to the surprise of our brigade, which consisted of the Fifty-fifth Illinois, Fifty-fourth Ohio Zouaves, and the Seventy-first Ohio. This brigade was commanded by Colonel Stewart, of the Fifty-fifth Illinois. It belonged to Sherman's division, and was encamped on the extreme left of the line, rather detached from the rest of Sherman's division, and on the left of Prentiss' division. On Friday evening, April 4th, some rebel cavalry were discovered by our pickets, which caused the long-roll to be beat in our camp. The Fifty-fifth Illinois fell in line, but nothing unusual transpired, and we were all allowed to return to our quarters, except the guards and pickets. Then all was quite still. Sunday morning, the 6th, we were getting ready for inspection, when we heard cannonading on our right, about 7 o'clock in the morning. The long-roll beat again, and we were soon in line of battle.

We were marched a short distance from our camp and ordered to lie down, but finally moved into line with the rest of our brigade—all this before we were fired on. Company A at the time was out skirmishing. We knew there would be a battle, and were not surprised when first fired on. Indeed, a good many of our boys were anxious to see a battle. They saw one that day. When the ball opened, the Seventy-first Ohio, who were on our right, gave away under the first fire—all but a small detachment, which stayed with us. The Fifty-fourth Ohio, on our left, (God bless those Zouaves!) stuck to us like brothers, and were the only support our regiment had against Hardee's whole division, with a battery which had great effect on our line. For several hours these raw troops held their position till about one-third of their number lay dead or wounded on the field and their ammunition gave out, when they were compelled to retreat, and stubbornly fell back towards the river to the new line already formed by General Sherman, and helped to repulse Beauregard's last effort to break the Union line. Before retreating, these two regiments were at one time the only obstacle between the rebel's right and the left flank of our army. Had the rebel General Hardee known our strength and position he could have easily captured us. We were under fire again on Monday, and helped finish the battle of Shiloh. The Fifty-fifth Illinois infantry went into that battle with less than 700 men, and its official loss in killed, wounded, and missing was 278. The Fifty-fourth Ohio must have lost as heavily. The Fifty-fifth Illinois and Fifty-fourth Ohio were brigaded together mostly during their three years' service, and took part in many battles, but I doubt whether they ever did better service for Uncle Sam than they did at Shiloh. I think General Sherman will agree with me in this.

JACOB FINK
Late 1st Lieut., Co. D, 55th Ill. Inf.
SMITHFIELD, ILL.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I have been very much interested in the letters which you have been publishing in regard to the battle of Shiloh. I was a member of the Fifty-fifth Illinois, and I remember when we were ordered to fall in line before the long roll was beat on Sunday morning we were under the impression that it was for the purpose of company inspection. It is true that the firing on our right had been heard some time before, but it was supposed to be merely artillery practice, and no particular attention was paid to it. As to being surprised at company inspection, I can scarcely believe that any member of the Fifty-fifth would venture such a statement. So far as our own company (Co. A) is concerned, I would say that we were sent out as skirmishers, and went out on the left front at least half a mile away to watch for the enemy's advance, and D. O. Nagley, Nathan Williams, John B. Ridenour and myself were sent out as a detail in advance of the company to ascertain who and what the cavalrymen were. We got close enough for some of our boys to tell by the letters on their accoutrements that they were rebels. Company A was out all Friday night as a skirmish picket-line. On Sunday we were out three or four hours before the enemy made his appearance. We had no orders to hold the rebels in check, and our captain sent back to know what we were to do. We then got orders to form with the regiment, which we found some distance in the rear of our camp. We held our position as a brigade until our ammunition was all gone and then retreated to the bluff, but before reaching our destination were met by General Grant, who ordered us to halt and form a line to repel cavalry, which we did after being supplied with ammunition, two boxes of cartridges being opened and carried along the regiment from right to left. I, for one, do not think that we were surprised at company inspection. I would like very much to hear from Capt. J. B. Ridenour, of Woodhull, Ill.

JOHN P. WHEELER,
Co. A, 55th Illinois.
CURB, ILL.

The Battle Before Atlanta.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

Though highly appreciating the series of interesting articles by the signal corps officer, I think that the one in your issue of April 5 contains a statement which reflects upon the bravery of Gen. Morgan L. Smith's division. As I belonged to his command and was in the hottest of the battle, I know something of the affair, and claim the privilege of criticising your contributor's account. He says that the Second brigade of the Second division of the Sixteenth Army Corps charged the rebels in the line which they had captured from Gen. Smith, in the morning, recaptured the guns lost, and made quite a number of prisoners. Now, the facts are that there was a space of thirty or forty yards between the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Army Corps, and the rebels, noticing this, made a determined charge on the right of the Fifteenth Army Corps, which fell back about two hundred yards and there made a stand. At the time the rebels charged on us we had only two regiments in line. We made three unsuccessful attempts to recover our position. At this critical period the other three regiments of our brigade, which had been sent to the assistance of the Seventeenth Army Corps in the morning, came to our relief, and with their assistance our fourth charge was successful. We retook our old line without the aid of troops from the Sixteenth Army Corps. Of the guns spoken of as being captured I know but little, but I do know this—that there were none taken from us near where I was during all this terrible battle.

A. J. LOWDER.
WYANDOTTE, KAN.

The Seventh Ohio at Summerville.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

In THE TRIBUNE of March 29 "Private" asks: "Who was to blame for the surprise of the Seventh Ohio infantry at Summerville, West Virginia?" I have sufficient reason to know something of the matter, and cannot to this day recall it without a laugh. We had been soldiers about four months, and had been the pioneer regiment from Charlesburg to Carnifax Ferry, on the Gauley River. In truth, the Seventh was a sort of independent flying column. We had come to think that it was a waste of time and money for any other body of troops than our own darling invincible regiment, the Seventh Ohio, to exert themselves in quenching the rebellion. We had had our own way, pretty much, without serious opposition, and were just waiting for somebody to tread on our coat tail. And so it was until the morning of the 26th of August, 1861, when John B. Floyd put his foot on that tail and tore the garment completely off. We then began to realize that there were other people in the world than we of the Seventh. It was a dear though valuable lesson to the regiment, and we were never caught napping again. Our colonel, E. B. Tyler, was directly, and General J. D. Cox indirectly, responsible for the surprise and disaster at Cross Lanes. The regiment was to prevent Floyd and Wise from crossing the Gauley River at Carnifax Ferry, and we could have held it in the face of the 9,000 Johnnies coming that way, but General Cox, at Gauley bridge, twenty-eight miles down the river, grew nervous and doubtful because of the uncertain tenor of Colonel Tyler's dispatches, and ordered the regiment twenty miles down the river, or to where Twenty-mile Creek empties into the Gauley, and within eight miles of Gauley bridge. This was done on the 19th of August. On the 22d General Cox, realizing the great mistake he had made in uncovering the ferry, ordered us back instanter. We started about noon Saturday, and at the crossing of Peter's Creek (six miles from Cross Lanes) we met a few Confederate cavalrymen. We left our baggage there while company E as guard, and moved on without difficulty to near Cross Lanes, arriving there about dark of the 25th. Shortly after dark my company (E), being the left flanking company, was ordered to go about a mile towards the river to see what might be there. We found nothing and returned, though the captain of a company of rebels afterwards told me that he moved his company out of our path, being curious to see what we would do, and being not at all desirous of a row in the dark. On our return, about 11 p. m., we stacked arms in the road, and laid down near our rifles and slept the sleep of the just, with nary picket or fear of the morrow. Of course, being on the left, we were the farthest from the enemy—distant, say three miles—and the companies were scattered here and there for at least a mile, and, because of the timber and crooked road, we could see no other portion of the regiment, except company I, which was nearest us. So we rested comfortably that night, and Floyd within a mile and a half of us with 4,500 infantry, 500 cavalry, and eight pieces of artillery was on the ground all that time, expecting an attack from us, with 673 men, before daylight. About break of day we were on the look out for breakfast, with but little thought of an enemy. I think we were all engaged in the same occupation—with an ear of corn on one stick and a piece of meat on another, roasting them over fires—when we were called to our senses by the sound of rapid musketry firing over where company K was breakfasting, on the extreme right. We dropped our sticks and got into line mighty quick; but, before we could face to the right, we got it from a Mississippi regiment within twenty yards of us, in the woods. I believe if the beggars had held their fire they would have arrived at our stacks about as soon as we. We had to cut a long story short, they killed and wounded about twenty of our men and took 104 more under their special care and protection for ten long months, and I was a unit of the 104. There, my friend "Private," you have the story of the Seventh Ohio volunteer infantry at Cross Lanes, or Sommerville, as you style it. But I desire to say that the regiment had its revenge for that day, and made a record second to none in the armies of the Republic. I think the proudest moment of my life was one morning at Salisbury, when a Confederate infantry captain woke me in my prison-bed to tell me of the bravery and good work of my regiment at the first Winchester fight, in March, 1862. He took me by the hand because I was a Seventh Ohio man. Our roll of honor, with the names of over 1,400 dead and disabled, tells the story. GEO. C. KETCHUM,
First Sergeant, company E, Seventh O. V. I.
MAGNAC ISLAND, MICH.

The Affair of Falling Waters.

"In common with thousands of others, I would like to read in THE TRIBUNE an account of the work of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac. As one of Custer's boys, I am particularly interested in the Michigan brigade and the division to which it belonged. Sometime ago I saw in your paper a description of the engagement of Falling Waters, but it scarcely did justice to our side, or, in fact, to the engagement itself. Custer's brigade came upon the rear of Lee's army at seven or eight o'clock in the morning, and, after a fight of perhaps an hour, we captured two pieces of artillery and one thousand prisoners, with a loss on our side of nine killed and thirty wounded, while the rebels left one hundred dead on the field and carried off thirty wounded. The whole number of men engaged on our side was not more than one thousand. I would like to read a good account of that engagement, as also of the march through the mountains after Lee's wagon train on the night of July 4th, 1863, and, indeed, any other engagement in which Custer's brigade took an active part."—W. M. Wright, First Michigan cavalry, Dakota Territory.

Recaptured by Rebel Bloodhounds.

"The letters which you publish in THE TRIBUNE from ex-soldiers are soul-cheering. I feel a deep sympathy especially for all ex-prisoners, for I was a prisoner myself at Camp Ford, Tyler, Texas, having been captured on the 24th of March, 1864, five miles south of Little Rock, Ark., on the morning that Steele's army left that place. There were only fifteen of us, while the rebels numbered 110, but we gave them a good square fight. I was confined at Tyler for eleven months and seven days. In company with George Hathaway, of the Fifth Kansas cavalry, and two other comrades, whose names I have forgotten, I once managed to make my escape, but after being out twenty-nine days were recaptured by bloodhounds. Three days after we were taken back we were paroled, and we were a happy lot when we landed at New Orleans, although we were almost entirely without clothing."—C. T. Cousins, Second Mo. vols., Ravanna, Mo.

He was a Dutchman.

"I am ten years old to-day, and father says I may write you a letter. Filo Oathout and my father were called the two infants of company G, Tenth New York cavalry. Filo was six feet six inches tall, while father had to stand on his toes to measure five feet four inches in order to be accepted as a soldier. Many of your readers, doubtless, remember Old Prof. Dammann, pontonnier and sharpshooter, of the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin. He is my grandfather. Once, when on the skirmish line, a rebel charged at him, and yelled: 'Surrender, you ——— Yankee!' Drawing a bead on the reb, my grandfather coolly replied: 'You are a liar! I be a Dutchman.' As there are no ex-soldiers residing near here I cannot get up a club of subscribers for THE TRIBUNE, but if you will send us some old soldiers for neighbors, I will enroll them as subscribers as fast as they come."—Martha L. Story, Snoqualmie, Washington Ter.

The Fight at Roanoke Island.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I notice among the many interesting incidents contained in your article on the fight at Roanoke Island that the Tenth Connecticut supported the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts in reserve. I think the writer could not have been an eye-witness of our position, from the fact that there were no troops in front of us except the Johnnies, on whom we were firing, and whose fire we received for nearly two hours, while the flank movement was being made. We were placed in an open space in front of the enemy's works on purpose to draw their fire and distract their attention. If your contributor calls that position "reserve," I would like to know what "to the front" means. J. S. GLADWIN.
WESTBROOK, CONN.

The Battle of Jonesboro'.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

Comrade C. H. Fish, in his account of the battle of Jonesboro', on the 1st of September, 1864, states that General Baird made that gallant charge. It was not Baird, but General Jeff. C. Davis. The Second division was commanded at that time by Brig.-Gen. J. D. Morgan. The brigades of Morgan, Mitchell and McCook composed the division. Baird's division did not arrive in time to take part in the engagement. Yours, in F., C. and L.,

JOHN H. BRUBAKER,
Co. A, 86th Illinois Vol. Inf.
SHELDON, ILL.

Colonel Strait's Expedition.

"I hope some comrade will furnish THE TRIBUNE with an account of the expedition which, under the command of Colonel Strait, of the Fifty-first Indiana, was sent out with a brigade from Murfreesboro', Tenn., to the rear of General Bragg, who, at that time, was lying at Duck River and Chattanooga. Strait and his brigade were gobbled up by Forrest near Rome, Ga., the officers being sent to Libby and the privates and non-commissioned officers paroled."—C. B. Bowen, La Porte, Ind.

Read The Tribune Instead of Going to Church.

"Inclosed please find $1 for a new subscriber. I handed him a sample copy last Saturday evening and he read it on Sunday instead of going to church. Monday morning, before going to his place of business, he came to me with the money and pronounced THE TRIBUNE the leading paper of our country. We all honor the paper and its editor for the untiring energy displayed in advocating soldiers' rights."—F. F. French, Humboldt, Iowa.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

A Glance at the Contents of The Tribune's Mail.

The Government's Debt to the Soldier.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I am in position to speak plainly on pension matters, having served faithfully in the ranks, and returned from that service with a stomach like an alligator and the conscience of a babe. I am now physically perfect, prosperous, and independent, and no pension law will be needed for enrollments passed that can personally benefit me. I know, however, comrades less fortunate, and have seen their hopes of Government aid, like the Dead Sea apple, turn to ashes on their children's lip of want. For twenty years the soldier has taken his medicine without a murmur, although it was bitter. He now rises in his majesty, and his demand is simply justice. When Lincoln made his most urgent call for volunteers, those who could well be spared had gone. The solid farmers of the West were the only ones at home—owners of farms and heads of families; in the prime of life, their hopes and faith centered on wife and children—what induced these Illinois farmboys to leave their fields ready for harvest and respond to their country's call? It was War-Governor Yates, when he re-echoed the promise of their own Lincoln, "Save us! If you fall we will care for your widow and orphans." In the heat of political discussions don't forget these points. They are indelibly impressed upon the minds of the participants. Many of these men never returned. Some are with us now, broken in frame and spirit, and unable to weather the inevitable financial crisis following war. They in poverty witness a prosperous stranger living happily on lands they once owned. Have you no thoughts of compassion, pity, or humanity? But for his services to the country, do you not see, this man would still own the homestead, with its modern improvements and comforts? He sees it, his children will see it, and we, his comrades, propose at the polls, irrespective of political affiliations, to make you see it. Had you howling tax-payers bolted the enormous interest paid for money to carry on the war, the soldier would have quietly stood repudiation of his own dues, quietly, through sickness, poverty, and want, he has watched you pay the millions due the bondholder. The Nation's honor is vindicated in the money centers of the world, but the war debt will not be fully liquidated until every maimed and disabled soldier and the widow and orphan of those who fell are provided for. R. H. MEAD,
Late of Co. K, 8th Iowa Cav.
HUNTSVILLE, ILL.

A Good Newspaper Goes Wrong.

"The following is a copy of the card which I recently mailed to Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York *Sun*: 'Dear Sir: Your New York *Sun* is an excellent newspaper—so good, in fact, that I hate to part with it,—but, sir, you have prostituted your splendid talents to the slandering of disabled soldiers, and thus forced me to spurn the *Sun* as I would an adder. You insinuate that petitions to Congress from ex-soldiers were instigated by claim agents, and that only those suffering the pangs of your country were idiots. That is the crowning insult of all. Your employee, English, asks me to renew, but I will never give aid and comfort to the enemy.' I congratulate THE TRIBUNE on its good matkmanship and the long range of its guns. Its shots have reached across the continent and caused one, at least, of the enemy's batteries to change position. I allude to the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, the largest paper in Washington Territory, which, but a short time ago, barked loudly about the pension incubus. Our comrades should fall in and occupy this far western country. If they do so, we shall not have fought and bled for a free country in vain. To any comrade who will forward his address and a stamped envelope, I will send a pamphlet containing information concerning Washington Territory."—A. J. Story, Snoqualmie, Washington Ter.

The Indiscriminate Attacks on Pensions.

"I cannot refrain from expressing my views concerning the proposed posting of the names of pensioners. If it be a fact that among those who are now drawing pensions are some who are not legally entitled to them, there is surely some more effective and more honorable means of ferretting them out. I have no doubt that there are some fraudulent pensioners