FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns.

THE 118th PA.

The Bloody Fight at Shepherdstown Ford.

TO THE EDITOR: Although not a member of the above-mentioned regiment, and notwithstanding I saw no more of the affair at Shepherdstown described in your paper by Comrades Hendricks and Gilpin than could be seen from the opposite side of the river, where my regiment was lying (the order for us to cross having been countermanded), I did see enough the next morning, while looking over the scene of the fight and retreat, to satisfy me that, leaving out of question the amount or quality of fighting done, Comrade Gilpin is right in his belief that the unfortunate 118th was on that occasion caught in a terrible trap—was subjected to the oft-quoted "baptism of fire"—in fact, to an ordeal that might well have awed the best and bravest of any army.

After the withdrawal across the river of our men, except a few who remained hid from the enemy's fire under the arches and river banks, and who crossed after dark, my regiment and some others spent the rest of the day and part of the night in the dry canal which here ran close along the river. The Johnnies were well posted behind the brow of the rocky bluff, and annoyed us considerably. One fellow in particular, who held a snug position behind a big rock, kept up a continual fire from a secure loophole. We would frequently pour in a dozen shots in return for his one, and he would as often spring up and swing his hat and yell in derision, only to go down again before anyone could hit him. This at last became so monotonous that we sent up to the 16th Mich. and got a couple of their sharpshooters with target rifles, and, pointing out the rock to them, they both drew a bead on the spot where he was sure to pop up, and waited for his next appearance. He soon fired again, and almost before the bullets from our return volley had ceased to patter on his rocky shelter he sprang up with a defiant yell, which turned to a death shriek as he fell pierced by the bullets from the rifles of the two Michigan boys. He was found there next day clutching with his death grip a handsome English breech-loader.

Near morning R. P. Bush and myself, who were sleeping under the same blanket, were awakened by our Sergeant-Major, who informed us that he was looking for Co. E, to make a detail of two men to go across the river early with a flag of truce. Bush and I, glad of an opportunity to look over the scene of yesterday's fighting and have a chat with the rebs,—not knowing it was a burying party we were to join,—both offered to go and thus save him any further search in the darkness. Accordingly we reported with the rest of the detail at daylight and proceeded to the ford, where, after considerable delay in getting our white flag recognized, owing to the fog, we were allowed to cross, and, after a strong caution from the rebs against removing any of the many guns, knapsacks and other accouterments which were scattered about, proceeded to the task of burying the poor fellows, who had apparently been allowed by the enemy to ascend the bluff by a circuitous route, only to have their retreat over the same road cut off and be driven by overwhelming numbers directly over its rocky face.

Being a non. com., I was not required to use a spade, and improved the opportunity to look over the ground and exchange "chaff" with the guards, who were scattered around to see that we did not remove any of the material. My attention was attracted to one of them who was carrying a huge double-barreled shot-gun, and as I knew I had frequently heard such a piece during the night, I approached him with the question if it was he who had kept up such a thundering all night with that young cannon. "Wall," said he, "I reckon I did do my sheer of it. Did I hurt any of you fellows?" I answered that the greatest harm done was by keeping us awake. Whereupon he grinned broadly, and responded: "Wall, I reckon we fixed your fellows good yesterday. We jest laid back and let you come till we had you where we wanted you, and then I guess some of you thought it was a rocky road to Richmond." I begged a pipeful of tobacco from him and passed on.

I do not remember how many were buried by our party, but I know that it was more than we expected to find. Many of the bodies were recovered from almost inaccessible places, where they had lodged among the bushy growth on the side of the bluff, some having apparently been killed by the fall. Some, I believe, were killed with the bayonet. Numbers were found, with their knapsacks still slung, lying in several feet of water, where they had been shot down while trying to escape across the river.

Scores of muskets and knapsacks were found at one place, where the owners had left them before trying to swim across the deeper water of the dam.

In spite of repeated and emphatic warnings, I could not resist the temptation, when none of the guards were looking, to try and exchange my worn and battered cap for a shiny new one which I found lying among the rocks. I snatched it up, only to find that it had been pierced from front to rear by a bullet and the inside still reeking with blood and brains. It is needless to say that I left it where it was found.

As I was walking up the river road towards Shepherdstown I saw a body which some one had found time to cover with a blanket, outside of which was pinned a paper bearing the inscription, "Daniel Greene, Co. ——, 118th Pa. Vols." It was the name of my father's brother—my own uncle. As I stood staring at the name I remembered that I had lately heard from home that "Uncle Dan" had enlisted in a Pennsylvania regiment, and I was sure that he was then lying, cold in death, before me. Judge then what a load was lifted from my mind when I drew away the blanket and saw the features of an entire stranger.

This incident and the sight of the mangled bodies of those who had fallen from the bluff, and the finding of numerous dead, killed by shells from our own guns, all combined to make the experience of the morning very impressive.

There is no doubt that some one was "gravely responsible" for letting our troops be drawn into a skillfully-laid trap, as this undoubtedly was. But, notwithstanding that I have always been a warm admirer of Gen. McClellan, I cannot but think that the greater mistake was his when he granted the 24-hour armistice, which gave Gen. Lee the opportunity to escape across the river with his army, and thus make it necessary, or even possible, for anyone to bring about the disaster which followed.—C. W. GREENE, Co. I, 12th N. Y., Spring Valley, Minn.

THE TUSCARORA.

Comrade Staples Thinks Paymaster Smith Claims Too Much for the Kearsarge.

TO THE EDITOR: My attention has been called to the account of Paymaster-General Smith's romantic log of the "First Cruise of the Kearsarge," in your issue of Oct 1, 1885. There is no one more ready than myself to adjudge the Paymaster-General not guilty of any attempt to defraud the Government in any way, but in this case he certainly does attempt to steal "our thunder." I mean the U. S. S. Tuscarora's thunder. When we left New York in that ship, Dec. 15, 1861, we left under sealed orders, which proved to be to proceed to Southampton, Eng., there to intercept, capture and destroy, if possible, the Confederate Steamer Nashville. By the interpretation of international law on the part of the British Admiralty, she (the Nashville) escaped with the connivance of the English officers. After that we went direct from Southampton to Gibraltar and caught the Sumter there, and on account of this same international law we were obliged to go over to Algeciras, in Spanish waters, after lying in Gibraltar 24 hours. The Bay of Gibraltar is divided by an imaginary line through the middle, one-half of which belongs to Spain, where we took refuge, and where we could watch the Sumter as well as if we were in British waters in Gibraltar, and where we had been holding the Sumter some six weeks when we heard of the arrival of the Kearsarge at Cadiz.

Now would any one knowing Capt. Semmes as we knew him, suppose that if no one had been watching him he would have been caught by the Kearsarge coming into Cadiz, and his arrival telegraphed to Gibraltar to Semmes two days before the Kearsarge could possibly have coaled up and got to Gibraltar? And no one knows better than Paymaster Smith that the Kearsarge was in sad condition to cruise, and had to go to the repairing yard and be docked and take out her powder, and was almost helpless on account of her machinery, which was overhauled there in Cadiz; and if the Paymaster will look at his disbursements while the Kearsarge was being repaired some two months in Cadiz, I think he will be convinced I am right.

In the meantime the Tuscarora was watching the Sumter, and was relieved by the Chippewa, and the Sumter was put out of commission, her battery and stores sold, and the ship sold to an English concern in Gibraltar. All the watching the Kearsarge did was to watch the dry-dock and machine-shops of Cadiz. I knew the young gentleman (since Paymaster-General, U. S. Navy) very well at the time as a very handsome young man and a great favorite with the ladies.

Now, Mr. Editor, I would not take away one particle of the honor the Kearsarge got, and deserved, for the destruction of the Alabama, but I think her officers should be satisfied with what belongs to them, and not try and get credit for stopping the Sumter, for they certainly did not deserve any. When the Sumter was stopped in her career, the Tuscarora was the only ship in European waters, and for nearly two months afterwards, and she was the only ship that stopped the Sumter.

There are now alive six of the ward-room officers of the Tuscarora, three of them in the Regular service, and all of whom will bear out my statement. Of the steerage officers, one is now a Commander and one a Lieutenant-Commander in the Regular service, and they will also, if asked, give their testimony as above.

And now let me say one word for those people of the nations who were our friends. Spain and Portugal were ever on our side. They were friends in need, and were not to be dictated to or bullied by England, and gave us to understand we need not be particular about always measuring that maritime league from the land if we caught any of the Confederate cruisers in their waters.

If Capt. Tunis, A. M. Craven or Lieutenant-Commander M. P. Jones (Commander and Executive Officer) of the Tuscarora, had been alive, Mr. Smith's romance would have been contradicted before this.—WM. C. STAPLES.

THE "BULL PEN."

A Few Incidents of the Fight at Hatcher's Run.

TO THE EDITOR: With a view of gaining more information, and partly on account of some peculiar incidents that occurred during an engagement in front of Petersburg, Va., Oct. 27, 1864, which may be of some general interest to your readers, I write this. The engagement I refer to was one of the many of the Second Corps during the siege for the purpose of advancing our lines, and by many of those engaged in it is known as the "Bull Pen"; by others, perhaps, as Hatcher's Run. The troops engaged were, so far as I know, only the Third Division of our Corps (Second) and a division of cavalry (Gregg's), with some artillery. When the advance was ordered our brigade was held in reserve, the other two advancing to the attack. Gens. Grant, Meade and Hancock were near by us watching the situation.

One of the odd incidents occurred when the advance had opened the fight. We, in reserve, were in a cornfield. A cold, drizzling rain was falling, and we were far enough in the rear so that balls from the enemy's artillery dropped near us. It was curious to see the black projectiles evolving out of the murky sky; and funny, too, to see the boys dance about in the mud to avoid them when they struck the ground in our midst.

After an hour or two of this unpleasant work, we were suddenly attacked by a division of rebels, by reason, as we then understood, of the failure of a division of the Fifth Corps to move out and properly connect our line with the main line of the army, leaving a gap through which the enemy came far in rear of our advance, and under cover of woods attacked our brigade in flank. Their line was at right angles with ours, giving them the advantage of an enfilading fire upon us. To add to the confusion, different officers gave conflicting orders, almost causing a stampede. Gen. Pierce, commander of our brigade, seeing this, rode rapidly to the front shouting, "Men, for God's sake, follow me and form on the woods!" This was done, and the brigade held the enemy in check until our advance brigades had time to return.

After this, and just before dark, our situation, and apparently that of the cavalry and artillery, together with Gens. Grant, Meade and Hancock, was such as would be indicated by the name given to this engagement—"The Bull Pen." Firing of artillery and musketry from the enemy came from all sides. Had the enemy known it, there was big game in that pen. During the evening I remember an amusing incident. Gen. Hancock, riding by, ordered us to throw up breastworks, when a soldier replied:

"We have no shovels!"

The General responded: "Use tin plates, canteens, sticks—anything, but throw up works!"

The soldier came back with the query: "General, will you kindly tell us which side of the breastwork to get on after it is made?"

The General smiled and rode off. The work was not built.

As darkness came on, and we remained inactive, with, as we then thought, a brilliant prospect of "Andersonville as our destination," we were gloomy enough. During this time, and until we were safely brought out of the situation we were in, occurred the last singular circumstance I wish to mention. A group of us were standing together discussing the situation, and the proposition was made by one of our number, that we resist the enemy until capture seemed certain, and then to wound ourselves, thereby to get the benefit of a parole and escape Andersonville. A shell burst near us, seriously wounding one of our number, he remarking at the time, "Boys, I have got my parole!" Soon after we were ordered to fall in and move off. Our wounded comrade was left, at his request, in as comfortable condition as possible. By daylight next morning we were inside our main line, meeting no enemy on the way. Our surprise was great when we learned that our wounded comrade had arrived inside our lines almost as soon as we; yet he was unable to walk. It was all plain when he told us that scarcely had we left when the rebel skirmish-line arrived. They who found our comrade wanted to desert, and the wounded man agreed to give them safe conduct inside our lines, provided they would carry him, which they did. If any comrade can elucidate this subject as to the troops engaged and circumstances incident thereto more fully, I for one would be pleased to hear from him.—J. WEIDENSALL, Lieutenant, 84th Pa., Los Angeles, Cal.

The Saber was Useful There.

TO THE EDITOR: In response to Chas. Robinson, Captain, Co. A, 8th U. S. C. Art., in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of Nov. 26, and in defense of the saber, I would be much pleased if you would publish the following account:

On May 2, 1863, we were encamped near Fairfax Court-house, Va. The 5th N. Y. Cav. and the 1st W. Va. Cav. were ordered to make a reconnaissance to Rappahannock Station. The task was accomplished without meeting any of the enemy. On our return we stopped at Warrenton Junction to feed horses and cook coffee.

The 1st W. Va. was nearly a mile in advance of the 5th N. Y.; nearly all were unsaddled, not thinking any of the enemy were near. But, it seems, Col. Mosby, the guerrilla, had been watching us, and gathering together all the men of his command and some others, he charged the 1st W. Va. and had them nearly all prisoners. The men of the 5th N. Y. hearing the firing, Col. Hammond, who was in command, ordered to mount and charge. Some with saddles and some without, a hand-to-hand encounter now took place. The 1st W. Va. was recaptured, and we drove the enemy to Warrenton City, a distance of 14 miles; 12 of them were killed and 23 taken prisoners, and every prisoner had a saber cut, and most of the dead were killed with saber. Maj. Steele, of the 1st W. Va., was mortally wounded. He was a gallant officer and a brave soldier, and was greatly mourned by his men.

This is one instance when the saber did its work, and I could tell of several more in which the gallant old 5th N. Y. Cav. was engaged. Gen. Kilpatrick was one of our best cavalry Generals; his main dependence was on a saber charge.—GEORGE W. TOMS, Sergeant, Co. K, 5th N. Y. Cav., Stamford, Conn.

Woman's Face.

"What furniture can give such finish to a room as a tender woman's face," asks George Elliott. Not any, we are happy to answer, provided the glow of health tempers the tender expression. The pale, anxious, bloodless face of the consumptive, or the evident sufferings of the dyspeptic, induce feelings of sorrow and grief on our part and compel us to tell them of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the sovereign remedy for consumption and other diseases of the respiratory system, as well as dyspepsia and other digestive troubles. Sold everywhere.

THE 21st ILL.

How Gen. Grant Commenced His Career in the Late War.

TO THE EDITOR: As is generally known Gen. Grant began his active service in the late war as Colonel of the 21st Ill. Dr. John A. Meskimen, a prominent practicing physician, who lives on Allison Prairie, Ill., about four miles west of Vincennes, Ind., and from whom I obtained these facts, was a private of Co. I, 21st Ill. At the time of his enlistment he was one of the youngest men in his regiment, and the events that then occurred made a lasting impression upon his mind. The 21st was first organized as a three-months regiment, with S. S. Good, of Decatur, Ill., as Colonel, and encamped at Mattoon, Ill., where it was kept and drilled until the regiment re-enlisted as a three-years' regiment, and was ordered to Camp Yates, Springfield, Ill. Here the men concluded they did not want Col. Good, but some one else, to lead them to the front. Not knowing whom to choose they made their wants known to the persons in authority. One day shortly after their arrival, Gov. Yates and John A. Logan visited the 21st in camp, and each made a speech. Gov. Yates told the regiment that Capt. Grant, of the Regular Army, was present, and if the 21st desired him (knowing they did not want Col. Good) they could have him for their Colonel. Although there were a hundred men in the regiment as prepossessing as Capt. Grant at that time, yet something about him seemed to please the soldiers, for they at once elected him their Colonel. Col. Grant soon won the esteem, respect, love and confidence of his regiment. He was very kind and attentive to the men, but at the same time firm and resolute. He drilled them in person, putting them through the battalion drill with great interest and zeal. When he took his men out to drill he did so in earnest. If he went to drill two hours, he would drill two and a half hours. Although quiet, having but little to say, the Colonel was ever watchful and attentive, and observant of all that took place.

Shortly after he took charge of the 21st a soldier, a big, burly Irishman, a member of one of the companies of the regiment, had been out up town and came back drunk, and was very disorderly. The Officer of the Day, either not knowing fully his duties or not desiring to tackle such a burly fellow, hesitated to arrest him. Col. Grant, perceiving the situation, ordered the Officer of the Day to arrest the fellow. But the Irishman was not going to be taken. Col. Grant threw off his blouse, clinched, and helped to throw him down, and had him held down while he bucked and gagged him, and sent him to the guardhouse to sober off.

At last Adj't-Gen. Fuller, of Illinois, ordered the regiment to be in readiness to move from Camp Yates to Quincy, Ill. In one hour after receiving the order Col. Grant informed Gen. Fuller that his regiment was ready. This very much astonished Gen. Fuller. He had expected that it would require a much longer time. It had generally taken two or three days to have a regiment put in moving order. Col. Grant at once proceeded to march his regiment to Quincy instead of taking them by railroad. He said he wanted to toughen his men and get them ready for active duty in front. After marching as far as Mendota, Ill., Col. Grant received a dispatch to take the cars at said place and proceed by rail to Quincy, where his presence was desired. Cars being in readiness, the 21st shipped at once to Quincy. From Quincy the regiment crossed the Mississippi into Missouri, and entered upon the laborious duty that awaited them in the southern part of that State. But Col. Grant was not permitted long to remain with his regiment. He was soon called to fill a higher sphere.

Thus began the first chapter of the active duties of Gen. Grant in his great and unequaled military career in the late war—one that stands without an equal in the history of the world.—JAMES P. L. WEEMS, Vincennes, Ind.

The 76th Pa. at Fort Wagner.

TO THE EDITOR: On the evening of the 8th of July, 1863, the 76th Pa., with the rest of the brigade, commanded by Gen. Strong, embarked from the northern part of Folly Island in gunboats, but for some cause had to disembark and march back to quarters, two miles distant, arriving at daylight. There we lay until evening, when we marched back and embarked for the second time. Our boats kept towing about until daylight, when we reached Lighthouse Inlet. We noticed the flagman on the Signal Station engaged in sending orders, which were shortly carried into effect by the booming of cannon. The rebels were greatly surprised, as the salute was one they did not expect. Our fleet kept towing down the inlet to effect a landing, which was done under a severe fire from the rebels. One of the boats, I think of a Connecticut regiment, was cut in two by a cannon-ball, which took off the legs of one of the men; the others were soon seen struggling in the water, and all were rescued.

In making the landing we jumped into mud and water waist deep and waded to land, storming the Confederate rifle-pits and fort, capturing nine guns, camp equipage, and over 200 prisoners. Quite a number were killed and wounded. Any of the old comrades reading this will remember, when formed in line after disembarking, seeing Gen. Strong walking on one of the rifle-pits, with bare head, minus one boot, and in his shirt sleeves, pointing toward the rebel fort and shouting, "Come on boys, the day is ours!"

After capturing the fort, we were marched out on the beach toward Fort Wagner, on the north end of the island. Fort Sumter threw over into our midst solid shot, which caused every man to have his eyes fixed toward the fort, and it was really a grand sight to behold. As the balls came bounding among us the men would separate and the balls skip off into the Atlantic. The men would close up and march forward as steady as if nothing had happened. Not a man was injured, I believe.

We lay all day in the broiling sun. It was cool at night, and we were in a shivering condition until nearly daylight, when we were ordered to fall into line and charge Fort Wagner. It was stated at the time that Gen. Strong asked leave, after having taken the lower end of the island, to march on up and storm the fort, which Gen. Gilmore would not grant, as he thought the men were too much fatigued, and were not in fit condition to undertake the perilous task. Gen. Strong then asked to let the Second Brigade go, as it had as yet not been engaged. Gilmore refused, but waited until the next morning, giving the rebels plenty of time to re-enforce and complete arrangements for the attack, which they knew would come. The result was a costly and fearful failure.

The charge of the 18th was another blunder, equally as bad as the former. Thirteen regiments were sent into death and destruction for naught. About 1,600 men were killed, wounded, and captured. Among the number were some of the best of the land. Out of our company 32 were either killed, wounded, or missing in these useless engagements. Gen. Strong was wounded about three feet from me, just after he had told one of his Aids to order a retreat, as the destruction of life was too great to justify remaining there. I believe that there was not another place during the war that was so hot and the destruction so great, in the same time and for the number engaged, as was this charge on Fort Wagner.—JOHN WEIGEL, Co. A, 76th Pa., Zelienople, Butler Co., Pa.

Ohio Soldiers.

TO THE EDITOR: When the old soldiers were gathered at Topeka, Kan., recently in Reunion, at a meeting of the Ohio soldiers it was resolved to publish a roster of the Ohio soldiers of Kansas and Missouri, or of those here in the West. The evening this resolution passed some $11 was raised and paid over to me, and a committee appointed to raise more money the next day, and send to me, to get the roster printed.

I have received word that some $25 were raised, but up to date I have not received a cent of it; so I am unable to go on with the printing of the roster.

Quite a number of the Ohio soldiers have sent me their names for the roster, and I send this note to you for publication that they may know the cause of delay. If any of the soldiers who were at Topeka can put me on the track of the money there raised, I would be much obliged to them.—F. W. BUTTERFIELD, President, Ohio Soldiers' Association, Kansas City, Mo.

Gen. John A. Logan,

U. S. Senator from Illinois, writes: "Some years ago I was troubled more or less with rheumatism, and have, within the last year or so, suffered intensely with the same disease. I began to take 'Durang's Rheumatic Remedy,' and am thoroughly satisfied that I have been cured by its use. I do not hesitate to recommend it."

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CONDENSED LETTERS.

John Miller, Co. F, 3d Mich., Santa Rosa, Cal., speaking of the controversy in regard to the relative good qualities of the Western armies and the Army of the Potomac, says the latter could hold its own with any of them.

Levi Davis, Corporal, Co. F, 52d Ind., Creston, Iowa, thinks that Sanford Snyder, Co. G, 2d Mo., is right when he said the last real fighting of the war was at the charge of Fort Blakeley, Mobile, by Gen. A. J. Smith's troops, Sixteenth Corps.

P. S. Moore, Co. K, 40th Ind., Independence, Kan., says the 24th Ky. does not need the "self-appointed" championship of E. P. Root, who wrote in regard to it in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of Nov. 12th.

Thos. Bowles, Corporal, Co. A, 1st Ohio, claims for the flag of his regiment the honor of being the first on Mission Ridge.

Bert Berry, Detroit, Mich., thinks the efforts made by some writers to belittle the Army of the Potomac are highly unbecoming, and deserve to be frowned down.

M. H. Wilson, Co. E, 3d. Ky., Hagaman, Ill., writing of the conflicting claims for the honor of first planting the Union flag on the rebel works at Mission Ridge, observes, very sensibly, that it is impossible to say what particular regiment reached the crest first, and claims of that sort are not reasonable. He says "there was thunder enough for all that day." He was in Harker's Brigade, Sheridan's Division, Fourth Corps. He says Gen. Harker was "blown to atoms by a shell" in the charge at Kenesaw June 27, '64. In this he is partly mistaken. He is right as to place and date, but Gen. Harker was struck in the body by a musket ball, was borne from the field, and died that night, 10 or 12 hours after receiving the fatal wound. The person who makes this correction was a member of Harker's old regiment, the 65th Ohio.

G. P. Stone, Fountain Run, Ky., writes that he served as guide and scout with the 5th Ind. Cav., and corroborates Comrade Dougherty's account of the wild gallop of Lieut. Dumont, of that regiment, across the railroad bridge over Green River, Ky., at Munfordsville.

John J. Wiltse, Co. A, 23d Iowa, Kelley, Iowa, writes to say that in the account of the siege of Mobile the writer should have said the troops were all mustered out except the 23d Iowa, which was sent to Columbus, Texas, where it was detained until late in July. Then the regiment went to Harrisburg, near Houston, where it was mustered out, and came home to Davenport, Iowa, where it was paid off.

In the recent article on prison life in Columbia, S. C., by Lieut. Bowley, he alluded to Capt. S. T. Harris, of a Tennessee regiment, who was held for a long time in solitary confinement. The writer expressed the belief that he was dead, and asked for information concerning him. F. A. Angle, Spring Lake, Kan., writes to say that Capt. Harris was exchanged in 1865, returned to Knoxville, thence removed to Dandridge, where he married, and is now living at Johnson City, Tenn.

John P. Miller, Co. C, 98th Ill., Stromsburg, Neb., says his regiment belonged to Wilder's mounted brigade; did not participate in the charge on Mission Ridge, and did not, of course, lose a flag halfway up, which was picked up, as stated by Comrade Beatty, 19th Ill. He says the 98th Ill. never lost a flag.

Martin Kelley, Co. H, 60th N. Y., Chester, Neb., having seen so much controversy as to what regiments first entered Little Rock, Columbia and other places where they had to climb over heaps of dead rebels to get there, thinks he will stir up the boys by filing the claim that the 60th N. Y. was the first regiment to enter Atlanta with its colors, and also the first to enter Savannah.

Jos. Monk, Chicago, Ill., thinks it would have been in far better taste to have erected a monument to Nathan Hale than to have made so much fuss about the British spy Andre.

W. B. Dickey, Co. E, 57th Pa., Faribault, Minn., indorses Comrade Dunham's account of the part Gen. Alex. Hays's Brigade took in the battle of the Wilderness.

A. Murphy, Co. H, 1st battalion, 18th U. S. Inf., Greencastle, Ind., sends a brief account of the services of his regiment in the Army of the Cumberland. He says: "There were 111 officers appointed for the regiment. On Dec. 31, 1865, there were 48 commissioned officers, showing a loss of 63; 4,778 men were enlisted, and on Dec. 31, 1865, there were 938 enlisted men, showing a loss since the organization of 3,840."

S. B. Liedorff, Sergeant, Co. A, 3d Ohio Cav., Hartland, O., writes of the capture of a rebel wagon train near Chickamauga Station, just before the battle of Mission Ridge, by a force under the command of Col. Eli Long. The force consisted of the 1st and 3d Ohio and 4th Mich. Cav. and 17th Ind. and 98th Ill. mounted infantry.

A. A. Jones, Co. B, 65th Ill., Toledo, Iowa, writes of the services of his regiment on the Atlanta campaign.

James Malone, Co. B, 8th Pa. Reserves, says it was that regiment, and not the 6th Pa. Reserves, that relieved Duryea's Zouaves after its charge at Gaines's Mill.

A. McDonald, Norfolk, Va., says that any person reading Comrade Murdock's account of the battle of Cedar Creek would infer that the Sixth Corps did all the work, whereas the fact is that the Nineteenth Corps did quite as much as the one to which he (Murdock) gives so much credit.

C. True, Middleton, Kan., offers to send arborvitæ trees from 4 to 10 inches high and soft maple seeds to any comrades sending the necessary postage for same.

O. S. Barrett, Co. B, 4th Mich., Adrian, Mich., writes an entertaining history of his regiment, which was with the Army of the Potomac in all its campaigns.

Chas. H. DePuy, Co. H, 1st Mich. S. S., Muskegon, Mich., writes: "In your issue of the 26th ult. Comrade Buck, 50th Pa., is a little mixed in giving the Michigan regiments in the Ninth Corps, or rather in his brigade. He claims the 24th Mich. was in the brigade. This regiment, according to 'Michigan in the War,' was in First Brigade, Third Division, Second Corps, and Feb. 11, 1865, was sent to Springfield, Ill., for duty at draft rendezvous."

Where Are They?

TO THE EDITOR: Who can tell what became of Mrs. Emily B. Rose, who was a nurse in the Gayoso Hospital, in the Summer of 1864. Of all the army nurses I ever saw I think she was the best—kind, patient, unceasing in her care of the sick and wounded. She was a large, comely lady, well educated, a good convesationalist, and a true friend of the soldier. I think she was from one of the New England States—Maine or Vermont; also, one A. B. Dodge, of an Iowa battery, who had the typhoid fever, and was in the hospital at the same time. The writer was there, wounded, and would be pleased to hear from or of them.—S. J. BAILEY, 9th Ill. Cav., Menomonee, Wis.

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[*Texas Siftings.*]

Kosciusko Murphy congratulated Miss Esmeralda Longcoffin on the occasion of her recent birthday.

"Miss Esmeralda, I wish you everything that goes to make life happy. I want you to have half a million dollars, a villa, fast horses and carriages and a——"

"Stop now. You have already given me more than enough. Hadn't you better wish something for yourself?" said Esmeralda.

"You shouldn't interrupt me. I was going to say that I wished you to have all those things—and me in the bargain."

It Did.

[*N. Y. Post.*]

A story is told of an aged clergyman who met a man loudly declaiming against foreign missions. "Why," said the objector, "doesn't the church look after the heathen at home?" "We do," said the clergyman quietly, and gave the man a tract.

Snug Little Fortunes

may be had by all who are sufficiently intelligent and enterprising to embrace the opportunities which occasionally are offered them. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, have something new to offer in the line of work which you can do for them, and live at home. The profits of many are immense, and every worker is sure of over $5 a day; several have made over $50 in a single day. All ages; both sexes. Capital not required; you are started free; all particulars free. You had better write to them at once.

SONS OF VETERANS.

CONNECTICUT DIVISION.

"Comrade," Bridgeport: At the annual Fall election of Wm. H. Mallory Camp, No. 11, of this city, held on Wednesday evening, Dec. 30, the following officers were elected for the coming year: Capt., Eugene Morehouse; First Lieut., R. M. Fairchild; Second Lieut., Thos. Knablin, and judging from the general expressions of satisfaction made by the members, all will now take hold and pull together to place this Camp at the head of the Connecticut Division,—where it belongs,—as we have one of the best fields to work on in the State. All that is required is hard work by every brother for the good of the Order, so that by May 30 we will be able to make such an appearance as will be a credit to ourselves and the entire Order.

F. W. Ingraham, Waterbury: Chatfield Camp, No. 9, on the 1st inst. celebrated the new year by having a public installation of its officers. Wadsworth Post and the Relief Corps were present. Col. L. A. Burpee, Commander of the State Division, installed the following officers: Capt., C. W. Burpee; First Lieut., F. W. Ingraham; Second Lieut. E. W. Ensign. Camp Council, T. D. Reid, W. W. Hubbard, J. H. Perry. After the installation Capt. C. W. Burpee was presented with an elegant sword by Lieut. E. W. Ensign, in behalf of the Camp.

MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION.

W. H. Eddy, Lowell: Officers of Perry Camp, No. 9, of this place: Capt., F. R. Ecker; First Lieut., C. B. Corbin; Second Lieut., J. D. Crawford. Camp Council, F. D. Eddy, J. A. Mattern, E. A. Sunderlin. Representative, Hon. E. A. Sunderlin; Alternate, J. D. Crawford.

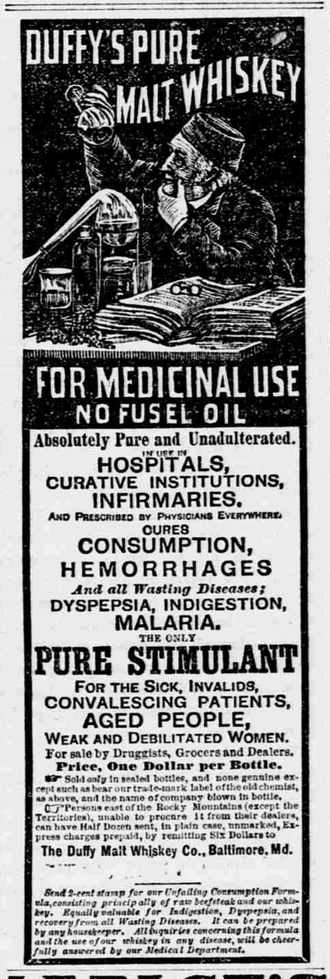
Geo. Hunter, Wakefield: Maj. J. M. Cate Camp, No. 45, is in a flourishing condition with its 29 hard-working and energetic members. On the 30th ult. an election was held, which resulted as follows: Capt., Frank H. Thorndike; First Lieut., Joseph A. Barker; Second Lieut., T. L. Montgomery. Camp Council, Amos Nichols, Harry Eustis, J. A. Stott.

"It Deserves to Be Sustained."

TO THE EDITOR: THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE deserves to be sustained in the most loyal, hearty manner, as the spokesman for and in the interest of the G.A.R. The old soldier wants an "organ" that is not all the time piping the "Dead March in Saul," but is wide awake and progressive, and can prove to the "stay at homes" and to the young men who have come to the front since the war closed, that the "old soldier is not played out," nor is he marching around with a coffin on his back; and such a paper I have found THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE to be.—WALLACE W. JOHNSON, Philadelphia, Pa.

CAN'T DO WITHOUT IT.

W. R. Smith, Co. H, 3d Iowa Cav., Girard, Kan.: I would not do without THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE in my family for $25 a year.



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Your Sponge Will Never Get Musty

sour nor have a disagreeable smell if you use nothing else about your toilet and bath but The Frank Siddalls Soap. This is because there is nothing used in it but clean tallow made from fresh, sweet suet—the process of manufacture is as neat and clean as the preparation of a dinner by a good housekeeper, and the factory is as free from smell as the dining-room or kitchen of a well-regulated family. The only question now, is whether Frank Siddall makes this statement merely to sell a ten cent cake of soap or whether the soap will honestly do what he claims for it. Read the waxed wrapper that is around every cake.

If your Horse is Troubled with Scratches

wash his feet and legs with nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap and warm water; after thoroughly cleansing the parts affected, make another r