

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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SOMEBODY'S BLUNDER,

Which Caused the Rout at Chancellorsville.

CONFIDENT GENERALS, Who Would Not Credit the Warnings.

STONEWALL'S BLOW. The Confusion Which Followed Its Delivery.

BY GEN. J. C. LEE, COLONEL 55TH OHIO, AND EX-LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF OHIO.

Much has been written and probably much more will be written of the Eleventh Corps. At Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863, a disaster befell that corps, which has in a great measure been laid at the door of the arms-bearing men and subordinate officers. This is at once unjust and cruel. No veterans of the Regular Army could have maintained their ground under the same circumstances.

THE WRITER'S POSITION. I propose to give such facts as I myself observed, and to give nothing from hearsay. I was in command of the 55th Ohio. The Eleventh Corps consisted of three divisions, commanded by Gen. Devens, Steinwehr and Schurz. Devens's Division was on the extreme right of the corps, and the corps on the right of the army. This division had two brigades—Von Gilsa's and McLean's. Von Gilsa's was on the right, and McLean's next to it. My regiment, on the right of McLean's, was next to the left of Von Gilsa's. In McLean's Brigade were four Ohio regiments—25th, 55th, 76th and 107th—and the 17th Conn., Col. Noble.

THE BATTLE LINE of the division was on the old Orange Court-house road from Fredericksburg, via Chancellorsville, to Orange Court-house. A new Orange Court-house road had been opened, branching off from the old road, between Chancellorsville and the position held by Devens's Brigade. This new road ran nearly eastward. The old road, near the division, was posted, ran nearly westward, with a slight deviation to the north, giving the division, which was in line on the south line of the road, a slight fronting to the west of south. A rail fence was in front of McLean's Brigade, and woods in front and rear of Von Gilsa's. The road beyond Von Gilsa's was somewhat crooked and not over 30 feet wide, with thick woods on both sides so far as could be seen from his right, which was not far. In front of McLean there was open ground. Gens. Devens and McLean were quartered at the house of Mr. Hatch, near McLean's Brigade, just on the south side of the old road. The other divisions of the Eleventh Corps were on the left of McLean and toward Chancellorsville, but how posted I only know from what I saw as we were driven back toward Chancellorsville.

THE ORDER OF BATTLE. Beginning with Von Gilsa's right, which rested on the old road, in the woods one of his regiments, the largest, less than a year in the service, was in line across the road facing westward, and behind an abatis made by felling timbers in a window. My understanding then was that it was a "raw" regiment from Pennsylvania, and the uniforms of the men seemed fresh, and the whole appearance was not that of experienced soldiers. Whether any of this brigade were in reserve in the rear of the line I do not remember. It left connected closely with my right. My regiment on its left connected with the 107th Ohio, and that with the 76th, and in rear of the 107th the 25th Ohio, both in close column by divisions, and fronting to the south. This disposition was made on the 1st and was maintained till about 6 p. m. of the 2d of May. On the morning of the 2d Gen. Hooker rode along the rear of the division, where he was received with the enthusiastic shouts of all. He was accompanied by the corps and division commanders.

THE MORNING WAS FOGGY, and the mist was not entirely gone at 10 a. m. This fact aided Stonewall Jackson in concealing somewhat his movement to our right flank across our front. About 10 a. m. we could, in the southeast, on a high and distant point, see some evidence of troops moving southerly or southwesterly. I at once went to the Hatch-house to learn from McLean, my next superior officer, what it meant. He said the supposition was that Lee's army was in retreat. Not satisfied with that, upon inquiry of him I found he knew nothing of the road on which the movement was taking place. I suggested that the old man Hatch be called and questioned about it. McLean declined to do that, as he was quartered in his house. McLean withdrew, and on my own responsibility I hunted up Hatch, took him to the point where the moving troops could be seen, and pointed them out to him. For a long time he said he could not see any troops. I knew he could, and told him so, and also told him that he must before I left him tell me on what road they were moving and all its connections. He objected, but I plainly told him that his person and property were in our hands, and he must tell, and tell truthfully, all about that and the succession of roads around to our right flank on the road on which we were then lying. I made him go with me to a part of his door-yard not covered with grass, and under his instructions I marked out the route from where we could see the troops around to our right flank, and got the distance, which was not over eight miles. I then dismissed him, got Gen. McLean, and showed him the diagram of the roads and

gave him the distance, together with my firm conviction that Jackson would soon ATTACK OUR RIGHT FLANK.

He said he would inform Gen. Devens, and I returned to my command. Without any delay I communicated these facts to Capt. Robbins, who was in command of the picket-line in front of our division, and requested him to make every effort to learn whether the enemy was moving across our front to our right flank.

Three different messengers were sent to me from the picket-line between 11 a. m. and 4 p. m., each one of whom I knew. They each bore messages showing that both infantry and artillery in heavy force were passing across our front around to our right flank. I took each of these three messengers and their messages to Generals McLean and Devens. No action was taken upon the first two, and when the third came, I insisted on having such action taken as the danger of a flank attack required. Gen. Devens urged that he had no such information from corps or army headquarters, and with some impatience said to me, that "it was not worth while to be scared before we were hurt." Of course I left, and had no further communication with him till after the attack was begun. He did, however, just as I was leaving, dispatch a staff officer to corps headquarters with instructions to inquire whether they had any information that the enemy was passing to our right flank. The officer was not instructed to communicate the information that had been given by myself to division headquarters. Col. Richardson, of the 25th, and Kelley, of the 75th, were aware of all the above facts, and, like myself, made every preparation they could for the expected attack. Soon after I saw Gen. Devens the last time above mentioned, some scouts were sent out through the woods on our right, and in the course of three quarters of an hour or less they came back, one at a time, and reported a large body of the enemy on our right flank apparently resting. They were both infantry and artillery, and beyond the woods, in open ground.

A SQUADRON OF CAVALRY under a Captain was also afterwards sent out to reconnoiter. He soon returned, and I heard him make his report to Gen. Devens, who was in his saddle in the rear of my line. The Captain said to Gen. Devens he could go only a little way, for he encountered a heavy body of the enemy's infantry. The General, with manifest dissatisfaction, said: "I wish I could get some one who could make a reconnaissance for me."

The Captain quietly but firmly replied: "General, I can go farther, but I can't promise to return." I did not know of any further efforts at a reconnaissance, and Gen. Devens rode toward the left of the division and out of my sight. It was now nearly 6 p. m. No change of position was made by the division. Just as I reached there I saw a squad of the enemy's cavalry ride up on the old road, within 20 rods of the "raw" Pennsylvania regiment, look for a minute and withdraw. Not a shot was fired on either side. I do not absolutely know it, but I am morally certain there was not a man on picket on the right or rear of our line.

OPENING THE ATTACK. I at once hurried back to my command. I had scarcely reached it when the firing began by the attacking column of Jackson. Our picket-line in our front was undisturbed. The attack, coming whence it did, was unheralded by any picket firing. The right of the division, Von Gilsa's Brigade, had been reported as not under arms when the attack began. This is not correct. The brigade was within my view; there were some little coffee fires in the rear of the line, and there may have been some arms in stock.

It is certainly true that they had no information leading them to expect a flank or rear attack. They were not surprised in the sense of not being ready to fight. They were thoroughly surprised in having a heavy attacking column, without warning, strike them in flank and rear. Piquant writers have magnified the above facts into a cruel injustice toward that brigade, and through it toward the whole corps. The rank and file of the Eleventh Corps are no more to be blamed for that rout than pins in a bowling alley for falling when struck by the ball of the player.

So soon as the firing began, and before its effect was felt where I was, I galloped to the left and found Gens. McLean and Devens together in their saddles in the rear of the left of the 107th, and reported an attack on the right flank of the division and no enemy in front. At the same time I asked leave to change front and fight. Gen. Devens made no answer, and Gen. McLean said "Not yet." My return to my command was at full speed. By that time the line of

VON GILSA'S BRIGADE WAS BREAKING and its soldiers beginning to fly eastward in our rear. None of them were in position to fight, except the regiment that knew nothing about it. The enemy began to show a long lap over the rear of our line, and to be moving steadily forward. I could not fire a piece. There was no enemy in front, and the Von Gilsa line was in the road between my flank and the enemy. Again with utmost speed I went to Gens. McLean and Devens, and saluting, announced that the enemy with his attacking column was advancing, overlapping our rear, and there was no enemy in front, and waited a moment for orders, when I received a dismissing signal, and returned to my command.

By that time the regiment withdrew its line to the north side of the road to escape the enfilading grape and canister that came along the road. At that juncture my horse, receiving

me for a brief time unconscious. Upon recovery, the first thing I noticed was my horse making toward the left of the division. I did not see him afterwards. He died that evening, as I was told by wounded men of the regiment who remained on the field. With nothing but my sword and field-glass, one over one shoulder and the other over the other, I made my way back to the place where I had left the 55th, but it was not there. It had been swept away. Many of its brave men fell there dead, and others were wounded, without firing a defensive shot. There was blundering—criminal blundering. For less offenses courts-martial have pronounced the severest military sentences.

If corps and army headquarters had the facts showing the impending attack that brigade and division headquarters had, then the responsibility is there. If not, then they ought to have been furnished these facts by the division commander, or he should have acted like a soldier and commanding officer. What I should have done I will not say,—but something to avoid the great calamity.

FOR THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. WAR SONGS. BY W. T. ROLLAND.

The sturper things were the smiling eyes The old man set with his smiling eyes Before the face, whose spark and play Flickered and faded from the eyes. The beloved youth, as the family Mother and son and daughters throng, Came once by one with that old man. "Tis early yet, and the night is long, And we no more have one more a song, A song of darling things that he had.

The young man, waiting, and eager to please, Tenfold sharp and strong the organ keys: "Bring the good old organ, boys, we'll have another song." Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along: Sing it as we used to sing, it fits the old strong. While we were marching through the ranks, Hurrah! hurrah! we'll sound the jubilee: Hurrah! hurrah! for the old organ men free: So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea; While we went marching through Georgia.

The single ceased, the silence fell: Then softly the organ broke the spell: "We are retiring, and tenting to-night, Give us a song to cheer. Our weary hearts a song of home, And friends we love so dear. Many are the hearts that are weary to-night, Waiting for their tenting to-night, Many are the hearts longing for the right To see the dawn of peace. Tenting to-night, tenting to-night, Tenting on the old camp ground."

The old man's eyes were moist with tears, And he lived again in the stirring years: "When leaves were falling from the trees, And time was marked by the cannon's roar. "My boy was with Grant in his great campaign— At Donelson, Shiloh, and Vicksburg, too: With brave Marlinton, and loyal and true, And the gallant fellows who rode the train Of marching and hunger and mud and rain, And stuck and hung till Vicksburg fell.

"Let me see—was I ever in sixty-three— You know not how fast we were going: You were a lad, as your youth will tell; 'Twas in sixty-three, the Fourth of July, And the sun shined down from a burning sky When the news was wired the country over, That Grant and Sherman were on the march, And we shouted for joy in village and town As the Rebel stronghold tumbled down.

"My boy was there in the thick of things At Corick, Iuka, and Holly Springs, At Black River and the Champion Hill, And the gallant fellows who rode the train Of marching and hunger and mud and rain, And never stopped, nor day, nor night, But pushed away till Pemberton Said he had enough, and the thing was done.

"When we got the news the people were wild, And the flags flew out and the bonfires blazed, And it seemed as though the fields were crazed; But oh, that he had been there, then, when we were Who was watching and listening, half amazed. "The others were fixing their hats for joy, But I—I was thinking about my boy.

"They talked of the victory and praise again—I looked for the lists of wounded and slain, But I got no news as the days went by, A lingering, sickening, eternity. "Remember we gathered the wheat in, all, When there came a dear soldier's word, The writing faded, the corner torn, That told of my boy in the hospital.

"I wasn't used to 'n' railroads then, And I know not how fast we were going: But I never saw oxen that moved so slow As that train went, but the time came when At the front I found my boy again.

"I wouldn't have known him, he was so thin, His face all bearded and pined with woe; But he knew me when they led me in— And what I said, and how I felt, And he drew me down to his heart, I knew, And cried like a child—and I cried, too.

MILITARY MEMOIRS.

Driving Bragg's Army Out of Kentucky.

A NOTED KENTUCKIAN. Gen. Rosecrans Takes Command of the Army.

ON TO STONE'S RIVER. Fierce Skirmishing Around Nashville.

BY BREVET MAJ.-GEN. WM. P. CARLIN, COLONEL 4TH U. S. INF. (SOUTH, 1862.)

VIII. At Crab Orchard the part of the army to which I belonged went into camp and remained some days. During that period of rest a general court-martial was convened for the trial of certain officers. Brig.-Gen. James B. Steedman was President of the court. I was Judge-Advocate. Col. George, of a Minnesota regiment, was a member. The other members I do not now recall to mind. During the session of this court there was some discussion of the battle of Perryville and of Buell's merits. Finally it was proposed by one of the members that a telegraphic dispatch should be sent jointly by the members of the court-martial to President Lincoln expressing want of confidence of the signers in Maj.-Gen. Don Carlos Buell, Commander of the Army of the Ohio, and demanding his removal from command. Gen. Steedman wrote the dispatch. It was signed by him, and, I believe, by every member of the court-martial except myself. I refused distinctly to sign it on the ground of the insubordination, unmilitary and unlawful nature of the proceeding. But that dispatch was sent by telegraph, and shortly afterwards Gen. Buell was relieved. I do not believe that dispatch produced this result, but it was doubtless one of the drops that filled the bucket. No proceedings were taken against any member of that court-martial for this proceeding, and I suppose Buell never heard of it.

Another member proposed to write a letter to Gen. Buell requesting that he be informed by what authority of law Capt. or Maj. C. C. Gilbert, of the Regular Army, was assigned to the command of the Eighteenth Corps and issued orders to said Corps purporting to be issued by Maj.-Gen. Gilbert. To the best of my recollection a letter of this character was sent to Gen. Buell, who thereupon called on Gen. Gilbert for information as to his exact rank. It resulted in Gen. Gilbert's being relieved, of course, from the command of the Corps.

MOVE TO BOWLING GREEN.

The weather was now becoming raw and wet, and campaigning was not very comfortable. But that was no time for rest, as Bragg was simply escaping from our front in Kentucky in order to come up smiling again in the fruitful garden south of Nashville, in Central Tennessee. Some new stars shone on the shoulders of some who had been distinguished at Perryville—notably on the broad shoulders of the stalwart Rosecrans. This dash and in every way gallant officer had taken the precaution that the world, and especially that part of the planet known as "the dark and bloody ground," should not be kept in ignorance of his achievements. He took his fair historian along with him, and those who remember reading the Louisville Journal for several days after the battle of Perryville will recall how faithfully he served her hero with her pen. Her panegyrics were so glowing and highly colored that a disinterested reader would naturally have inferred that all the valor, all the military genius and all the masculine beauty in the Army of the Ohio was monopolized by Gen. Rosecrans. And it was generally admitted that Rosecrans was active and efficient in that battle and did good fighting. It necessarily enhanced his reputation. Rosecrans's mere figure was such as to command admiration among soldiers and women. Tall, large in frame, and muscular, without being in the least fleshy, he was perfectly straight and appeared to have the strength of a prize fighter and the personal courage of the bulldog. He had great ambition, too, and later in the war was one of those who had a grievance that afflicted many gentlemen who were politicians at home, but good soldiers during the war. He fancied that Generals who had not graduated at West Point were not as well treated in assignment to commands as those who had.

He continued with that army till the Winter of 1863-4, in command of a division,—a very honorable command. When the Army of the Cumberland was being remodeled, he did not take, or did not receive, a command in the field, but was assigned to the command of Nashville and vicinity. Rosecrans was quite an object of admiration to "the boys,"—as the educated men were usually called in the volunteer armies,—and when he passed through a camp they generally cheered him. They were also in the habit of cheering and yelling when a rabbit was seen running through a camp. On one occasion this yell attracted the attention of a party of officers, among whom was Jeff C. Davis. Some one asked the cause of this hilarity.

"ROUSSEAU OR A RABBIT," was Davis's response. With all Rosecrans's acknowledged gallantry in the field, my most agreeable recollection of him is connected with a speech he delivered in support of the Union cause in the Legislature of Kentucky before he entered the military service. It was an eloquent and patriotic speech, and I always respected him for that quite as much as for military services in behalf of the same cause.

The Army of the Ohio, under Buell's com-

mand, moved over the rough country from Crab Orchard to Bowling Green, where Gen. Buell relinquished command of it and Maj.-Gen. W. S. Rosecrans assumed the command. Rosecrans had gained success in several small affairs in West Virginia very early in the war, and had defeated Price at Corinth in the Summer of 1862, and was then very prominently before the public. He and Grant had had some disagreement in regard to a fight at Iuka, and perhaps that at Corinth, and it was understood even then that there was no friendly feeling between them. Rosecrans received the officers of his army—at least, those holding commands—soon after his arrival and made a few remarks to them in regard to the general policy he would pursue, or purposed pursuing. The substance of it was that he aimed to strike the enemy whenever he could get an opportunity, or, in the language of the Irishman at Donnybrook fair, "wherever you see a head, hit it,"—provided it was a rebel head. He created a very favorable impression on all who met him, and soon began to attract the affection of the whole army. The name of the Army was changed to that of the Army of the Cumberland. I believe it was here, or about here (at Bowling Green), that Gen. R. B. Mitchell was relieved from command of the division to which my brigade belonged. Davis had not yet returned to his division, but a Col. Woodruff, of Kentucky, who for some reason claimed to be a Brigadier-General, was assigned by proper orders to the command of the division temporarily. This was another affair similar to Gilbert's assignment to the command of the Eighteenth Corps. On one occasion I told Col. Woodruff that I did not believe he was a Brigadier-General, notwithstanding the order assigning him to the command of the division. Unfortunately, I did not put it with high authority, whose duty it was to ascertain if persons claiming to be Generals really had any such commissions or not. For two months Col. Woodruff exercised the command of Brigadier-General, and was so styled in orders. After the battle of Stone's River it became somewhat essential to ascertain his real military status, when it was discovered that he was neither a Brigadier-General or an officer of any grade.

The Army of the Cumberland was soon marching from Bowling Green to Nashville. Rosecrans had to see that the Louisville & Nashville Railroad was repaired, the tunnels near Mitchellsville and Gallatin having been destroyed by Morgan's men. It required some weeks to completely repair this road, so as to make it reliable as a means of supplying the Army of the Cumberland. In approaching Nashville it was found that the country up and down the Cumberland from that city was overrun with rebel squads of cavalry, recruiting and foraging parties for the rebel army. Breckinridge and other commanders held all the country south except Nashville, where a Federal force under Gen. Negley was stationed. Some portions of my command were sent out from Edgemoor Junction and camps in that vicinity to break up and capture small parties engaged in running mills and collecting supplies, and their success in this work drew a very complimentary order from Gen. Rosecrans. One agreeable peculiarity of Rosecrans, as a commander, was to give credit in a public and formal manner to all his subordinates who deserved it, and to all men concerned in meritorious services. He was generous in his praise, and was not afraid to give good measure.

It was about the 1st of December when my brigade passed through Nashville. Gen. Davis had joined the division and resumed command. Col. Woodruff was assigned to a brigade in the division. My first camp after passing through Nashville was at Mr. Thompson's farm, about seven miles east of the Franklin road. Some days afterwards it was moved three or four miles east of that to Mrs. Blackman's place. There we remained for several weeks, during which Rosecrans was reorganizing and equipping his army and preparing to move against the enemy, who were then known to be in force at Murfreesboro. Their outposts covered the country between Nashville and Murfreesboro as far north as Nolensville and La Vergne.

It was towards the end of December, 1862, that Rosecrans finally issued orders for the Army of the Cumberland to move on Murfreesboro. The history and official reports on this campaign are so numerous and so reliable generally that they will supply all detailed information to those who desire it. I purpose only to tell what I personally saw and knew and what my brigade did. From our camp at Mrs. Blackman's my brigade moved about the 25th of December along the road through a fine farming country towards the Nolensville pike. Rain was falling in torrents, and occasionally the clouds would open long enough for the sun to appear for a few moments. Gen. Wharton, of the Confederate service, commanded a cavalry brigade near Nolensville, and his videts were scattered for three or four miles north of that village for the purpose of observing our movements. There was a constant clatter of small arms between the pickets and videts of the Confederates and our advance parties, and occasional cannoning on our side against mounted parties of Confederates, before we reached Nolensville. I remember particularly one horseman who was hemmed in by our troops and the fences so that he could not return to his command. He galloped up and down roads for some time in trying to effect his escape. Attaching too much importance to this individual, Hotchkiss had unlabeled his whole battery and was firing at him. He finally surrendered, and was brought to me. He was a handsome and genteel person, who gave his name as Dennis, of Mobile, Ala. He complained to me about the immense force brought to bear on him to secure his surrender or death, and remarked that he had never before heard of a whole battery being opened on one videt. I acknowledged the justice of his criticism, and admitted that it did seem rather ridiculous.

"About a mile south of Nolensville the pike crosses a ridge through a depression, on either side of which is a round hill or knob. North of this gap is a cultivated field, along the east side of which was the pike. The ridge bears off to the right and left from the knobs in a southwesterly and southeasterly direction. The ridge itself, with the knobs, forms as fine a military position to hold against an attack as I ever saw in an open country. The gap is known as Knob Gap. It was then held by Wharton's cavalry and several pieces of artillery. For either attack or defense, as it stood, unfortified, it was admirable. Davis's Division had to attack it. It was my part to move directly over the open field described above in the face of a direct fire of artillery and of Wharton's cavalry dismounted and concealed behind trees. Hotchkiss's battery was brought into action in the road and threw shells into the gap. My brigade was formed into line parallel to the enemy's position, and the command, "Forward!" given. The field had been plowed late in the Fall, and the rains had converted the soil into sticky mud. Each man seemed to lift on his shoe a square foot of mud three inches deep at every step. A cross fence had also to be climbed. While the men were doing this the rebel shells and shot were thrown directly into the fence, breaking rails into splinters, and scattering the pieces in every direction. After crossing the fence the command "Charge!" was given. We were then within about 100 yards of the gap, where the battery and the dismounted cavalry were firing into our line. The charge was made in the most gallant manner, but quietly. Col. Alexander, 21st Ill., and Col. H. C. Heg, were mounted, and reached the guns of the enemy before their regiments. The brigade carried the gap and captured two of the guns.

THE ENEMY FLED. Not an officer or man failed to do his duty that day. They realized all my expectations, and I doubt if a more gallant and successful charge was made during the war than that at Knob Gap on that wet December day in 1862. Col. Woodruff's Brigade was to my right, and Post's to my left. But no attempt was made to preserve connection with either of those brigades. Gen. Davis, in his official report, wrote in a very complimentary manner of the conduct of my brigade on this occasion.

This was the first engagement of the war in which the infantry regiments of my command had sustained loss by death. At Fredericktown, Mo., Oct. 21, 1861, the killed of my own immediate command belonged to the 1st Ind. Cav., and they lost their lives in executing an order of Col. Plummer, who, in my opinion, had no right to give it. Considering the strength of the enemy's position, and the distance over which they were compelled to pass under fire of artillery and small arms without any protection from undulations of the ground, trees, or other objects, the loss was very small in number. At Perryville, though the brigade was under the fire of a battery while advancing over open ground for more than a mile, not a man was killed. Up to this time we had enjoyed the excitement of war without any of its horrors, except that of passing over battle-fields won by our own army and strewn with the dead and wounded of both. It was a sad experience to see brave and good young men, men, rather a boy, named J. D. Young, belonging to the 25th Ill., was the first I now remember, who died from a wound inflicted by a piece of shell. His stepfather, Rev. Jacob Reed, was Chaplain of the regiment.

[To be continued.]

CHICKAMAUGA.

A Correction in regard to Reynolds's Division. TO THE EDITOR: By accepting the statement of a distinguished officer, which was made in good faith, but under a misapprehension of the facts, I did great injustice to Gen. J. J. Reynolds in the article on Chickamauga printed in your last issue. While the paragraph in question was printed mainly to show the disordered state of the field after the break in the line on the second day, and without a thought of its reflecting on Gen. Reynolds, the facts are so far variance with the correct version of the matter as to be serious wrong. The statement was as follows:

"For a time after Wood's withdrawal allowed Longstreet to penetrate the center, and while Gen. Thomas was giving his entire attention to re-establishing his right, an incident occurred on the left never before made public, and on which, for a brief space, hung the fate of the army. Reynolds, who had not as yet been able, after the break, to connect with Brannan, rode over to Palmer and Baird on his left, and informed them that in his judgment the entire right was broken, and suggested that Palmer, as senior officer, should assume command, and march the left three divisions to Rossville. Before a decision was reached, Longstreet's tremendous onslaught against the right made its presence and its stability manifest, and the left remained."

What Gen. Reynolds did suggest was that, as the enemy seemed to have mainly withdrawn from the front of Baird, Johnson, Palmer and Reynolds, an exploration of the front should be made to determine whether the enemy was still there in force, and if he was not, then, that Gen. Palmer should assume command of the left and hurl it by the right upon the flank of the troops assaulting Thomas's newly-established right.

The wide difference between this proposition and the one first printed needs no comment to show the injustice done. I regret this mistake more keenly because of the most honorable and vitally important part which Gen. Reynolds's Division bore on both days' battles. For several hours on the first day his right was unsupported, and, though heavily assailed, was never driven from the field. Throughout the second day his right also stood alone, and never moved from position under tremendous attack, except as it was thrown back slightly to the flank of Longstreet's columns when they pierced the line after Wood withdrew. Toward the close of the battle his division was the one selected by Gen. Thomas to clear the road over which he intended to move the second day his right on the march and on the battlefields of the Southland.—C. H. THOMAS, Belvidere, N. Y.

A Good Memorizer.

TO THE EDITOR: Each number of your valuable paper brightens anew the memories of 29 years gone by when I wore "the blue" on the march and on the battlefields of the Southland.—C. H. THOMAS, Belvidere, N. Y.

OFFICE-SEEKING.

The Humors and Woes of Place-Hunting.

"WE ARE COMING," Grover Cleveland, "300,000 More."

EVERYBODY CONFIDENT. Much More So Than They Will be in a Month.

Viewed from the Washington standpoint, every man is a present or prospective office-seeker. The passion for a place and a regular salary seems as universal as the appetite for another fellow's cigars, or the yearning to finish the story which some one else has begun.

Probably there are some men in the world who do not think they could manage any woman better than the man who is married to her. There may even be some so difficult and self-distrustful that they do not believe they could conduct a newspaper in a way to make its editor sadder and sicker at the practical illustration of his shortcomings.

But the most prolonged and searching scrutiny of the National horizon from the summit of Washington Monument—the loftiest point of observation in the world—does not reveal a single man who does not believe that the Government's service would be greatly improved by putting him into office, with a much larger salary than he has ever been able to make outside of office.

QUEEN, ISN'T IT? Novels, political histories, obituaries, and other works of strong imagination, continually present to us men of such retiring, diffident natures that it requires pulling-power enough to run a 40-car freight train to get them to "consent to allow the use of their names in connection" with an office.

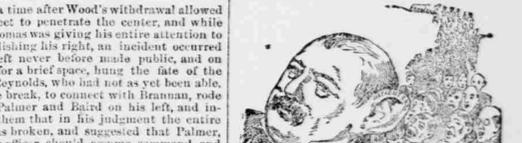
Possibly in some remote and rustic parts of the country there may exist such men, just as there are actually said to be men met with occasionally who have never ridden on a railroad, sworn an oath, or read the reports of the Tilted-Bescher list. But the normal American citizen is a very patriotic man. He is exceedingly anxious that the Government should have at its service the best quality of brains, honesty and industry to be found. In all his wide circle of acquaintances he can think of no one richer than himself in those qualities. He has been intimately acquainted with himself for a number of years, and he can speak with more certainty regarding his own good points than of any other man's. Being, as we have said, an earnest patriot, solicitous above all things that the Government should be administered in the very ablest manner, why should he not, at the proper time, hasten to Washington and urge with all the eloquence at his command that a proper place be given to the best, ablest and purest man he knows?

HE HAS HASTENED. Burning with a desire to inaugurate the work of official reform and get his name on the pay-roll at the earliest possible moment, he has flocked hitherward with the rapidity and enthusiasm of a swarm of grasshoppers on discovering a fresh cornfield. Every cross-road sent its picket, every post-office its platoon, every village its company, every town its battalion, every city its brigade, and every metropolis its army.

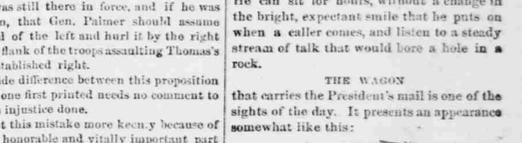
"I can't understand how the Republicans managed to carry Illinois," said the weary President, one midnight, recently, after instructing the footman that no more callers were to be admitted. "Judging from the number of Illinois Democrats who have called on me with proofs of their herculean labors during the campaign, I should have had a majority of a million in the State."

THE PRESIDENT IS SAID TO BE THE MOST patient listener ever known in Washington. He can sit for hours, without a change in the bright, expectant smile that he puts on when a caller comes, and listen to a steady stream of talk that would bore a hole in a rock.

THE WAGON that carries the President's mail is one of the sights of the day. It presents an appearance somewhat like this:



The tons of heavy white paper which are dumped down into the White House make a splendid perquisite for the servant who is



Washington, March 13, 1885.