FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns.

VICKSBURG.

Gen. Landram Tells About the Surrender of Vicksburg.

TO THE EDITOR: M. M. Wright, Co. I, 96th Ohio, asks for some account of the first flag of truce at Vicksburg. In my address at the Reunion of the Cincinnati Society of ex-Army and Navy Officers, at the Burnet House, Jan. 12, 1882, in response to the toast "Vicksburg and its Siege," I gave the following account of the flag of truce alluded to:

On the 3d of July, under a flag of truce, Gen. Bowen and Maj. Montgomery, of the Confederate army, appeared in our front, and were escorted blindfolded to the headquarters of Gen. Burbridge, who, being confined to his bed at that time, sent for me to assist in entertaining them during their stay. After entering the tent the handkerchiefs were removed, and they at once announced that they were the bearers of a communication from Gen. Pemberton to Gen. Grant. Gen. A. J. Smith, the division commander, was then sent for, and upon his arrival and introduction to these officers, he received the papers and started to the headquarters of Gen. Grant. The time was pleasantly occupied during his absence in discussing the battles of Fort Gibson, Baker's Creek and other engagements, Gen. Bowen especially talking freely and unreservedly about everything that had no reference to the siege. He complimented Admiral Farragut for his gallantry in running the blockade of Grand Gulf with his wooden fleet, and said that he was quite sure he had recognized the Admiral, and gave orders to his men under no circumstances to fire at him. He said that at the battle of Port Gibson he deceived McClernand as to his real strength by stretching out his command and making a company represent a regiment. Upon the return of Gen. Smith with the reply of Gen. Grant, Gen. Bowen opened the envelope, read the communication, and remarked that a reply would be sent that night. They were again blindfolded, and Maj. Montgomery, conducted by a staff officer, and Gen. Bowen by myself, through our works back to the Confederate intrenchments. The bandages were removed, at my suggestion, as soon as we reached the few yards of disputed territory, and after lighting our cigars and a pleasant shake of the hand, we separated with a friendly good-by.

I do not remember what officer of Gen. Burbridge's Brigade escorted the Confederate officers into our lines, and think it quite probable it was Maj. Leonard, of the 96th Ohio. They were not taken to Gen. Grant, and never left the tent of Burbridge during the time they were in our lines. Burbridge commanded the First Brigade of Gen. A. J. Smith's Division, while I commanded the Second, our headquarters being within sixty or seventy yards of each other. The reply of Gen. Grant was written on small note-paper, and was not read aloud by Bowen; hence we were left only to conjecture as to the object of their visit. I think something was said by Bowen indicating a desire on his part to have a personal interview with Gen. Grant, and he was informed by Gen. Smith that it could not be granted. The walking through the intrenchments was tiresome and worried Bowen considerably, and he expressed great gratification at my removal of the handkerchiefs with which their eyes were bandaged. I was satisfied that the visit was with reference to a contemplated surrender, though no allusion was made to that subject, or to anything connected with the siege, by any one present during the interview, which lasted about an hour and a half. The distance between our headquarters and that of Gen. Grant was about a mile, but Gen. Smith was a very rapid rider. Bowen and Montgomery were handsome, well-formed men, fine conversationalists, and seemed to enjoy their visit. If they felt any chagrin or mortification at the existing state of affairs, they did not show it; on the contrary, they looked bright and cheerful, and were genial and interesting in their conversation and bearing generally. From what I had seen of his management of troops, I was impressed with the belief that Gen. Bowen was not only one of the best officers in Pemberton's command, but one of the best in the Confederate army.—W. J. LANDRAM, Brevet Brigadier-General, U. S. Vols., Lancaster, Ky.

NEW HOPE CHURCH.

How Sherman Was Held in Check 11 Days.

TO THE EDITOR: While reading "Fighting Them Over," in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE for April 22, 1886, my attention was arrested by the article of Capt. L. G. Nelson, 15th Wis., on "New Hope," or the "Hell Hole." I think that the latter term was applied by Gen. Sherman to the entire position occupied by Johnston's army in the Allatoona Hills, from Pumpkinvine Creek to Dallas. This position was a very strong one. It had been laid out and fortified by the Confederate engineers long before Sherman forced Johnston to seek the cover of the works.

By the aid of these defenses Johnston was enabled to stay the progress of Sherman's army for a period of 11 days, from May 25 to June 4, 1864.

Comrade Nelson speaks of the engagement of the 27th May as the only one at which "bloody fighting" was done, and alludes to the other operations along this line as "minor engagements." I wish to correct his statement, or rather enlighten him and the readers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE regarding this.

There were three well-defined and bloody engagements fought on this line, any one of which, at an earlier period of the war, would have excited general attention.

The first of these occurred on the 25th of May, when the Twentieth Corps (Gen. Joe Hooker's) ran upon the enemy's outposts at Burnt Hickory Crossing, drove them rapidly back into their fortified lines, and ineffectually assaulted these lines, continuing the fighting until dark. The fighting was desperate and bloody. The heaviest work fell to "Pap" Williams's First, or "Red Star," Division, which alone lost some 1,500 men in a very short time.

As Comrade Nelson's regiment lost more heavily on the 27th of May than at any other engagement of the Atlanta campaign, so my own regiment, the 107th N. Y., suffered a heavier loss on the 25th than at any other time; losing 43 men killed, or died of wounds, and 132 wounded, which I am sure will be acknowledged "bloody" enough.

The second of these engagements is the one related by Capt. Nelson—an assault by T. J. Wood's Third Division of the Fourth Corps (Howard's) on Johnston's lines, farther to the right, at a place called Pickett's Mill, on the 27th of May. This was a counterpart of that on the 25th, with like desperate fighting, equally bloody, and with the same fruitless results.

The third was an attack on Logan's Fifteenth Corps, on the 28th of May, by Bate's Division of Hardee's (Confederate) Corps. Logan's men were protected by some hastily-constructed breastworks, and gave the enemy a bloody repulse, which partly compensated for the losses suffered by the Fourth and Twentieth Corps.

Nearly 2,000 of the enemy were killed and wounded, and the loss of our forces was comparatively slight. This ended the heavy fighting at these points. There were continuous alarms, skirmishing, and affairs between pickets until Sherman, by a flank movement, compelled Johnston to abandon the entire line in front of New Hope Church.—ARTHUR S. FITCH, First Lieutenant, 107th N. Y., Elmira, N. Y.

The Warren Medal.

TO THE EDITOR: Say to Allen T. Roberts, Hubbard, O., that if he will write to Comrade George M. Gray, Dixmont, Pa., Corresponding Secretary, 139th Pa. V. V. Association, he may be able to locate Comrade Warren. Col. Collier, the presentor of the medal, was a brave leader of a brave regiment, and anything coming from him as a reward can well make the receiver feel proud.—GEO. H. UHLER, 93d Pa., Lebanon, Pa.

Invalid's Hotel and Surgical Institute.

This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skillful Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvelous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, disease of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fits), spermatorrhœa, impotency and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, pile tumors, varicocele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalids' Guide-Book (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A SUCCESSFUL FORAGE.

How the 7th Pa. Cav. Gathered In the Stores.

TO THE EDITOR: I see so many interesting letters from different departments and not any from Wilson's Cavalry Corps, I will with your permission give an incident that I think has never been in print in regard to foraging in Alabama. We left Louisville, Ky., on Dec. 28, 1864, for Gravel Springs, Ala., where we went into Winter quarters. After being in camp a couple of weeks we marched to Chickasaw, Ala., where we went into camp, and sometime in March (can't give the date) we received orders to ease off and prepare for a forced march. Broke camp the same day and reached Selma, Ala., on April 2, which we captured, after a fight of about an hour and a half, with several guns and about 3,000 prisoners. From there we struck for Montgomery, where we arrived on the 14th. The rebels had evacuated on hearing of our approach, and the citizens had hoisted the Stars and Stripes over the Court-house, where they waved triumphantly on our entry. At Montgomery a party of eight, including the writer, were detailed from our company (G) to go out for forage. We were commanded by Serg't Dal. Andes. My horse was entirely played out at Selma, and I was compelled to walk and lead my horse the greater part of the way to Montgomery. During the night I met two negroes mounted on a mule, swapped in true Yankee style, and reached camp at about midnight. At break of day next morning we left camp. After a short ride we had to ford a small stream. My mule was small and stubborn, and by the time I had him across my comrades were about a half-mile in advance of me, but I caught up to them at the first plantation, where we stopped. The owner came out and professed that he was a loyal Union man, and would do anything to further the Union cause. We told him if he was anxious to help "Uncle Sam" he could do it by giving his boys a good, square meal to eat. He went in the house, but came out immediately and said his old woman would have it ready in a short time. We dismounted and tied our horses and mules and gave them some corn fodder, which the only negro on the place brought in from the barn. When this was done our breakfast was ready. The bill of fare was ham, eggs, hot biscuits and fresh milk. You can bet your bottom dollar that we did not leave much on the table. When we had finished we missed the negro, which led us to suspect that this Union man was not what he professed to be, but was a full-blooded secesh. We examined the house to find something to confirm our suspicions. We found two double-barreled shotguns, loaded, which we roped around a tree standing in the yard, and two cavalry revolvers, loaded, and a Spencer seven shooter.

After ransacking the house we decamped. My comrades struck for the main road, and I struck for a house a short distance across the field, where I met a rebel Surgeon, home on furlough. After talking awhile he showed me a Union sword-belt that he had picked up on the battlefield of the Second Bull Run. The doctor's horse was in a rail pen in the yard near the house. I asked the doctor how he would swap for my mule. He did not feel like swapping. I put my bridle and saddle on the horse, and mounted and rode around the house a couple of times.

"Well, how does he suit you?" asked the doctor.

"Quite well; he is a pacer."

In glancing around I saw a squad of grays coming down the hill, which I afterwards learned was a company of niggers picked up by our officers. I gave the horse the spurs and made for the bush.

The doctor yelled, "I ought to have something to boot!"

"Uncle Sam will give the boot," I answered.

Back from the house a short distance I jumped my horse over the fence on some loose stones and lamed him, and was compelled to carry my saddle, bridle, saber, carbine, etc., about three-quarters of a mile, where I met my comrades, who had captured a wagon-load of goods. They were busy ransacking the boxes and trunks on the wagon. They found two ladies' gold watches, $1,450 Confederate money, silk dresses, and other finery without end, and a hogshead of ham.

When we had done "going through" the wagon, an old farmer with two horses and a load of wood approached. He was politely requested, in the name of Uncle Sam, to deliver up his horses. Refusing, I unhitched them and mounted the best one.

We continued our journey till we came across a rebel commissary on a large plantation. There were three buildings on the lawn, one (the commissary) directly in front, and the others on the right and left. As we approached the buildings a rebel officer's uniform came out waving his handkerchief and crying out, "I'll surrender!" I told him I did not want him, whereupon he gave me the key of the building to my left. I took the key, but went for the building directly ahead. It was locked, but the door soon yielded to the persuasions of my carbine-butt, and inside I found flour, sugar and shoes. I dumped the shoes all in a bag I found, and pitched out all the flour and sugar we could carry.

We continued our journey till night came on, when we camped on the lawn of a planter's house. The next morning we picked up an old wagon alongside the road, captured a set of harness, hitched up two mules, and loaded with the ham, flour, etc., we had captured the day before.

Nothing of importance happened that day, except capturing a horse or mule occasionally. When we reached camp in the evening the whole regiment turned out to cheer us. We turned the forage over to the regimental Quartermaster. Our haul consisted of 50 head of horses and mules and the wagon-load of forage. It was the most successful forage I ever participated in, and one of the best that ever came into camp.—A. W. HUBER, Co. G, 7th Pa. Cav., Pine Grove, Pa.

Comrade Trotter Criticizes Gen. Reno.

TO THE EDITOR: In a recent issue of your most valuable paper there was a piece concerning the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac, from the pen of Brevet Brig.-Gen. Reno, which, according to my recollection, has some very grave mistakes, the first of which is concerning the Stoneman raid. He says on returning we had a hard time of it on account of heavy rains that raised the Rapidan and Rappahannock, so that they were unfordable. It is true that both streams were very high, the latter so that we were obliged to wait until the next day after getting there before we could cross, and the artillery had to take off their limber chests and the ammunition chests from the caissons and raft them over to keep the ammunition dry, and we had one man in my regiment drowned by getting drifted below the ford. I well remember Gen. Stoneman and staff standing on the bank of the river and directing the crossing. The second mistake I noticed was in regard to the Trevillian Station expedition. He says that the cavalry escorted the army to the James River after the battle of Cold Harbor. The expedition left the army while the battle of Cold Harbor was in progress. I remember meeting Gen. Baldy Smith's Corps on its way from White House Landing to the front at Cold Harbor when we were on our way to the Pamunkey River. Another very grave mistake was in regard to Custer's Brigade at the battle of Trevillian Station. He says, and truly, that Custer had a hard time of it; but as to his losing two pieces of Pennington's battery, Gen. Reno is wrong. Custer lost all of his headquarters wagons, together with four caissons, and either the battery wagon or forge, and all of the spare horses belonging to the battery, but we brought off all the pieces belonging to the battery, namely, four. The rebels captured one piece and the cannoneers, but the drivers, seeing that capture was inevitable, ran off with the limber, and before the rebs could get away with the piece the cavalry charged and took it back, when the drivers went back and limbered up the piece and brought it off and another detachment was put with it to work the gun. I think that not only Gen. Custer but his whole command did as well as the same number of men could do under the same circumstances, considering that we were surrounded entirely for over four hours and fighting four times our own number. It has often been a wonder to me that the rebs did not get the whole of us.—ROBERT TROTTER, Co. D, 10th N. Y. Cav., Kirkfield, Kan.

Discharges Awaiting Owners.

TO THE EDITOR: I have among my papers the muster-out roll of Lieut. Geo. A. Turner, 51st Ill., Camp Irwin, Texas, Sept. 25, 1865; also that of James Commody, private, Co. K, 153d Ill., Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 11, 1865.

The above discharges may do them some good in the future. I will mail them on receipt of address. I know of no better way to reach them than through THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.—EDWARD SPEAR, late Paymaster, U. S. A., St. Paul, Minn.

March, April, May are the months to purify the blood—now take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE FIRST BULL RUN.

The Retreat from that Disastrous Field.

TO THE EDITOR: With your permission I should like to correct an erroneous impression as to what troops covered the retreat from the first battle of Bull Run. All of the accounts I have seen, including that of Gen. Logan's, recently published in your columns, give the credit to the commands of Gens. Blenker or Richardson, and neither is entitled to it. It may be true, and most probably is, that Gen. (then Colonel) Blenker was ordered by McDowell to cover the retreat, but it is equally true he did not do so. At 9 p. m. of that day the 1st N. J. (three years' men) were formed in a hollow square between Centerville and Bull Run, and the Colonel (Wm. Montgomery) was in consultation with Gen. McDowell and others in relation to the feasibility of making a stand at Centerville. Our Colonel strongly urged that plan, and McDowell partially agreed to it. Two hours later, however, a report came that Gen. McDowell and all of the troops, save two regiments under Col. Blenker, had left, and at a consultation between Cols. Montgomery and Blenker it was decided to stand by each other. In the meantime the enemy's advance had encountered the pickets of our regiment, but had retreated. Soon after the consultation with Col. Blenker the stealthy movements of troops was heard, and an examination revealed the facts that Col. Blenker's command had also left, leaving the 1st N. J. alone to guard the rear. Near by was a church filled with wounded, but all the Surgeons had retreated except Dr. Taylor, the Surgeon of our regiment. After a consultation it was deemed hazardous to remain longer, and leaving the doctor to care for the wounded, the regiment left at 1 p. m., or nearly two hours after all the rest had gone. Soon after daylight the next morning our rear-guard came in with the report that the enemy in force was rapidly approaching. Thereupon preparations were made to give them a hot reception, and to that end two howitzers of our battery were unlimbered and placed in position. After waiting some time and the enemy not appearing, we again retreated. This was repeated several times before we caught up to the rear of the column. In the meantime all sorts of rumors were afloat. One was to the effect that the Black Horse Cavalry had gone by another road and cut us off. Finally we caught up to the retreating army, and as a severe rain storm had set in we knew that all danger from the enemy was over. Upon arriving at Long Bridge we found a guard posted, with orders to allow none to pass, and as our baggage wagons—in those days we had baggage wagons to carry our knapsacks, and which were a great luxury, but they were soon afterwards disposed of—had not arrived, we had no blankets, tents or shelter from the rain which was coming down in torrents, and were obliged to stand all night shivering over dim fires, soaked to the pelt; and notwithstanding it was July, I think it was one of the most disagreeably cold nights I ever spent. The next day was clear, and we went into camp and began to prepare for real war.—EDWARD B. LONG, Co. G, 1st N. J., White Plains, N. Y.

Knob Gap Once More.

TO THE EDITOR: There has been a great deal written about who captured a cannon at that place. Sometimes it is the 101st Ohio, sometimes the 21st Ill., and also the 15th Wis., and now comes Comrade Thomas C. Davis, and believes his regiment—the 38th Ill.—captured Knob Gap, and says that Gen. W. P. Carlin can tell who did if he wants to. I can tell who got to that gun first as well as any living man. It was the 15th Wis., the 21st Ill., and the 101st Ohio that charged on the rebel battery at Knob Gap. Where the 38th Ill. was at that time I don't know, and it seems to me they don't know themselves. The 15th Wis. got to that cannon first, because it was in our front, and I saw Col. Heg, of the 15th Wis., up to that cannon first with his revolver in hand, for he rode up ahead of our column. But I will say right here that our regiment don't deserve any more credit therefor than the 21st Ill. and 101st Ohio, for they had to run through the muddy field and brush in double-quick, the same as we had. It has been written about who captured that gun so much, like it was a big battle; it was only a rebel outpost. I can also tell how we came to capture that gun. When we charged on the rebels they struck out as fast as they could, and in their hurry to retreat they drove in between some trees and got stuck, and so we got on to them before they could get out of there. We did not have much fighting, but how we ran after the rebs! Some of the boys were pretty near killed by running.—OLE STEENSLAND, Co. E, 15th Wis., Perry, Wis.

Gen. Smith's Raid on Tupelo.

TO THE EDITOR: In your issue of April 15 I noticed the criticisms of Comrade Max Forvilly, Co. G, 14th Wis., on an article previously written by Comrade Fitch, of the 33d Wis. As I was there at the time, of course I recollect part of what I saw, as follows: The 14th and 33d were train guards. Rebels in ambush opened fire on the 14th, they being in advance. They fought the rebels until the 33d formed on the right-flank of the rebels. About 20 minutes later they opened fire and the rebels ceased firing. Just then Capt. Mansfield, of Co. H, 14th Wis., who usually commanded the regiment in action, ordered the 14th to fix bayonets and forward, double-quick, and they did so. At that time Capt. Mansfield passed through his regiment and dashed to the front on horseback. The regiment advanced three or four hundred yards through the brush, when they were met by Capt. Mansfield coming back with two rebs, each carrying a rebel flag. One prisoner stated that the ladies of Tupelo had just presented them with one of the flags, and they would like to keep it. To our brave Capt. Mansfield we give credit for the capture of two rebels and two rebel flags, and to the 33d credit for saving us on that occasion, and all other valiant deeds to which they are entitled.—JAS. STEPHENSON, Co. H, 14th Wis., Forest Grove, Ore.

The 1st Conn. H. A.

TO THE EDITOR: I have read with much interest the many letters that have appeared in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, but I do not recollect ever seeing anything about my old regiment—the 1st Conn. H. A. If my memory serves me right their time was about out when the regiment arrived at Bermuda Hundred. They had about 10 or 12 days more to serve. I think they were placed in the ditch to shovel and pick up the dirt to help strengthen the main works—treated as prisoners the last few days, after serving their country three years, and passing through the fights of the Peninsula, Hanover Court-house, Golding's Hill, Malvern Hill, Yorktown, etc. During their service in the ditch there was an order read off one night to the men, asking them if they would not volunteer to stay 30 or 60 days longer, stand by their colors, and not march to the rear to the sound of the enemy's cannon. After serving three long years, and then being treated as they were the last few days of their service!—375 men mustered out of service to get home the best way they could without pay, without transportation, and without rations. Our Colonel, H. L. Abbot, is a General now in the Regular Army.—RECRUIT, Killingly, Conn.

Cynthiana and Mt. Sterling.

TO THE EDITOR: Comrade Outten, of the 45th Ky., is sadly mistaken when he says that his regiment made the charge on Morgan's band at Cynthiana, Ky., June 12, 1864, and at Mt. Sterling a few days previous. It was the 7th and 12th Ohio Cav., and the 10th and 11th Mich. Cav. that did the work at Cynthiana, Ky. There were only about 100 men of the 45th Ky. engaged at Mt. Sterling, and they were not in the charge, but engaged a small squad of the enemy on the right of the pike. The 12th Ohio and 11th Mich. Cav. did the work at Mt. Sterling. I would like to get the P. O. address of all the 12th Ohio Cav. and 11th Mich. Cav., with a view of holding a Reunion this coming Summer or Fall.—J. A. SOLIDAY, Co. M, 12th Ohio Cav., Academy, Ind.

The First Muster for Three Years.

TO THE EDITOR: In a recent issue of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE I saw a short article on the first three years' muster, which I desire to correct. The 4th Conn. was mustered into the United States service for three years on the 22d of May, 1861, early in the morning, at Hartford, Conn., and in the State Capitol can be seen a flag which was presented by the citizens of California to the first three years' regiment. We had the honor to receive it, so you see the fact is not quite so well established as it might be as to the 15th Ill. being the first.—A. H. SIMONDS, Co. B, 4th Conn., Stafford Springs, Conn.

Gen. Rufus Ingalls, Quartermaster General, says St. Jacobs Oil is the best pain-cure.

A. A. Drake, Esq., N. Y. Stock Exchange, says: "Palmer's 'Skin-Success' *perfectly* and *quickly* cured a skin complaint for which I was long treated by two eminent physicians who failed to relieve me. For humanity's sake I permit this to be published."

A Doctor Who Did Grand Service as a Spy.

TO THE EDITOR: Rumors of the advance on Washington of a large rebel force reached Dr. Wm. Beall, of Washington County, Md., on the 7th of July, 1864. Squads of rebel cavalry then filled Washington County and a portion of Frederick County, and had destroyed all communication between the Federal commander at Frederick, Md., and the West. He determined at once to ascertain the truth of the report, and for that purpose went to a prominent place on South Mountain, and from a tree (about night) discovered the smoke of a large camp near Sharpsburg, Md., some nine miles distant. About 7 o'clock the next morning he saw two columns of rebel infantry, one moving towards the National pike and the other moving in the direction of Crampton's Gap in the South Mountain, six miles below the point in that mountain crossed by the National pike, and in a beeline for Washington, D. C. The movements of these columns convinced him that Baltimore, Md., or the National Capital was their objective point. As soon as he could make a tolerable estimate of their numbers he started from South Mountain to acquaint the Federal commanders near Frederick City, Md., with the facts in the case, being convinced that the hundreds of squads of rebel cavalry that filled all the country from Mason's & Dixon's line to the Potomac had concealed from him the movements of this large body of infantry. On his way to Frederick City, Md., he experienced great difficulty in passing the many squads of cavalry, but the greatest difficulty was to effect a passage through McCausland's command, which was moving down south of Middletown, Md., to lead Gen. Breckinridge's command, which was to strike Gen. Wallace's extreme left at Frederick City. When near his (Gen. McCausland's) column he was captured and taken to the headquarters of Gen. McCausland. Just as he arrived some one introduced him to Gen. McCausland as a relative of Gen. R. E. Lee. This gave him the advantage of their unlimited confidence, and secured for him a pass to visit a relative that was on the other extreme of the rebel army. In one hour from his capture he was on his way to Federal Headquarters, distant about four miles. At 1:30 o'clock p. m. on the 8th he reached Maj.-Gen. Wallace, and communicated to him the amount of force bearing down on him, acquainted him with the time and mode of attack and of their ultimate object—the capture of the National Capital. Gen. Lew Wallace immediately put his little force in such a position, and was so aided by the Second Division of the Sixth Corps and Gen. Tyler's command, as to astonish the rebels when they made their advance on him at 4 o'clock p. m. and induce them to withdraw behind the Catoctin Mountains again, and cautiously—not furiously—move on us the next morning.—OWEN K. SMITH, Co. I, 50th Pa., Berkeley Springs, W. Va.

How Jeff. Thompson Was Captured.

TO THE EDITOR: In August, 1863, 150 men of my regiment (3d M. S. M. Cav.), commanded by Col. Woodson, left Pilot, Knob, Mo. At Greenville we were joined by a portion of the 2d M. S. M., proceeding south until noon Sunday, Aug. 22, when we were informed by an old farmer that Gen. Jeff. Thompson was in Pocahontas with a small body of troops, having come over to see a Lieutenant married that evening. At 1 o'clock p. m. we started to Pocahontas, 20 miles distant. We moved out in double-quick, as we wanted to attend the wedding and get a part of the cake, and I think we got a good portion, as we dashed into the town at 5 o'clock that evening and into the hotel, where we found the General sitting at a table, with his maps spread out, looking out his route for a raid into Missouri, not dreaming that the bluecoats were in less than 250 miles of him. He gave up his arms to the Sergeant commanding the advance. Soon our Colonel came up, and he took charge of him in the same room where he was captured. That night at 11 o'clock two men came to the hall door leading to the room where the officers were. The guard challenged them. They said they were officers, and being permitted to pass in, the light in the room showed them to be two Confederate officers in full artillery uniform. One of them attempted to hand a dispatch to the General, but Col. Woodson said: "I will read that dispatch, if you please!" The bearers proved to be a Captain and his Lieutenant. They did not know that they were in Federal hands until the Colonel demanded the dispatch, which stated Gen. Kitchens would be there next morning at 8 o'clock with 4,000 men and eight pieces of artillery. So, you see, we were getting in a bad box. We had but 250 men, within four miles of such an army, and had 80 prisoners to guard, and were over 200 miles from any reinforcements. In 30 minutes after the capture of that dispatch we were in our saddles retracing our steps. We rode day and night until we crossed Currant River, where we went into camp for the night. Gen. Thompson was kept prisoner for some time, and duly exchanged. He was known by the Federal troops as the "Old Swamp Fox."—JOHN B. BURRIS, Co. E, 3d M. S. M. Cav., Lexington, Mo.

The Flag of Truce at Vicksburg.

TO THE EDITOR: In THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of April 29 Comrade M. M. Wright, Co. I, 96th Ohio (of Bloom Center, Logan Co., O.), says he has been watching for some time to see some account of the surrender of Vicksburg, and to whom the first flag of truce was presented.

His account says on the 3d day of July, 1863, Gen. Bowen and Col. Montgomery, of Gen. Pemberton's command, hoisted the white flag over their works, and then came out to Maj. Lenard, of the 96th Ohio, and he blindfolded them and reported with them to his brigade commander, who took them to Gen. Grant. Thus he thinks it no more than just that the 96th Ohio be accredited with the honor of receiving the biggest surrender during the rebellion, viz., 31,000 prisoners.

It is not my purpose to find fault or to pluck one laurel from the good name of the 96th Ohio, and I only write to say (not from any personal knowledge, however, as I did not arrive at Vicksburg until July 20, the surrender being on the 4th) that I was informed, and have ever since so understood it, that the first flag of truce was hoisted over the rebel works in front of Co. D, 32d Ohio, and that Capt. W. M. Morris, who was acting as Officer of the Day, received the parties sent out under the flag to capitulate for the surrender. They may have been taken to the brigade headquarters, in which the 96th Ohio was brigaded, and Maj. Lenard, of the 96th, may have taken them to Gen. Grant. But be that as it may, it seems to me that the entire army under Gen. Grant surrounding Vicksburg played no less a part in bringing about the surrender than did the 96th Ohio.

They all did well, and every man that took part in that memorable siege is entitled to credit.—N. PATTERSON, Co. D, 32d Ohio, Normal, Ill.

The First to Cross the Bridge.

TO THE EDITOR: In your issue of April 22 is an article entitled "On the Hatchie," written by Charles M. Cone, 12th Mich. He claims for his regiment the honor of crossing the bridge first, after other regiments had refused to make the attempt, all of which will be news to the surviving members of Hurlbut's fighting Fourth Division. There was not a single regiment in the old Fourth Division that ever refused to do any duty that was assigned to it, and if the 12th Mich. had performed an act of bravery that any regiment of the Fourth Division had refused to do, Mr. Cone would not have to blow his own bazoo about it, for it would have been heralded all over the country at the time; but such was not the case, for Gen. Hurlbut's report of the battle says Veatch's Brigade was the first to cross the bridge, and Gen. Veatch says the 25th Ind. was the first to cross, and that is the impression we have always had, and if the 12th Mich. crossed first they were not visible to the natural eye. Now, I do not want to detract one iota from the honors of any regiment fairly won, and it is only in self-defense that I take up the cudgel, and think I will be sustained by all the members of the old Fourth Division.—JOS. N. BARRETT, First Sergeant, Co. F, 25th Ind., Kansas City, Mo.

Geo. Andrews, of Lowell, with ulcers over half his body, cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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."

This great remedy has been before the public ten years. It is taken internally, and never fails to cure the worst case. Sold by all druggists.

One dollar a bottle, six bottles five dollars.

Write for free 40-page pamphlet to R. K. Helphenstine, Druggist, Washington, D. C.

MEN OF MANY WOUNDS,

Who Have Suffered for Their Country.

Alonzo Maynard, Co. I, 11th Conn., East Hampton, Mass.: I will tell how the Johnnies served me. I received a flesh wound in right hand at New Berne, N. C. At Antietam I was shot through right lung and shoulder with four balls, splintering the ribs in front, breaking collar-bone twice, destroying shoulder-joint, passing through lung, striking the spine and knocking off four ribs, breaking shoulder-blade in three or four pieces, splintering spine badly and breaking one vertebra. Thirteen pieces of bone came out of the wounds. My right lung is gone—torn in pieces and came out of wounds. There are 16 separate wounds through right breast and shoulder. Some of them were as large as a silver half dollar. I was confined to my bed five years. When I was wounded the doctors said there was no help for me, and it was several days before they dressed my wounds. I had a strong constitution and Yankee grit. I am confined to the house most of the time. I was in tent hospital near Frederick City, Md. May God bless the head doctor of that hospital. I think he saved my life.

J. R. Blackwell, Litchfield, Ill.: James M. Miller, Co. A, 98th Ill., was wounded 12 times at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863, all gunshots, viz.: left arm, left thigh, left hip, left knee, two in right leg, right knee, right thigh, right arm, left side of body, left side of breast, right groin and right hand—all done within an hour. He was 17 months in rebel prison, 10 months of the time at Andersonville; wore ball and chain 60 days and nights; was recaptured twice while trying to make his escape; once caught by bloodhounds.

John S. Ferguson, Co. F, 28th Iowa, Jefferson City, Mo.: On the 8th of April, 1864, in action at Sabine Cross-roads, La., I received six wounds in left hand and arm, one in left side of nose, one in left groin, one in left side of neck, and loss of right arm at elbow, all shell wounds, and one wound in right leg with a musket ball. I was taken a prisoner, and at that time weighed 200 pounds. On the day of my parole I weighed 104 pounds. I am minus right arm, hearing of left ear, and sight of left eye, and still live, getting the pitiful sum of $30 per month.

The Charge Up Mission Ridge.

TO THE EDITOR: With your permission I will tell the boys what I saw at Mission Ridge, as one who carried a gun and used it to the best of my ability. When those six guns were fired from Fort Wood as a signal for us to advance, the division to which I belonged (Second Brigade, First Division, Fourteenth Corps) was lying just at the edge of the woods. At the first sound of the guns we came to "attention," as the last one was fired we received the command "forward." We advanced through the woods in battle line. As we emerged from the timber the command was given "Right shoulder shift, arms! Forward, double-quick!" and away we went for the foot of the ridge on a dead run. Just as we started the rebel batteries on the top of the ridge opened on us. We moved forward so rapidly their shells burst to our rear, sometimes so close as to make it uncomfortable, to say the least. When we were a few rods from the rebel works at the foot of the hill I was knocked over by the concussion of a bursting shell. I was dazed for a moment, and the first thing I recollect afterwards I was on my hands and knees trying to get up. The boys were then just climbing the works at the foot of the ridge. The line halted there for a few moments to get breath, for we were pretty well blown with our run, and I caught up with my company again. We kept firing at the rebels who had just left the first line of works. All this time the rebel batteries kept pounding away at the fellows in front. Finally it seemed to me as if the boys all took a notion at the same time to go to the top of that ridge and see what was the matter up *thar*. Away we went, dodging from stump to tree, rock, or whatever would protect us, and now and then clinging to bushes to help us up (for it was very steep in places), and cracking heads wherever they showed themselves above us. When we were about halfway up, as near as I remember, I looked off to my left and saw the line of battle was ahead of us a few rods. I also saw a young officer leading them on, brandishing his sword, encouraging his boys to do their level best. Since reading the claims of the 86th and 79th Ind. to the honor of being the first to plant their flag on the top, I thought it might have been those two regiments I saw. The First Division, or rather my brigade, reached the top a short distance to the right of Gen. Bragg's headquarters. As my regiment reached the top the Johnnies lay down and stuck their guns over the works and shot them off without looking up. We jumped down among them and they yelled out, "We surrender; don't shoot!" We next turned our attention to those who were making Maud S time down the side of the ridge, and persuaded a few to stop and rest.—J. N. STANFORD, Co. A, 2d battery, 18th U. S., Memphis, Tenn.

Did the Officers Eat the Dog?

TO THE EDITOR: Allow me a small space in your valuable paper. While Rosecrans's army was at or near Cowan Station, Tenn., the boys got to making raids on a flock of sheep, and as the General commanding First Brigade, First Division, Fourteenth Corps, did not approve of this conduct, he ordered every boy arrested that was seen with mutton. They were then made to carry a rail as punishment, and their mutton was taken from them and divided up among headquarters. Now comes the joke. Some of the 2d Ohio boys went out in the country and killed a large dog, dressed the quarters, marched by headquarters, and of course were arrested. Their supposed mutton was taken charge of and the boys set to packing a rail. The supposed mutton was issued to the officers, and it may be the provost-guard got their share. After the joke was played, whenever any of the headquarters or guards were seen by the regiment, the boys would set up a howl and bark. If the boys who played the joke are still living, they can speak up now, as there is no danger of being arrested.—G. L. PEARSON, Co. G, 94th Ohio, Catawba, O.

New Hope Church.

TO THE EDITOR: I think Capt. Nelson has struck the keynote when he calls for a detailed account of that blunder in the later part of May, 1864. I wish to inquire of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE readers who were there, Why do McPherson's men, in speaking of that fight, say the battle of Burnt Hickory? Hooker's men call the same engagement the battle of Dallas, while Thomas's men term it New Hope Church. Now, if Schofield's troops have another name for that fight we want it forthwith. Perhaps Garrard's and Stoneman's troopers are ready to inform THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE readers that it was known all over camp as the first battle of Allatoona Pass.—S. A. MCNEIL, 31st Ohio, Richwood, O.

The 38th Wis. at Fort Mahone.

TO THE EDITOR: THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of March 25 published a communication over my signature, stating that the 38th Wis. threw away their guns and ran at the capture of Fort Mahone, and the 109th and 51st N. Y. gathered them up, etc. There is a mistake somewhere. I intended to say that in the month of November, 1864, while Col. Harriman's Brigade was on drill back of their camp, the rebels opened on them with their artillery and the 38th threw away their guns and ran to their bomb-proofs, and the 109th N. Y. and 51st Pa. gathered up their guns and turned them over to the 109th's Quartermaster. The 38th did good service at the capture of Fort Mahone.—J. W. MORGAN, Co. I, 109th N. Y., Waverly, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" cleanse and purify the blood and relieve the digestive organs.

Resenting an Interruption.

[Boston Record.]

May and Edith are sisters, four and five years old respectively. May had been very naughty, and mamma had taken her over her knee to administer corporal punishment, when Edith suddenly pushed the door ajar and peeped in.

Turning her chubby face as far round toward her sister as the peculiar position would admit, May said very gravely:

"Go right out, Edie! don't you see I'm busy?"

It is needless to add that mamma granted a respite.

Fast Railroading.

R. S. Hair, the enterprising General Passenger Agent of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, has issued a neat little announcement, entitled "Between Two Days." It relates to an extra train just put on between Chicago and St. Paul, which bowls across Illinois, Wisconsin and