FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

Criticising Gen. Capehart's Article on that Campaign.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I ask a small space in your valuable paper to correct an error of Gen. Capehart in his narrative of Shields's Division in the Shenandoah Valley. I see many mistakes in his accounts of the disposition of troops at the battle of Kernstown, but pass them by as being of small importance. But in his account of the advance from Edenburg, he has it that Col. Carroll, of the 8th Ohio, was sent around Jackson's foot cavalry with a mixed force of about 2,000 men—infantry, cavalry and artillery—to burn the bridge at Mt. Jackson. He does not know why Carroll failed to be there in time to act his part in the drama.

Now, I will tell, for his benefit, the cause, and then I should be glad to have him assure himself of the accuracy of my account. I do not know what Shields's orders were in regard to the make-up of Carroll's force, but I do know that his force did not exceed 400 men, all told, composed of infantry. Not a cavalryman nor a single piece of artillery accompanied us. We were in sore need of cavalry, for the rebel cavalry were around us all the afterpart of the night. One of our men shot and killed one of them that had dropped behind us too close for his own good.

At the break of day we were in sight of Mt. Jackson. We could see the rebel cavalry all around us. Carroll and Lieut.-Col. Sawyer, 8th Ohio, halted and counseled for a few minutes, Sawyer remarking it was best to show a bold front. We were then ordered to fall in. We got there immediately after the rebels had crossed the bridge.

Now, General, what would have been the result if Carroll had succeeded in getting between Jackson and the bridge? The problem is easily solved. There would not have been one of his small command left to tell the tale. I know whereof I speak, for I was one of that command myself, and I know if there had been any possible chance of success Carroll would have been there, for he was never known to stand back when there was a fight. Had all our Generals been as sandy as he was the rebellion would have ended two years before it did. We had men in plenty and of the right material, if they had been officered with men calculated to inspire them with confidence.—R. J. MONROE, Co. C, 8th Ohio, First Brigade, Shields's Division, Caledonia, O.

BAXTER SPRINGS.

The Massacre of Blount's Bodyguard by Quantrell.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: On a sunny day in the latter part of September, 1863, Gen. Blount, with his staff and headquarters band, accompanied by detachments of the 3d Wis. Cav. and 14th Kan. Cav., as escort, arrived at Baxter Springs on their way to Fort Scott. When they approached near to Baxter Springs they saw a body of mounted men formed in line on the prairie, which they took for Union troops stationed at that place, and who had formed to receive Gen. Blount on his arrival. The sight of this line caused no alarm, and the command moved on in the usual manner of march. Gen. Blount, Maj. Curtis and one or two others of the staff were riding in an ambulance, and the cavalry were riding along carelessly, with their carbines strapped to their saddles, unsuspicious of danger; but as the head of column came within 200 or 300 yards of the strange troops the whole scene was suddenly changed, for it was no other than Quantrell with a couple of hundred of his guerrillas waiting for Blount's coming. The guerrillas followed their usual tactics, and charged with a wild yell, and like the rush of the cyclone Quantrell at the head of his terrible fighters dashed on the surprised Union troops. So unexpected and sudden was the attack there was but little chance for defense, and the scene that ensued was heartrending and terrible. The ranks of the surprised cavalry were broken, and the men sought safety in flight. Gen. Blount mounted a swift horse and escaped, but several of his staff officers were killed. The headquarters band, composed of German musicians, were shot dead in their band-wagon, in which they were riding, and the prairie was left strewn with the dead bodies of the cavalrymen who were slain in their flight.

It is impossible for a mounted force to stand a charge, and when a column is thus taken at a disadvantage it is easily broken and the men demoralized. A member of the 14th Kan. Cav. told me since that his company lost 23 men killed. Among the slain that day was that brilliant young man and gallant soldier—H. G. Curtis, (son of Maj.-Gen. Curtis,) who was then serving on Gen. Blount's staff. The only person left alive who witnessed the death of Maj. Curtis was his colored servant. While at Austin, Tex., with my regiment in the Winter of 1865,'66, I met a young colored man—a barber—who told me the story of the massacre at Baxter Springs and the death of Maj. Curtis. This young colored man was a native of St. Louis, from which city he went with Maj. Curtis as a servant. He was with him when he was killed, and was a witness to that wanton murder. Maj. Curtis had got out of the ambulance, and had surrendered, when a guerrilla rode up behind him and shot him in the head, and before he fell the guerrilla shot him the second time. One of the guerrillas claimed the Major's servant, and he sent him to Austin, and held him as a slave until the war was over. This guerrilla who murdered Maj. Curtis was afterwards seen on the streets of Austin by this young colored man, who informed the military authorities, when the murderer was arrested for the crime, and he was confined in prison at Austin when our regiment left that place in February, 1866.—JAMES M. RUSSELL, Captain, 1st Iowa Cav., Connellsville, Pa.

FAIR OAKS.

Charge of the First Brigade, First Division, Third Corps.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In the account of the charge of the 2d N.Y. Excelsior, by Comrade Morris Edwards, at Fair Oaks, Va., June 1, 1862, he says: "We received the praise of the commander of the army of making the finest charge of modern times." I claim that Comrade Edwards was one day too late. Had he been there on May 31 his charge would have been made in good faith. I speak from experience, for I had the honor of being a private in Co. D, 105th Pa., and also commanded a Springfield musket. We charged, but our charge did not show the same results as theirs did. The following is a letter of C. D. Jameson, commander of First Brigade, First Division, Third Corps: "I had disposed of all my command at different points, with the exception of the 105th Pa., under Col. McKnight. All our men had fled from the abatis in the vicinity of the Richmond road. Our only alternative was to make the best stand possible with the men we had. I led them across the open field up the Richmond road and into the abatis at double-quick and under the most terrific fire, deploying one-half on either side of the road. For more than an hour and a half this force held every inch of ground. At last the enemy broke and ran, and McKnight pursued them through Casey's camp. At that time our line on the right gave way entirely, and the rebel force came pouring in our rear. I then received orders to withdraw my men if possible, and it was with great difficulty they succeeded in filing off to the left in the woods towards White Oak Swamp. No other evidence of the valor displayed by this heroic band is necessary than a list of their killed and wounded. Every eighth man of their number has since been buried on the field where they fought, and just one-half their number either killed or wounded. Of the 18 commissioned officers 13 were killed or wounded. Gen. Kearny's horse and my own were both killed. He says a parallel to this fighting does not exist in the two days' battle, nor will it exist during the war."

I think we came up to that record on other occasions. I do not wish to claim any glory belonging to Comrade Morris. I believe his charge was made in good faith, and had he come in contact with the enemy he would have given them the best that the country afforded, as I know they did in times after. The Third Corps was a very good corps, but they did not live, as an organized body, to see the end; but we were there all the same, and thank God some of us were here on the 6th of last November.—D. J. VASBINDER, Thistle, Va.

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DISMOUNTED CAVALRY.

How They Acted in the Shenandoah Valley.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I was much interested in the article by George E. Pond on the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley in 1864. I was, unfortunately, included among the 1,000 dismounted cavalry that were ordered from Camp Stoneman to repel Gen. Early's invasion of Pennsylvania, and who were reported as having acted in the most disgraceful manner by Gen. Crook in his report of July 27, 1864. I contend that there was just as good fighting material in that command as could be found anywhere, if they had been with their own regiments instead of being placed the way they were at that time. The command was composed of 27 different regiments, with no one in command but Col. Young, of the 4th Pa. Cav. He had no staff and no company commanders. But I can say for Col. Young what Gen. Crook did not say of us: he was as brave a man as ever straddled a horse.

I remember seeing him on the afternoon of July 18, after we had crossed the Shenandoah at Island Ford and had formed in line of battle along the river-bank. Skirmishers were ordered out, and I was one of the number. We went some distance in the advance and took position behind a stone wall. Here we waited some time without seeing the enemy. Finally Rhodes's command advanced from out the woods in our front, and we were ordered to fall back to the line of battle at the river, which, as we came up, was breaking in great disorder and retreating across the river. Rhodes outnumbered us about three to one. Col. Young was on the bank of the river trying to rally the men. At Kernstown, where we were again routed, I think that if my regiment had been there alone, Crook's report would have been entirely different.

There were several reasons why we could not or did not fight. At Camp Stoneman those who had carbines had to give them up, and we were armed as infantry, and this, with the hard marching, carrying blankets and rations (if we had any), besides being mixed together, as we were, without organization, was enough to take the fight out of the best troops in the world.—C. E. MCKOY, Co. I, 1st Me. Cav., Bangor, Me.

ON THE PLAINS.

Scouting, Indian Fighting and Hunting.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In your esteemed paper recently appeared an article written by George Slusser, of Co. D, 11th Ohio Cav., which induces me to give a few incidents which took place under my own observation.

I enlisted for Todd's Independent Scouts July 3, 1863, but the company was disbanded July 22, and I then enlisted in the 11th Ohio Cav., the first battalion of which was doing service in the Rocky Mountain country. Our principal duty was scouting after turbulent Indians, escorting trains, carrying mails to military posts, etc., and the headquarters of the regiment was at Fort Laramie.

In September, 1864, I was detailed to take charge of the Q. M. beef herd, which was located on the Laramie River about 14 miles from the fort. We had orders not to attack any of the roving squads of Indians without first ascertaining whether they were hostile or not. They were friends, usually, if they were hungry or in need of something. One day, in the Fall of 1864, three of us had just finished our dinner of beef, beans, bread and coffee, and were sitting in our Sibley tent, when 12 big Indians came crowding into the tent, with the old familiar "How, How, Cullah, How!" which is a friendly greeting. They asked for something to eat, and we gave them the remains of our dinner, which they devoured, leaving neither crust nor crumb, also draining the coffeepot. They seemed to be satisfied, for it is the characteristic of the Indian never to ask for anything more, and he never growls at what is set before him.

When they had finished they asked for corn for their ponies, which we refused. So the chief told his men to take the corn anyhow. He no sooner gave the order than he was looking over the barrel of a Weston breech-loading rifle, wrong end toward him at that, and I politely ordered them to vamoose, which they did.

One day, while rounding up the herd for the night, we were riding along the bank of the river. It had been sleeting during the day, and our horses were smooth, which made it difficult for them to keep their feet. The path led over the bluff, which in some places reached an elevation of from 20 to 50 feet. My horse lost his footing and slid down the bluff backwards. When his hind feet finally caught, he was going downward so rapidly that he turned a complete somersault, but I managed to get out of the saddle in time to escape injury, while the horse went end over end through the underbrush and over bowlders until he brought up at the bottom of the hill. This happened near the east bank of the river, close to the third crossing.

Game was plentiful, black and cotton-tail deer, antelope, jack-rabbits, grouse, sage-hens, and in the Winter wild geese being quite thick, while back in the mountains were plenty of elk. As hunting laws were not in force in that section, we helped ourselves to whatever we preferred. One day a deer jumped up within 30 feet of me, when I fired from my horse, but never touched a hair of him; but I subsequently killed the same buck.

I have several relics of the plains, one being a pipe tomahawk, and at the next Reunion of the regiment propose to bring it, and we can all smoke the pipe of peace.

I hope some other of the boys of the regiment will come to the front and give their experience in fighting the wild Indians of the plains. I would be pleased to hear from any of the men of Co. L or of the regiment.—C. A. GUIDER, Co. L, 11th Ohio Cav., McGuffey, O.

The Bummer at Holly Springs.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The Sixth Division, Army of the Tennessee, by forced march from Yokena, Miss., arrived at Holly Springs at night on Dec. 22, 1862, and found whole blocks of storehouses burned by the rebels, after Col. Murphy, commanding, had surrendered that post to them. Several million rations went up in smoke, and it was evident short rations, if any, would be issued for some time. Having no tents to pitch, as soon as arms were stacked the 15th Iowa began hunting forage. Corp'l Dunfee and others of Co. H found in a basement many barrels of sorghum and some of applejack. Heads were soon knocked in, and everything that could be used to transport it to camp was pressed into service. Quantities were spilled, and rumor said it was over shoetop deep. Corp'l Dunfee was installed as Officer of the Night and general bartender. He issued orders that when anyone wanted his canteen filled he must advance and give the countersign, which was "Robinson Crusoe, Damdrynight." About 3 o'clock next morning Dunfee got into camp, and hunting up his bunkee (Phil Hippert), demanded canteens and coffeepots. Phil had them all filled with sorghum. Dunfee, being very happy, said no shentleman would drink sorghum, or tote it around; emptied the canteens and coffeepots of sorghum all over Hippert and their blankets, and started off to fill them with applejack. In time he returned, loaded inside and outside, and concluded to take a nap. He kneeled down in sight of the whole regiment, or those who were awake, and began his evening prayer: "Our Father, hic! Oh, Lord, hic, throw it out, hic! it's pison hic! Oh, oh! it will kill us all, hic!" So went his prayer to the end, and the amen was immediately followed by his sousing Hippert and the blankets with another mixture of applejack and sorghum, which made their bed anything but a pleasant one. Next day Dunfee was sick enough for seven Corporals. He recovered from the Mississippi beverage in a few weeks at Memphis, and jumped a French leave and never returned. Some of the company say they saw him in the uniform of the Marine Corps on guard in Washington as we marched down the Avenue on Grand Review.—Co. H, 15th Iowa.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also, a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

WHAT WAS ITS PURPOSE?

A Mysterious Expedition Into Louisiana.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Among the many moves made on the chessboard of war there is one that has never been explained, or, if so, I have failed to notice the explanation. It was started from Vicksburg on the 20th of August, 1863, and consisted of one small division of infantry and a small cavalry force. I have been of the impression that Gen. Davidson was the commander, but as history places him with Gen. Fred Steele at Little Rock, Ark., at this date, my memory must be at fault; neither can I give the regiments that composed this force, except that the Iowa Brigade, or at least three regiments of it, commanded by Brevet Brig.-Gen. Chambers, Colonel of the 16th Iowa, was a part of the expedition.

We took boats at Vicksburg and proceeded up the river to Milliken's Bend, where we debarked, and started westward through the Mississippi bottom, that had been inundated by the cutting of the levee at Lake Providence in the Spring. We followed blind roads that had not been used during the Summer, where the weeds were so tall as to entirely conceal a cavalryman, and the mud and driftwood on the trees showed where the water had reached in the overflow. The heat was almost intolerable in the daytime, and at night we lay with our feet in the ashes, shivering under our rubber blankets—not having taken our woolen ones along, as we were told the expedition would be a short one. In the evening we would go to the nearest bayou, and after removing the green scum, would fill our canteens with water, the temperature of which was about the same as freshly-drawn milk, but would be like ice-water in the morning, so cold are the nights in those bottoms. Foraging was strictly forbidden, and as there were no inhabitants and no forage to be obtained, the orders were obeyed.

We reached Monroe, a town on the Vicksburg & Shreveport Railroad, and near the Wichita River, distant from the Mississippi about 80 miles; here was high land and good water. We remained at Monroe one day, and then retraced our steps to the Mississippi. What was the object of this movement? Was it intended to create a diversion in favor of Steele? It would seem to have been made too late for this purpose. Was it simply a reconnoissance, or was it a scheme to provide malarial patients for the hospitals? If the latter it was a success, for about every third man returned to Vicksburg with the ague.

Previous to this our brigade had been doing duty at Black River and guarding trains to Sherman at Jackson, and we only reached Vicksburg about the last of July. After camping at Vicksburg some of the boys got the insane idea into their heads that a ration of soft-bread would be an agreeable change, as we could draw our rations in flour instead of hard-tack; but we had no facilities for baking. Finally one of the boys found an abandoned oven, one of the sheetiron variety common in the camps in the early days of the war; and by virtue of his discovery he was detailed to act as company baker. Flour was drawn from the commissary, and as we were then under marching orders, he was ordered to bake two days' rations.

On the morning we started each man received two loaves of bread. They looked suspiciously small, but seemed to weigh all right, and we placed them in our haversacks without comment. When we reached the landing we were given one day's rations of baker's bread from a division bakery that had just been started in the city. This bread was good and fresh. We ate one-half for dinner while on the boat, and after landing and marching out six or seven miles went into camp and ate the remainder for supper. Then we lay down to shiver through the night and absorb malaria. In the morning, after the usual noisy contest between the fife and drum, in which neither seemed to gain the supremacy, we stood in an irregular line and made the fitting responses to the Orderly-Sergeant's morning orisons, performed our ablutions at the nearest bayou, cut off a slice of sow——excuse me, I mean a piece of pork, broiled it in the usual manner, made our coffee, and, without petitioning "give us this day our daily bread,"—for had we not two days' rations in our haversacks?—we drew out our bread and began our breakfast. Then remarks were made: "John, lend me your knife." "Who has the hatchet?" "Let's take a bayonet, and see if we can't make a start," etc.

Personally I had already begun to feel the effects of malaria, having enjoyed a spell of ague at Black River; so I concluded that I was not hungry, and, stepping out to the road where a battery was passing, I offered the Lieutenant in command my loaves for artillery ammunition. He took one, examined it, and handed it back, saying that his guns were brass Napoleons, and he didn't want them scratched. I then wended my way to the bayou and "cast my bread upon the waters." It sank like a deep-sea lead, which probably accounts for it not having "returned to me after many days." Mr. Editor, I shall not undertake to describe this bread; as bread it needs no description. But if in the distant future some spectacled geologist should stumble upon a small collection of boulders in the lowlands west of the Mississippi, he will no doubt give an ingenious theory as to their origin; such, for instance, as their having been hurled from the crater of Popocatepetl during an eruption, and volcanic in origin, or as having fallen from a clear sky, and meteoric. But members of Co. A, 16th Iowa, if any are living, will know when they read the description that the loaves of bread they threw away on the morning of Aug. 21, 1863, have been discovered.—L. C. STANLEY, Co. A, 16th Iowa, Eldridge, Iowa.

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A NIGHT MARCH.

An Expedition to Save a Bridge.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: On the evening of the 23d of May, 1864, the Second Division, Fourteenth Corps, attacked the enemy in front of Rome, Ga. After a lively skirmish the enemy fell back, and the column went into camp for the night. About 9 o'clock that night orders came to our company: "Light marching orders; be ready to move in 15 minutes." When we reported at headquarters, Adj't-Gen. Wiseman stated that the object of the raid was "to follow up the retreating enemy and capture the bridge across the Coosa River." It was the supposition that the bridge would be burnt that night, if there was not a bold rush on our part. Maj. Wiseman took the lead and gave orders "that if we were fired upon to lie down; and if we got scattered, to call together by whistling like quails." After winding around for some time through the heavy timber and thick brush, we came to an opening where the timber had been cut off and the stumps were standing thick. We were marching up quite a steep hill when a blaze of musketry-fire poured from a line of works. Every man fell to the ground, and even tried to crawl in. The company retired one at a time by commencing at the left, and by the time I found out a retreat was taking place I was about the only one holding the ground, but I was not long in bringing up the rear. Unfortunately for me, a stump was standing in my path. I struck it with such force that I was not able to get up for some time. Presently the boys began whistling; it seemed as if every stump had a quail behind it. Maj. Wiseman shouted at the top of his voice, "Stop that ——whistling!" When we finally got together again and found "all present or accounted for," we started, as we supposed, for camp. It being very dark, the little skirmish with the Johnnies had caused us to lose our bearings. After wandering around through the brush and falling over logs, we came to an old road which we thought would lead us out, but in crossing a dry branch or creek at the neck of a horseshoe bend the Major mistook the bed of the branch for the road. It was about half a mile in circumference. We marched round and round, round and round, until the company began straggling; so that the head of the column began seeing men in their front and hearing infantry marching. We thought they must surely be the enemy. A halt was quietly called, and when the company closed up we were ordered to lie down and wait till morning. We had but a short time to wait. Reveille sounded within less than a quarter of a mile of us, and it was from our own camp.—BUFORD GADDIE, Co. B, 16th Ill., Hewins, Kan.

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WILSON'S RAID.

What Became of the Plunder Taken from the Men?

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: An incident worthy of explanation, that has not been in print, according to the best of my knowledge, occurred while on the Wilson raid through Tennessee and Georgia in 1865.

A General Order was issued by Maj.-Gen. Wilson that no foraging or plundering should be done. As near as my memory serves me, I saw Corp'l Shoffer, of some Iowa regiment, stripped and tied to a tree and terribly mangled with about 40 lashes, for some violation of that order; order of sentence signed by Gen. Upton, commanding one of the divisions.

Now, I wish to have Gens. Wilson and Upton show that they turned the things they stole from us over to the Government and got a receipt for the same, and gave back all private property that they took by force; or, I ask, if these plunderers are living and cannot properly account for these articles, that the War Department declare the same General Order that punished Corp'l Shoffer in force, and call upon the members of the 4th U. S. Art. to do the thrashing.

After the war was over and we were in camp near Macon, Ga., we were ordered to break camp very early one morning. We destroyed all our camp equipage not convenient to carry, and burned ammunition by the box. After being held in readiness till a late hour in the morning, we received marching orders, and were marched three or four miles (the entire army), and like thieves and dogs were searched, and all money, silver, gold and jewelry was taken from us that was not buried in the sand. I hid a few half-dollars in my scabbard, that I had bought to make rings of. It was evident we had no right to gold and silver, and the Government has never paid us in gold, as it agreed to do.

Another incident I have not seen in print from the comrades who took part in this raid. When we drove Hood out of Tennessee, on the roadside was an old log house, where an old lady and family had been imprisoned, and she came out and thanked the army as it passed by. Can any of the old comrades who are acquainted with the incident tell me what became of the old lady and family?—A COMRADE of Co. F, 5th Iowa Cav., Osterdock, Iowa.

ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

Give the Ex-Prisoners their Just Reward.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Since my article in your paper of Feb. 14, giving an account of my recent trip to Andersonville Prison and Cemetery, I have been receiving letters from comrades in such numbers that it is impossible to reply to all. Many of these letters are full of interesting reminiscences of prison life and miraculous escapes from the explosion and burning of the ill-fated steamer Sultana on April 27, 1865. The same communication enabled one or two to learn the fate of a brother and friend, the date of their death, and the number of grave in the cemetery at Andersonville, Ga. Many of these ex-prisoners are drawing pensions at the rate of from $1 to $4 per month; some who are broken in health have not been able to furnish the required evidence to receive pensions.

Now, in view of these facts, how does it sound to hear such assertions as are made by the New York *Tribune*, first discussing what should be done with the surplus, then referring to the enormous pension appropriations that are likely to bankrupt the Government? If the many persons cherishing such sentiments will be patient a little longer the "old frauds" will soon pass away, then such squandering of the public funds will cease. We have all reached the meridian of life, and very many with tottering steps and silvered locks are far down on the shady side of the mountain, and must soon bid adieu to the land our valor saved; and where is the miscreant swine that would withhold from the soldier the paltry sum not half his due? Will not the patriotic friends of the soldier secure the passage of a bill granting $2 a day pension for each day the ex-prisoners were confined in rebel prisons; also, the equalization bounty bill and "The National Tribune" Pension Bill? Now that the day of vetoing pension bills is something of the past, why not give relief to those brave defenders who placed upon the Nation's altar the one most valuable and indispensable offering that ever was made by mortal man for home and country? For

"Whether in the prison drear
Or in the battle's van,
The noblest death that man can die
Is when he dies for man.

"The hopes, the fears, the blood, the tears
That marked the battle's strife,
Are now all crowned with victory,
That saved the Nation's life."

Twenty-seven years ago this Nation was in the midst of the most gigantic rebellion ever known in the annals of history. The struggle was most desperate, and the cost indeed appalling. Four hundred thousand lives went out, and to-day many thousands who were injured, crippled and diseased are scattered throughout the land of this glorious Union, preserved and made such not by the purchasing power of National bonds, but by virtue of a life sacrifice, without which bonds, Union, flag and country must have been engulfed in the vortex of treason. Comrades, cheer up! there is a brighter day dawning. It is an honor to have answered to your country's call. What if we are branded as frauds for reminding the Government that now in our declining years we have claims that should be respected? Do not be intimidated, but remember that all such hot shot comes from the same source—the mouths of those who denounced the soldier when in active service. Such shooting did not kill nor cannot to-day deprive the old veteran of his well-earned laurels and well-deserved rights and remuneration.—A. C. BROWN, Co. 1, 2d Ohio, Albert Lea, Minn.

BATTLE OF RESACA.

What Troops Saved the 5th Ind. Battery?

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I noticed in your paper of Jan. 24, 1889, the article, "Battle of Resaca," which referred to the troops who saved the 5th Ind. battery from capture May 14, 1864, during the battle. Now I do not wish to take any honor from the Second Brigade, First Division, Twentieth Corps, for the part they took in the matter, but do claim that the Third (Robinson's) Brigade, First Division, Twentieth Corps, composed of the 61st and 82d Ohio, 82d and 101st Ill., and 143d N. Y., did something towards saving said battery on that day. May 14, 1864, late in the afternoon, while we were lying on a steep side hill covered with trees and brush and overlooking a cleared valley with woods beyond, said battery was planted to command the valley; the infantry supporting them had fallen back, and the rebel infantry were flanking them on the left, and had shot many of their horses, when one of the Lieutenants of said battery came rushing up the side hill to our brigade, and riding up to where Col. Boughton, of the 143d N. Y., was standing, asked: "Who commands this brigade? For God's sake, forward this brigade and save our guns!"

Col. Robinson, commanding our brigade, was at the time to the right of our corps line. I think a counsel was being held, and when the Lieutenant of said battery learned that fact from us, he again urged Col. Boughton to forward the brigade, at which Col. Boughton ordered A. Rambour, the Bugler of the 143d N. Y., to blow the brigade call to fall in and then the charge, and we charged down the steep side hill, at the bottom of which was a deep ditch. Two divisions of rebel infantry, (Stewart's and Stevenson's, I believe,) were then advancing up the valley towards the battery, halted, fixed bayonets, and just as they began to move forward to the charge our lines came out of the ditch and brush into the open ground in their front and put them between a cross-fire of troops to our right, the battery and our brigade. That battery was worked for all it was worth. We were not over 50 to 60 yards from the Johnnies, and advancing, when they broke and ran pell-mell. They were evidently taken entirely by surprise by our charge. They never waited to test title to the ground with us, and they did not stand on the order of their going. We moved out and formed in line beyond the battery, and the lines were continued right and left and then came darkness. Several stragglers came to our lines that night. In the New York city papers, in the account of that day's fighting, it was stated that Robinson's Brigade, of Williams's Division, Twentieth Corps, charged Stewart's and Stevenson's Divisions, and drove them back and saved the 5th Ind. battery. I was standing near Col. Boughton when the officer from the battery came to us. I was acting as Adjutant of our regiment at this time.—PETER E. PALEN, First Lieutenant, 143d N. Y., Monticello, N. Y.

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To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

AFTER 23 YEARS.

Return of a Soldier's Diary from the Far South.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: "Truth is stranger than fiction." The subjoined article, taken from the Providence (R. I.) *Journal*, will in part explain the cause of this article:

The Paris (Ark.) *Express* in a recent issue contained a paragraph concerning a Rhode Island soldier named Thomas F. Holland, who was First Sergeant of Co. E, 2d R. I. Holland belonged in South Kingstown, this State, when he enlisted. He was wounded in the battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, and taken prisoner. The paragraph reads as follows: "Dr. E. L. Harley has in his possession a diary that was found on the body of a dead soldier on the battlefield of the Wilderness, in Virginia, by E. E. Gillespie, of Caulksville, who was Sergeant of Co. B, 20th Ga. The name of the soldier was Thomas F. Holland, Co. E, 2d R. I. The diary is complete from the time he entered the army up to the day of the battle. Dr. Harley is desirous of returning the diary to some friend or relative of the deceased."

On the morning of Dec. 18, 1888, as the eyes of the readers in the town of Mr. Holland's nativity gazed on this paragraph, their minds were filled with wonderment at the revelation that T. F. Holland deceased some 24 years since, for we had been accustomed to seeing him daily in and out amongst us. Your correspondent, therefore, sought him out to ascertain, if possible, the true meaning of this almost unprecedented incident. We learned from his own lips this interesting narrative. As indicated in the principal paragraph to which reference is made, the event did occur on the battlefield of the Wilderness. However, the day was the 6th of May instead of the 5th. During the previous day's fight, Capt. McIntyre having been killed and Lieut. Clark seriously wounded, on Holland, who was Orderly Sergeant, devolved the command of the company. In the famous Longstreet charge he was in the very forefront of his men, and in consequence become engaged in a hand-to-hand combat with a Confederate. Both fell, wounded; the Union man in the ankle, the rebel in the thigh. Both were bleeding profusely from their injuries and, as a natural sequence, being almost locked in each other's embrace, they engaged in conversation. Their intercourse intuitively directed its course toward their sufferings, and as a result they were now found endeavoring to ameliorate each other's circumstances as best they could, though so recently seeking by all the means employed in that great fratricidal strife to put an end to the existence of each other. The Confederate belonged to the 2d Ark., being Color-Sergeant of his company. He, being the more seriously wounded, was bleeding profusely, and Holland, prompted by that spirit of sympathy which seemed to actuate the boys of both armies when placed in these peculiarly trying circumstances, sought to afford him what relief was within his power. Taking from his canteen its string, although himself suffering intense pain, he managed to so arrange it as to quite effectually arrest the flow of blood. In the course of a few hours this soldier was removed, promising, however, to see that his benefactor was also removed and properly cared for. Mr. Holland was, however, obliged to lie on the field from 12 m. on that day till about 12 m. the following day. While so obliged to lie and suffer, a rebel soldier came near him, and observing his knapsack and other accouterments, made free to appropriate them, even to cutting the boots from his very feet. It was in his knapsack that he carried the diary referred to in the principal article. He also carried therein a photograph of his wife and baby son, and sundry other trinkets from near and dear ones in "Little Rhody." On the day following that on which he received his wound he was removed to Longstreet's field hospital, and there underwent an amputation of his leg by a Confederate Surgeon, Holt. Holland was a true soldier, imbued with that determination and possessed of that grit so characteristic of the ancient Spartan.

He was told by the Surgeon that it would be necessary, in order to perform the operation, to administer chloroform.

To this Holland refused to submit, preferring to be perfectly cognizant of what was transpiring, and insisting on having a professional job done rather than a bungle, and perhaps a loss of his life by reason of surgical malpractice. He simply requested a glass of whisky, and with only this he passed through the trying ordeal, and perhaps was instrumental in saving his own life. For who can tell how many of our brave boys' lives were simply sacrificed by those Confederate butchers? He was imprisoned in Lynchburg, and also in that infamous den, Libby, remaining in the latter place four months after his term of service had expired. While incarcerated in Libby he was, by the merest accident, prevented from being cast into that hell-pen, Andersonville. Libby becoming overcrowded, it became necessary to transfer some of the prisoners to other prisons; so a batch of the boys were consigned to Georgia. In this squad was the subject of this sketch. He was necessarily obliged to go on crutches, and while at the depot awaiting transportation some other soldier purloined these from him. When the officer in whose charge these prisoners were came across him, seeing his condition, questioned him how he expected to get around. He answered someone had stolen his crutches. The officer told him he had no use for him, and so sent him back. This probably saved his life; for the comrade who took his crutches barely escaped alive.

Although we have in this article digressed a little from the main point, yet these facts are so intimately connected with the history of this long-lost diary that they are perhaps not out of place. They serve to show the devotion to his country of a man who risked his life, his all, for that country's sake. To whom is greater praise due than to these self-same soldiers who made it possible for our country to shine with undimmed luster after a century of National existence? What greater honor can a youth of to-day claim than that he is a son of a veteran?

All these thoughts are at this time and in your very valuable paper most pertinent. After brooking the insults, heaped upon indignities, of the past Administration for four long years; after having all sorts of epithets applied to them by both Northern and Southern demagogs in Congress during the many attempts to pass pension measures, is it to be wondered at that the soldier expects to see in that grand old man of a grand old party the fruition of their long-deferred hopes? Do they not deserve it? Who will say them nay? Such men as are the subject of this episode are the ones who are first entitled, other things being equal, to the emoluments in the gift of the Administration.

It is but a very meager way in which to accord to the soldier a recompense for the many hardships endured and risks incurred during the tenure of their services. It is be hoped that the claims of the gallant boys of the G.A.R. will not be ignored.—FREDERICK C. OLNEY, son of a veteran, Westfield, R. I.

Logan at the Battle of Champion Hills.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: At the battle of Champion Hills, Miss., May 16, 1863, Gen. Logan found the force in his front too heavy, and came riding like mad up to Col. J. E. Tourtellotte, of the 4th Minn., who was lying behind the 11th Ohio battery. Calling to the Colonel, he said: "Colonel, my men are suffering like ——. Will you help me?" The Colonel hesitated, and said he had no orders (being in another division.) Gen. Logan exclaimed: "I will be responsible; come on." At which the Colonel ordered us forward. When we reached the creek we were met by Logan's troops stubbornly falling back; but the 4th gave their familiar Indian yell, and at this they went in with us, and together we drove the enemy back, retaking a battery which had been taken and lost by Logan, and with a few men of Co. I took in 128 of the Johnnies. Logan did not care for consequences when his men were suffering, and by a bold dash he could gain a victory. At another time while on our march to the sea we had been skirmishing all day till, about 3 o'clock, the command went into camp, and the writer, with others, had gone to the front to draw rations, and in returning to camp with ham, bacon, sweet potatoes, etc., we looked ahead and saw Gen. Logan (our corps commander) and staff coming. We dropped our merchandize on one side of the road in the brush and went ahead badly bewildered. As the General rode up he halted and inquired where we had been, and if we had seen any rebels; lectured us for going without arms, and told us to be careful hereafter and passed on. After passing us a little way he called and said: "Boys, you had better take your forage in. You may need it." We took it in. Had we fallen into the hands of some of our straightjacket Captains or Lieutenants it might have been otherwise. Logan always intended to whip when he went into a fight, but he intended his men should have plenty to eat, and if Uncle Sam happened to be out of provisions, and it was in the country, we had it.—WM. M. DAVIS, Fulda, Minn.

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