FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns.

THE CENTRALIA MASSACRE.

Mutilation of Dead Soldiers by Guerrillas.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have seen from time to time published accounts of the Centralia massacre, that took place at Centralia, Mo., Oct. 27, 1864, the last one by Comrade Russell, of Co. K, 1st Iowa Cav. None of them, to my mind, give a good, or at least a full account of that affair. Permit me to briefly state what I know of it.

The 1st Iowa Cav. belonged to the Seventh Corps, Army of Arkansas. In May, 1864, the veterans to the number of 600 went home on veteran furlough. On our way back, in June, when we got as far as Cairo, we were ordered to St. Louis, and soon after were sent out into northern Missouri to fight bushwhackers, finally bringing up and establishing a post at Mexico, Mo., about 14 miles east of Centralia. I was in Co. B of that regiment. On Sept. 22 a detail from that command, with myself among the number, started out for a long scout after the rebels. The next day about noon we got into Rocheport, on the Missouri River, where up to this time there had been no troops. We found there a detachment of the 3d Mo. State Militia, in the United States service for the defense of the State, who had been ordered from Sturgeon to Rocheport to establish a post there. The men were there, but the train had very carelessly been left behind to come up at its leisure, with a small and I think not well-managed escort. The train did not get in that day. That night I was on picket on the road on which that train was to come. In the night a straggler came in from the train at my post, and reported that the bushwhackers had captured the train and killed nearly every one with it. One or two others came in with a like report before morning. In the morning we sent a command out some five miles or so, and found it too true. The train had been moving along in a lane, going south, with timber beyond the field to the west, and a cross-road; or, at least, a road and a lane leading from the timber spoken of to the one where the train was. The rebels charged in from the woods through the cross lane, striking the one on which the train was just ahead of the train. They charged right down the road along the train, and put everything into confusion and rout. Some of the men were killed in the road, and some ran into an adjoining field and tried to hide in the shocks of corn there standing. They were pursued and killed wherever they could be caught. One man said he hid in a shock of corn, and that the rebels stuck a saber through it in every direction, thinking he was there, and but barely missed him several times. However, thinking he was not there, they left him, and he escaped. Eleven dead bodies were brought in from there and buried at Rocheport. Nearly every one, if not every one, was shot through the head from ear to ear, showing they had stood them up, and putting pistols to their heads, shot them down. They had jumped their horses over and on to a good many of them, so that the bodies were mutilated by the horses' feet. The day we were thus burying these dead, the same bushwhackers made an attack on a small garrison of Missouri State Militia holding a post at Fayette, Mo., and were driven off, with a loss of two or three dead left on the field.

The next day we, for some reason unknown to me, because we knew nothing of this fight, went from Rocheport to Fayette, and found out what had been going on there. We staid there two nights and one day, during which time we sent out parties to find out if we could where the bushwhackers had gone. We were unsuccessful, and then on the 27th we moved to Columbia, Mo., where the State University is located, and where is also the residence of James S. Rollins, a gentleman of very considerable note and a Union man. That night I again was on picket, this time on the road leading north to Centralia. In the night, I being on at the time, a carriage approached the picket-post, and I halted it. It proved on investigation to be the carriage of said Rollins and Mr. Waugh, the Sheriff of that County. They brought us word that there had been a terrible massacre at Centralia that day. They had themselves been in the hands of the rebels for some time, having been on the road near Centralia, going there to take the cars. I think they said the rebels did not know them, or they were sure Waugh would have been killed, and may be Rollins also. Early in the morning we moved out on that road till we got near to the edge of the timber country, a few miles south of Centralia, when we turned to the east and soon drove the bushwhackers out of the camp or bivouac where they had spent the night. We there found a large family carriage, with some sheets and pillows, and I think a feather bed in it, on which there was some blood, showing they had some wounded men with them. We always understood that when they first attacked the train at Centralia there was a shot or two fired at them from the train, which I suppose was true, and that accounts for the wounded man. Right about there we found a woman on horseback, whom we understood to be a friend of one of the leaders of the bushwhackers, though not a relative, and who kept near him; but it was best for her not to be with him when we were around, for she might be in danger of being shot. So she was now staying back.

About this time we were accidentally joined by Col. King, of a Missouri cavalry regiment, with a detachment of men and a 12-pound brass mounted howitzer. We then followed rapidly after the rebels, and soon overtook them. They retreated before us some distance, and then formed a line, and we thought we were going to get a fight out of them and a chance to kill some of them. The trouble was always in getting them to fight us when we found them. Their line was more than a quarter of a mile long. We got into line, and just as we began our advance on them Col. King fired that little howitzer, sending one shell at them. This was in the woods, and we knew nothing of an intention to use the cannon till we heard it. Well, when that was done the rebels broke, and they never made another stand. We then followed them at a dead run all day and until quite dark. A good deal of the time our advance was in sight of their rear, but they had good horses, and none of them even fell out or ever stopped to give us a shot. We bivouacked that night in the rain, and moved forward the next morning at daylight, and found their bivouac within a mile of ours. We again got at times in sight of their rear, but could do nothing more till in the afternoon, when they simply scattered in every direction, and we lost them. We had by this time come to some place to the southwest of Columbia, whereas when we started them we were a little east or north of Columbia. During that afternoon one of our boys went to a house on a hill not more than 75 yards from the road to get something to eat, and found two of the rebels there, who drew their guns and tried to take him in; but he dodged out of the door and around the corner and ran toward the road, hallooing to turn the column up that way, as there they were, and we made a break for that house. The rebels ran out and tried to make for a cornfield, but one of them was killed by some of our men and the other wounded. We followed on, but soon lost all trail or trace, as before stated.

Now as to the Centralia massacre itself. Capt. J. T. Foster, of my company, was not with us on this scout, and he afterward told me he was with the party that went up to bury the dead, and I think he was in command of it. I have been a number of times in Centralia and over the ground to the southeast of there, where the final massacre took place, before it occurred.

About half a mile to the east of the town and depot at Centralia there then was a water-tank, where the trains stopped for water. About 100 yards west of the tank was a hedge, beginning and running toward the town along the railroad. I never understood the rebs did not all come into town, but supposed they all did. Anyway they came to the water-tank and lay down behind this hedge. I do not know where their horses were. The train stopped at the tank and watered the engine; then started up, and it being up-grade, it was not much under way when it got up to the end of the hedge. Then the rebels rose up and stopped it. There were on the train seven or eight of the 1st Iowa Cav., who were going to St. Joseph on detail and had just got on at Mexico; among them Privates Williams and Dilly, of my company (B), and Privates Russell and Medary, of Co. C. The names of the others I cannot give. There was a Corporal or Sergeant and either six or seven men. One or more shots were fired from the train, when the rebels cried out that if the soldiers on the train would surrender they should be treated as prisoners of war and should not be killed. They then surrendered, and the rebs took full control of the train and had it run up to the depot. There they got the prisoners all out. There were some furloughed soldiers on the train, in all about 20, as well as I could learn. They had them under guard near the depot building in charge of someone—not Anderson, however; and were so held by them for some time, during which time they were scattered over the town, and may have been robbing. Then someone came up to the guards who had the prisoners in charge, and said they might as well kill them now. This may have been Anderson. Those then in charge of the prisoners immediately fired on and killed all of them. They were nearly all killed at the first fire, except Williams, of my company. He, as we learned from the citizens there, tried to get away, and dodged around the corner of the depot, and was only wounded at the first fire. They then laid him on the railroad track. In the meantime they had set the express train on fire and sent it on up the track burning, with no one on it. It was entirely consumed. How far it went I did not learn. A freight train coming along slowed up, and they took it in charge back some distance from the depot and made the engineer run it up to the depot. When he came near where Williams lay wounded, but not dead, on the track, he stopped, and there being a rebel riding on horseback on each side of his engine with pistols pointed at his head, they asked him what he stopped for. He said, "There is a man there on the track." They stuck their pistols at him and bid him on his life to go on with his train. He did so, and so ran the train over Williams, killing him. They then burned that train also, and I think the depot or station-house.

The rebels then went out of town, going to the southeast. For some distance in that direction the road ran over open prairie, then ran straight south through a lane of perhaps half a mile in length, with a high stake and ridered fence on both sides and with the timber coming right up to the south end of it. It is some two and a half or three miles from the town to this point of the timber at the end of the lane.

Comrade Russell is mistaken when he says Maj. Johnson was of the 39th Mo. Militia, and had been following the bushwhackers. The fact is Maj. Johnson was of the 47th Mo., but that was a 12-months regiment just then called into service, and had been enlisted for only one year. They were entirely raw recruits, without any sort of experience. They had not been following the rebs, for the rebs had not been north of the railroad, and Maj. Johnson had come down from the north, from Paris, Hannibal, or somewhere up there. I think he was simply coming down to join in a general scout after the bushwhackers. Johnson came into Centralia before the rebs, got into the timber and each of them saw the other, and this was, I think, the first either knew of the whereabouts of the other. Johnson followed on to avenge the death of those killed in the town, and the rebels formed in column in the timber with their front near the end of the lane and waited. Johnson's men were raw infantry, armed with muskets and mounted. The rebels carried from one to seven revolvers each, and were the worse set of devils that ever lived. Johnson never did form a line, but moved his men in column in ordinary marching order, and if he had an advance-guard out at all it was not far out, as I learned, and as must have been the fact. When Johnson was thus in column and marching down that lane, or rather up, for I think it was a little up hill, the rebels charged out of the woods and right down his column and among his men, putting them into utter confusion and route. Johnson's men could not get out to the sides for the high fences, and the lane was a long one, so they could not get back to the end of it. A few got across the fences on foot, but were shot down, and a few did get back to the end of the lane, but were pursued and killed. I never knew, as is stated by Comrade Russell, that Johnson left any of his men in the town. But I suppose he did, and that accounts for any of them escaping, for those so left escaped, as they probably retreated; any way, the rebels did not come back into the town. All in all, as I understood it, a little over 140 were killed there that day—all Union soldiers. Some 20 or so of Johnson's men escaped. Comrade Russell says 22 were left in the town, and three that were left on the field for dead recovered. So I suppose this is about right.

I have spoken about how they finally killed and of course mangled the body of Comrade Williams, of my company. As to Comrade Russell, of Co. C of my regiment, they scalped him and carried off the scalp. This scalping was not an infrequent thing with them. They used to have the scalps hanging on their bridles, and used to trade with them to get those that would match, as can be proved by a man now holding a State office in this State. Quite a number of the dead bodies were mutilated, some in a manner that would not do to tell in print. In this latter class was Capt. Smith, of Johnson's command, whose grave I visited yesterday in the National Cemetery at Jefferson City in company with a gentleman who knew him well in life, and who was conversant with the facts. Capt. J. Foster, my own Captain, who, as I said, buried the dead, told me of the mutilations, but he knew none of them save those of our own regiment.

Such in brief was the Centralia massacre. There were some 250 or 300 of the rebels. They were led by the notorious Bill Anderson. They were the companies of Anderson and Gordon and a fellow named Jones, and I think a leader by the name of Stewart had a company there. The Youngers and Jameses, who have since became both famous and infamous, were in the crowd, and among the worst of them.

I think Comrade Russell is mistaken as to the troops that killed Bill Anderson, and I know he is mistaken as to where it was done. He was killed in a fight with some troops under command, as then reported in the papers, of Gen. Craig, who commanded in the District of St. Joseph, and it was not a few miles above Jefferson City, nor were they trying to cross the Missouri River. It was away above Glasgow, and some distance from the river. It was in a fight in which Anderson used his usual tactics, when he did fight at all, that is, to charge, and he charged on our men, and I think rather through the line, and was killed in the charge. This was more than a month after the Centralia massacre. Russell speaks of the men who killed him emptying their revolvers into his dead body. As to this I know nothing, but I saw within a short time after his death a picture of him taken after death, and there was about it no sign of his having been thus treated. If he had been, it is likely some of them would have shot him so that the picture would have shown it.

All in all, the Centralia massacre marks the most brutal episode of the war, unless it was the Lawrence massacre. These two stand out as monuments to prove that the men who were guilty of them were the greatest fiends ever found in this country or any other.—E. J. SMITH, Co. B, 1st Iowa Cav., Sedalia, Mo.

"I have met over 50 people cured of dyspepsia by Hood's Sarsaparilla," says a traveling merchant.

Give Them Their Dues.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: How does it come that men who have lost a leg above the knee and are perfectly well and hearty every other way, and with the assistance of a wooden leg are able to perform many kinds of labor by which they are able to make a living, or men who have an arm off above the elbow, that they are able to draw a pension of from $36 to $45 per month, while a man that enlisted for three years and from injuries received while on duty contracts a disease that is everlasting, and who was discharged before he served two years, and then other diseases set in from the effects of the first and he becomes unable to perform any labor at all, part of the time not able to leave the house, and never sees a well day or hour, and then be told that $16 is all he can draw. Is that what is called free America? If it had not been for the privates in the ranks would it be free America to-day, with the old Stars and Stripes? In '61 and '62 they did not say, "If we ruin you for life, $16 is all we will pay you." They said, "Only save the country and we will take good care of you and your family."

Comrades, are they doing this? They have the money to do it now, and in 40 years from now it wont do the soldier any good. Why not give us what we deserve now? Do not understand that I think the cripple draws too large a pension; $75 per month is what he ought to have, and all others in proportion.—WM. M. SHARP, Groveport, O.

An Offensive Breath
is most distressing, not only to the person afflicted if he have any pride, but to those with whom he comes in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of, but it has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrh are inseparable. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases, as thousands can testify.

GEN. MILROY.

His Gallant Three Days' Fight at Winchester.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In a Northern paper of a recent date, in connection with an account of the battle of Chancellorsville, Va., under Gen. Hooker, and Gen. Stoneman's cavalry raid, was a short item of the battle of Winchester, under Gen. R. H. Milroy, and from its brevity one would think that engagement, which lasted nearly three days, was simply a skirmish.

In the number of men engaged, compared with the many great battles of the war, it might be called a skirmish; but battles ought to be judged by their results as well as the number of men engaged. There were many hard-fought engagements that had no direct beneficial results upon the then present or future of the war, except to lessen the available force of the enemy, often at an equal loss to the other side. In some of them there could not be traced, directly or indirectly, any important benefit to the Union cause to compensate for the fearful loss of life.

The battle of Winchester had a result that should give its commander, Gen. Milroy, some credit as a brave man and a good officer, and he should receive from the people his just meed of praise for his service in those three days' fighting against an overwhelming force. Gen. Milroy had, according to his report to Gen. Schenck, his corps commander, upon his rolls on June 5, 1863, 10,888 men of all arms, including those absent on furlough, detached service, sick and disabled, and those in the Quartermaster and Commissary Departments, which would leave him about 8,000 effective fighting men.

These were in three brigades—commanded, First, Gen. Elliott; Second, Col. W. S. Ely; Third, Col. A. T. McReynolds—and were comprised of the following regiments and batteries: 110th, 116th, 122d and 123d Ohio, 67th and 87th Pa., 5th and 6th Md., 18th Conn., 12th and 13th Pa Cav., and three companies of West Virginia Cavalry; Battery L, 5th U. S. Art.; Battery D, 1st W. Va. Art.; Independent Baltimore (Maryland) battery, and a battery of the 14th Mass. H. A.

Col. McReynolds, with his brigade, was at Berryville up to Saturday a. m., June 13, when he was signaled by Gen. Milroy to join him at once, which he did, reaching Winchester about 10 p. m. of the same day. After the battle of Chancellorsville Gen. Lee left Hooker's front on his raid into Pennsylvania, and his route was down the Shenandoah Valley, and Winchester was directly on this route. Gen. Hooker had notified Gen. Halleck of this movement of Gen. Lee previous to the 11th, but Gen. Halleck did not inform Gen. Schenck of that movement, that he might save Gen. Milroy from an inevitable defeat; but he did telegraph Gen. Schenck on the 11th this message: "Winchester is no place to fight, and should only be held as an outlook, and the forces at that place should be withdrawn to Harper's Ferry, except force sufficient for an outlook."

Not one word was said in this of the approach of Lee's army to Winchester, and Gen. Schenck believing Gen. Halleck's order only advisory, telegraphed to Gen. Milroy on the morning of the 12th what Gen. Halleck had said, and gave Milroy the following order: "You will send back all surplus stores and make all required preparations for withdrawing, but hold your position; in the meantime be ready for movement, but await further orders."

This was on the 12th, and was the last order received by Gen. Milroy at Winchester, as the telegraph wires to Martinsburg and Baltimore were cut early the next day. Milroy immediately obeyed this order, loading all surplus stores, making a train of over 100 wagons, and with a strong guard started them for Martinsburg. It was attacked before reaching Martinsburg, but its brave guard saved it, and it got safely through to Harrisburg, Pa.

On Saturday a. m., the 13th inst., the advance of Lee's army came upon our pickets south of Winchester and the battle began. There was little but skirmishing during Saturday, except an occasional brush at some point where the Confederates in force came nearer our lines; but there was no advantage gained, the enemy undoubtedly waiting for reinforcements to come up, and for Longstreet to come via Berryville on Milroy's left, to cut off all retreat, hoping to capture Milroy's entire command.

Saturday morning, from prisoners captured and deserters coming into his lines, Gen. Milroy first learned that the force confronting him was Ewell's Corps, of Lee's army, and that the force coming against him was 90,000 veterans, tried and trusted, who had so recently defeated Hooker at Chancellorsville. Gens. Jones and Imboden had been in the Valley for some time and Milroy at first though the enemy was composed of their commands. It was now too late to retreat, and Milroy's last orders received were: "To hold this position and await further orders." Hoping that Gen. Hooker might send a force to his aid via Ashby's and Snicker's Gaps, and when united, push back Gen. Lee. Milroy still held his position through Saturday and Sunday, holding in check the strong advance of Lee's army two whole days and well into Monday morning, the third day. Sunday was a repetition of the skirmishing of Saturday. The enemy, not deeming it safe to try to dislodge Gen. Milroy until full reinforcements came up, which was not until about 4 p. m., when the enemy having secured a strong position in the woods and hills to the west or right of Milroy, opened on him with several batteries of artillery, following up with a general charge of infantry and a large force of cavalry, which swung in and cut off his retreat; when darkness coming on the fighting ceased. Milroy's command had at this time dwindled down to 6,500 effective men, and with this force he decided to attempt to cut his way out, which he did early Monday morning, reaching Harper's Ferry with a loss, in so doing, of over 1,000 men in killed, wounded and missing.

This desperate fighting began before daybreak and lasted well on in the morning of Monday. His troops had been fighting continuously two days and had little or no rest for two nights, and were on half rations, while his ammunition was nearly exhausted, leaving him no alternative but to surrender or cut his way out, which latter he did; leaving only some artillery (spiked), but taking out the artillery horses and some wagons, no valuable Government property being lost.

The result of this battle can easily be seen by comparing the after movements of Lee's army and those of Gen. Hooker.

Milroy held this strong advance of Lee's army in check two whole days, giving Gen. Hooker, who was marching his army parallel to Lee's, east of the Blue Ridge and between Lee and Washington, that much time to move on so as to meet Lee upon or soon after his arrival in Pennsylvania, which he did at Gettysburg, where the conformation of the ground gave Gen. Meade, who was then in command, an immense advantage. Had Lee's army not received this check by Milroy, those two days would have enabled him to have reached a point near Harrisburg, and perhaps have captured it and Philadelphia, thus transferring the fighting onto Northern soil as was the object of Gen. Lee's invasion, by the orders of Jeff Davis. Had Gen. Milroy retreated, which he might have done, Saturday morning to Harper's Ferry and saved his command, the result might have changed the whole history of this war; but he was a brave man and fought against overwhelming numbers, receiving defeat, which was inevitable, but he did not surrender.

Thus this battle resulted in great good to the country, but in terrible wrong and injustice to Gen. Milroy. Gen. Halleck had full reports from Gen. Hooker on the 11th inst. of the movements of Gen. Lee, but he did not inform Gen. Milroy or his corps commander, Gen. Schenck, of the danger that was approaching Gen. Milroy, which was his duty to have done; and to cover up his blunder he took the step he did as superior, and ordered Gen. Milroy under arrest—the first and only Major-General who was thus placed during the war.

After repeated demands by Gen. Milroy for the reasons of his arrest, and the earnest solicitation of his friends, President Lincoln, after two months' confinement, ordered a court of inquiry, which, though constituted by Gen. Halleck of West Point Brigadiers, and his Private Secretary as Judge-Advocate, worked a whole month raking up every witness obtainable that could possibly give any information against Milroy, and refusing to hear his most important witnesses, was compelled to find "that he had done his duty and obeyed his orders the best he could under the circumstances," and cleared him of all blame.

But he was not afterward allowed any important command when hard fighting was to be done and laurels won.

That Gen. Milroy was a brave soldier no one who saw him on that Sunday afternoon among the shot and shell of an overwhelming enemy would try to gainsay, and that he deserves praise for his heroic stand against that host, no one who will look at the condition of our country at that time and its great peril will deny.

With Lee's magnificent army, full of victorious courage, marching into Pennsylvania, and Gen. Hooker trying to head him off, but rather behind than ahead of the enemy, this check to Gen. Lee was a Godsend, and but for it no one can tell what would have been the result. Let us give Gen. Milroy the credit due him while living, and though an old man now may he feel that there are many who believe he achieved a great victory even in defeat.

The following brief sketch of the military life of Gen. Milroy is from the pen of Maj. J. O. Cravens, his Chief of Staff, now of Versailles, Ind.:

"Gen. Milroy at the outbreak of the rebellion was an unassuming citizen of Rensselaer, Ind., practicing law. When the news of the firing upon Fort Sumter reached that place about dusk, Mr. Milroy visited every business house and office in the town, announcing that he would ring the courthouse bell at 6 o'clock the next morning, and all who wished to go with him to Indianapolis to tender their services to the Government to assemble at that hour. The bell rung on time; the courthouse was filled, and 123 of us, including Mr. Milroy, went to Indianapolis that day—the 14th of April, 1861,—and tendered our services to Gov. H. S. Lane, the then Governor of Indiana. He (Lane) said he had no authority then from the President to raise troops, but was expecting such authority every hour. Milroy took us to the hotels of the city, and we remained there until the proclamation calling for the 75,000 men for the three-months' service was issued.

"The 9th Ind. was then organized, and Milroy was made its Colonel. At the end of the three months the regiment came home, and in 60 days was reorganized, and before leaving our camp, Milroy was commissioned a Brigadier-General and took the field, receiving his Major-General's commission at Winchester. Both promotions were for his general zeal and sterling qualities as a soldier; that his conduct at Winchester was of the noble, soldierly character, and for it he should have been complimented instead of being censured and dishonored as he was. But for his persistence and bravery for those three days, there would have been no Gettysburg, and it is only a matter of conjecture what dire calamity would have befallen the Army of the Potomac."—J. L. ANDERSON, Jackson, Tenn.

Another Whisky Story.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: "Soon after the battle of Gettysburg," a comrade said, while we were raking up war reminiscences around a recent campfire, "soon after that big battle I was made Acting Commissary of the Third Brigade, Third Division, Eleventh Corps, and as such had amongst other 'provisions' three barrels of whisky, on which several requisitions had been made in vain. I had my cot spread every night on top of those barrels, and thus kept track of their contents. Suddenly an order was received for our brigade to 'git up and git' as quick as possible, our destination being Chattanooga. I was rushed for a few hours in serving out rations, and finally had nothing left but the whisky. What to do with that I did not know. There was nobody that I could turn it over to, because we were all on the march, and no Commissary could be found foolish enough to sign for those three barrels of whisky. Finally I persuaded the Hospital Steward to receipt for one barrel, and I issued the contents of another to the officers of the brigade on their personal requisition. I still had 32 gallons left, and at last I served this out, on my own responsibility, to the non-coms and privates as fast as they could present their canteens. I don't know how many I filled, but I know that every regiment in the brigade had a share. Having thus disposed of the three barrels, I mounted my mule and joined the advance of the moving column. Col. B—— was commanding at that time, and we hadn't traveled many hours before I heard him order an Aid to have the column 'close up.' The Aid rode off, and was seen no more for about two hours. Then, we having gone into camp for the night, he reported to the Colonel, who inquired:

"'Where in the d——l have you been?'

"'Getting the columns closed up,' was the reply.

"'Closing up the columns?' ejaculated the Colonel. 'Why, how much had they opened out, for gracious sake?'

"'Bout five miles,' replied the Aid.

"'Five miles?' roared the exasperated Colonel.

"'Yes, sir,' answered the Aid; 'and if some of them don't get the whisky out of them in time to march to-morrow morning, there'll be part of the Third Brigade, Third Division, Eleventh Corps, 20 miles in the rear by to-morrow night!' * * *

"I had to explain things to the Colonel, and to get me out of the scrape he detailed me to look after the wagon train, which duty kept me far in the rear, until the affair blew over. I often wonder if there are any of the old 75th Pa., who formed a part of that strung-out column, yet alive."—F. L. CLARKE, Captain, Co. C, 99th N. Y., 302 Cafforin street, San Francisco, Cal., care of Hawaiian Consulate.

Storming Port Hudson.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I see that Comrade Jimmerson, Co. A, 26th Conn., in his article in the issue of the 26th inst., makes several mistakes. Gen. Charles J. Paine was the Colonel of my regiment, the 2d La., and commanded his regiment in the charge of the 27th of May on the works at Port Hudson. The 2d La., the 9th Conn. and 116th N. Y. charged together. The Colonel of the 9th Conn. was killed, and Col. Paine was slightly wounded, but did not leave his command. It was a terrible charge. My regiment, the 2d La., lost about 150 men killed and wounded out of about 400 that went into the fight.

Halbert E. Paine, Colonel of the 4th Wis., commanded that forlorn hope on the 14th of June, and lost his leg in the fight. He was wounded early in the morning, and lay on the field in the hot sun all day. When he was taken off the field his wound was alive with maggots. After the place was taken I saw several of the 4th Wis. boys in the hospital who went over the works in the charge, and were badly wounded after they got inside.

I see that some one writing for your paper says that grapeshot was not used during the war. Now, I saw the stands of grape stacked by the guns, and saw them loaded and fired at Port Hudson in 1863, and hundreds of others saw the same thing; so I do not see how your correspondent can make such a mistake. I was in the army three years and eight months; was in 26 pretty hard fights, and know something about it.

Some of the comrades speak of the Generals having a brick in their hats sometimes. I saw some of that myself. Gen. Dwight while in that condition at Port Hudson, ordered a company of cavalry to charge through the sally-port. The Captain refused to obey, and received a drunken cussing for refusing to have his command murdered.

If any of the 2d Vt. battery (Capt. Slocum) are living, I would like to hear from them. They will remember how I dodged along that path through the briers to escape the rebel sharpshooters when I went up to their battery to attend to the wounded. The battery was close up to the rebel works.

I see where some of the comrades have made great mistakes in their account of the battle of Pleasant Hill and the retreat down Red River. I was Surgeon of the First Brigade of Cavalry, and in front going up and in the rear on the retreat, and in the future may give my account of that famous expedition. —CHAS. A. DEAN, Surgeon, 2d La., Baton Rouge, La.

Officers vs. Privates.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Not being much of a writer, and not much of a soldier (only having attained to the rank of First Sergeant), of course such men are not very great when put alongside of shoulder-straps, especially in these later days, when the officers (on paper) did all the fighting, while we would think from description given that the soldiers only looked on and enjoyed themselves. Now, officers were very useful in planning, and sometimes not so very useful in this, as witness first and second Bull Run battles. I, for one, am about tired of all this trash. Give the rank and file equal justice, and let the officers have all that rightfully belongs to them.

As to matters of pensions, there is the same inequality sticking out again. Why is an officer entitled to a higher rating for the same disability than a private? Was he more exposed, or did it hurt him worse to lose an arm or leg? I cannot see that one suffered more than the other. There are many things in our pension laws and rulings of the Pension Office that are very hard for me to comprehend, but I think that if the hand or foot is gone, whether the amputation is two or four inches below or above the elbow or knee, the pension should be the same, and not, as now, a difference of $6 per month.—A. I. CRATSENBERG, Co. M, 14th N. Y. H. A., Cape Vincent, N. Y.

Cleanse the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and realize what poor health you have had.

PICKET SHOTS.

From Alert Comrades All Along the Line.

Information Asked and Given.

Will any member of Co. A, formerly 2d Dragoons (now the 4th U. S. Cav.), who are stationed at Fort Thomas, on the frontiers, communicate with Mrs. Katherine L. Simmons, wife of Private W. C. Simmons, who belonged to Co. A in 1860, then stationed at Fort Kearny, Neb. Would like to hear from any of the following: Lieut. Brockhoalt Livingston, in command of company in March, 1861; Corp'l Thomas Kennedy, Orderly Serg't John Riely, Corp'l John Simmons, Musician —— Prossicks, Serg't John C. Breckenridge, Private Moses Carey. If any of these parties are living, please write, in care of Mrs. K. L. White, Bluffton, Mich.

John B. McNally, 74th N. Y., Wellsburg, W. Va., desires THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE to publish some of the vetoes of Mr. Cleveland on soldiers and widows, and thinks it would be what Horace Greeley called "mighty interesting reading." He says his faith in Col. Matson has vanished, with that which he had in Benedict Bragg, Warner & Co.

Henry D. Powers, Bay City, Mich., having seen an inquiry in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE about one John Powers, wants to know if a man by this name has yet been located, as he thinks he is his brother. There were three boys, Alfred, John and Henry D. He would be glad to hear from any comrade who knows anything of his brother's whereabouts.

Mrs. K. L. White, Postmaster at Bluffton, Mich., says she made a mistake when she asked for the address of comrades of Co. B, 5th Iowa Cav., also known as Curtis Horse, and 1st Neb. Cav., who knew her late husband, Charles W. Edwards. The company was A instead of B, and she would ask any member of that organization who enlisted at Omaha, Neb., in September, 1861, to communicate with her.

William Ford, Co. D, 8th N. Y. Cav., Preston, England, writes that a copy of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE received recently recalls vividly to his mind the services of this gallant regiment. He would be pleased to hear from any of the comrades of his company or regiment.

S. A. Brown, Co. F, 52d Ind., Huntingdon, Tenn., says J. F. Rogers, the Quartermaster of the G.A.R. Post, Huntingdon, Tenn., has the discharge of Jas. R. Kitchel, Co. K, 10th Ill. Cav., which he found somewhere in Illinois, and which can be had by writing to the above address.

T. H. Baker, Pekin, Ind., would like to ask Comrade Statz, Co. E, 45th N.Y., Hunter, N.Y., or any other comrade who may know the facts, whether the hospital, or old house used as such, burned down and cremated a number of Union soldiers immediately after the battle of Cross Keys, Va.

G. M. Bowden, Secretary of the 64th Ill. Association, Abingdon, Ill., desires the full names and addresses of the following members of that regiment, to complete the roster he is preparing: Archibald Morris, Corporal, Co. D; Patrick Feeley, Second Lieutenant, Co. E; Capt. Hack, Co. B; Thomas Harner, Lieutenant, Co. C; John Becker, or Baker, Co. E; Joseph Bishop, Captain, Co. G.

Charles K. Reitmeyer, Wellsville, N. Y., would like the address of one or more members of a detail composed of about 20 1st Mich. Sharpshooters, who, while at Spottsylvania, under cover of darkness dug a trench and threw up a breastwork near a rebel camp, and were joined the next morning by three members of the 14th N. Y. H. A., one of whom shot two rebels with one ball, killing one and probably fatally wounding the other. The one killed had just descended from a tree that stood between the sharpshooters and the rebel camp, while the other one had just stepped from behind the same tree. He also desires the address of any member of Co. D, 14th N. Y. H. A., who remembers the circumstance.

David Daub, Co. B, 45th Pa., Burgoon, O., says he cannot understand why comrades of his regiment do not come to the front and let people know there was such a regiment in the service. They were always in the front in time of danger, and now ought to come out of their holes and say something. He was captured at the mine explosion, July 30, 1864, and was a prisoner seven months. He would like to have a Reunion of the regiment at Columbus during the National Encampment in September, and he hopes every man who is able will be there.

Edward Hendershott, Co. E, 82d Ohio, Lumberton, O., thinks the shot was fired by his regiment that killed Gen. Stonewall Jackson. Gen. Jackson rode by the pickets of the Third Brigade, First Division, Eleventh Corps, and a volley was fired after him, which did the killing. He says a good deal of comment has been indulged in about the regiments of the Eleventh Corps, who ran at the battle of Chancellorsville, but he wants it understood that some of them did not stampede, particularly his regiment and brigade. They fought as well as any troops upon that field, and only left when ordered to do so.

T. E. James, Co. F, 42d Ind., Pendleton, Ore., wonders what has become of the members of his regiment. He has been reading THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE for years, yet never sees the name of one of the men of that brave old regiment. His regiment was the first in Raleigh, N. C., and he would like to know what has become of the little fellow of the 104th Ill. who took the rebel flag from off the State House at Raleigh.

J. C. Parker, 6th company, 1st battalion, N. Y. Sharpshooters, Brockport, N. Y., wishes to find and purchase the telescope rifle carried by him during the war. His name was on the side of the stock of the rifle, on an oval silver plate. He traded the gun to one of the members of the 7th company, N. Y. Sharpshooters.

B. H. Maxwell, Co. E, 52d Ohio, South Fourth street, Steubenville, O., wants to hear from any comrade who can give the regiment and company to which Aaron Hauser or Houser belonged. He was in an Iowa regiment and enlisted at a place called Comanche, Iowa. Information wanted, to get proper inscription for a tombstone.

W. L. Myers, Co. D, 7th W. Va., Loyal, Kan., would like to hear from any of his old comrades.

Mrs. M. P. Furman, Rushville, Neb., wants the company and regiment in which Erastus Newton served. He enlisted at Williamsport, Pa., and died in the hospital at Perrysville, Md.

W. T. Eddy, Co. C, 89th N. Y., Pueblo, Colo., says: "While the patriotic people of the great State of New York are contributing so liberally in the erection of monuments to the memory of the country's defenders on various historic battlefields, it will soon be able to reach the stone wall on the hights of the Antietam battlefield, where the gallant Gen. Rodman fell and the 89th N. Y. lost at least one-third of the rank and file in killed and wounded."

Lost and Found.

Jonathan Hunt, Swanton, O., says L. Schooler, Co. D, N. Y. Art., occupied temporarily one of the highest bunks in the barracks at Fort C. F. Smith, Arlington Hights, Va., in 1864. The company was ordered to the front just before the battle of the Wilderness, and it is hardly probable that Schooler survived; but he, if living, or any near relative, can have his German Dictionary by paying for transportation.

Our Constituents.

William Underwood, Co. B, 9th U. S. Inf., Los Angeles, Cal., thanks THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE for its persistent efforts in behalf of the soldier element of the country, and wishes us long life and prosperity, and will try what he can do to send us a few subscribers. He went into the war early in 1861, and served until its close. He was in the company commanded by Col. F. T. Dent, who was as good an officer as ever carried a sword, and one of the bravest of the brave.

G. W. Jackson, Red Bridge, Ind., wishes THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE success in our advocacy of the rights of soldiers, and he hopes "The National Tribune" Pension Bill will become a law before Congress adjourns. He hopes to meet his old comrades at Columbus during the National Encampment in September, and thinks every comrade who is able to do so should attend that meeting, which will be one of the largest ever held.

A. T. Decker, New York city, says the editorial in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE Aug. 2, headed "The country cannot do too much," and the picture of the steamer Sultana, is alone worth two years' subscription, which he forwards. He was one of a detachment of 800 prisoners who were ordered to go on board this steamer the 21st of April, 1865. Owing to her condition she was obliged to lay over at Vicksburg for repairs. His detachment left the same day on the steamer Olive Branch, and arrived in St. Louis safely.

Henry Magoon, Co. B, 8th Ill. Cav., Mason City, says THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE just fills the bill for old soldiers and he would not be without it, as the information contained in one number is worth the price of subscription. He would like to know the name and whereabouts of the officer who at Camp Butler, Ill., offered to give him a discharge if he would give him the money he had just drawn. This was in the Fall of 1864. He would be pleased to hear from D. W. Peterson, of his company, or from any other comrade who knew of his having the rheumatism in Camp Butler, Ill.

C. M. Johnson, Co. M, 3d Iowa Cav., Stoutland, Mo., thinks it impossible to do without THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. He also thinks the country could get along, however, without the vetoes, which the President sends in every day, of old soldiers' and their widows' pensions, and unless he quits this kind of executive business he will soon be where he can do no harm to them or their widows and orphans. The free-trade idea does not take with old veterans, and will not until the just war debts are paid.

Give Them Their Due.

J. P. Anderson, Co. D, 59th Ill., St. Jacob, Ill., says he has an old pipe that was made from a brier-root away down in Tennessee, which he has used since his soldiering days, but now has to throw away, as he is too poor to buy tobacco, and has to quit smoking. He is disabled, so that it is impossible for him to do manual labor; and although he served nearly four years and always kept up with the colors of his regiment, he finds it impossible to get a pension, because he has no hospital record. He also tells how, upon a march which his regiment made in a December rain, when the ice covered everything and his clothes were frozen stiff, he laid down among a lot of hogs that had a warm and dry bed, and the warmth of their bodies kept him from freezing to death.

Random Shots.

T. D. Shepherd, Co. K, 9th Ind. Cav., Pawnee, Ill., would like to hear from any of his comrades who were captured with Col. Eli Lilly, in Tennessee, and who afterwards starved in that hell-hole, Andersonville, with him. He advises all old soldiers to look well about them at the coming elections, and elect none but those who are friendly to the old veterans, and to spot copperheads, who stabbed the soldier in the rear, as well as the rebels who tried their best to break up the best Government the sun ever shone upon.

Newell S. Harrison, Co. F, 7th Pa. Reserves, Montrose, Pa., bears testimony to the Providential Spring in Andersonville, and thinks it a very mild way of putting it to say that it broke forth during a wet spell of weather. He thinks those who had shanties and holes in the ground from which the torrents of water drove them would call it a flood. Some of these men came from their holes looking like drowned rats. He would like to hear from some of the old Pennsylvania Reserves, and would be glad to have some comrade inform him what has become of Capt. Baird, who was Meade's Adjutant-General, when he commanded the Reserves.

U. S. Grant Fierling desires us to say that he has been overwhelmed with letters, but will reply to all as soon as possible. He is 23 years old.

S. D. Francis, Co. C, 105th Ill., Bado, Mo., having seen several articles in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE recommending various parts of the country to old soldiers who are looking for healthy places to camp, says that after four years' residence in Texas County, Mo., he can truly say that land is cheap and good, the water plentiful and of the best quality, and there is little or no malaria, while the pure fresh air of the Ozark Mountains is life-giving and healthful. He thinks anyone looking for a beautiful and healthful locality to make a home can go farther and fare much worse than by coming to Texas County, Mo.

Who Killed Stonewall Jackson—A New Yorker's Claim.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In reading "The Boy Spy's" account of the dedication of the monument to Gen. Stonewall Jackson at or near Chancellorsville, Va., and the doubt as to which army did the shooting at the General, etc., I would state for the benefit of the many thousands of readers of your valuable paper that the troops on the Union side who occupied the line directly in front of where the General was wounded on the night of May 2, 1863, were the 86th and 124th N. Y. and 122d Pa., commanded by Gen. Piatt, Third Division, Third Corps. The spot where he fell has been measured since the war, and it is only a few feet from where we lay on that Saturday night, May 2, 1863.—Capt. JERRY RYAN, 86th N. Y., Snedekerville, Pa.

A CLAIM FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: After reading the description of the dedication of Gen. Jackson's monument at Chancellorsville near the spot where he received his death wound, and the statement made by Maj. Lacy that he was not killed by his own men, but by the Union troops that were in the front, and as the company that I belonged to was in the lower corner of the accompanying diagram, and as the whole picket-line was in charge of Maj. Burt, of the 22d Mass., with Lieut. Look, of the same company, acting as Aid, whom I have this day seen and compared notes with,—also Serg't Marden, of my company,—we find at the time claimed that a private of Co. C of the 22d Mass. had crawled out beyond the lines to reconnoiter, and that he got out nearly in front of our company, when those officers rode down the road, for we could distinctly hear them, and were expecting to be charged on when a report of a rifle directly on our front caused Serg't Marden and myself to order our men to fire, not knowing at the time that any one but the enemy were in our front. From the time of the report of Rankin's rifle (that being the man's name of Co. C) and our own fire was not five minutes in all. Then all was still for the rest of the night.

Now, what I have written is not new; it has always been talked of in our company, also in the 22d Mass.; but as the rebels claimed that he was killed by his own men, we give Rankin's story, which ran thus: "That he saw a troop of horsemen riding down toward him, and they stopped opposite to him, and one dismounted, which he took to be a General officer, and advanced directly toward him, when he fired and the man fell." We gave this story as much credence as many other camp stories, for what it was worth. But now we think we have evidence to corroborate the above statement and put history in its true light.

I write this trusting that it may be looked up by more able writers than myself. With the diagram stating our position, the surveyors of the field can see if it brought him in front of our line or not.—N. S. SWETT, Sergeant, 2d company, Mass. S. S., West Medford, Mass.

The World Moves.

A New York cigaret manufacturer has shown enough appreciation of the comfort of others to put into every bunch of cigarets he sends out a box of cachous for disinfecting the breath. But cachous wont do the work effectually. There ought to be a gargle of concentrated lye and a scrubbing-brush with each package.

Black and Yellow Bees at War.

[Griffin Sun.]

A queer incident took place at Mr. A. Lower's home yesterday. A colony of black bees had been living peaceably near a tribe of Italian bees for years until yesterday, when the black bees attempted to rob their neighbors. A fierce fight ensued, in which hundreds of the robbers were killed.

AN ASTONISHING RESULT.

A man rescued from a burning coal mine would scarcely cause more interest than does the story of my life. In the spring of 18?8 I was taken with sharp pains in the lower part of my bowels in the region of the bladder. Shortly blood appeared mixed with my urine, and a few weeks later I had

An Attack of Gravel.

I tried a number of doctors. One said it was gravel, another said it was inflammation of the bladder, and another, that I had a stone in my left kidney, but their opinions and treatment failed to help me. For three months I was under the care of an eminent specialist at Albany, but constantly growing worse I gave up in despair, and went home to die. One by one my friends came to bid me good by. Relatives heard of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., and urged me to try it.

My Recovery was Remarkable.

In two months' time I left my bed, in four months I was able to do a little work, and in six or seven months I was robust and strong. Many witnesses will substantiate what I say. A remedy which can do this for one so near death as I was, should be known everywhere. I hope this statement will cause others afflicted as I was to find relief in the same source.

C. W. BROWN, Petersburg, Renssalear Co., N. Y.

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, Rondout, N. Y. Price $1; 6 for $5.

Inherited Diseases.

No fact of nature is more pregnant with awful meaning than the fact of the inheritance of disease.

Modern science, which has illuminated so many dark corners of nature, has shed a new light on the ominous words of the Scriptures, "The sins of the fathers, shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." Fifty per cent. of cases of consumption, cancer and scrofula, run in families through inheritance. Insanity is hereditary in a marked degree, but, fortunately, like many other hereditary diseases, tends to wear itself out, the stock becoming extinct. A distinguished scientist truly says: "No organ or texture of the body is exempt from the chance of being the subject of hereditary disease." Probably more chronic diseases, which permanently modify the structure and functions of the body, are more or less liable to be inherited. The important and far-reaching practical deductions from such facts—are obvious to reflecting minds, and the best means for preventing or curing these diseases is a subject of intense interest to all. Fortunately nature has provided a remedy, which experience has attested as infallible, and the remedy is the world-famous Swift's Specific, a pure vegetable compound—nature's antidote for all blood poisons. To the afflicted it is a blessing of inestimable value. An interesting treatise on "Blood and Skin Diseases" will be mailed free by addressing

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In the above diagram one-half of each Block is represented in shadow. The shaded portion, or one-half of each Block will be reserved, the remaining half be GIVEN AWAY by the following method and on the following conditions:—

1. Any applicant can secure as many Free Lots as are contained in one-half of a Block (24) but no more.
2. For each Free Lot a Complimentary Gift Order has been deposited with Mr. W. H. Whetstone, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who is the eastern agent of several large California property enterprises, and who is personally familiar with this property. Each of such Free Lot Orders calls for one lot, and they will be issued to all applicants on payment of five cents for each Order desired, to cover expenses of issue and advertising.
3. If only a portion of the one-half of a Block is desired, as many Free Lot Orders as are requested will be issued to the applicant, covering such number of Lots in a Block as the applicant stipulates.
4. No more than 24 Free Lots can be secured by any one person. The reserved portion of each Block will not be offered for sale before January 1, 1889, and then at the price of $25 per Lot, or $500 for an entire half Block.
5. This offer is made to attract the attention of eastern people, and no present residents of California can take advantage of it. For that reason the Complimentary Gift Orders can only be obtained from our eastern agent, and then only by people residing outside this State (California).
6. Application for Free Lot Orders must be made within four weeks from the date of the paper in which this advertisement appears. Address all applications to W. H. Whetstone, Lincoln Court, Cincinnati, Ohio, who alone has the Free Lot Orders for distribution.
7. After an applicant has received the Free Lot Orders properly endorsed by our eastern agent, they can be forwarded to our office at Red Bluff, and deeds will be executed for the property in accordance with the Free Orders.
8. Each letter of application must contain a remittance at the rate of five cents for each Free Lot Order applied for. Do not apply for less than 5 nor more than 24 Free Lot Orders, and don't send postage stamps, they will not be accepted. Make no mistake about where to apply for the Free Lot Orders, address,

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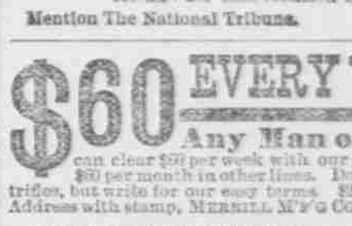

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