

ESTABLISHED 1877.—NEW SERIES.

## GEN'L O. O. HOWARD'S

### Personal Reminiscences of the War of the Rebellion.

## GOVERNOR WASHBURN,

### And His Hearty Welcome to the Young Colonel.

## BLAINE AT THIRTY.

### How the Kennebec Boys Went Off to the War.

By Major-General O. O. Howard, U. S. A.  
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Israel Washburn, Jr., was at this time Governor of Maine. Short of stature, thick-set, with an abundant crop of shaggy brown hair, a peculiarly large, strong face full of resolute purpose, habitually covering his eyes with glasses for nearsightedness, on approach he was not prepossessing to a stranger, but the instant you were introduced a wonderful animation seized him and changed the whole man. He was replete with patriotic enthusiasm and energy, and very properly held a foremost place among the "great war governors" of his time.

On the morning of the 30th of May Governor Washburn was early at his office in the State House, at Augusta, of the beautiful granite of this State building, if not of the entire State, Maine men have a right to be proud. He had hardly thrown aside his light overcoat and taken an arm-chair near his table, when a young man, with a brisk, business air, opened the door and entered without ceremony. Washburn called out to him, with his jerky, halting laugh: "Ah, old fellow, you make rather free with his Excellency's precincts!"

The visitor opened his full orb a little more than their wont, but without replying to the remark, kept his mind, as was his habit, steadily upon the matter in hand.

"You know, I recommended to you and to the Kennebec regiments, and their election, a youngster from the regular army, Oliver O. Howard, a lieutenant teaching at the Military Academy of West Point."

"Oh, yes! He belongs to Maine—to Leeds; was born there. He was elected. Will he accept?"

"Howard is already on hand," answered the governor's visitor, "and I will fetch him up and introduce him, if you are at leisure."

"Oh, certainly, certainly! Glad he has come so soon—want to know him," answered the governor. "Let him come right up."

While the young, self-possessed visitor is gone for the young man, let us take a nearer view of him.

BLAINE AT THIRTY.

One could hardly find a more striking character. His figure was good—about six feet in height and well proportioned, his hair—what you could see of it—was a darkish brown, pushed far back—was a darkish brown. Doubtless, it had been combed in the morning, but now showed the disorder due to sundry thrusts of the fingers. His coat, a little long, was partially buttoned. This, with the collar, shirtfront, and necktie as commonly worn, had the negligence of a dress never again thought of after its first adjustment. His head was a model in size and shape, with a forehead high and broad, and, as you would expect in a strong face, a large Roman nose.

But the feature which marked this young man was those dark gray eyes, very full and very bright. He wore no beard, had a piercing, eagle-like gaze, and a clear, penetrating voice, slightly nasal. He exhaled every word, even the nervous governor, in rapidity of utterance. He had already been two years in the Maine House. Nobody there could match him in debate. He was, as an opponent, sharp, fearless, aggressive and most uncompromising; always had in any wordy contest as an editor, first, and then in the House, blow for blow with ever-increasing momentum. Yet, from his commanding management of men, he became extensively popular. Such is my recollection of James G. Blaine when he was thirty years of age. In a few minutes after his departure Mr. Blaine returned to the governor's room with the new colonel.

The governor looked happy. He probably felt a satisfaction in my appointment. His first "three years' regiment," a thousand strong, made up of his neighbors and friends, was to be commanded by one who had received a military education, and who had already enjoyed some field experience.

THE GOVERNOR'S WELCOME.

I was a little thin in flesh, rather slender of build, and did not then give the idea of the toughness believed to be requisite for hard war; yet, somehow, my appearance, due perhaps to his near-sightedness, gave the governor immediate confidence. He arose quickly, took my right hand in both of his and shook it warmly. "Many congratulations, my young friend. Your regiment is already here across the river. You must hasten and help us get it into shape. At first you will find 'the boys' a little rough; but we've got you a first-rate adjutant; haven't we, Blaine?"

"I think, Governor, you will have to let the colonel choose his adjutant and organize his staff himself," answered Blaine. How glad I was for that reply.

"Well, well; all right. Introduce Bart to him. I guess they'll agree; don't forget."

"Be sure, Governor Washburn, I shall always respect your wishes, and we'll soon be ready for the front."

"Just so! Just so! How I like the true ring. We will put this rebellion down in short order with this sort of spirit; eh, Blaine?" rejoined the rapid governor.

"Ah, Governor, not so fast," said Blaine. "If you had come from a place as near the border as I did, you would not emphasize 'short order'; not much! My mind is fully prepared for a long siege. Seward may sight along his aquiline telescope and declare in 'thirty days' or 'sixty days,' or 'sixty days!' The end, I tell you, Washburn, is not yet."

"As God wills," said the governor, rising from his chair. "Now, let us go down and introduce Colonel Howard to 'the boys.' General Washburn always called the volunteer soldiers 'boys.'"

"THE BOYS" IN CAMP.

Then we three left the governor's room, descended the broad steps to the east, crossed the avenue in front, and proceeded along a wide gravel path to about the center of the park, opposite the State House. This park lot extends along the main avenue (or public road) for some distance, and reaches back toward the Kennebec for, perhaps, an eighth of a mile. A portion of this beautiful park was allotted to my regiment. It was already in possession. The choicest of everything belonged to the men there. They had new clothes, a few uniforms, new guns, new tents, new equipments generally, and were surrounded amid beautiful shrubbery, sweet-scented flowers and blossoming trees. But one glance at the camp showed us that it was in complete disorder. A thousand undisciplined recruits were present under captains and lieutenants, but as yet without military arrangement or instruction. Here and there through the park old men, women and children were mingled with groups of the gray-coated soldiers. Parents had come to see their own "boys" before they went forth to the war. There was, nevertheless, more gala excitement than the solemnity of such a departure would warrant. Many soldiers were jubilant—they had been drinking something stronger than coffee; some were swearing.

"Oh, shah! father, don't be gloomy; I shan't be gone more'n two months."

"Come, mother, don't be alarmed; this will be a short trip."

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Down with the saucy cuss! We'll make short work of this business; only let's be off!"

Such were scraps of conversations caught by our ears as we passed near the groups.

At one place a wife, with a little one in her arms, stood by a man in the new uniform and shed rapid tears, while trying to hear her husband's kindly directions and hopeful predictions.

Quickly the people gathered near the stent governor as soon as he was seen and recognized, but he was too short of stature to see more than a few faces of those nearest at hand. So, noticing within easy reach an overturned half-hog-head, he stepped upon it and commenced speaking in his cheery way:

"Well, boys, you look comfortable."

"Hurrah for the governor! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Some soldier in a loud voice took the lead, and a large number responded with manly cheers.

"Thank you, thank you, my men. I have brought you somebody you will like to see. Come up here, Colonel Howard. This is your new colonel."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

All eyes looked steadily toward me as soon as I had mounted the hog-head and stood by the governor. But the cheers called for were not so loud as I expected. It was evidently not quite a welcome thing for these free spirits to be put under "West Point discipline." Then, how young, how slender was this man to be placed over strong, hardy fellows, whose frames were already kilt together and toughened by work and exposure.

Even some of the captains said: "Under Tucker, the other candidate for colonel, we could have had a good time; but this solemn Howard will keep us at arms' length." Still, Mr. Blaine had persuaded them to give me a trial. "You will need men like him, if you should be called to fight. In time, I assure you, you'll not be sorry that you chose him."

I tried to speak lightly and with all the tone of encouragement of which I was master, but evidently marred my prospects of popularity with some of the closing words, given in a firm and emphatic style: "My men, there are two things which in the outset I must set my face against: first, profanity, for in this great struggle for our country's life we need the blessing of our Heavenly Father, and should not insult Him by breaking this law; second, drunkenness, for this vice is the death of all proper discipline."

I had spoken but a few words when a remarkable silence hushed the entire assembly; a new idea appeared to become prominent in all minds: "This means war—war; not a few weeks of holiday entertainment and burrah, boys!—frighten and disperse a Southern rabble by noise and bluster,—and then enjoy a quiet return to our homes!"

Good men and good women were glad for such a change of front, and said in substance all around me, "God bless the young man and give him health and strength."

THE STAFF.

The chaplain elected by the officers was Rev. Andrew J. Church, a Methodist minister, so that my hope to have my brother, Rev. R. B. Howard, with me in that capacity was short-lived. Charles H. Howard did as he said—took the "humblest place." He came from the Bangor Seminary and enlisted as a private in the Augusta company. He was soon promoted to "musician" and detailed as a regimental clerk; as such he assisted the adjutant as long as I commanded only a regiment. After that his deserved promotion was rapid till, before the war closed, he had done what few others could name—passed through every commissioned grade to a full colonelcy, and was brevetted a brigadier general. In time, off with pluck and energy in him is seldom sorry that at the first he took the lowest seat.

The regiment soon put on the regulation forms in its equipment. Lieutenant Edwin Burr, the officer recommended by the governor, was at first appointed adjutant. He had been an ordinance sergeant at Kennebec arsenal and had experience. He became a lieutenant-colonel by worthy promotion. He was killed in action at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864. Lieutenant William D. Haley, of Bath, was made the regimental quartermaster (and commissary), and Dr. G. S. Palmer, of Gardiner, the surgeon. The non-commissioned staff, then very important in fitting out and feeding the regiment, were announced by the colonel—of commissary sergeant, Joseph S. Smith, of Bath, afterwards General Sedgwick's brigade commissary. Governor Washburn promptly accepted my recommendations and issued all necessary commissions.

A little rough drilling took place, just enough to enable the regiment to load and fire and to move from one place to another. My brother and I soon had on our gray suits. The uniform did not materially improve the personal appearance, but just then the soldier's uniform began to be much honored. We did not yet know that the Confederates would adopt the cadet's gray. In time—after one battle—our gray clothing was all replaced by the army blue.

I sent Charles to our home in Leeds to bring father and mother to Augusta. They, however, had anticipated the call, and, wonderful to tell, came all the way Sabbath morning to our relations, the Wingates, in Hallowell. Here

we had a family meeting before our departure. OFF FOR THE WAR.

It was seemingly a gay morning at Augusta, Wednesday, June 5th. The sun shone from a cloudless sky; the fruit trees and the luxuriant lilacs were in full bloom; the shade asplines in every part of the city were thick with leaves, as fresh and charming as their rich green could make them. Very early the city was astir; soon it appeared out of doors. The dresses of women and children, as became the season, gave every variety of coloring—the lighter prevailing. The people were mainly on the slopes of the Kennebeck Valley, distributed in picturesque groups. At first one saw a group of bright-buttoned uniforms among them to attract attention. The groups, varying in size, were in gardens, on hill sides, porches, front steps, balconies, and upon all convenient house-tops. All their eyes were turned toward the railway, which ran southward along the river bank.

Should we visit one of these interesting groups and see with their many bright eyes, we could readily decipher the meaning of these ornamental gatherings on the slopes. The trains below could be seen, loaded inside and outside, and the numerous cars flanked by a dense crowd of restless lookers-on. At the edge of the city, opposite the State House, near the crest of the slope, was a noticeable company. A father, past middle life, stood watching the men who were loading the tents and other baggage upon the freight cars. Near him was his son Henry, talking hopefully to his mother. Listen to such words as these:

"Keep up heart, mother, and look as much as you can on the bright side."

"Oh, yes, Henry, my son, it is easy to talk; but it is hard—"

She did not finish the sentence. After a few moments, through her tears, she said:

"We must never forget the loving kindness of our Heavenly Father."

"I trust not, mother; never."

A sister standing near the mother asks: "What are they doing, now, Henry?" as a few screeching whistles fill the air.

"Why, they are switching—dividing the train into sections; perhaps the regiment will move off in two parts."

"Come, Henry," says an older brother, seated a little back of the party, "I guess your time is up."

"Not yet, mother; I have seven minutes to stay, and three more to get to the train."

TOUCHING FAREWELLS.

As soon as the minutes had passed, the whistle blew, and the engine bell began to ring. There were at once many last embraces; many sobbing mothers, wives, and sweethearts; then streams of bright uniforms rushing down the slope to the train.

"Good-by, father; good-by to brother, sister, and—oh, mother!" She murmured a prayer to Him who had all power, pressed kisses upon Henry's lips and forehead, and he was gone.

Slowly and silently those trains drew out from the city. Heads were thrust out of car windows; the tops of coaches were covered with men, sitting and standing. Before the train disappeared the regimental band began to play a national air. But there was no cheering on the cars; hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and here and there small national flags were shaken in the breeze as if to remind the crowds left behind of the purpose of the departure.

But now look at the hosts above on the hill side. See the swift motion of white kerchiefs, parasols, fans, flags, and hands extended! The little family party get a glimpse of their Henry, who is standing on the rear platform by the side of his colonel. So faster and faster they waved their feeble aid. As I raised my hat, Henry took off his and shook it up and down. His throat filled; he could not have spoken then. A curve in the track kindly shut off the view. Thus departed this precious, this typical, freight train.

At the first station—Hallowell—our friends, father Gilmore, mother, cousin Laura Wingate and her husband, had joined the crowds in waiting. Charles Howard and I saw them just for a moment. Then and ever after we knew how to sympathize with the young soldier Henry, and all who, like him, had left true, loving, watching hearts at home. But soon my new duties so much absorbed me that all sentiment was kept under firmer control.

Fort Robinson—Bishop Fallows Corrected.

To the EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

Having been one of the original members of the Army of the Tennessee, I read with great pleasure that masterpiece of history, the address of General Bishop Fallows at the late Reunion in Cleveland, but I want to correct an error as to the fight at Fort Robinson. It would be inferred from his account that he intended to convey the idea that the Twenty-seventh Ohio and Eleventh Missouri bore the brunt of that contest, which was not the fact. The Ohio brigade (being the First brigade, Stanley's division, Army of the Tennessee) was composed of the Twenty-seventh, Thirty-ninth, Forty-third and Sixty-third Ohio regiments, and at Fort Robinson the Forty-third was on the left and the Sixty-third on the right and close to the fort, then on the fall force of Rogers' and Ross' brigades in their various charges to get possession of the fort. The men of those two regiments were the ones that came to a hand-to-hand contest in and around the fort and clubbed their muskets—the dead of those two regiments and the Confederate dead, being piled together in the ditch around the fort, and Colonel Smith, of the Forty-third, receiving his mortal wound at its very base, while cheering his men on in resisting the onslaught of the enemy. Capt. John W. Spangler, of company A, was killed so close to the fort as to fall touching it, while bravely charging on the men who were then on the embankment of the fort engaged in the hand-to-hand contest with the rebels. I know where I speak for; I was there in the line taking a hand. I speak Rogers three several times rode on to the embankment of the fort, carrying his flag and cheering the boys on. I saw him fall when shot, and when the charge was repeated I saw his horse come up in front of the line, where it was shot and fell close to its master. I saw General Stanley when he came up and led the Forty-third in person after Colonel Smith was killed, and it was then the final charge was made that took the fort and held it. I would not detract from the honors due the Twenty-seventh Ohio and Eleventh Missouri, for they were as brave men as ever carried muskets, and did their full share of the fighting that day, but neither do I propose to permit the Thirty-ninth, Forty-third, and Sixty-third regiments, who did at least as well, to be, by implication, deprived of the share of the honor so justly due them.

JAMES E. GRAHAM,  
FORT WAYNE, IND. Co. G, 43d O. V. I.

## WHERE HEROES REST.

### An Interesting Account of the National Cemeteries in Tennessee.

## GENERAL THOMAS' IDEA.

### How He Came to Locate the Cemetery at Chattanooga.

## REMOVING THE DEAD.

### The Story of Superintendent Whitman's Loving Work.

[By Conrad P. M. Buford, Nashville, Tenn.]

I. Since the Grand Army of the Republic, composed entirely of living soldiers and sailors of the late Union army and navy, is making such rapid increase and coming so prominently to the front, it may not be out of place to give some account of the last resting place of the army of the dead. There are probably many Union soldiers living in the North who would like to know something of the national cemeteries, and I do not know a better channel for conveying the information than THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, scattered broadcast, as it is, every week, all over the land.

What in the employ of the Government makes strategy for the national cemeteries is forbidden from giving to any one any information as to my work, and this order was strictly obeyed; and even now, with the original surveys, maps, &c., in my possession, I would not write a single word that would be placed by the office in Washington as out of place. But the national cemeteries belong to the people and to their hands is committed the care of them, while to the cemetery department is intrusted the records, the means and power to keep them up,—and from their appearance it has rightly performed its duty.

I believe it was originally General Meigs' intention to bring the dead together and inter them in rows or ranks (as they had marched in ranks when living), with no mounds, walls or dikes except such as could be made on the grass. The keeper's house was to consist of one room—plank set on end and battened—and the keeper to be selected from the maimed and wounded soldiers of the army. In consideration of the immense war debt incurred and to be paid, this economy was praiseworthy.

I think, but do not know certainly, that the plan was carried out in some of the cemeteries in the Eastern States, but it was not carried out in this department (Cumberland). Colonel S. B. Whitman, general superintendent, designed a better keeper's house, with three rooms. The principal walls or dikes were gravelled and large cisterns for water placed near the house, all of which was approved and permitted by General Swords, the acting quartermaster-general at Louisville. Instead of the straight-line plan of interment, the sections were laid out generally to conform to the grade of the ground so that the sections are in curves—pear-shaped, as it were—and the interments conform to the curves, as in the cemetery at Nashville.

As time wore on and the National debt was reduced, more attention and money was given to the cemeteries. The picket wooden fences had been replaced by good, substantial stone walls, and the frame houses by handsome brick or stone houses. The fees and salaries for the grave diggers and the reasons why they were set out nearly all died and had to be constantly replaced; it took some years to get rest, etc., to grow. They are beautiful now. Indeed, I confess that the beauty of the cemeteries exceeds my most sanguine expectations of years ago. The pictures I made fifteen years ago would make but a poor showing beside those that could be sketched now. It is a matter of gratification that it is so. With the care and attention that is now being given them, the cemeteries will become the most lovely places upon earth.

GENERAL THOMAS TAKES THE INITIATIVE.

As early as July, 1862, Congress authorized the purchase of grounds in which to inter the soldiers who should die in the service, but it appears that the act to establish and protect them was not passed until 1867. I do not know how far General George H. Thomas was influenced by any act of Congress. It is certain that he took the initiative in the section of country he had fought over. I understand that he located the cemetery at Chattanooga at the time of the battle there. A number of men had fallen around the hill, and pointing his finger to it he said, "Our National Cemetery must be located there." It was not long before the cemetery was commenced. It was his desire to have a national cemetery on every battlefield, but his intention was only partially carried out, since it was found the expense would be too great. For instance, a house had to be built, lands fenced and the salaries of a keeper and hands to keep the place in order paid. Hence several of the small cemeteries already commenced were abandoned and the dead removed to other cemeteries. Those interred at London, Perryville, Covington, and Frankfort, Ky., were carried to Camp Nelson, forming excursions there, named, respectively, London Section, Perryville Section, &c.

In order to carry out the cemetery plan, General Thomas assigned Lieutenant-Colonel A. W. Mills, Major Marshall and Chaplain Wm. Earnshaw "to proceed to certain designated battlefields and locate cemeteries, instructing them to give preference to locations adjacent to railroads, in order that to the people passing they might be a perpetual reminder of the dreadful havoc of war, desolation and broken hearts, brought about by the folly of a few maddened politicians."

The general took a great personal interest in the matter, and would not permit any final location to be made until he was entirely satisfied that it was a proper one. If the same care had been taken elsewhere, better results would have been obtained.

GEN. SUPERINTENDENT WHITMAN'S WORK.

One of the most industrious and painstaking of men was selected as general superintendent of the work of disinterment and reinterment of the dead scattered all over the country—Colonel E. B. Whitman. I bear witness to the great industry, perseverance, and indomitable energy of Colonel Whitman in his work. There was no let or hindrance from the time he commenced until the last body was found and laid in the cemetery. He spent months in riding

over the country with his aids, hunting up the temporary graves of the Union dead and marking the spots so that they could be found readily. He scoured the States of Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi with a large force of mounted men, having provided himself with necessary maps and information relating to battlefields, and this directly toward the westward, until he had located thousands of the mounds were yet fresh. In many instances the rude headboards constructed by the soldiers were still well preserved. He and his aids left nothing undone. Information was sought and gained from persons living in neighborhoods where the search was going on, and generally every grave was found.

As soon as the cemeteries were located, disinterred parties were sent out and the bodies gathered and sent to the nearest cemetery.

If the body was interred without coffin or box, the earth was carefully removed, and every particle found was placed in the coffin or box prepared to receive the remains. If the box was found in a coffin or box, the earth was removed from around the head and breast, and the cover broken off, exposing the head and breast. A flat spade or shovel was then passed under the head and shoulders, another spade was laid on the top (on the face and breast), and these spades having been clamped as tight as possible the body was drawn out. The men soon became very adroit and expert, and it took but a short time to remove a body from the ground and place it in the coffin waiting to receive it.

All was done in a systematic way, and although some mistakes were made, and often great expense incurred that might have been avoided, the work was done. The bodies were sent to the cemeteries and the superintendents received and reinterred them—never more to be removed. On Colonel Whitman's return from the search, loaded down with notes for future reference, he located his office in Louisville, Ky., near General Swords, where he received the reports from the different parties at work disinterment and reinterment, keeping an account of every one known and unknown, and making a complete record of each. In this way was completed the admirable cemetery record now in the Quartermaster-General's Office at Washington. It was under the direction of Colonel Whitman and the orders of General Swords, that I made the surveys showing the number and location exactly of every grave. The maps accompanied Colonel Whitman's records, and I suppose are to be found in the rooms of the cemetery department.

RELICS OF THE DEAD.

In disinterment, particular care was taken of all articles found on the body. Sometimes the contents of the pockets revealed the identity; sometimes a piece of paper, with name and regiment written on it and placed in a small vial, was found, (persons buried from the hospitals generally had these vials). Watches, soldiers' nicknacks—such as a knife or inkstand—would be found, and on some bodies greenbacks in small sums. I saw, at Corinth, a roll of crisp new greenbacks, containing \$300, that was taken from a soldier's pocket. These articles were carefully handled and sent to the superintendent at the cemetery to be forwarded to relatives of known, and, if unknown, deposited in the office to be identified and claimed at some future time.

I accompanied Colonel Mills and his party as surveyor, and we located cemeteries at Fort Donelson, Memphis, Corinth and Pittsburg Landing, taking up as much land at each point as was supposed to be necessary. Fort Donelson, where the great battle was fought, was found to be in good condition. It stood on an elevated, handsome piece of ground, and, supposing that there were quite a number of dead buried there, we determined to locate the cemetery around it. (It included four acres of ground itself) and take in about twenty-five acres more, on the spur that ran toward the river. It was our intention to preserve the fort as a monument to perpetuate the memory of the dead interred around it. It was a happy thought, and approved by all present, and also by General Thomas, but unfortunately the officer sent there by the department quartermaster, General Donelson, to prepare the ground for reinterment of the dead, was an incapable. The first thing he did was to level the fort, at an expenditure of not less than \$12,000. Fort Donelson lies on the Cumberland River, and is almost inaccessible except by the river, and the reasons why he escaped detection were, first, the isolation of the place, and, second, the fact that everybody else was so busy about Nashville that he had to be left to his own devices. When it was late General Donelson relieved him and put another officer in his place. The same leveling process was carried on by the new man, and he expended more than his predecessor—indeed, nearly \$30,000 was spent before a single interment was made. About this time I was sent there to reduce the limits (boundaries), for the greater part of the bodies that were to have been put there had been taken either to Nashville or Memphis. The finishing stroke given to the costly work (with loss of about 700 dead) was to lay off the space set apart for the graves in the form of a great flat resting on a circle.

"None—I cannot pass over Chaplain Earnshaw with a heavy heart. His numerous friends bear testimony to the worth of his efficient services. He was beloved by all who came in contact with him, to more than any other ever served in the Army of the Cumberland. He is bristled of honor and cadences revealed the droop of a situation. As an instance: From Fort Donelson we crossed over to the mouth of Big Sandy, on the Tennessee River, in a steamer's wagon, a pretty rough vehicle, over pretty rough road, and went up the river in a boat. When we got to Pittsburg Landing, it was midnight—dark as pitch and raining hard. It was impossible to land, for there was not a house within a mile and we did not know how to get the place. A steamer had been sent to meet us, but it had not arrived. We were put off on this boat, and although the rain was pouring into the saloon in many parts, many of the steamer's crew were quite dry. All the appliances of the boat—furniture and all—were there; so we each found beds and slept soundly until morning. As the rain had ceased and the sun was shining brightly, and as we were sitting on deck, a man in a blue coat and cap, who was joined by three or four other fellows who lived around there, who had come to see the place, and who were engaged in business, the chaplain got into conversation with one of them and made inquiries about the surroundings. He said, pointing to the other side of the river, 'Is there a road leading up the river over there?' There is a road that cuts across the river there. 'Cut across the river?' The chaplain slipped his hand on his knee and got up and walked off. He had a new word for future reference.

[To be continued.]

A Soldier's Portfolio Awaiting a Claimant.

To the EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I have in my possession a portfolio that once belonged to a soldier by the name of F. J. Hastings, who died in hospital at Philadelphia. He was a member of company F, Second Vermont. If his friends wish the portfolio and will send me their post-office address, I will forward it to them.

J. W. VOODRY,  
Co. G, 3d Vermont.  
KENESEAW, ADAMS CO., N.Y.

## FORT DONELSON.

### General Johnston Hurrying Re-enforcements to the Fort.

## HALLECK AND BUELL.

### A Movement Begun Without Co-operation.

## ON THE EVE OF BATTLE.

### Footo with His Gunboats Takes a Hand in the Fray.

Near the close of January, 1862, Major-General Pillow, U. S. A., who had been for some time at Nashville, was placed in command at Clarksville, and on February 6th General Bushrod Johnston took command at Fort Donelson. General Clark's brigade was withdrawn from Hopkinsville to Clarksville, to which place Floyd's command was also ordered from Russellville, with a view of re-enforcing Fort Donelson. These movements were ordered after General Johnston had learned of the attack upon Fort Henry, but before he had heard of its fall. In the storm that now brooded over his department the commander knew not where the lightning would strike. His right wing, under Crittenden, was broken and disorganized, and his center pierced by an engine of war which he was powerless to resist. Beaten at every point at which the contending forces had met, he was in hourly anticipation of an advance by Buell simultaneously with an attack by Grant upon Fort Donelson. But his courageous spirit did not quail in the presence of the impending danger. He telegraphed Pillow: "Your report of the effect of shots at Fort Henry should encourage the troops and insure our success. If at long range we could do so much damage, with the necessary short range on the Cumberland we should destroy their boats." There is no evidence that in the midst of the difficulties that environed him he became confused, or for one moment ceased to be the cool, wary, bold commander that the terrible emergency demanded. Conscious of the inferiority of his troops in the essential elements of discipline and equipment, and of the disregard of his repeated calls for re-enforcements, in the supreme moment of his peril he above reproach and strove to imbue his officers with some portion of his heroic spirit. If there be those who shall read this chronicle of events who object to this tribute of praise to a powerful antagonist, this history is not written for their perusal. A proper regard for truth will often require that praise as well as censure should be meted out to both Union and Confederate, and as the writer has selected no conspicuous figure in the war as a hero, he is untrammelled by the necessity of concealing the faults or of extolling the virtues of either friend or foe.

Major Gilmer, after his escape from Fort Henry, lost no time in engaging actively in plans for the defense of Fort Donelson, and on the 9th of February General Pillow arrived and pressed forward the works. Additional lines of infantry cover, extending far enough to embrace the town of Dover, one mile above where the supplies were stored, were completed by the 12th. Pillow, sanguine of success, mounted two guns, that were considered effective against the armor of the gunboats, and worked his whole force day and night to carry on Gilmer's plans of defense, and yet the greatest danger of the fort was not in the hands of the Confederates, but in the hands of the Union gunboats, which were stored, were completed by the 12th. 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