them; that on account of his (Dent's) illness he had not been able to advise us earlier.

Dr. Adams inquired who this Gen'l Morganson was.

Uncle Daniel said: "He was a part of Forrester's command, who had raided around Rosenfelt so much during the previous Winter and Spring. He had crossed the Combination River to the east of Rosenfelt at Carthage, moving nearly due south by way of Greenberry, avoiding all points at which there were Union troops. He doubtless believed either that the members of the Golden Circle were ready to join him, armed and equipped, or that his raid would strike consternation into the hearts of the people, inasmuch as our armies were all far away from where he proposed to lay the scene of his audacious exploits. But he made a mistake when he began to take horses and other property from all alike, whether Union men or rebel sympathizers. This changed the sentiments of many people very rapidly."

Said Maj. Clymer: "What has become of Gen'l Morganson? I have not heard of him since the war."

"He was killed somewhere in Tennessee soon after his escape from Camp Chase, so I have been informed.

"During Gen. Anderson's absence in pursuit of Morganson, Peter was traveling rapidly through Canada. He returned the day following the return of Gen. Anderson from his

CAPTURE OF THE RAIDERS.

"The people everywhere seemed to be greatly rejoiced at the General's success. He received a great ovation from the citizens of Allentown and they cheered wherever he made his appearance. This caused him to keep very close to the house, as he was not fond of demonstration. The people, however, flocked to see him, and many of them could see great virtues in our family that, prior to this time, did not know us because we were not good enough for their society. So you see their own safety was the patriotic spark that burned brightly in their bosoms. But this is human nature. Selfishness seems to pervade nearly all, as is evidenced every day. Many of those who wanted the rebellion to succeed did so not because they were really rebels, but because they had said that we could not conquer them, and were willing to see our Government destroyed, merely to get a chance in the future to say to every one, 'I told you so.' These people now want the Government placed in the hands of its enemies for the same reason, so as to say, 'You cannot keep the control out of the hands of such able and brave men as these.' Thus, you see, it is in many merely a selfish pride of former expressed opinions."

"That is a new idea, Uncle Daniel," said Dr. Adams; "but I am not sure but there is much in what you say."

"Yes, Doctor; experience and close observation have taught me many things that I would have been slow to believe many years ago. I am wandering, however, from what I was stating.

"The next evening after Peter's return we were all at tea and while at the table Aunt Sarah, my good wife, asked Peter the condition of his foot. Peter replied that it was nearly well; he did not suffer from it except occasionally when he would get cold in it.

"'You must be very careful, Peter,' said she; 'I am very fearful about it. You know how your brother James lingered and finally died with a mere cut on his hand. I was disturbed about your wound last night in my sleep. I was dreaming about it.'

"'Well, mother,' said Peter, 'you seem to be dreaming something constantly, and will continue to do so, so long as you allow yourself to be worried by them.'

"But Peter ceased speaking on this subject, and his face took the sad expression that seemed to have fixed itself upon him. I then spoke up to relieve the matter and said, 'Wife, you must not worry so much. You are just able to be out, and I fear you will make yourself sick again. Peter will take care of himself—at least I hope so.'

"Aunt Martha seemed to be listening to our conversation, and (having been greatly indulged by all our family on account of her great kindness to Gen. Anderson as well as to all the rest of the family) here chimed in and said:

"'Marsa Lyon, I tells you dat you is wrong on dat pint. De man's don't know how to take kear of demselfs. Now, dars Ham. He's like to git kill any day, he am. He don't know nuffin, he don't.'

"Gen. Anderson and Peter laughed when she spoke of Ham getting killed. Peter seemed to lose for the time-being his sad countenance, when he remembered about Ham getting under the brush at Stone Run.

"Aunt Martha knew nothing about Ham's precipitate retreat during the last battle, so she continued by saying:

"'Jes' see, Marsa Tom, de Gen'l, dar. Whar he bin if he lef' wid de mans when he got shotted at dat fight at Dolinsburg? He done bin dead sho. Dars whar he bin. I tell you de good Laud know who he tras' him wid; yes sah, he do. So he put him wid me and den he make my ole head cifer out de cures what fotched him out. Jes' kase he want Marsa Tom for good work, dat's why. What would Ham do curin' him up? No, sah, he not know how, and de Laud no trus' him.'

"Peter said: 'Aunt Martha, you rather like the Lord, I take it.'

"'Yes, sah, I do. He be good. He fotched de poor darkies out ob workin' all de time for nuffin for dem Sesh, and he know what he doin'. He goin' to let dem Sesh 'spect dat dey whip dem Yanks after while, but he not let them do it. He jes' coaxin' dem on till he git good men hold of de army, den dey all git smash up. Jes' like Gen'l Tom, de Laud save him for dat. Don't you see dat? My! when Marsa Tom git after dem Sesh, dey done gits ebry time, dey do; don't dey, Marsa Lyon?'

"I agreed with her and the rest laughed. She finally cut her speech off and retired to the kitchen.

"After tea Gen. Anderson gave us quite an amusing account of his little improvised army that followed Morganson. He said

NO BRAVER SET OF MEN

ever marched, but that it was very hard to tell his men from the raiders when they got together; that some were riding in saddles and some without, substituting a doubled-up blanket or quilt; some were on old and some were on young horses; some were on ponies and some on mules; some wore 'stovepipe' hats, some caps, some straw hats, and some were without either. Some had on frock, some dress, and some round coats, and many entirely without coats of any kind; some with boots, some with shoes, and some entirely barefoot. Take them all in all, they were in dress *a la* Falstaff's troop, but they were a success, and did what the Army of the Center, under Rosenfelt, had failed to do, and that was to capture the rebel cavalry. This raid of Morganson was an audacious adventure, doubtless encouraged by the Knights of the Golden Circle, and had he waited long enough I have no doubt that we would have had an uprising in Indiana that would have been very troublesome to put down. It was very fortunate that it occurred when it did."

"Yes," said Dr. Adams; "I have no doubt that plans were being perfected about that time and later on for a general raiding and plunder of many cities, as well as portions of the North outside of cities, where we could be seriously damaged."

Uncle Daniel resumed, saying: "During that evening we discussed matters generally, but Peter felt very much disappointed at his being absent in Canada while Gen. Anderson was bagging Morganson. He said that it was just his luck to miss everything of this kind, but that he always had the luck to get into some hard place in front of the enemy, and usually get hurt in some way or other, but that when it came to getting rebels into a place where they could be easily whipped or captured or chased out of the country, luck seemed always to fall to Gen. Anderson's lot. He turned to the General, and with a twinkle of the eye asked him if he had Ham with him to assist in hiving these Sesh. The General laughed and said no; that Ham was back watching out for the Army of the Center and keeping Gen. Forrester from coming in some morning and taking away our trunks and camp equipage. At this they both laughed.

"Peter said: 'Ham will not have quite the trouble that we have all had heretofore since Forrester's command has been depleted by Morganson's capture.'

"'No,' replied the General; 'he will only need to watch one of them now.' The conversation then turned on Peter's trip into Canada.

"I inquired if he saw Mr. and Mrs. Wattcomb. He said that he spent one night at their house; said they were nice old people, very religious, and lovely in every respect; that they were very proud of their children and spoke of James as a brave and good boy. They knew nothing whatever about his having been in trouble. When he told them that he knew him and that he was on duty with Gen. Anderson, they were delighted, and asked many questions about the army, our prospects, etc. They spoke of Seraine as their lovely daughter; knew about her mission, her fondness for Henry, and, in fact, gave him much information about Henry prior to the war that we did not know. Altogether his stay with them was very pleasant. After hearing about these good people, in whom we all felt an interest, I insisted on his now giving us a full report of what he had found out about the situation in Canada in reference to

THE CONSPIRACY AND CONSPIRATORS.

He stated that on leaving Detroit, Mich., he went directly to Windsor, and while there became acquainted with several gentlemen, one from Chicago in particular by the name of Jno. Wall. Peter, having learned all about the Golden Circle, their signs, passwords, etc., had no trouble in making himself known, and, as he represented himself from Nashville, Tenn., he got along without being suspected by any one. Wall and he became friends at once, and as they had rooms adjacent at the hotel they were together the first night in Peter's room until very late. Wall knew all about Morganson's raid, but not about his failure and capture. Peter learned that on his way home from the Detroit papers. Wall told Peter that he feared Morganson would not succeed in obtaining many recruits, as the authorities in Canada at the head of the organization had not furnished the arms that were promised to the organization in Indiana and Ohio; that he was at that time there for the purpose of procuring arms for Illinois, and that he had been sent there to see Mr. Jacob Thomlinson and a Mr. C. C. Carey on that business. He said he was to have the arms smuggled through to Chicago, where they would be subject to the orders of one Mr. N. Judy Cornington, and that the intention was to release the prisoners at Chicago and Rock Island at a time to be agreed upon for Camp Chase, Chicago, and other places. But at this point Gen. Anderson inquired if Wall was a man about five feet eight inches in hight, heavy build, gray eyes and light hair mixed with gray, about half and half. Peter replied in the affirmative. The General said:

"'He is the same man Wall that I met in company with Cornington, Buckner and Eagle when I was in Chicago on my voyage of discovery.'

"'No doubt of it,' said Peter. Peter continued by saying that Wall gave him full particulars as to what was intended. He said that so soon as arms could be procured and the prisoners released it would be made so hot for the Abolitionists, as he called the Union men, that they would be glad to call their army back from the South in order to protect themselves against fire and plunder in the North; that men were now organizing to burn many of the cities North, and if that did not bring the Abolitionists to terms other methods would be resorted to, but that the destruction of property would be effective, as the North cared more for their property than they did for the Government. The next day they met a man by the name of Tucker, who was on his way to Montreal, where he was to meet Jacob Thomlinson and Mr. Cary, in order to consult with them about what was to be done in the direction mentioned by Wall. He said that arms must be procured at once; that the friends North were ready to act, but that no means had yet been provided so that they could act. He thought that if Jacob Thomlinson did not have the arms in Canada he should at once proceed or send to England for them; that he was ready himself to perform the journey. To this Wall replied 'That is all that is wanted in Illinois.' Tucker said that already men were in England procuring and preparing material only recently discovered that would burn up all the cities of the North without endangering the parties applying it, and should this fail something else must be resorted to; that the Confederacy could not and must not fail. He was in favor of assassinating every leading man North if absolutely necessary to procure their independence.

"Peter met several other Southern men while in Canada, as well as quite a number of Northern men, who were in the conspiracy, and said that they all seemed to be imbued with the same feelings and spirit—a determination

TO HAVE THE REBELLION SUCCEED

at no matter what cost. In their desperation he thought they would resort to any means, no matter how destructive, barbarous, or murderous. He left Wall and Tucker, and visited one or two other places, and then returned, as he thought he was meeting too many Southern men who might afterwards recognize him. His statement only strengthened what we already had reason to believe. Peter also said that this man Tucker and Wall placed great reliance in Valamburg, of Ohio, and Thomas A. Strider and Bowen, of Indiana, and felt sure that they would arouse the people of the North against the Administration to such an extent that the war men would be put out by the people, and anti-war men put in their places, so that a recognition of the Southern Confederacy would be assured. The only thing that seemed to alarm them was the success of Silent at Victor's Hill and Meador at Gotlenburg. They said they had fears that these two men were their greatest enemies, and would relieve from the Union army all the officers who were not Abolitionists. They seemed to mean all who were opposed to the Administration. They appeared to understand but two classes of men in the North—their sympathizers and friends, and Abolitionists.

"I made Peter write out his statement and leave it with me. I sent it to the President, and soon received his thanks through his Secretary.

"Two days later Gen. Anderson and Peter left for their commands, and on their arrival at the Army of the Center they were most enthusiastically received by officers and men. An officer said:

"'General, you had to go home to get a chance at the rebs.'

"'Yes,' the General replied, 'Morganson and his men were merely visiting up North during the vacation.'

"The General found his staff officers, orderlies, and old Ham at his Headquarters. When he had seen them all and inquired as to their welfare, he told James Whitcomb about Peter having seen his parents. This delighted the boy very much to think that any of us should care enough about him to seek out his father and mother. Ham, being present, concluded that it was about his time to say a word, so he inquired of the General about Martha. The General told him that she was well, and sent love to him, and said she prayed for him not to get killed.

"Ham laughed and said: 'I's not killed yet, but I 'spec' I will be some day; for de nex' time I's gwine right into de fight, so I is. I jes' tell you, Marsa Gen'l, I done sleep on dis, and jes' make up my mind dat I fight dem Sesh de berry nex' time we git at em.'

"'Well, Ham,' said the General, 'I am not sure that we will need you to do any fighting; but we would like it if you would stay around where we could find you, the next battle in which we are engaged. Will you do that?'

"'Yes, sah! I will, no mistake, dis time.' He got up pretty close to the General, and said, 'Marsa Gen'l, you didn't tole Marfa 'bout I hidin' in de bush, did you?'

"'No, Ham; we said nothing about it to any one.'

"'Thank you, Marsa Gen'l; thank you, sah. I go now an' look after de horses; I guess dey hungry.'

"'All right, Ham,' said the General; 'go on.'

"Gen. Rosenfelt at this time was reorganizing and putting his army in shape for

A FORWARD MOVEMENT.

"Gen. Papson had been home, and had just returned and was changing some of his divisions. In this change he had assigned some three more regiments to Gen. Anderson, thereby making his division very strong. After the reorganization had been completed, Rosenfelt called several of his Generals together at his Headquarters and talked over the proposition to advance upon the enemy, and found perfect unanimity amongst them in favor of an early advance. He then said to them that he should move within 10 days. His Quartermasters and Commissaries were put to work and were busily engaged in procuring supplies and having them loaded into the several corps and division train-wagons. Everything was active in camp. The horses and mules were being reshod, and the sound of many anvils could be heard both by day and by night. Officers were supplying their mess-chests and obtaining extra supplies, as they supposed there would not be another opportunity very soon. At this time the Army of the Center numbered some 60,000 effective men, and was in splendid condition as to health, but had grown somewhat lazy after so long a rest in camp with nothing to do. Gen. Biggs, who was in his front, had scattered his forces very much, and while he had fewer infantry than Rosenfelt, he had more cavalry. His cavalry, however, had been diminished by the silly exploit of Morganson, who, as we know, had been captured with many of his men, and those who were not captured had concluded that raiding was unprofitable and did not return to Biggs's army again. His force was divided about as follows: Polkhorn was at Shelltown with about 20,000 men; Harding was at Waterhouse, to the right some distance, with some 10,000 men; and at Tullahoming, with about 15,000 men, lay Chatham in a well-intrenched position, his cavalry to the front and left of his army about 8,000 strong. Gen. Bertram, who surrendered Dolensburg to Gen. Silent, was now holding Knoxburg and Chatteraugus with some 18,000 men, about equally divided between the two places.

"Rosenfelt was now compelled to attack his intrenched position or move to the left, thereby endangering his communication to the rear. This was somewhat perplexing to him. In marching forward he would be obliged to leave forces behind him to guard his communications, thereby constantly diminishing his strength, while the enemy in falling back would lose none of his strength. Looking at the situation after he had got ready, he again concluded not to move. This caused a terrible clamor both in and out of the army. Finally he was ordered peremptorily to move forward against the enemy. He obeyed the order, the army was put in motion, and a forward movement began. The question was how to outmanuver Biggs. A feint was made on Shelltown, which lay in the direct route of his march. This caused Biggs to concentrate his forces at this point. While this movement was being made our main forces were moved by rapid marches to Munster, on the enemy's right, which jeopardized his communications with Chatteraugus and the valley south.

"Biggs now finding his forces flanked and being in danger of being cut off from a junction with Bertram, fled precipitately over the mountains to Fayette. Rosenfelt, finding that Biggs had retreated in such hot haste, was deceived into the belief that Biggs had gone into Georgia at or near Romulus, and on finding that Bertram had left Chatteraugus with his command, concluded that the enemy were reenforcing the rebel army in the East, and therefore thought to push on with force enough to attack and defeat him, at the same time holding the strong points in the rear. So he sent Gen. Critsinger with his corps to Chatteraugus, and with the rest of his force marched over the mountain into the valley, intending to have the larger portion of Critsinger's Corps join him in the valley, and then to move south. Instead, however, of Gen. Biggs having sent any portion of his army to re-enforce the rebel army in the East, he was concentrating all his forces at Fayette and quietly awaiting re-enforcements from the army in the East. Gen. Longpath, with a corps of 20,000 men, was moving on railroad cars as rapidly as possible to the support of Biggs. Gen. Rosenfelt was now on the road between Bridgeton and Fayette without any knowledge as to the whereabouts of Biggs, and yet he was now within 15 miles of him, and Biggs with somewhere about 80,000 men was lying in wait for Rosenfelt's advance. During this afternoon

A LADY CAME INTO CAMP

and asked to be taken to Gen. Rosenfelt's Headquarters. When she appeared to the General he at once recognized Mrs. Houghton, who had made such a trip just before the battle of Murphy's Hill, in order to give the General the movements of the enemy on his right the night before the assault. The General was exceedingly glad to see her. She was invited to partake of soldiers' fare, and was very nicely entertained. As soon as she could get an opportunity she said to the General:

"'Are you going to meet Gen. Biggs with your army?'

The General responded: "'Yes, if I can ever find him?'

"'Well, General, if you continue marching in the direction that you are now going, you will find him to-morrow.'

"The General laughed and said: 'I hope so; but, my dear lady, he is near Romulus.'

"'No, General, he is not; he is at Fayette.'

"'At Fayette?' said the General with astonishment. 'You say he is at Fayette?'

"'Yes sir, I do; I saw his camp this day; was not in the camp, but in sight of it. I have been at Smallwood, some 15 miles south of Fayette, and know that Gen. Longpath, with his corps from Gen. Law's command in Virginia has joined Biggs. The last of these troops passed on yesterday for Fayette, and I was told by a well-informed person that this corps would increase Biggs's army to between eighty and ninety thousand men.'

"'Impossible!' said Rosenfelt; 'he would not have more than 60,000 with these.'

"'Yes; but, General, you must know that 20,000 of the Victor's Hill paroled prisoners captured by Gen. Silent have been collected together and organized into a corps under Gen. Stephenson, and are now in camp with Biggs.'

"'Is that so?' inquired Rosenfelt.

"'Yes, General; what I have stated is true, and I hope you will believe me this time. I once before took the chances of my life to give you correct information, and had you believed my statement as then made to Gen. Papson many a poor soldier might be living to-day that sleeps beneath the sod. I come now as I did then, merely because I love my country, and for no other reason. These rebels treat me kindly and never ask me a question which would indicate their suspicion of me. I do not dislike them personally, but I am an inborn Union woman and would make any sacrifice for the preservation of our Government. General, you are in the greatest danger of having your army destroyed. If I were a man and a General in command of this army I would fall back at once to Chatteraugus and make resistance, as they are sure to attack you in a very short time. The understanding with them is that they must crush your army before reenforcements arrive to your support from the Army of the West, that army having cleared that portion of the country of the enemy.'

"Rosenfelt said: 'If you had seen the army and made an estimate of its strength, I would then have no doubt, but I am persuaded that you are mistaken as to the whole rebel army being at Fayette. They say so to you, but there is merely a force there to impede my march. It is a mere outpost. Their main army is at Romulus, Ga.'

"'Well, General, I should not like very much to see you move on this outpost at Fayette, and I beseech you to send out your scouts and find out the exact situation before you make any further movement, as I assure you that you will not proceed very far on this road without a great battle, and one that you will have cause to remember the rest of your life.'

"And so he has.

"The General said: 'Well, it is well to proceed with great caution at all times, and inasmuch as I know you feel sure of what you say, and having given very correct information heretofore, I will halt for the day and send my cavalry to Fayette and let them clear the town of the rebels.'

"Mrs. Houghton laughed and said: 'General, you had better give orders to have what will be left of them (if you should send them there with such orders) return and let you know what road will be left to you to march on, whichever direction you may wish to go.'

"'Yes,' said the General. 'You seem to think we will not be strong enough for the enemy.'

"'General, he has a great army.'

"Gen. Rosenfelt concluded that perhaps he had better be prepared, so he placed Gen. McCabe's Corps on the right, Gen. Critsinger in the center; Gen. Papson being some 10 miles to his left near Cherokee Run, he allowed him to remain. His cavalry, under Gen. Straiter, was ordered to take the main road to Fayette, and to enter the town if possible; but at all events to feel the enemy and ascertain his position and force. The cavalry were late in getting in motion, and when they had gone some 10 miles the darkness of the night impeded any rapid movement. But their orders were such that they must move on. Soon they struck the rebel pickets, who retired before them. Finally they approached the rebel camp which was lighted and stretching out for miles to the east and south. The rebels had discovered the approach of the cavalry and sent two regiments of infantry on a side road to their rear, who opened on them from an unsuspected quarter. This forced Gen. Straiter to strike off to his left, following a road leading from Fayette to the old Mission House. By doing this he made his escape with small loss, but was completely cut off from his retreat back to Rosenfelt's Headquarters. He traveled all night and struck the left of Gen. Papson's Corps at daylight, giving this information to Papson, which was at once sent to Rosenfelt. Messengers were sent with all dispatch to inform him of the situation, and not only so, but to say that it looked as though the enemy were about moving, and Gen. Papson thought they would be most likely to strike our left. This Rosenfelt did not credit, as he could not see, if they intended an attack, why they would not attack our right. In this he was mistaken. The enemy was intending to turn our left, take possession of the Mission House road, and interpose between Chatteraugus and our army, secure Chatteraugus and Bridgeton, thereby taking possession of the lines of railroad between there and Nashua, forcing Rosenfelt away from his base of supplies, and, eventually, to

DESTROY AND CAPTURE HIS ARMY.

Gen. Papson, taking in the situation, ordered one of his divisions, with Straiter's tired cavalry, at once on and across the road in rear of Cherokee Run, holding two of the main crossings, at the same time notifying Rosenfelt of his position and the reasons for it. In the meantime Rosenfelt had concluded that the information given him by Mrs. Houghton was in part correct. Having said this much to her, she asked to be permitted to go into Chatteraugus, which she could do by crossing over in the rear of the army to the Mission House road. Her request was granted, and she started on her way. She had not traveled far before she heard cannonading. She was then sure that the battle had begun. Rosenfelt was greatly perplexed. Finally he agreed to Papson's suggestions, and ordered Critsinger's Corps to the left, and to join on to Papson's right. By this time he could hear the sound of artillery in the distance, but held McCabe, believing that the attack would most likely be made on that road and on his right. Gen. Papson, seeing that one brigade of the enemy had advanced to the crossing on Cherokee Run, did not hesitate, but ordered Gen. Anderson to attack it, which he did at once. The contest was a sharp one, but the enemy were driven back very much broken up, with very heavy loss in killed and wounded. Papson then threw Palmerston's Division in on the extreme left, on high ground, covering the road and crossing well with artillery. In the afternoon a strong force under Polkhorn advanced, and furiously attacked the two divisions under Anderson and Palmerston. The contest raged for over an hour.

Palmerston was driven from his position, and our cavalry, which had been posted on his left, was broken into fragments. Gen. Anderson changed front with left brigade and struck Polkhorn in flank and forced him back on his main line. Palmerston was now supported by Sherlin's Division and his former position retaken. By this time Longpath had come up on Polkhorn's left and had assailed violently Critsinger's left, and after a severe struggle, in which the loss was great on both sides, our lines gave way and the rebels came through and down the slope of the hill in perfect swarms. Papson, quietly and coolly as if in church, threw a portion of his corps into the breach and checked the advance. He then adjusted Critsinger's line and moved at once against Longpath's right and broke it, driving it back in great confusion. He then advanced his whole line and

DROVE THE ENEMY BACK

for some distance through the woods onto his reserves, and in this position night closed in on the two armies. During the night Rosenfelt came up with McCabe's Corps, which was now posted on a ridge to the right of Critsinger. This being done, he had his corps commanders assemble at his Headquarters, now near Papson. When all were together the manner of the enemy's assault was stated and various views given as to his number. Some contended that his whole army was engaged; some, his right wing only.

"Gen. Papson was of a different opinion. He thought that the day's battle had been fought on the part of the enemy by his advance merely; that he was marching rapidly, believing he could pass around our left flank on the Mission House road, by way of Roseville, into Chatteraugus without much of a struggle, thinking our army all to be on the Bridgeton and Fayette road; that in the morning they would attack with their whole force; and for that we should prepare during the night. Rosenfelt agreed that all arrangements for a great battle must be made during the night. He directed that the lines be adjusted and made as compact as possible, and all be ready to receive their assault by daylight in the morning. He then sent out to find his cavalry commander, Straiter. When found it was ascertained that part of his command had retreated to Roseville.

"The General ordered him to get his command together that night and move by daylight in the morning around our left, and on the right of the enemy, and attack his right flank; to dismount his men and fight them as he would infantry, and to fall back on Palmerston's left and there take his position, and to maintain it if possible. He directed McCabe to refuse the right of his line and to close up on the left with Critsinger. Papson he directed to take command of the left and center and to advance, if he should drive the enemy in the direction of the Mission House road, so as to get the enemy across it if possible. The two armies could be heard during the entire night moving into different positions. The movements of the artillery sounded at times as if it was coming into the other's line. Hospital parties could be heard on both sides in search of the wounded. The light of the fires could be seen for miles on either side, where the men were getting their scanty meals and perhaps their last one. Rosenfelt was busy all night in giving directions for the morrow. He rode all along his lines during the night.

"Biggs intended to make the assault at the opening of day the next morning. Polkhorn was to move around and make an assault on our left and center with one wing of the rebel army, composed of two corps. This attack was delayed, however, by a heavy fog that hung over the field, lasting for some two or three hours, giving Gen. Papson time to strengthen his lines. At length the breathless suspense came to an end. Bolenbroke with a full division had moved around on Papson's left flank (our cavalry failing to get round as ordered) and made a most desperate assault. This was taken up by successive Confederate divisions toward the center with a view of getting possession of the road to Chatteraugus. Gen. Papson was equal to the occasion, and Bolenbroke was soon

HURLED BACK IN UTTER ROUT,

two of his Generals killed—Helmer and Deshling—and many of their men and officers killed, wounded and taken prisoners.

"In the same manner were all attempts to break Papson's line abortive. While these things were going well and Papson's command proving itself the superior of the enemy, rolling him back in dismay, a terrible disaster befell us on the right, which endangered the safety of our whole army. In the morning, very early, Rosenfelt, in passing along the lines of his army, discovered that McCabe was stretched out like a string, with no solidity whatever in his line; that Davies with his division was entirely detached from the main line and isolated; and Critsinger was also stretched over entirely too much ground. He at once ordered the proper dispositions to be made, which was not attended to until late, and in changing these divisions the movement was attended with the most fearful results to our troops. A gap being opened in our front by the withdrawal of one of our divisions to the rear, the place not being closed up, as it should have been. On its discovery by the enemy, Longpath threw Hoadley's Division in at this point, at the same time assaulting our right flank with Bertram's force. By this movement and assault on our flank our whole right wing was utterly disorganized and demoralized. They rushed in every direction. The commanders seemed to be stampeded and worse demoralized (if such a thing could be) than even the men. The woods swarmed with disorganized bands of men without officers. The whole right became a confused mass, mingling together without any reference to organization. In this mixed and confused condition they came like a rushing torrent through the woods in all directions; but finally, getting the direction to the northward, they bore everything along in the same direction. Rosenfelt, by some means, was carried along by this moving mass in the direction of Rosseville, and, being now separated from the rest of the army, he continued his way to Chatteraugus, the presumption at least being that he went to Chatteraugus in order to collect together and reform his shattered divisions, that Papson might be properly protected in his looked-for retreat with the remainder of the army.

"When Papson was looked for he was not to be seen coming on the road. He had met the shock which came upon him after the General commanding and the whole right wing had abandoned the field, leaving him and his command to take care of themselves. Papson stood like the pillars of Hercules, and met every assault of the combined army of Biggs with his single corps. Gen. Gregor came back from the retreating column with his command, as also did several other brigades. They were reconstructed hurriedly and formed in line in support of Papson.

"He soon distributed these troops and strengthened his flank. He fell back to a ridge across the road over which the enemy were moving, and here reformed his lines and encouraged his men. Gens. Anderson and Sherlin were gathering and putting in line anywhere that they could do so the men who had been lost from their commands on the right. The rebels were now advancing on Papson with the assurance of an easy and triumphant march upon Chatteraugus, where they expected to make prisoners of Rosenfelt and his entire army. Papson was still receiving companies and regiments returning to the field after finding that a portion of our army stood its ground. Batteries that had been abandoned on the field by McCabe and Critsinger in their stampede were gathered and put in position with other artillerymen to work them. Gen. Gregor was moved to the right, and with his returned forces (who redeemed themselves at once) he hurled one of Longpath's Divisions from a hill on Papson's right, where a flank attack was intended by the enemy. By this success we gained the position that entirely protected our right. Papson now with his small force was in a strong position. The fighting continued on different parts of our lines. Palmerston has been again driven from the left and Gen. Anderson again sent to his support. He fell upon the enemy with his command and drove him back with great slaughter. Palmerston was again re-established, and, with his position strengthened, could now hold it. The battle raged with great fury the full length of the line, and never did a Spartan band stand more firmly than did our gallant men. At 4 o'clock, like a mighty tempest in all its most terrible fury did the musketry and artillery of the enemy burst forth upon Papson's devoted columns,

THE ENTIRE REBEL FORCES

moving down upon him in solid phalanx. Our forces replied with all their artillery. The roar of the artillery, with its blazing fire, the rattle of the musketry on both sides, equaled any ever heard or witnessed. Solid masses boldly marched up in front of Papson's lines, where they were literally mowed down by our musketry and discharges of shrapnel and canister from our batteries. They would recoil and then move forward again into the very jaws of death. You could see them fall almost in heaps, as it were.

"This character of contest continued until darkness set in, our columns not moving or swerving in the least. At dark the enemy retreated. The victory of Gen. Papson was complete. Had the whole army remained and supported Papson during the day there would have been a great battle won by our army, and Biggs would have been driven out of the country, although his army was so greatly in excess of Rosenfelt's in numbers. As the battle closed Papson received orders from Rosenfelt at Chatteraugus to fall back to Roseville, which was done. They encamped there for the night. Gen. Anderson and staff were worn out and hungry. They hunted their Headquarters, but Headquarters were not there. Old Ham was nowhere to be found, and no provision had been made for anything to eat. Gen. Anderson was greatly annoyed, but thought perhaps there was some excuse for it, as most of the men seemed to get lost during the day.

"Capt. Day and my son Jackson said to the General: "'Perhaps he is with Rosenfelt, assisting him in reorganizing the army in Chatteraugus.' Matters were really too serious for jokes to be very amusing or interesting at that time, so the conversation on the subject of Ham and his whereabouts ceased. The next day they marched to Chatteraugus without disturbance from the enemy. Many of our men remained on the battlefield that night (compelled to do so from exhaustion) and came on to camp next morning without the enemy coming in sight. Gen. Rosenfelt stated his loss at 16,000, and Biggs admitted his to be 18,000. The army of Rosenfelt was all collected and concentrated at Chatteraugus.

"When Gen. Anderson came into camp he had a search made for Headquarters wagons and tents, as well as for Ham. Finally one of the orderlies found Ham down under the bank near the river and brought him to Gen. Anderson. When Ham saw the General he was delighted and called out:

"'My Laud, Marsa Gen'l, I'spected you done dead!'

"'Yes,' said the General; 'but it seems you did not wait to see.'

"'No, sir; dat am so. I staid doe, Marsa Gen'l, jes' as long as anybody else do whar I been. I tell you, our mans all git, dey do; and when I seed dat big Gen'l what's ober all ob you'uns (what am his name)—when I seed him a gittin' from dar, I 'cluded it war about time for dis ole nigga to march on dis way, too. Dat Gen'l, he not ride slow, I tell you; he go fas'. And, afore de Laud, I 'spected you ebery one killed or cotched by dem Sesh; den whar's de use ob me stayin' any mo' at dat place, Marsa Gen'l.

"'Well, Ham, did you ever study law?"

"'No, sir; I'spect not; I dunno what it am.'

"'I think you would have made a good lawyer, Ham.'

"'Well, Marsa Gen'l, de truf is, ole Ham no good for nuffin'. I cannot stand dis fitin'; dat am de truf, Marsa Gen'l. So, you see, I is no good. I stay all right jes' as long as it am all quiet; but whar am de use ob me stayin' by myself?'

"The General laughed and said that was too good to keep. He let Ham off, sending him out with Capt. Day and Jackson to get some tents and camp equipage from the A. Q. M. The next day he amused himself telling Papson and Sherlin what Ham said about 'no use for him to stay by hissef when de big Gen'l gone.' They all enjoyed the joke except those that came in early. Ham came back after awhile to the General and begged him to promise not to tell 'Marfa,' and then went off satisfied.

"Biggs soon followed up and took possession of the ridge to the east running from the old Mission House to the Little Combination River, called Middleton's Ridge, and also a spur branching off from the regular chain of mountains down to the river west of Chatteraugus, known as Looking-Glass Mountain. The line thus formed was in the shape of a horseshoe, and, with the river washing the north side of the town, Rosenfelt was completely encircled; the object of Biggs being to force a surrender by starving him out, Biggs now fully commanding all Rosenfelt's communications both by rail and river. This was the position of the two armies at this time.

"Gen. Silent was ordered to leave Victor's Hill and proceed to Chatteraugus, sending as many troops as could be spared from the Army of the West. Gen. Meador was directed to send 20,000 men from the Army of the East, in order to protect the communications of the Army of the Center. In the meantime Broomfield had been ordered to move with his force, then in Kentucky, on Knoxburg. Gen. Hord had come on transports up the Combination River to Nashua with his corps from the Army of the East, and had sent them in advance to protect the railroad between Nashua and Bridgeton.

"Gen. Silent learning the situation, sent the troops forward from Victor's Hill and hastened to the scene himself. The first order he issued in connection with the Army of the Center was that of relieving Rosenfelt from the command and placing Gen. Papson in his place. The condition of the Army of the Center by this time was really frightful and perilous, and to relieve this situation was the thing to be done, if possible. To this end all the energy of the Chief was directed. To do this before an unprovisioned army would be forced by starvation to surrender was the problem. Gen. Silent telegraphed to Papson to hold out, and the answer came, 'We will hold out until we starve.'"

"What a noble old Roman," said Dr. Adams.

"Yes," said Col. Bush; "the old man had no superior in the army, either as a patriot or fighter; he was like a rock when he once took his position and got his lines formed."

"I knew him well," said Inglesby; "he was a noble man. He would have starved to death in Chatteraugus before he would have surrendered."

"Uncle Daniel, what has become of Gen. Rosenfelt," inquired Maj. Clymer. "He was a kind man, and I liked him very much, barring some faults."

"Yes. Well, he became sorcheaded and got mad at the Administration, and was exceedingly bitter on Gen. Silent for relieving him, and soon took shelter under the wing of the anti-war party; but I have not heard of him for many years. I think he went to some foreign country, then came back and went to mining. I have no knowledge of his whereabout now, however."

[*To be continued.*]

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Claims of Deaf Soldiers.

TO THE EDITOR: Referring to the communication from Comrade Foster in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of Aug. 20, relative to the disability of deafness, permit me to say that if there is one class more deserving of an increase of pension than another, that class is, in my opinion, those afflicted with deafness. I feel sure that any one who will fully investigate the matter in all its different bearings will fully agree with me on this point. Compared with the pensions granted for other serious disabilities, the deaf have received nothing but a mere pittance, by no means commensurate with the disability, ever since the war. Under the present law only $13 per month is allowed for total deafness, with a proportionate amount for partial loss of hearing. Just think of it, only $13 per month to those who are totally deaf. Is not this glaring injustice?

So far as the ability to secure employment and earn a support is concerned, severe deafness of both ears alone is a much greater disability than the loss of a leg below the knee. Let those who doubt the truth of this assertion fully investigate the matter and see if I am not correct. Look, for instance, at the professions—lawyers, doctors, teachers, etc.—all these avenues of employment are practically closed to those afflicted with total or severe deafness, but not so to those with the loss of a leg. Look again at the various classes of mercantile business; they are all practically closed to the deaf, but not so to the other class referred to. Look also at the trades, and in this instance it is true, that with the disadvantage loss of hearing causes, they are open to the deaf; and it is also true, that with some few exceptions they are open to those with the loss of a leg. In fact, there is scarcely any business of life for which total or severe deafness, if not an absolute disqualification (as it is for at least three-fourths of the vocations of life), it is, to say the least, a great hindrance and disadvantage, while there are numerous classes of employment for which the loss of a leg is, practically, but little if any disqualification; and yet, what a vast difference in the amount of pension the two classes receive. Is not this injustice? It most assuredly is. The loss of hearing does not appeal to the eye and enlist the sympathetic feelings, as does the loss of a limb and other visible disabilities, and is considered, at first thought, by many persons to be a slight affliction, while, on the contrary, it is a very serious disability when the earning of a support is taken into consideration, to say nothing of the pleasures of life from which the deaf are debarred.

A number of bills to increase pensions for deafness have been introduced in Congress within the past five years, and their failure of being reached and passed is simply due to the fact that there are comparatively but few pensioners for deafness, and they have failed to secure the necessary and deserved support in advocating and urging their appeals for justice. —R. K. BAIRD, Co. E, 2d Ohio Cav., Pickwick, Tenn.

Every Soldier Should Have It.

[*Wabasha (Minn.) Herald.*]

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, published at Washington, D. C., is a paper that every old soldier should have his name on the subscription list. It is devoted solely to their interests and has able correspondents and writers reviewing the incidents of the "late unpleasantness." One of the most interesting features of the paper to old veterans is its column of "fighting the battles over." Last week appeared the first installment of a review of the "Lynchburg Raid," under Gens. Hunter and Crook—recorded as one of the hardest and in which more suffering was endured than in any raid during the war—to be completed next week with a review of Gen. Sheridan's operations in the Shenandoah Valley, being a wind-up of that raid. To those who survived—"we're g'wyne to Lynchburg town"—it is very interesting reading.

That Tired Feeling

The warm weather has a debilitating effect, especially upon those who are within doors most of the time. The pe