SAVING THE NATION.

War in the West---Bragg in Kentucky.

By "Carleton."

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XXVIII.

To the Boys and Girls of the United States:

In my last letter we saw General Kirby Smith marching from Knoxville, in Tennessee, to Covington, Ky., opposite Cincinnati, clearing Union troops from his path as a housewife sweeps shavings out of her way. We also saw General Bragg getting ready to flank General Buell, gain his rear, compel him to retreat, and thus transfer the theater of war from Southern Tennessee to Northern Kentucky.

CROSSING THE TENNESSEE.

It was August 21st that General Bragg began to cross the Tennessee River at Chattanooga. You know that the Alleghany Mountains lie in ridges, and that they run from the northeast to the southwest, and that Chattanooga is in the valley of the Tennessee River where it breaks through the ridges. By moving his troops to Chattanooga General Bragg had placed himself behind a range of mountains. He was east of one of the ranges, and the Union army under General Buell was west of it.

"I think that General Bragg is intending to invade Kentucky," was the word sent by General Thomas to General Buell.

General Thomas was at McMinnville, and his scouts informed him that Bragg's army was crossing the river.

BRAGG'S CAVALRY.

General Bragg determined to mask his movement by sending out his cavalry to annoy General Buell. General Forrest started with his brigade and reached Short Mountain Cross-roads, where Captain Miller, with a portion of the 18th Ohio, was stationed. Captain Miller had built a stockade. His men had just eaten dinner and were a short distance from the stockade when they heard the clattering of hoofs and saw the Confederate cavalry charging down the road. Captain Miller got into the stockade with a portion of his men, while those who were cut off by the cavalry fled to the woods. The men of the 18th Ohio fought so resolutely that Forrest was obliged to retreat with a loss of twelve killed and forty-one wounded.

The next day Forrest came upon the 26th Ohio, under Colonel Fyffe, nine miles west of McMinnville. Colonel Fyffe formed his regiment in line of battle, and attacked the Confederates so suddenly and vigorously that they fled in every direction.

General Morgan was more successful. He crossed the Cumberland River at Hartsville and rode rapidly to Gallatin, twenty-five miles northeast of Nashville, where he captured 200 Union troops, burned a railroad bridge, captured a train of freight cars, ran it into a tunnel north of Gallatin, set the cars on fire, and loosened the timbers which supported the roof of the tunnel. The roof came down with a crash, filling the tunnel with great masses of rock. No trains could pass, and Nashville was cut off from Louisville.

General Buell sent General R. W. Johnson with 640 cavalry of the 2d Indiana, 4th and 5th Kentucky, and 7th Pennsylvania regiments to attack Morgan, but, after a hard fight near Gallatin, Tenn., Johnson was defeated and captured with a portion of his command, while the remainder were put to flight.

The women of Gallatin were wild with joy over the defeat of the Union troops. They waved their handkerchiefs and provided nice things for the Confederate soldiers.

BRAGG'S ADVANCE.

Over the mountain range called Waldron's Ridge marched the Confederate army of 40,000 men, and thence to the Cumberland River, crossing it at Carthage, forty miles east of Nashville. General Bragg was nearer Louisville and Cincinnati than General Buell, who was south of Nashville. He had a definite plan—to compel Buell to fall back to the Ohio River—and he hoped to thus secure Kentucky to the Confederacy. Should Buell advance towards either of those cities to save them, he would be obliged to make haste, for Bragg could move more rapidly than Buell, because he had no long line of supply trains to hinder him; he had determined to live upon the country.

MUNFORDSVILLE.

Northward, along the turnpike leading from Carthage to Munfordsville, pressed the Confederates, the cavalry under Colonel Scott burning the bridges spanning Salt River. The roads were dry and dusty. The summer heat had dried the streams; the rivers could be forded anywhere. The country was so dry, indeed, that the troops suffered for want of water. The secessionists welcomed them with hurrahs, while those who stood up for the Union saw their cornfields stripped and their hay-stacks disappear.

On September 13 General Bragg's advance, under General Chalmers, reached Munfordsville, where there was a fort garrisoned by Union troops under Colonel Wilder, of the 17th Indiana. A Confederate officer approached the fort with a white flag, and called upon Colonel Wilder to surrender. "I decline to do so," was the reply.

Chalmers opened fire and his skirmishers advanced, but were driven back, and he waited for re-enforcements before attacking in earnest.

Re-enforcements meantime arrived in the fort—Colonel Dunham, with 1,000 men and Konkle's battery. Colonel Dunham, being Colonel Wilder's senior officer, assumed command. Again the white flag appears with a demand to surrender, and Colonel Dunham declines.

Chalmers has six regiments, twelve cannon, a brigade of cavalry and a battalion of sharpshooters. He deploys his line and opens fire. The cannon thunder and there are volleys of musketry, but Chalmers does not dare to risk a charge. He waits for General Bragg, who arrives with the main body of the army.

A third time the Confederates show a white flag, and an officer brings a note from Bragg, who informs Colonel Dunham that the fort is surrounded by an overwhelming force, and that no Union re-enforcements can reach the fort. Again Colonel Dunham refuses to surrender. He sends the answer by Colonel Wilder, who sees that what Bragg has stated is true—that the whole Confederate army is drawn up around the fort. Colonel Dunham calls his officers together and they decide that it is better to surrender than to have a battle with the prospect of great loss and almost certain defeat. So at 2 o'clock on the morning of September 17 a white flag goes out from the fort with the offer to surrender, providing the Union troops are allowed to do so with the honors o war—the officers to retain their swords, the troops to be paroled and to have four days' rations.

General Bragg is glad to accept the terms—glad to get so many Union troops out of his way without fighting a battle, for a battle will cost him dear; he will not only lose soldiers which he cannot afford to lose, but it will delay him in his march and give Buell an opportunity to catch up with him in the race northward.

At daylight on the 17th—the hour when Hooker is advancing through the cornfield in front of the Dunker church at Antietam—this force of 1,500 men at Munfordsville—the only troops in front of Bragg—is swept from his path. By a rapid march Bragg can get to Louisville before Buell can overtake him; but he does not attempt it. At the moment when he ought to march swiftly and strike a great blow he hesitates. He waits at Prewitt's Knob till Buell is close upon him, deploying his troops to attack; then, instead of fighting a battle, pushes northeast to Bardstown, while Buell, instead of following and forcing him to fight, pushes on to Louisville. Bragg has accomplished part of what he intended—forced the Union army to fall back from Northern Alabama to the Ohio—but he has lost his great opportunity.

BRAGG'S PROCLAMATION.

General Bragg issued this proclamation to the people of Kentucky:

"Kentuckians, we have come with joyful hopes. Let us not depart in sorrow, as we shall, if we find you wedded in your choice to your present lot. If you prefer Federal rule, show it by your frown, and we shall return whence we came. If you choose rather to come within the fold of our brotherhood, then cheer us with the smiles of your women and lend willing hands to secure yourselves in your heritage of liberty.

"Women of Kentucky! your persecutions and heroic bearing have reached our ears. Let your enthusiasm have free rein. Buckle on the armor of your kindred, your husbands, sons and brothers, and scoff to scorn him who would prove recreant in his duty to you, his country and his God."

THE PEOPLE OF KENTUCKY.

Some of the people of the State were ready to welcome General Bragg. Their sympathies were with the Southern States. Many young men were ready to join the Confederate ranks. A great many of the women hailed the Southern army with joyful hearts and sparkling eyes, but the great heart of the State was beating loyally and true for the Union. Far seeing men saw that Bragg would be driven from the State by the great army passing into Louisville—thousands of soldiers from Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and all the West—to join Buell.

SETTING UP A CONFEDERATE GOVERNOR.

Jeff Davis and the Confederate authorities at Richmond were indulging in the delusion that if a Confederate government could be set up at Frankfort, the capital of the State, the people would recognize it, and yield allegiance to the Confederacy.

They did not comprehend that a great change was coming over the people of the State; that they were farther than ever from yielding allegiance to the Confederate government. Yet not only did Jeff Davis believe that he could secure Kentucky, but that Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, and Iowa could be induced to abandon the contest against the South, by offering to them the free navigation of the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. On the day that Bragg issued his proclamation a committee of the Confederate congress reported in favor of making such an offer. Too late! The soldiers of the Northwest were pouring into Louisville, and on October 1st Buell had an army of nearly one hundred thousand men.

While Buell is consolidating the new regiments with his veteran troops, let us go out to Frankfort and see what is going on. It is the capital of the State. The women of the city and many of the men have given a welcome to the Confederate army. Mr. Richard Hawes is to be inaugurated governor at noon, October 4, 1862. Major-General Kirby Smith is detailed by General Bragg to arrange the military escort. Thus reads the order: "The governor will be escorted from his quarters by a squadron of cavalry, and accompanied by the commander of the Confederate States forces, Major-General Buckner, Brigadier-General Preston, and their respective staffs. The commanding general will present the governor to the people, and transfer in behalf of the Confederate States the civil order of the State and public records and property."

Nearly all the Confederate generals are present at the inauguration—Bragg, Kirby Smith, Buckner, Stevenson, Cleburne, Heath, Churchill, Preston Smith, Wm. Preston. They gather in the Capitol Hotel for a banquet. The landlord brings out his wines and liquors. The ladies keep open house, feasting the officers of the army.

Mr. Richard Hawes is escorted to the capitol and takes the oath of allegiance to the Confederate States. The flag of the Confederacy waves above the capitol. The State is cemented to the Confederacy. Will the cement hold?

A SUDDEN CHANGE.

It is 6 o'clock. The sun is disappearing in the west. General Bragg is taking tea with an accomplished lady—Mrs. Preston—when a cavalryman dashes up to the door with the startling news that the Union troops are close at hand. Governor Hawes—six hours a governor—suddenly packs his carpet-bag. The Confederate generals leap into their saddles. The ladies who hung out Confederate flags in the morning hasten to take them in. There are only two Confederate infantry regiments in Frankfort, with some cavalry. The officers do not stop to take ceremonious leave of the ladies who are entertaining them, and before they are out of the streets on the south side of the town the Union cavalry are dashing across the bridge and entering upon the other side. The new governor is riding southward, not tarrying at the capitol to administer government. He is governor only in name. The ladies who have smiled so graciously upon the Confederates, who for a day have been entertaining them and looking forward to a new order of things in Frankfort under the administration of a Confederate governor, can only retire, and in grief and anger contemplate the sudden change which has taken place, while those who have stood by the old flag—whose husbands and brothers are fighting for the Union—open wide their doors and spread bountiful repasts.

You see that the true history of the war comprises something more than mere fighting—something more than the thunder of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the advance and retreat, the victory and defeat. It includes the hardships, trials and endurance, the sympathies, hopes, griefs, sorrows, passions and actions of men and women who heard nothing of the uproar of battle, who saw nothing of the grandeur and nothing of the horrors of a battlefield.

In Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Virginia—in all the border States, as they were called—the war was around the hearthstones—in the homes of the people. People distrusted their old-time friends; near neighbors were often bitter enemies. It was a terrible state of affairs, paralyzing society, engendering feuds and animosities which in some places still survive, although nearly a quarter of a century has passed since the war begun.

[To be continued.]

The 8th Iowa at the Capture of Mobile.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

Under the above heading, in your paper of May 8, 1884, Comrade W. H. Ward, of 7th Vermont veteran volunteers, says: "While life lasts I shall not forget the hour (about 1 o'clock a. m., April 9) when suddenly the fire from the rebel batteries ceased, and in a few moments the firing on our side stopped. Silence reigned for perhaps a minute, and then the shout went up from every Union soldier, 'The Johnnies have surrendered.'"

Now, I have in my possession a record, and by referring to said record to find if the fort was taken on the 9th, as stated by him, or on the 8th, as I remember it to be, I find that it was on the 8th of April. He is also wrong in other respects. The sun was just sinking below the western horizon when Colonel James L. Geddes, of the 8th Iowa veteran volunteer infantry, (in obedience to orders from General Carr,) led his regiment in a charge upon the fort. They threw themselves amongst the fallen and matted timber of the swamp, and urged their way as rapidly as possible across the mouth of the ravine. A loud shout from the rest of the division, as if the whole were about to charge, distracted the attention of the enemy, while the bold advance of the 8th Iowa seemed to strike him with dismay. Some of his men, who were posted behind log breast-works, fired a scattering volley and ran for their lives. But from the extreme left of the rebel rifle-pits a heavy fire was poured upon our boys, until the foremost of them, mounting the bluff, came full upon the rear of the enemy who occupied them. The frightened rebels, seeing the boys come clambering over the bluff, and not knowing what force there might be behind, threw down their arms, and three hundred or more were made prisoners on the spot. Others retreated rapidly toward the center of the fort, and a line of battle was now formed by the enemy to check the further advance of our troops into the fortress. For more than three hundred yards the 8th Iowa fought its way toward the enemy's center. But it was then dark, and in obedience to orders we halted and constructed a line of rifle-pits at right angles with the fort and within the fort itself. When the rest of the brigade came up, viz., the 81st, 108th, and 124th Illinois, the whole, with the 8th in advance, marched through the fort, and found that the rebel General J. H. Holtsclaw and his men had quickly evacuated the fort. This is the truth of the matter, and all firing was stopped before 9 o'clock p. m. on the 8th of April, 1865. I would like to hear from any member of my old regiment or brigade, either through THE TRIBUNE (the best soldier's paper I have taken, out of five) or by letter.

WM. H. GOLDER,
Co. B, 8th Iowa Vet. Vol. Inf.
MANCHESTER, IOWA.

That's About the Size of It.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

It is plain that the interests of the soldier have not been consulted in the Warner bill, and the sentiment with us here is that we are better off already under the present laws than we would be should it pass in its present shape. Why cannot we have for Commissioner of Pensions a man who will respect the true intent and meaning of existing law, and do away with the technicalities and arbitrary rulings to which we are now subjected?

ELI MATTHEWS,
LA FONTAINE, KAN. Co. I, 123d Ill. Inf.

Watch received all right. It keeps splendid time and runs right along with the town regulator.—A. T. Pintier, Dayton, Wash. Ter.

FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns.

Death to Foragers—Sherman's Retaliatory Order.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

In your valuable paper of the 8th ult. Comrade Joe L. Gasper, 90th Indiana volunteers, asks some reader to give the facts concerning the murder of a lieutenant and seven men of Sherman's army at Chesterfield, and a sergeant and eight men near Featherville, S. C., each being marked with a strip of paper, on which was written, "Death to Foragers."

I do not know of the particular cases to which he refers, but a similar tragedy occurred to a comrade of our regiment, which, with your permission, I will relate: Robert M. Woodruff, company H, 30th Illinois infantry, was murdered while foraging, by guerrillas, February 28, 1865, two or three days before our arrival at Cheraw, S. C., and a tag pinned to his breast with the above inscription.

The facts were reported to General Sherman. He ordered that a rebel prisoner, chosen by lot, be shot in retaliation. The fatal lot was drawn by a South Carolinian named William Miller Brown—if my memory is not at fault. The prisoner was placed by an old snag of a tree, fifteen or twenty feet high, against which he rested, in the midst of a large pine forest. A detail of twelve men from the murdered man's company, under command of Colonel Rhodes, acted as executioners, and company A of same regiment as guards. The prisoner—an aged man—made a short speech before his execution, stating that he was a conscript, had been in the service but a short time, was a class leader, and had a family of nine daughters.

The execution was conducted according to the usual military order—six of the guns loaded with bullets and six with blank cartridges. The unfortunate man stood up and received the fatal charge. Five balls passed through the heart, or near it, and the sixth was fired into the left thigh by one of the detail, who had the curiosity to know whether his gun was loaded or not. The poor man stood for several seconds before he fell. He died without a struggle. The writer was one of the guards and an eye-witness of the execution.

General Sherman communicated his retaliatory order to Wade Hampton, which had the desired effect of preventing the murder of Union foragers by their inhuman captors.

WM. L. DIHEL,
WASHINGTON, IA. Co. A, 30th Ill. Inf.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

In a recent issue you ask to what commands the men belonged who were shot by Wade Hampton's orders for foraging in North Carolina. My understanding at the time was that there were eleven men found lying in one pile, on top of one another, and on the top one's breast was pinned, "Death to all Foragers!" The one upon whose breast the paper was pinned was a member of company I, 50th Illinois V. V. I have forgotten his name. He was not foraging, but carrying dispatches from one wing of the army to the other. He was highly respected by the entire regiment, and curses loud and deep were heard on every side when it was found out that he had been so brutally murdered.

C. F. GREEN,
WALSENBURG, COLO. Co. K, 50th Ill. V. I.

The Capture of Longstreet's Ammunition Train.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

Long live THE TRIBUNE! I am greatly interested in Howard's historical sketches, as also "Carleton's." The latter's version of the capture of Longstreet's ammunition train just before the battle of Antietam is not, however, quite straight in some minor points, according to the best of my recollection, and I was there. On the evening before the surrender of Harper's Ferry, we all knew that to surrender was all that was left for the Union troops to do, and the next morning some of us mounted men, who knew the country well for miles around, decided of our own accord to try to get out of the trap. First in this movement were about seventy-five men (nearly all that were left for duty at that time out of three companies) of the 1st battalion, Maryland cavalry, about 500 men of the 12th Illinois cavalry, about the same number of the 8th New York cavalry and a small squad of Rhode Island cavalry. We started just in the order named. The Maryland battalion led the column quietly, scabbards lashed to saddles and stole along the river bank and tow-path, across the canal, through brush and timber, through the cornfields and over ploughed land. We struck the Sharpsburg road near Antietam and saw about twenty rebs lying, sitting and standing around a fire. About that number of us were in advance. We swung into them with our sabers, and when we rode away (which was in about four minutes) their arms and equipments were on the fire and a few of the Johnnies looked as if they had been monkeying with a buzz-saw.

We also ran into their lines at Sharpsburg, where they appeared to be in great numbers, but apparently too tired to get up and go for us. We fell back before our main column came up, leaving the honorable gentlemen from Alabama under the impression that we were the 1st Virginia cavalry. We struck the Hagerstown and Williamsport pike just before daylight at Jones' Cross-roads. In a few moments Longstreet's ammunition train hove in sight. We headed it north and persuaded the drivers to "whip 'em up." One wagon broke an axle-tree. There was a large lot of hay on top of the shells, etc., and we stuck a match in it. Pretty soon there was a "heap big" racket. We—that is, the Maryland battalion—ran sixty-one wagons and about one hundred prisoners into Chambersburg before the day ended. The people of the Cumberland Valley, and especially the citizens of Chambersburg, were wild with delight and brought us out the best they had to eat as we passed along. The rebel captain's name whom the citizens were so anxious to hang for his past offenses was Clegget Fitzhugh—no Miller to it. If any person who reads this knows what became of the same Fitzhugh I would like to hear from him.

THOS. MCALLISTER,
Co. C, 1st Battalion Md. Cav.
GETTYSBURG, PA.

The 9th New York Heavy Artillery at Cold Harbor.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I noticed in your issue of the 15th ult., in "Fighting Them Over," a letter from Comrade D. A. Bradley, in which he speaks very disparagingly of the 9th New York heavy artillery (3d division, 6th corps) at Cold Harbor. Now, it is true that it broke and ran at Cold Harbor, and it is also true that if the 2d Connecticut was not able to rally those new and panic-stricken men, but let them through their lines, the 106th New York was able to and did rally them under the command of our gallant Colonel Townsend, and they reformed and went into the fight to win, and ever after were as good a regiment as was in the 6th corps. At the last charge on Petersburg, in front of Fort Fisher and the Lookout, they did splendid work with the enemy's guns in a fort that I have forgotten the name of. But, you see, one pair of eyes in the ranks cannot see all that transpires on one field. I have read with interest the letters from that noble officer, Captain Peter Robertson, of company C, 106th New York volunteers, who led us on so many hard-fought fields and seems to have received little or no credit. It was Captain Robertson who, when other officers (from different causes) failed, raised his sword and said, "Follow me!" and by his courage, coolness and efficiency led his men to victory upon every field.

Let us hear from the boys of the 9th New York heavy artillery and from that noble regiment, the old 87th Pennsylvania volunteer infantry. I would also like to hear from any member of my company.

FRED. E. BULLIS,
Co. I, 106th N. Y.
SMITHLAND, IA.

Something About Old Leatherbreeches.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

Can you tell me what artillery officer was known in the Army of the West as "Leatherbreeches?" He was a foreigner, I think.

JOHN GILL,
Co. E, 1st Kentucky Vol. Cav.
DARBYVILLE, OHIO.

[Comrade Ira S. Owens, 74th Ohio V. I., Xenia, Ohio, in his history of Greene county soldiers in the late war (page 76) says: "On June 20, 1864, we [the 74th Ohio] moved in front to Leatherbreeches' or Buckskin's battery. This Leatherbreeches' right name was Captain Dilger. He was one of the most skillful and plucky officers in the Union service. When the war broke out Captain Dilger was an artillery officer in the Prussian service. A short time after the battle of Run Run, an uncle of Dilger's—a merchant in New York—wrote that the present was an opportune time to visit America, etc. Dilger was desirous of studying war as carried on in the Western world, and to this end procured leave of absence for a year. As soon as he arrived he joined the Army of the Potomac as an artillerist, and commanded a battery in the 11th corps. As his year drew to a close he managed to get his leave indefinitely extended. The term of his battery—the 1st Ohio artillery—having expired, he was ordered to Cincinnati to be mustered out of service. His next appearance with his battery was under General Hooker [in the 20th corps in the West], and by the name of Leatherbreeches or Buckskin he became known to every officer and soldier in the Army of the Cumberland. In all the battles which occurred, from Lookout Mountain to Peach Tree Creek, Captain Dilger was on hand. He was the first to open fire on the eve of a battle, taking his guns nearly up to the skirmish line. On the eventful day of the Hooker and Johnston contest, Captain Dilger took his guns up to the skirmish line, and for half an hour poured a raking fire of grape and canister into the enemy. So conspicuous and marked were his movements that he became at one time the target for three rebel batteries and lost seven men during the day. He fired by volley when he got a good thing, and the acclamations of the infantry drowned the reverberations of the cannon's roar. On all such occasions Captain Dilger impressed every one by his fine appearance. He always wore close bucksin breeches—which gave him the name—with top boots, and stood by his gun in his shirt sleeves during the battle, eliciting the admiration of the whole army by his coolness and intrepidity in action. I have seen him sitting in a port-hole of the works, with his glass, watching the effect of his shots on the enemy."—ED.]

The 20th Indiana at Chancellorsville.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I notice in a recent number of THE TRIBUNE that one of Berdan's Shapshooters corrects General Doubleday in regard to the capture of the 23d Georgia at Chancellorsville. I have not read Doubleday's book, but if the comrade quotes him correctly, both are incorrect. The 2d U. S. sharpshooters did not alone make the capture, but that regiment and the 20th Indiana volunteers together. I know that the 20th Indiana took a very active part in the capture, and divided the contents of their haversacks with the Johnnies, who were almost starved. I don't wish to detract from the merits of the 2d U. S. sharpshooters, but merely make the correction for the sake of the truth of history. We were with this regiment in many a tight place, and are entirely willing to divide the honors with them. They were a splendid body of men, and as good soldiers as ever faced a foe. Now, comrade, as you wield a facile pen, wont you give us, through THE TRIBUNE, an account of that night—September 10, 1864—when your regiment and the 99th Pennsylvania and 20th Indiana captured the rebel picket-line in front of Fort Hell at Petersburg.

D. M. BINGAMAN,
Second Lieut., Co. E, 20th Ind.
HOOPESTON, ILL.

[Comrade B. F. Hickman, company E, 20th Indiana, Eaton, Ohio, writes that, but for the skirmishers of his regiment getting in the rear of the 23d Georgia, the latter could have slipped away easily.—ED.]

The 32d New York Infantry at Crampton Pass.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I agree with Sergeant Beech, company B, 4th New Jersey volunteers, as to the fighting qualities of General Torbert's brigade; but when he says that his brigade did it all I think he is wrong, as the 32d New York volunteers did some hard fighting at the same place. He will remember that when the charge was made Newton's, Bartlett's, and Torbert's brigades were all mixed up, and it was hard to tell who did the best fighting. For my part I think they all did well. It was a fearful charge, as all will testify, but we drove the Johnnies from their position, and gained the crest of the hill all together. The 32d New York volunteers lost their colonel and major. Colonel Matison was killed leading his men in the charge and Major Lemon was killed as we were forming for the charge. We lost some fifty officers and men killed and some hundred wounded. Sergeant Beech speaks of his brigade charging, and the others lying down, and I would like to know what he means. I, for one, did not see any of the brigades lying down while General Torbert's was on the charge. I would like to hear from some of the 32d New York volunteers.

I. B. MORGAN,
NEW HAVEN, CONN. Co. F, 32d N. Y. V.

The Dead At Salisbury Prison.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

In your issue of May 15, Comrade C. M. Brainard asks the number of Union soldiers buried at Salisbury, N. C. I think about the 15th of October, 1864, the first prisoners were shipped from Libby and Belle Isle to Salisbury, and before the month was ended about 8,000 were there confined in a similar manner as that observed at the Andersonville stockade. I was there during the whole of the time it was occupied by our men. I had charge of one of the hospitals. Our reports to H. D. Rickeson until his escape, and to his successor afterwards, show that the number of deaths from the middle of October until the last of February—less than six months—amounted to 6,548, including those killed on our attempt to break out on Thanksgiving Day. I cannot tell how many there are still at rest in those long trench-like graves, as some have been removed, but there are many—whose names we never knew—who rest in nameless graves. I wish to ask right here that if the boys who were taken prisoners in 1861, '62, and part of '63 deserve two dollars for every day in confinement, how much ought to be paid the poor prisoners of '63, '64 and '65? There was not a "bull pen" in the South until 1864, and Libby was pleasant compared to Salisbury and Andersonville. There is not enough money in this country to induce me to repeat the experiment of trying to live on two or three ounces of corn-cob bread and three or four spoonfulls of pea water.

FULLERTON, NEB. H. C. MAGOON.

The Knoxville Spy Question Settled.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

After the battle of Missionary Ridge, November 24 and 25, 1863, our corps was sent to Knoxville. Our regiment was stationed near the town, while the corps went to Strawberry Plains. One day the order came for our company to march into town. We went to the prison, and the spy was brought out. A wagon, containing his coffin, was there; he got in the wagon, and, being ordered to sit down upon the coffin, did so. Our company (his guard) fell in behind. We marched through Knoxville to the gallows, around which we formed in a hollow square. The spy was then led upon the scaffold and the rope placed around his neck. As he fell the rope broke. The first knot was made before we arrived. He was again led upon the scaffold, and as he ascended he said he thought he ought not to be hung. The officers then asked if any one present could tie a hangman's knot. A man named James Lynch, of our company, stepped forward, tied the knot, and we were again ready. The drop fell and the spy was dead. He was hanged about the last of December, 1863. His name was George Ephraim Dodge. He belonged to the 8th Texas, company D. Comrade Patty is right in regard to his name and the time he was hanged.

I take THE TRIBUNE, and it is a splendid paper. When I read what the boys say about fighting the old battles, my mind goes back to '61,-'65. It makes no difference to what regiment they belonged; there is a tie that we can never forget. Soldiers who stood in the front line of battle for the small sum of thirteen dollars per month, yet with families to support, cannot forget each other. No, never!

JOHN G. WALDIE,
Sergeant, Co. G, 74th Reg., Ill. Vol., 1st Brig., 2d Div., 4th Army Corps.
OREGON, ILL.

[We also have another letter from Comrade Black, of the 74th Illinois, stating that by a misprint he was made to give June (instead of January) 10, 1864, as the date of the spy's execution. He still insists, however, that the name was E. H. Dodd (not Dodge), and says he had it from his own lips. James K. Fletcher, company D, 13th Kentucky, writes that he, too, understood that his name was Ephraim E. Dodd.—ED.]

The Founder of the Grand Army.

As was stated in THE TRIBUNE some time ago, Stephenson Post, No. 30, Springfield, Ill., has in its possession a portrait of the late Major B. F. Stephenson, after whom the Post is named, and who was practically the founder of the Grand Army of the Republic. The portrait is said to be an excellent likeness, and the Post has permitted Miss J. P. Cleveland to have a copyright engraving made from it, to be offered for sale to such Grand Army Posts or ex-soldiers as may desire to purchase a copy. The size of the crayon engraving (which is finely executed) is twenty-four by thirty inches, and the price, $3 per copy. It can be had by addressing Miss J. P. Cleveland, Springfield, Ill.

In this connection the following letter from J. H. Matheny to Miss J. P. Cleveland, giving his recollections of Doctor Stephenson, may be of interest. He says:

At your request, I take great pleasure in giving you my recollection and appreciation of Dr. Benjamin F. Stephenson, the originator and founder of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Dr. Stephenson was a native of the State of Illinois, having been born in the county of Wayne, October 30, A. D. 1822. In 1825 his parents removed to Sangamon county. Young Stephenson grew to manhood among the then uncultered wilds of this comparative wilderness, strong in body and vigorous in intellect. His school facilities were of the rudest kind. Moved with an innate consciousness of mental superiority, he bent himself with a restless energy to the mastery of every opportunity afforded him for intellectual development. Upon arriving at manhood he selected medicine as a profession, and commenced its study at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, under his brother (Dr. Wm. Stephenson) and Dr. Clark; and, after having attended medical lectures in Columbus, Ohio, he graduated from Rush Medical College, Illinois. He at once took high rank in his profession, and in 1856 was elected to the chair of anatomy in a medical college at Keokuk, Iowa. At the end of two years he resigned his professorship and resumed the practice of medicine. In 1861 he enlisted in the Union army for a short term, and upon being mustered out, he re-enlisted in 1862. He was appointed surgeon of the 14th Illinois volunteer infantry, and for meritorious services was promoted to the rank of major.

Dr. Stephenson was married to Barbara B. Moore, March 30, 1855, at Springfield, Ill., and died in Menard county, August 30, 1871, at the age of forty-eight years; his widow, one son, and two daughters surviving him. He was first buried near his homestead on Rock Creek, but on the 29th of August, 1882, was re-buried by Estell Post, Grand Army of the Republic, with imposing honors, in the beautful Cemetery of Rose Hill, near the city of Petersburg.

Dr. Stephenson was a true man in its highest and greatest sense—true to his friends and true to his country. A kinder heart never beat in a human breast, and his whole life was characterized by an utter unselfishness. He was a patriot simple and pure, and his devotion to the great cause of universal freedom was absolutely unwavering.

The Last Troops Discharged.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I have an idea that the 37th Illinois V. V. I. was among the last, if not the last, volunteer regiments mustered out of the United States service. My discharge is dated Houston, Texas, May 15, 1866. Will you please enlighten me through the columns of your paper?

A. J. PICKETT, 37th Illinois.
ASHLAND, NEB.

[Companies A and B, battalion of New Mexico volunteers, discharged November 18, 1867, were the last white troops discharged. The 125th U. S. colored troops, discharged November 23, 1867, were the last colored troops discharged.—ED.]

The Unknown Soldier's Grave Near Corinth.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

In your issue of May 29, Chaplain Cotton, of Purdy, Tenn., wants to know if any comrade can tell the name of the soldier whose remains are buried on the side of the Purdy and Corinth road, four and a half miles north of Corinth, Miss., at the foot of a hickory tree, and whose grave was discovered by Hon. T. L. Dickey, of Chicago, during the recent Shiloh excursion. In reply, I would say that the name of the soldier was John H. Murphy, a member of company D, 4th Tennessee cavalry. He went to the rescue of two of our boys who had been captured by a party of guerrillas, and was by the latter shot and killed. He came, I think, from Sevier county, Tenn.

D. M. JACK,
Co. D, 4th Tenn. Cav.
SULPHUR ROCK, ARK.

THE QUESTION SQUAD.

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

Comrade De Roy Shelby, 8th Vermont, East Putney, Vt., writes as follows: Among the names mentioned in Comrade Robens' account of the first prisoners at Camp Ford, published in your issue of May 29, I find that of Captain Noblett, 21st Indiana battery. When the 8th Vermont was transferred to the 6th corps, at Captain Noblett's request, I went to Savannah, and until July, 1864, was with him at the old headquarters. I parted from him at Washington on our return, and have never seen him from that day. I should be glad to know whether he is living; or the order by at our headquarters of the 12th Connecticut, who was wounded at Cedar Creek—Daniels, I think, was his name; also, Joseph B. Sharer, 47th Pa.

Comrade J. M. Barron, company I, 54th Illinois infantry, Union Center, Kan., wants some one to give a sketch of the operations of the left wing of the 7th corps through West Tennessee and North Mississippi from July '62 to July '63. He thinks Colonel Harvey Hogg was mortally wounded in the streets of Dyersburg, but the statement has been disputed. He would also like to see in THE TRIBUNE an account of the battles of Britton's Lane, Jackson (Tenn.), Clarendon Station (Ark.), and Ashby Station (Ark.). At the last named his regiment (only 375 strong) was taken by Joe Shelby's command of 7,000, although not until after seven hours' resistance.

Comrade M. Jackson, Rockwood, Colo., says, in reply to question of Henry S. Brown, Hartford, Conn, published in our issue of May 22, as to what regiment Peter L. Hyde belonged to, that Hyde was first lieutenant, company E, 26th Iowa infantry, to which he also belonged, and was killed at Arkansas Post.

Comrade H. N. Parker, sergeant, company K, 11th Connecticut volunteers, Deep River, Conn., calls our attention to the fact that it was his regiment, and not the 7th Connecticut, that made the gallant charge across the bridge at Antietam.

Comrade W. H. Acheson, Detroit, Mich., writes us as follows: I recently met Mr. M. Corbly, of Chattanooga, Tenn., who has a knife he found on Mission Ridge battlefield, engraved on handle, "Captain J. H. Boyle, 10th Ind. Vols." Mr. Corbly would be glad to deliver it to Captain Boyle, if alive, or his relatives if he is dead."

The address of C. H. Jackson, late major of the 102d Illinois volunteer infantry, is Jefferson, Greene county, Iowa.

Comrade Charles T. Ripley, captain company K, 61st New York volunteers, has in his possession a sword that he captured at Richmond, Va., on which appears the following: "Presented to Captain I. Lang, by the officers of the 27th Pa. Vols., at Hunter's Chapel, Va., November 12, 1861." Comrade Ripley would be pleased to restore same to owner if living, or any of his relatives if dead.

Comrade L. L. Talbert, Binghamton, N. Y., would like all his comrades who were with him in Stewart's mansion (general hospital), Baltimore, in December, 1862, and the early part of 1863, to write to him, so that they can keep track of and help each other.

Comrade J. M. Byers, Brady, Pa., wonders if any of the sailors are living who helped him out of the well at Andersonville, and would like to know the address of Oliver Crocket, who belonged to an Indiana regiment and was one of the 1,500 in the little stockade that did not draw a blanket. Comrade Byers would also like to have the words of the song entitled, "In the days when I was hard up."

Comrade O. S. Barrett, Adrian, Mich., who is a cripple, wishes to go to a warmer climate, and would like to be informed of a place of resort in Northern Georgia or the address of some person in that section.

Comrade William J. Beardsley, battery F, 1st Connecticut heavy artillery, Oysterville, Wash. Ter., lost, on the 5th of July last at the celebration at Portland, Oreg., his warrant and discharge paper, and has not been able to find them. If any person seeing this happened to find them, he would like very much to have the papers forwarded to his address.

Comrade David S. Anderson, company F, 2d Michigan, Clio, Mich., writes in answer to inquiry of Comrade Charles Pinkherst of the 22d of May, that the name and address of the girl soldier is: Mrs. Sarah E. E. Seelye, Fort Scott, Kan., and that she belonged to his company—company F.

In answer to Comrade Henry S. Brown's inquiry in THE TRIBUNE of May 22, Comrade H. T. Whedock, Grinnell, Ia., writes that Lieutenant Peter Ludlow Hyde had a commission as first lieutenant of company C, 26th Iowa V. I., and was shot in the head at the battle of Arkansas Post, January 11, 1863. Comrade Whedock would like to correspond with Comrade Brown if agreeable to the latter.

Comrade J. C. Harris, Venango, Pa., writes us that he is requested by their relatives to inquire, through THE TRIBUNE, if anything is known as to the fate of the following soldiers, who are supposed to have been killed in the battles mentioned: George D. Judson, private, company E, 83d Pennsylvania volunteers, supposed to have been killed at second Bull Run battle, July 30, '62; Chambers Bole, company I, 10th Pennsylvania Reserves, supposed to have been killed at Charles City Cross-roads, in McClellan's seven-days' fight.

Comrade A. K. Rarey, Kenton, O., would like some of his comrades of the 5th Indiana cavalry to give him the address of a captain of the regiment who had his right arm amputated above the elbow at the officers' hospital at Nashville, Tenn., in August, 1864; also, the name of the sergeant of the 118th Illinois volunteers who was drowned in the Big Imory River, East Tennessee, in the spring of 1863.

Mrs. C. E. Ratliff, Lewiston, Ill., writes us that her husband—John T. Ratliff, company E, 40th Ohio infantry—served four years and three months in the army, and has never been well since; for the past few years has scarcely been able to make a living for his large family, and that she would be much obliged to any of the officers or comrades of his regiment if they would write to her, as she wishes to procure a pension for her husband, who has been trying to get one for two years and has been unsuccessful.

Comrade A. H. Rendleman, Mill Creek, Union county, Ill., says: Where are the boys of