FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns.

A GOOD RECORD.

Sketch of the Services of the 1st N. Y. Mounted Rifles.

TO THE EDITOR: The seventh Reunion of this veteran regiment will take place Feb. 23, at the Merchants' Hotel, Cortlandt street, New York city. Much is written about the first and the last regiment mustered in and mustered out, and this one comes very near both honors. In my possession is the first muster-roll of Co. B, and it states that the company was raised by Capt. Judson Kilpatrick, in New York city, July, 1861. Marched thence to Fort Monroe, where it was mustered July 30, 1861, for three years. Kilpatrick, who was a Captain in the 5th N. Y. (Duryea's), after the battle of Big Bethel was sent to New York, duly authorized by the Secretary of War to raise a squadron of cavalry for duty on the Peninsula, where New York's first volunteer regiments—the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 7th, and 10th—were sent. He reached the fort on the night Hampton was burnt, and marched up to the Seminary (now the Soldiers' Home) and placed his pickets; putting post No. 1 on top of the cupola! As soon as it was dark, that man (James Mean) saw Magruder crossing New Market Bridge. Immediately there was a stampede, and Kilpatrick and his command sought safety within the fort. The next day Gen. Wool ordered him out on a reconnaissance to Fox Hill and Back River. No enemy was found, but a few days afterwards he was ordered to the fort with his command. The General, in his old glazed Mexican war cap, came out on the stoop and severely lectured him for riding through a cornfield belonging to ex-President Tyler. Kilpatrick then left us never to return. He went to New York, raised a regiment, was sent to Washington, and made a demand for his companies on the Peninsula, but never got them. They grew to a battalion that Winter by gaining two companies from Van Wyck's (now U. S. Senator) 10th Legion—brave Sullivan County boys—and the following Summer, after the disastrous Peninsular campaign, to a full regiment of 1,200 men. They enjoyed the peculiar distinction, for cavalry, of taking part in a

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

Gen. Wool ordered them up, under their commander (Maj. Dodge), to Newport News on Saturday afternoon, March 8, where they ranged themselves along the bluff under cover, and opened fire with their carbines on the boats that came from the Merrimac to take the prisoners off the Congress.

Saturday night, May 10, they entered Norfolk at the head of Wool's army. Fifteen days later they started on their first raid, and, I claim, the first raid made by cavalry in the war. Leaving Norfolk they struck south into North Carolina, passing through South Mills; then on to Camden, Elizabeth City, Edenton, Hartford, Gatesville, South Quay, Franklin, Zuni, Windsor, Isle of Wight, and back by Suffolk, having marched over 300 miles in 10 days through the enemy's country, with a large amount of horses, mules and over 100 prisoners, our battalion numbering but 200 at the time. In June it went to Suffolk and was raised to a regiment under Col. Dodge. Here it remained till after that place was evacuated, when it was transferred to the Peninsula at Williamsburg, where it picketed and watched Richmond along the Chickahominy. May 4 it landed with Butler at Bermuda Hundred and took part in the engagements at Drewry's Bluff and Petersburg. During the Winter of 1864-'65 it camped near the Darbytown road, picketing the roads to Richmond. Gen. Grant, in his order unleashing his corps for their final and victorious campaign against Lee, ordered our Colonel (E. V. Sumner) to take his regiment over their old scouting ground by boat to Norfolk; then to march to Weldon, N. C., to destroy the railroads there and be in the way generally of Joe Johnston should he attempt to leave Sherman and strike for City Point, Grant's base. April 4 we were tearing up the railroad, when we learned that Lee had left Petersburg and Richmond. We immediately returned, reaching Petersburg, and being ordered into Richmond, which city we entered by the back door from Manchester, crossing the James on a pontoon near Libby. On Sunday morning, April 16, we marched up Main street to Capitol Square, in which we dismounted, feeding our horses on the luxuriant grass, while we, seated on the steps of the monument, drew out our writing materials, and on the first page wrote "Victory! Capital Square, Richmond, Va."

After a few hours we found our sick, lame and lazy, which we had left behind, had entered the city with the advance of Weitzel's troops. In fact, it is not positively known what troops were first in the city. It was said that our Quartermaster, Lieut. Corby, who rode the best and fleetest horse in Virginia—an old gray mare, of imported stock, that he had captured three years before in North Carolina—had slept at the picket on the Darbytown road every night since we left camp (March 27), believing that Grant would surely succeed this time; so that when the report came in that they were evacuating Richmond he started, passing the 4th Mass. Cav., and hurrying on to take possession of the stray mules that the rebel Quartermasters might forget in their hurry. Be this story true or false, we found our Quartermaster, with our dismounted men, camped on Church Hill, while he had all his stores at Chimborazo Hill, in buildings used by the Confederate Quartermaster, in which there was a large number of very lean and sore-backed mules. In the afternoon we were drawn up and the news of Lincoln's death was read to us, when we were detailed in squads of 10 and patrolled the streets. The regiment was kept in service—very much against our will, our Colonel being a Regular—until Nov. 29, when we were mustered out of the United States service at City Point, Va.; then we were taken to Albany, N. Y., and there formally disbanded a few days before Christmas. There may have been some regiments mustered out after this, but no cavalry regiments were. During the war we were the nearest to Richmond—Winter of 1861-'62, Camp Hamilton; 1862-63, Suffolk; 1863-'64, Williamsburg; 1864-'65, Darbytown road.

We had 126 killed, 234 wounded, and over 200 died from disease in the service out of 2,000 men that had served in the regiment at various periods. The number of engagements we were in no one man knows; a proper record of these events are seldom kept by a regiment that enlisted for the war. Our men were killed while sitting on their horses during dark nights on picket by the guerrilla—soldier by night and farmer by day; and on the scout, and raid, and reconnaissance; in the early morning, before daylight, while our stomachs were empty and our eyelids heavy. At night they were blown up by torpedoes, and killed by shell at Bottom's Bridge, Petersburg, and Darbytown road. They charged the ford at the Blackwater on the order of a General who was told the river was blockaded with trees, and the enemy securely hidden. But down we went, and received the fatal volley in our center, killing two brave German lads.

Four years and four months we served continuously, and never disobeyed an order. If the hard-tack was mouldy, we steeped it in coffee and fried it in fat; if the Paymaster was tardy and Secretary Chase short, we went "tick" at the Sutler's; if our time was nearly out, we re-enlisted, and that immediately, not dickering about the terms. Nearly every man in the regiment was a veteran, and his name had the letters V. V. after it on the muster-roll. So we have a right to call ourselves veterans. To-day our boys are scattered from Caribou in Maine to San Mater in California; from Walla Walla in Washington Territory to Fort Meade in Florida; from Duluth in Minnesota to Galveston in Texas.—W. H. ARMSTRONG.

Rheumatism.

There cannot possibly be a more distressing infliction in the long list of painful disorders, not one that has baffled the skill of physicians and entailed so much suffering as Rheumatism. To those afflicted we would advise to try Durang's Rheumatic Remedy. It is an internal remedy, and cures quickly and permanently. The Editor of this paper is not only well acquainted with the proprietor of this great cure, but will tell you that the medicine itself is without an equal for all forms of Rheumatism. Before asking your Druggist to order it for you write for my free 40-page pamphlet, and see for yourself what it has done or capable of doing. R. K. HELPHENSTINE, Druggist, Washington, D. C.

Night sweats, fever, chills, malaria, dyspepsia cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

IN THE BEGINNING.

The Experience, Spicily Told, of a Recruit in the Original "Three Months' Service."

TO THE EDITOR: Housed up by reason of a Montana blizzard, with the thermometer 37 degrees below zero, a man is apt to think of his friends; and first on the list I class THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. A short time since I wrote you in regard to a little of my experience as a member of Co. B, 1st N. Y. L. A; but my experience as a soldier commenced on the 23d of April, 1861, at Morris, Ill., where I enlisted in Capt. Hopkins's company of infantry, better known as the "Grundy Tigers." A few days later, armed with my uncle's double barrelled shot-gun and a determination to conquer the Southern Confederacy or perish in the attempt, I found myself quartered in one of the stables of the State Fair Grounds at Springfield, Ill., with both pants pockets full of No. 4 bird shot, and the original determination clinging to me like a leech. Col. W. H. L. Wallace had arrived at the capital, and the "Tigers" were to be mustered in as Co. F of the 11th Ill.

Then came the depressing rumor that President Lincoln had all the men he wanted. What was to become of the Grundy Tigers? I felt at that moment that Mr. Lincoln had made a mistake. My notion was to send all of the 75,000 home excepting the Tigers, and allow them to go on and conquer the rebels. I was prepared to do my share of it. Besides, my ammunition was getting heavy, and I wanted to unload it, either into the enemies of my country or onto the shot market at wholesale prices.

Just as I had given up all hopes of ever being allowed to kill off the Confederates, the order was given for the Tigers to fall in for muster-in. I fell in, and just at that moment the shot began to fall out of the bottoms of my pockets into my boots. First a few shot struck me about the ankles, and then the whole four pounds went in such a manner that I imagined myself a shot tower. Two shot towers in fact, one down each leg. The agony is over! At last we were genuine United States Volunteers, with all the term implied.

THE ARTICLES OF WAR

were read to us, and then Capt. Hopkins requested us to right face, and the order to mark time immediately followed. The first swinging motion of my right foot allowed some shot to settle into the bottoms of my boots. Just then I began to feel very uncomfortable. In fact I wished that I had not come. If those articles of war had not just been read to us I would have asked the gentleman who was my partner in the ranks to excuse me. But I felt as though my presence was necessary right there in the ranks, and I staid until it pleased Capt. Hopkins to break ranks. I got those boots off—that is, we got them off. I believe the most of the company took a pull at those boots before my feet were finally released. I was disheartened, but my troubles lightened some when I was handed a letter from my uncle, containing a brand-new $10 note, to buy, as he expressed it, "any little luxuries I might feel in need of."

I was in need of luxuries. I wanted gingerbread, and I approached the Captain for a pass for two comrades and myself, which was readily granted. The comrades were short of funds and I generously volunteered to bear the expense of furnishing cake for all. The first baker's shop we struck caught us. The proprietor was a German, and a loyal man. He took occasion to assure us of this immediately on receiving my order for 50 cents' worth of his cake. Maybe I spread it on a little thicker than the state of my finances would warrant when I gave the order, but as the other comrades were "broke," I felt justified. Talk about presentiments! The moment that Dutchman reached for his bank-note detector I began to feel a kind of doubt, and when he assured me that my note was quoted at 50 cents on the dollar, and that it looked very much like a counterfeit, I felt lonesome, indeed. I gave him back his cakes, and though we all three resolved that he did not know good money when he saw it, we kindly refrained from buying anything with that bill afterwards. I returned the money to my uncle, who wrote to say that his banker said that the money was good. I remember that it was a Michigan bank note, just fresh from the press.

After our muster-in came genuine military duty. I shall never forget my first night on guard—two hours on and four off; and, notwithstanding the penalties for sleeping on guard, which the officer assured us would surely be enforced, I am satisfied I slept fully three-fourths of the time I was on duty. On guard one day and police duty the day after was the order of those war-like weeks at Springfield. It fell to my lot to be one of those who were first called out for police duty. Now, my ideas of police duty were only associated with dark-blue coats, brass buttons, a mahogany club, and a star. When the Orderly called for the police to "fall in!" I am only expressing it mildly when I say that I felt flattered, for somehow I had concluded that we were going to be policemen in true city style. But my pride was completely flattened out when the Sergeant marched us up to a pile of picks and shovels, and, after arming each of us with one of those implements, he marched us to a place where he considered a ditch necessary. Being naturally of a tired nature I did some pretty loud grumbling, but I kept on digging right along just to please the Sergeant.

The next morning at roll call we were notified to turn our shot-guns over to the Quartermaster, who would ship them back to their owners, and at 10 o'clock all members of the company were to be on hand and ready to march to the arsenal, there to receive genuine U. S. rifles,—Springfield rifles,—with real bayonet attachments. When I received my gun, bright and new,—bayonet, cartridge-box, belt and all,—my patriotism went up 50 per cent. and my pride a full hundred. They did not give us any ammunition, and at the time I considered it unnecessary, for was not each and every one of the Tigers possessed of a bayonet? And were they not all anxious and ready to commence spearing rebels at once? I realized afterwards the wisdom of withholding the cartridges; for every soldier would have tried his gun, and the consequence would have been the loss of the old 11th to the service.

Finally, we arrived at Bird's Point, Mo., and the ammunition was issued. A call for volunteers to go on picket included, of course, the undersigned. We were ordered to load, and about dark my partner and myself were safely hidden away in some tall horseweeds. After being carefully instructed as to our duties, and particularly cautioned that only one of us should sleep at a time, we were left alone. No, not alone, for there were a million of the most venomous mosquitoes in the world with us. And they staid all night, too. The caution about sleep was unnecessary. That was the longest night I ever experienced, and without exception the most horrible. At daylight we were relieved and marched to the bank of the Mississippi to discharge our guns. The line was dressed and the order given to fire. When I came to I found the men were all alive, and those who were the least injured had succeeded in undressing their right shoulders, and were hunting around for broken bones.

THE ONLY DECENT GUN.

In due time we all got around again for duty, and though I loaded my Springfield rifle again, I never shot it off during the time of my three months' enlistment. I did picket duty on my turn, but kept an old exploded cap on the nipple of my Springfield to make sure of her good behavior. So that when the rest of the picket were being kicked around all over Bird's plantation, I stood firm. It finally got to be understood that I had the only gun in the regiment that did not kick, and the chances I had to trade her off were many. Finally, I found an extra-anxious man, and I parted with the only "decent gun in the regiment" for $2 to boot. I considered that my responsibility for the conduct of the old gun terminated when I removed the bogus cap and explained to her new proprietor that she was loaded. He was so tickled with his bargain that he at once concluded he would shoot her off and clean her up. He did shoot her off! But he did not clean her up.

I understand that he draws a pension for fracture of the bones of the right shoulder. A freshly-loaded Springfield rifle of the old pattern was bad enough, but one that was allowed to carry a load for a full month before being discharged, got her work in on a fellow with a spitefulness that was simply horrible.

About once a week some picket who was over-anxious to bring on an engagement would fire at one of Bird's hogs or an imaginary rebel; and the singular thing about the alarm was the regularity as to the time of night at which it would occur. It got to be so well understood that the boys would turn out barefooted, while such queries as "did he kill the hog?" would be whispered up and down the line. As I remember the army life of those early days of the war at Bird's Point, it was chiefly made up of grumbling at the officers and watching old Bird's plantation cave off into the Mississippi. Bird was not a favorite with the 11th. Almost every day some soldier was brought to account on his complaint, for some trifling matter, and consequently it got to be a great satisfaction to most of the men to witness the transfer of his lands to the Illinois and Kentucky shores. Occasionally a steamboat Captain would run by the whistling-post, that his passengers might enjoy the artillery practice that was sure to follow.

And so passed away the three months for which I had enlisted, without—so far as I can remember—any of the Tigers being called on to shed any rebel "goah." Some companies, I believe, did have a little skirmish, but I cannot at present remember their designations. I am informed that there are several members of the 11th in Montana, though I cannot recall any of their names excepting Mr. John Spiller, who was a member of Capt. Gibson's company, which, I believe, was organized at Ottawa, Ill. Comrade Spiller is now City Marshal of Virginia City, and would be pleased to hear from any of the old comrades who may remember him, as would also the undersigned. —DAVE W. LINDSAY, Co. F, 11th Ill., and Battery B, 1st N. Y. L. A.

NAGLEE'S OLD BRIGADE.

Its Splendid Services in the Peninsular Campaign.

TO THE EDITOR: There has been much said and written of Naglee's Brigade, especially of the part it took in the first day's fighting at the battle of Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines. I have been a reader of your valuable paper for many years, and I have not seen Naglee's Brigade spoken of in connection with any action, except the one above spoken of; but in looking over my old papers I find a copy of a General Order issued by Naglee after he had been put in command of a division, which in a brief way sums up the services of the brigade from the opening of the Peninsular campaign to the time of our entering the Carolinas, and I think it will prove interesting to many of your readers.—S. W. TAYLOR, Co. A, 52d Pa., Harveyville, Pa.

HEADQUARTERS NAGLEE'S DIVISION,
NEW BERNE, N. C., Jan. 8, 1863.

General Orders, No. 3.

The several regiments of the late First Brigade, commanded by Gen. Naglee, will inscribe upon their banners the following names, indicating important events in the history of the war in which they acted a conspicuous part, namely:

Lee's Mills, April, 1862—104th and 52d Pa., 11th Me., 56th and 100th N. Y.

Williamsburg, May 5, 1862—104th and 52d Pa., 11th Me., 56th and 100th N. Y.

Chickahominy, May 19, 1862—104th and 52d Pa., 11th Me., 56th and 100th N. Y.

Reconnaissance to Seven Pines, May 24, 25, and 26, 1862—104th and 52d Pa., 11th Me., 56th and 100th N. Y.

Seven Pines, or Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862—104th and 52d Pa., 11th Me., 56th and 100th N. Y.

Railroad and Bottom's Bridges, June 27 and 28, 1862—104th and 52d Pa., 11th Me., 56th and 100th N. Y.

White Oak Swamp Bridge, June 30, 1862—104th and 52d Pa., 11th Me., 56th and 100th N. Y.

Carter's Hill, July 2, 1862—104th and 52d Pa., 11th Me., 56th and 100th N. Y.

Matthews County, Nov. 22, 1862—11th Me. and 52d Pa., and Independent N. Y. Battery.

Gloucester, Va., Dec. 4, 1862—52d Pa., 11th Me., 56th and 100th N. Y.

Yorktown, Va., Aug. 17 to Dec. 31, 1862—104th and 52d Pa., 11th Me., 56th, 81st, 98th, and 100th N. Y., and Independent N. Y. Battery.

The General lately commanding the Brigade most happily takes this occasion to congratulate the officers and soldiers with whom he has been so intimately associated.

Whilst memory lasts it will continually recur to the scenes of deprivation and danger and blood and battle through which you have passed, and you will remember your inexperience and discontent, and then your discipline and happy affiliation. All will remember with regret the deadly effects of the swamps before Yorktown. You were the first in the advance upon Williamsburg, and when ordered to support Gen. Hancock the enemy gave up the contest.

On the 19th of May at Bottom's Bridge you waded waist deep in the swamps of the Chickahominy, you drove away the enemy, and were the first to cross that stream. On the 23d 170 of your number made a reconnaissance from Bottom's Bridge to the James River, near Drury's Bluff, and returned, bringing valuable information. On the 24th, 25th, and 26th, after other troops had failed, you made the gallant dashing reconnaissance of the Seven Pines, driving the superior force of Gen. Stuart from Bottom's Bridge to within four and a half miles of Richmond, the position nearest that city ever occupied by our troops.

On the 31st of May, at Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines, occupying the above advanced position, your brigade made the most desperate, bloody, obstinate fight of the war, and while we mourn the loss of one half of our comrades-in-arms you have the consolation of knowing that by their heroic sacrifice and your stubborn resistance you saved the Army of the Potomac from great disaster. On the 27th, 28th, and 29th of June the rebel Gen. Jackson hurled his immense force suddenly upon our right and passed that flank of the army, and all turned with extreme solicitude towards the rear at Bottom's Bridge, which, if crossed, would result in irretrievable ruin; and it should be a source of great pride and satisfaction in the future to remember that all this intense anxiety was dispelled and all breathed with relief and felt secure when it rapidly ran through the army that Naglee's Brigade had destroyed the bridges and stood night and day for three days in the middle of Chickahominy successfully and continually resisting its passage.

Again, on the following day, you held a post of the greatest importance and danger, at the White-Oak Swamp; the most determined efforts of the enemy to cross the bridge in pursuit of our army were thwarted by our artillery, and you stood for 10 hours supporting it, quiet spectators of the most terrific cannonade, while other regiments were only kept in place by being ordered back when they approached your line. Retreating all night, you stood ready in position on the following day expecting to be ordered to take part in the battle at Malvern Hill. Retreating again all night, at Carter's Hill, on the 2d of July, you stood by the artillery and wagon-train, and when all expected it would be destroyed, you brought it safely to Harrison's Landing.

During December you destroyed a dozen large salt works in Matthews County, Va., and drove the rangers from that and Gloucester, Middlesex, and King and Queen Counties, captured large herds intended for the rebel army, and destroyed all their barracks, stables, and stores.

At Yorktown, from August to the end of December, you have restored the works at that place and Gloucester Point, and they are, by your labor, rendered strong and defensible.

Thus is yours the honor of being first to cross and last to leave the Chickahominy; and while you led the advance from this memorable place to near Richmond, you were last in the retreating column when, after seven days' constant fighting, it reached a place of security and rest at Harrison's Landing.

Your descendants for generations will boast of the gallant conduct of the regiments to which you belong, and, when all are laid in the dust, history will still proclaim the glorious deeds performed by you.

A new page in your history is about to be written; let it be still more brilliant than that already known. Your past good conduct has won the warmest esteem and confidence of your late Brigade Commander; he has no apprehension for the future.

By command of
Brig.-Gen. HENRY M. NAGLEE,
Commanding Division.
GEO. H. JOHNSON, Capt. and A. A. G.

Winchester.

TO THE EDITOR: I see in THE TRIBUNE of Jan. 1, Comrade Thomas Paley, 87th Pa., denies that the 87th Pa. was driven back to Winchester from behind the stone fence, but was, he says, ordered back by Gen. Milroy. Perhaps so, comrade, as Gen. Milroy might have thought Col. Ely, who commanded the brigade, was neglecting them, and that after the little drummer boy was killed some of the fighting material might get hurt. But, then, it was a pretty regiment—on parade. I have often watched them drilling on the Hollingsworth Hills and admired their precision in evolution; and proficiency came into fine play in executing that order (?) to fall back. A beautiful line of skirmishers went on in the advance—to the rear—to beat down the clover for the main line. No, comrade, I did not intend you to understand me to say your whole regiment surrendered. No, indeed! Not that skirmish-line on the retreat. They forgot to obey Gen. Milroy's order to halt on Monday morning at Carter's house, and no amount of his "cussing" and efforts of your gallant officers would induce you to "fall in line." But a very respectable number did form in line and fought bravely until compelled to surrender. Corp. Jack Skelley, of the 87th Pa., after whom Post 9 at Gettysburg is named, received his death wound there, and I enjoyed for many months in Libby Prison the company of some of the brave men of the 87th captured with us that morning.

I believe every commissioned officer of my regiment stood by our flag and we were proud of the fact; and the colors were not surrendered either, but our Color-Sergeant cut them from the staff and wrapped them around his body beneath his clothing, and carried them safely through his confinement on Belle Island and they floated in our front to the close of the war, and now hangs, I believe, in the Armory of Wilson Post, G.A.R., in Baltimore.—C. E. GOLDSBOROUGH, 5th Md., Hunterstown, Pa.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. Lawrence, 199 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y., will receive the recipe free of charge.

A Pleasant Foraging Expedition.

TO THE EDITOR: After 20 years my memory goes back to the stirring times of 1864. December 7 of that year, our division—Third Division, Second Corps, Army of the Potomac—was ordered to pack up and get ready to move. Six days' rations and an extra supply of ammunition were drawn. All sick and afflicted were ordered to the rear, as it was intimated we were to have some quick marching: no supply or even ambulance trains being allowed to go. The Fifth Corps accompanied us, all being under the immediate command of Maj.-Gen. G. K. Warren. A braver or more gallant officer never led troops in this or any other country. We left the front lines at Petersburg and proceeded south by way of the old Jerusalem plank road. Before evening we reached the Notaway River and crossed on pontoon bridges, and went into camp on the south side of the river. The next morning we resumed our march, passing Sussex Court-house and struck the Weldon Railroad at a place called Jarrat's Station, and commenced the destruction of the road. That night we camped near the railroad, tired, smoke-begrimed, and hungry. Our rations running low, myself and a chum of mine asked permission to forage a little, which was given us. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and we shaped our course due west through a growth of dark pines. After picking our way through the woods we came out on a fine plantation. As we drew near we stopped to reconnoiter a little, and we could plainly hear what was music to a hugry soldier's ear—the squealing and grunting of pigs. We started to have a look at them, and I guess we would have tried to carry one off if we hadn't suddenly come in sight of some sheep, and concluded that mutton was better than pork. After some hard running we at length succeeded in capturing a fine fat fellow. My comrade producing an old jack-knife, I made the wool fly for a few minutes. We then strapped his legs with our belts, slung him on a fencerail and started for camp. After going for some distance my chum suggested that we go back to the house and get some potatoes to go with our mutton, which was agreed to by me. So we hid our sheep and went back. We moved cautiously, for we didn't know what kind of a reception we would get. As we neared the house we saw a lady standing in the doorway looking at the burning railroad and forest, which also had taken fire, and made a grand sight, but which must have struck terror to her very soul, it being her first experience in the cruel ravages of war. We approached her and bade her good evening, and quickly made known our errand. We told her we were short of rations, and would like some potatoes and bacon. I shall never forget her noble answer. She said, although we were enemies, "I cannot refuse you something to eat." We assured her she would be protected, and she invited us in the house, and we went in a very nice sitting room. We could see by the dull fire in the fireplace there were several persons present, and to enable us to get a better look, my chum pulled a piece of candle out of his pocket and lighted it from the fire. We then took a survey of the inmates. The family's name was Bailey—so she told us—and in the room sat an old lady, apparently 80 years of age, and Mrs. Bailey (whom we met at the door), and a young lady (who said her name was Sue Smith, a governess), and a fine little boy of about five years (who had on a little gray uniform) and two little girls. We had been in the room about 20 minutes, talking very socially, when some fellows from a New York regiment came thundering at the door, which frightened the ladies very much. We told them to be quiet and we would try and send them away. We went to the door and told the boys that we were put there as guards, and ordered them away. I guess they went, for we did not hear from them any more. Mrs. Bailey was very thankful to us, and showed her gratitude by sending a colored man with us to the smoke-house, and we cut down all the bacon we wanted, filled our haversacks with sweet potatoes and one canteen full of sirup. Mrs. Bailey begged us to stay all the rest of the night for protection, but, as we were obliged to get into camp to give the boys some supper, we very reluctantly declined. So we bade them all good-night and started. We found our sheep all right, and brought a very fair load into camp. Before starting out we told our company cook to have a good fire made. And seeing our regimental colors and a good fire, we also saw some men sitting around it, and supposed, of course, it was our boys. My chum had hold of the front end of the rail, and he halloed out, "Here is some mutton for you, boys." When they looked around, it proved to be the old Colonel himself. We stopped, as the Johnnies used to say, "right quick"; but he called out, "bring it along, boys—I don't care if we do have some." And we didn't forget him when we dressed our sheep.

After burning and destroying the railroad, until warned by Lee's cannon that we could go no further, we retraced our steps to our own lines, having in six days marched over 125 miles, torn up about 20 or 25 miles of railroad, burnt several bridges, with but the loss of a few men, who were mostly stragglers. On our way back we found the bodies of 11 of our men who had been killed by the farmers or bushwhackers. They were cut and slashed in the most inhuman manner. To retaliate, we were ordered to burn every house on the march, which was done. If ever any of Mrs. Bailey's family or herself happen to see and read these lines they will think of the friendly visit of the two Union soldiers on that December night. Whether she missed her sheep or not, I cannot say; but if I knew where she or any of her family is now, I would gladly pay for it, as she was as true-hearted a lady as I ever met in Dixie.—CHARLES EMERSON, Serg't, Co. H, 7th Me. H. A., Indian River, Me.

Relics of Three Wars.

TO THE EDITOR: I have in my possession a "grape-shot" or cannon-ball (weight about four pounds) that was plowed up on Braddock's Field some 50 years or more ago. It has been in our cabinet of "Curiosities" for nearly 40 years. According to all history this must have been fired by Gen. Washington, as but one round was fired at that battle, and that by Washington, in a vain endeavor to rally the British artillerymen, who would not stand under the (to them) new mode of warfare in vogue among the Indians. A few years ago a little boy digging for fish-bait in the eastern part of this city, at some inches below the surface dug up an iron ball (weight about one and a half or two pounds). During the war of 1812, this place was a rendezvous for troops. The army also encamped here for a few weeks before entering the almost trackless forest, en route to Detroit and the battle of the Thames. In conversation with a survivor of that war (we have two of those old heroes in our city), I learned that this army encamped upon the ground where this ball was found, and that it was undoubtedly a relic of the war of 1812. Of the war of the rebellion I have several mementoes picked up and carried around until an opportunity arrived to send them North. Those most prized, however, are, first, a 12-pound solid shot, picked up near Shiloh Church a few days after the battle of Pittsburg Landing; second, an autograph letter of transmittal from the Assistant Treasurer of the Confederate States, to a certain bank in Tennessee, sending the genuine signatures of all the signers of the rebel Treasury notes. There is some two dozen of them, all prominent men in the South; and, lastly, I have—packed in cotton and carefully framed—a bouquet of white roses, from the coffin of the immortal Lincoln. At his funeral in Columbus, all emblems of mourning—black goods, flowers, etc.—were afterwards sold for the benefit of the poor, the sale netting about $350. It was at this sale that the above bouquet was obtained.—C. J. MADDEN, 102d Ohio, Urbana, O.

To Stop an Obstinate Cough.

A new medical book mentions 132 cough remedies. Only three are needed. Which three? That's what troubles doctors. But the three combined in the "Thoro" Cough Medicine succeed where others fail. Read this: "Inclosed is $2. Please send me the worth of it in your Cough Medicine. My mother has nursed in this city [Syracuse, N. Y.] about 15 years for the best physicians here, and she will be 69 years old next Spring, and she says she has never known a Cough Medicine equal to it." This old lady is a stranger to us; her testimony is especially valuable because of her great experience and opportunity to compare the "Thoro" with other Cough Medicines. We have sent the letter to THE TRIBUNE. "Thoro" moderates cough, soothes irritation, loosens phlegm, and cleanses and heals both lungs and throat. Sent by express on receipt of price, $1 per bottle; 6 bottles, $5. Special rates to the trade. The "Thoro" Company, 1224 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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CONDENSED LETTERS.

Wm. E. Devine, Co. C, 63d Ind., Danville, Ill., files a claim that the Third Division, Twenty-third Army Corps, captured more rebel flags at Franklin than all the rest of the troops engaged; also, that it was the first to capture the rebel works at Resaca and the first to cross the Chattahoochie River.

"Karl" criticizes sharply the management of the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, Ohio; he thinks the military discipline is too strict. He says the Home has now about 4,500 inmates, of whom 250 have to sleep on the floor for lack of accommodations.

W. J. Smith, West Township, Albany Co., N. Y., writes: "Hold on! B. F. Luce, Drum-Major, 5th Wis.: You got the 43d N. Y. off its base when you put it in the Third Brigade, First Division, Sixth Corps, at Rappahannock. The 43d, after the Chancellorsville campaign, was assigned to the Third Brigade, Second Division, Sixth Corps, in which it served until mustered out June 27, 1865."

S. A. McNiel, Co. F, 31st Ohio, Richwood, O., says that the First Brigade, Third Division, Fourteenth Corps, composed of the 17th, 31st, and 38th Ohio, and 82d Ind., turned Bragg's left at Hoover's Gap in June, 1863, and at Chickamauga took from the rebels a battery, which had been captured from the 21st Wis. and 79th Pa. He would like to hear from any survivors of the brigade.

F. Folger, Co. E, 5th Vt., Duncombe, Iowa, would like to know if any comrade remembers the expedition gotten up by the Sixth Corps in the Shenandoah Valley in the Fall of 1864. He says the expedition was sent upon information given by a pretended deserter, who said he knew where there were 500 good horses secreted in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

D. C. Barrows, 22d Ill., Bartondale, Kan., corrects Comrade Brown, 10th Ill., who said that Col. Swanwick was wounded and taken prisoner at Stone's River. He was neither wounded nor captured there, but had two horses killed.

M. C. Hackett, 14th Mass. battery, Northampton, Mass., says that the 14th N. Y. H. A. did picket duty in front of Fort Stedman, March 24, 1865, and that they did not behave very well. He says they permitted a charge by the enemy, which resulted in the capture of two of the guns of his battery.

W. C. Holter, Co. D, 45th Pa., Howard Center, Pa., has in his possession a bible which he found in a rebel rifle-pit in front of Petersburg, June 9, 1865. The owner had evidently been wounded, as the book plainly shows blood stains. On the fly leaf is the inscription, "Wm. W. Hutchinson, Co. K, 46th Va. Reg., July 19, 1863." Comrade Holter will restore the bible to its owner or any of his friends who may apply to him.

John Newland, Co. C, 10th Mo., Westfield, McPherson Co., Kan., insists that his regiment was the first to enter Jackson, Miss., and not the 59th Ind. He says his company lost half its men in that fight.

W. B. Willis, Second Lieutenant, Co. C, 24th N. Y., Alloway, N. J., corrects F. Williamson in regard to the First Brigade, Third Division, Second Corps, the latter having omitted the 24th and 28th N. J., which belonged to that brigade.

J. S. Thompson, Captain, Co. F, 10th Vt., Lyndon, Vt., says he was one of the 600 Union prisoners at Charleston who were placed under the fire of the Morris Island batteries. He always supposed that the shells came from the Swamp Angel battery, and would like to know whether this is correct.

Francis E. Wood, Pomona, Ill., writing of the Red River expedition, says that but for Gen. A. J. Smith the expedition would have been a total failure.

E. R. Beach, Co. K, 72d Ohio, strongly defends the 46th and 72d Ohio at Shiloh from the criticisms of Comrade Hogue.

Wesley Kysher, Cleveland, Tenn., Senior Vice-Commander, Oviatt Post, No. 20, G.A.R., Department of Tennessee and Georgia, asks financial aid for needy soldiers of that Post.

J. M. Lovejoy, Co. G, 121st N. Y., South Valley, N. Y., pays a high compliment to the gallantry of the 2d Conn. H. A. at Cold Harbor, where it lost 350 men and captured nearly 500 prisoners; and also, at Winchester, Cedar Creek, Fisher's Hill, Petersburg, and Sailor's Creek.

Wm. C. Chick, Co. I, 85th Pa., Uniontown, Pa., takes issue with Capt. F. C. Jones, 64th N. Y., in regard to the last fighting done by infantry in the campaign that ended at Appomattox. He says the last infantry fighting was done by First Brigade, First Division, Twenty-fourth Corps, composed of the 39th Ill., 67th Ohio, 199th Pa., and a detachment of the 85th Pa. The fight occurred on the morning of April 9, 1865.

W. K. Spencer, Co. B, McLaughlin's squadron, Ohio Cav., Bridgeport, Ill., confesses that he was the culprit who stole and ate the "griddle greaser" of his mess in camp at Strawberry Plains, Tenn.

A. Lawson, Co. B, 5th Kan. Cav., writes an account of the march down the White River, Ark., in 1862.

Dr. C. H. Merrick, Seattle, Wash. Ter., speaks a good word for the 8th Ohio, "a regiment which has traveled farther, fought harder, and suffered more, with less blowing than any other Ohio regiment."

Geo. W. Hitchcock, Quartermaster Sergeant, 89th N. Y., writes that Comrade Armstrong is wrong in his criticism of "Carleton's" account of the capture of a rebel battery on the Nansemond in the Spring of 1863. The 89th N. Y. and part of the 8th Conn. did capture a rebel fort there with eight guns and 119 prisoners, including nine officers, and were complimented in orders by Gen. Getty.

John W. Foland, Co. E, 34th Ind., Frankton, Ind., supports the claim of his regiment for the honor of capturing the battery at Magnolia Church.

Henry Hazler, Poquetannock, Conn., has in his possession a discharge of Gustavus Fine from Co. E, 7th regiment, V. R. C., formerly of Co. A, 82d Ill., which he will be glad to restore to its owner.

A. P. Heminger, First Serg't, Co. A, 121st Ohio, Martinstown, Mo., writes briefly of Kenesaw. His brigade was the Second of the Second Division, Fourteenth Corps, and was composed of the 78th Ill., 108th, 113th and 121st Ohio. He thinks that if the 66th Ohio, Twentieth Corps, which was next on their right, had moved forward its line during the charge, the effort to break the enemy would have been successful.

C. S. Atkins, Co. F, 2d Kan., Pleasanton, Kan., says that Gen. Lyon was killed at Wilson's Creek, while personally leading the 2d Kan. in a charge. Col. Robert B. Mitchell, of that regiment, was wounded almost at the same moment and fell by his side.

R. N. Ashmore, Co. C, Second Battalion, U. S. Inf., says that in the charge up Missionary Ridge they struck the 6th Tex., captured its camp and a large number of its members. He says that when "Old Pap" Thomas came riding across the plain toward the Fourteenth Corps, the latter united in a mighty shout that seemed to shake the very hills. No power on earth could stop the boys on that charge after they once got fairly started.

Jacob Boyd, Pontiac, Kan., would like to hear from any of his comrades who took prisoners from Point Lookout, Md., to Elmira, N. Y., during which trip a large number were killed and wounded by a railroad accident.

J. S. Alexander, Co. F, 67th Ind., writes an account of the Red River expedition, in which he was one of the captured and taken with a large party of prisoners to Alexandria, La. There a scheme was laid to overpower the guards, capture the arms, release the officers confined in the Court-house, and strike for the Mississippi River. The plan was betrayed to the enemy and had to be abandoned.

John J. Wigton, Co. A, 104th Pa., Colora, Cecil Co., Md., defends Casey's Division from the charge of having been surprised at Fair Oaks. He was one of that division, and claims to know what he is writing about. He says his regiment lost nearly 600 men in that fight, of whom 100 were killed on the field.

John Wilson, Capt., Co. C, 8th Ky., Station Camp, Estill Co., Ky., says he planted the first Union flag on the summit of Lookout Mountain. He criticises the article of Col. Rickards, 29th Pa., charging that it does great injustice to Gen. Whittaker.

J. H. Watson, Co. D, 57th Ind., Altoona, Kan., says, in answer to Comrade Infield, that the name of the Corporal killed by his side was Warren Ellsworth, who was a great favorite with his comrades. He says that during the fight at Franklin a lad belonging to the 125th Ohio, who was so badly wounded that he could not use his gun, tore cartridges for Watson and another comrade. He would like to hear from this young man if living.

Sergt. James H. Seaman, Co. C, 40th Ind., Martinsville, Ind., rises to remark that Comrade Infield is wrong in saying that the 100th Ill. was in the Second Brigade, Second Division, Fourth Corps. It was composed of the 26th and 97th Ohio, 40th and 57th Ind., and 28th Ky. He says the 40th Ind. was the rear-guard between Spring Hill and Franklin.

W. T. Eddy, Co. C, 89th N. Y., Oregon, Mo., says that "Carleton" is right in giving credit to the 89th N. Y. and a part of the 8th Conn. for the capture of the battery on the Nansemond River, April 19, 1863.

E. F. Ballard writes to correct his address, which was wrongly printed. It is Ballard's Falls, Washington Co., Kan.

Bush M. Mason, Kankakee City, Ill., says that Comrade Infield, 97th Ohio, is right as to the rear-guard on the march between Spring Hill and Franklin. It was the Third Brigade, First Division, Fourth Corps, and the 9th Ind. was the last of the column.

J. H. Lagle, Co. D, 19th Iowa, Linderville, Mo., writes about killing his first alligator at Port Hudson.

A correspondent mentions the death at White Earth, Minn., of Edward B. Price, who served in the U. S. Dragoons in the Mexican war, and during the late war in the 1st Minn.

N. B. Abbett, 33d Ind., Redwood Falls, Minn., does not agree with Henry Shafer as to what regiment first planted its flag on the enemy's fortifications at Atlanta. Comrade Abbett says the 33d Ind., of the Second Brigade, Third Division, Twentieth Corps, was the first Union regiment to enter Atlanta.

O. A. Rea, Co. H, 82d Ohio, Marmont, Ind., rises to defend the honor of the Eleventh Corps at Gettysburg. He gives extracts from his diary which prove that his regiment and many others did most gallant service. The Colonel of his regiment was James S. Robinson, now Secretary of the State of Ohio. His brigade was Kryzanowski's, of Schurz's Division.

Sam H. Morris, Co. K, 124th Ind., Cambridge City, Ind., replying to D. W. Smith, 120th Ind., as to Gen. Hovey's Division at Resaca, May 15th, 1864, says the 124th was not in the charge, but was on detached duty at Snake Creek Gap. He wants some of the 120th boys to write up the battle of Kingston, N. C., in which they bore so honorable a part.

G. M. Potter, Co. I, 4th Ohio, Jamaica, Guthrie Co., Ia., corrects W. H. Hurford as to the composition of the First Brigade of Shields's Division. Hurford says it was made up of the 13th Ind., 39th Ill., 62d and 67th Ohio. Mr. Potter says the regiments were the 4th and 8th Ohio, 14th Ind. and 7th W. Va., Brig.-Gen. Nathan Kimball commanding.

A circular received from George H. Uhler, Corresponding Secretary, gives the proceedings of a business meeting of the Executive Committee of the Ninety-third Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteer Association. The committee invites the Regimental Associations of the 98th, 102d and 139th Pa., and 62d N. Y., to join them in a Brigade Reunion in September next.

Albert Ford, Pomeroy, Wash. Ter., writes of the death of Newell S. Patterson, of Pattaha Prairie, who served in Co. A, 7th Kan. Cav. He leaves a wife and nine children.

Francis A. Booton, Co. C, 91st Ohio, Urbana, Ill., writes a description of the battle of Cedar Creek, the scene of Sheridan's famous ride. He thinks the war furnished no parallel of an army that turned apparent defeat into so complete a victory.

Horatio M. Strever, Co. A., 41st Ill., Argenta, Ill., says the charge at Jackson, Miss., on the 12th of July, was made by the Second Brigade of Lauman's Division, Sixteenth Army Corps. The regiments that took part were the 28th, 41st, and 53d Ill., and the 3d Iowa. He would like to hear from some of the boys who participated.

M. Kindell, Co. B., 94th Ohio, writes that he was captured at Chickamauga and was in confinement 17 months. He would like to hear from any of his old fellow-prisoners.

B. Cole, Co. I, 7th Wis., says Gen. Howard is mistaken in putting New York troops into Sol. Meredith's Iron Brigade. He says it was composed of the 2d, 6th and 7th Wis., and 19th Ind.

N. B. Parker, Co. C, 59th Ohio, Chicago, O., says Comrade Kelso, 1st Ohio L. A., omitted to mention the 59th Ohio at the battle of Ivy Mountain. In reply to the question, "What regiment began the battle of Chickamauga?" he says the first shots were fired on the evening of Sept. 18 by his regiment and the 44th Ind.

Robert C. Folwell, Co. E, 8th Pa. Cav., Mollica Hill, N. J., tells of the escape of himself and several fellow-prisoners from Andersonville by tunneling their way out.

Henry H. Winders, Co. I, 10th Wis., Aurelia, Iowa, who was a prisoner 19 months, tells the old, sad story of Andersonville. He would be glad to hear from any of his companions in misery.

J. C. Palmer, Co. C, 13th N. H., 58 Huron street, Cleveland, O., sustains Comrade Armstrong's correction of "Carleton's" account of the siege of Suffolk. He says that Armstrong erred, however, in saying that 100 men from the 11th N. H. were sent to capture the fort on the Nansemond. They were from the 10th N. H.

L. D. Shearer, Serg't, Co. A, 138th Pa., Norristown, Pa., takes issue with Capt. F. C. Jones, 64th N. Y., regarding the last fighting of the Army of the Potomac. He says Jones's dates are wrong, and that the last battle was at Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, the Union forces engaged being the Second and Third Divisions of the Sixth Corps and part of Sheridan's cavalry.

J. Headley, First Serg't, Co. A, 2d N. Y. H. A., also says that Capt. Jones is "off his base." He does not question his correctness as between Farmville and Sailor's Creek, but says other troops—for instance, the 5th N. H., 61st N. Y. and 2d N. Y. H. A.—are entitled to a share of the honors, inasmuch as they shared liberally in the fighting. Headley fixes the action at Farmville on April 7.

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