FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns.

SIEGE OF LEXINGTON.

Adventures of the Man who was Sent for Reinforcements.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have been requested to give a little incident that happened to me some time during the month of September, 1861:

I joined the 23d Ill., Col. Mulligan's Irish Brigade, at Chicago in May, 1861. We soon received orders to proceed to St. Louis, where we were armed and equipped for active service. From there we were forwarded by rail to Jefferson City, Mo. We soon received orders to march to Lexington, Mo., and then commenced our real soldier life.

Farmers, who had been peaceful citizens but a short time before, now proved to be guerrillas and bushwhackers; they were everywhere and ever on the alert for a lone Union man, whom they soon "wiped out." Our marching through the State had a tendency to make them organize into regiments instead of carrying on the irregular warfare of bushwhackers. We captured a number of these "peaceful farmers" each day. They took the oath willingly, only to be on hand again when chance offered to annoy, rob, and kill a Union man. We arrived at Lexington without any serious casualties, went into Camp on Seminary Hill, and commenced fortifying at once. Col. Mulligan soon learned that the rebel Gen. Price was marching toward Lexington with 12,000 men and receiving men and supplies every mile he marched.

When we arrived at Lexington we found a regiment of Home Guards (mounted), numbering about 1,000 men. Our Colonel assumed command of the little army and prepared to fight Price, but well he knew that if no reinforcements arrived the Irish Brigade was doomed, no matter how well we defended our works, for we could be starved out and easily cut off from water. There was a wall around the Seminary building, and within the inclosure two or three cisterns full of stagnant water, which was also the receptacle of many dead cats and dogs. The stench was horrible.

Each day things became more desperate, the Colonel being dangerously so, and, consequently, he resolved to take decided action and send for help, and if the re-enforcements did not reach him before Price made the attack, he thought they would close in on Price's rear. He therefore, after consultation with Capt. Fitzgerald, Lieut. Shanley and other officers of the regiment, concluded to select a man to ride a horse through the country as a "peaceful" farmer, as best he could, to Jefferson City. The man selected was myself, and my orders were, if Gen. Fremont was there, to report to him, and deliver the dispatch, and if he was not there to take the cars for St. Louis, and find him at all hazards. The Colonel also sent 10 or 12 men the next day down the river on a steamboat, which I knew nothing of until I returned, he fearing I might be captured.

I rode out of camp at dusk, passed through Lexington at a little dog trot, and was soon on the road I had so lately traveled, going to that place. My instructions were to keep well on the river road until daybreak, and then it was suggested that it would be better to cross at some easy crossing or ferry. But of course everything was left to my own judgment, and the number of farmers I should meet on the river road, and what kind of a yarn I could spin to them. I soon learned that all riders, young and old, were going to or waiting for Price's army. I said I was, too. I soon found out his exact line of march, and could talk Price as well as any of the "peaceful" farmers. I took a direct route for Glasgow, intending to keep the river road from there to or near Booneville, and then leave the river and strike for Tipton, and from there push hard for Jefferson City. I felt that if I was really in Price's lines I would be safer than I was at times when I met small squads of horsemen armed with double-barreled shotguns. Many questioned me closely, but in rather an off-hand manner, showing little if any suspicion, for had they had the slightest inkling that I was not one of them, it would have been "good-by, John," in short order.

At dusk the first day, when about a mile from Glasgow, and while watering my horse, I was challenged by three ragged cadets of the Missouri State Guard, who were mounted, and who covered me with their guns, none being over 20 years old. They questioned me closely, and said they had orders to take all men found, either riding or walking, to their headquarters. I certainly realized that I was in a tight place. There was no time for sentiment, and I knew that it was a soldier's fate, and made up my mind to face it like a soldier. Of one thing I was determined, they should not find the dispatch. If I had known exactly what was in it I might have felt easier; but I didn't know, and therefore I resolved to destroy it before I was taken to the commanding officer at headquarters. I at once complied with their orders, and displayed a willingness to go, which would have at once aroused a veteran's suspicion, but which seemed to quiet or allay any fear they may have had; in fact, they appeared to be as much alarmed or frightened as I was.

My trouble was the dispatch, and how to destroy it. I knew it had a bullet in each corner, sewed tightly. It had then been cut squarely through the middle; consequently, it would sink at once if thrown into the river. But how was I to get it there before they discovered it. After a short parley they concluded to let one take me to headquarters, and the other two would remain on guard on the road where I was captured. They took my pistols from me, to be given back if I was all right, but I knew I should never see them again. We rode along the river bank a few hundred yards, when my guard halted, dismounted, and commenced to fix his stirrups and saddle. I knew this was my chance for the dispatch. I kept him in talk till I got the papers well in hand, and then threw them far out into the river. They sank at once, but my careless guard had seen me. He drew his pistols, and swore if I raised a hand he would shoot my head off. He then placed me before him and marched me to headquarters.

The Colonel's headquarters were under a large tree. He was talking to a number of men, some of whom were in shirt-sleeves, while others wore jackets. I soon learned that the ragged crew that around him flocked were Colonels, Majors and Captains. There was but little attention paid to me at first, and I was about to be sent on my way, when my brave little guard said: "He had two pistols, and he threw a lot of papers in the river."

That changed the program at once. Every man was on his feet in an instant, all shouting "A spy! A spy! Hang him!" And if the Colonel had not used his authority they would have hung me at once. I felt sick. The Colonel, in a very pompous manner, said: "Gentlemen, this case calls for a drumhead court-martial."

It is needless to state all the foolish questions they asked me and all the lies I told them; but in 15 minutes after I reached that camp I was sentenced to be shot at sunrise the next morning. It would also be foolish to say that I did not feel bad over my fate; but I can truly say I thanked God I was to be shot instead of hung.

I was placed under a strong guard. Of course I could neither eat nor sleep during the night, and my guards became fewer; and as I looked around just before day I found but two young fellows guarding me. I learned that nearly all the men in camp, including some of my guard, had gone into Glasgow to a "fandango," or dance. About daybreak they began to return, —drunk, of course,—and three young men relieved the sentinels who had watched over me all night. I was given a pick and shovel, and was told to "Dig your grave, damn you, or we will leave you on the sand."

I saw at once that these men, officers and all, were very drunk. The officer directed me where to dig, and told the guard when I had the grave three feet deep to call him. He left for the camp to take a smoke. As soon as he left the guards talked for a short time about the fun they had had, and one by one they dropped into a drunken sleep.

I knew if I was to ever get away now was my time. I felt that I might as well be shot while trying to escape as to be shot like a dog; therefore I stopped digging and watched the sleepers to see if the cessation of the noise I made while digging would not awake them. I was satisfied that they were, in a manner, dead. Right here I did a very foolish act, but I was a young soldier and had not the sense I think I had in after years as a veteran. However, I did as perhaps many others would have done, knocked the handle out of the pick, and with all my strength struck the nearest guard under the hat brim, and served the second one the same. Here is where I made the mistake. I should have served them all alike; but, in the excitement of the moment, I seized the second man's gun and shot the third man dead. I was told afterward that both the others died from the blow I gave them. Of course the report of the gun aroused the camp and two-thirds of the men from a drunken slumber, and the others, fearing an attack from Col. Torchin, of the 19th Ill., I think, whom they had met a few days before and got the worst of it. Even the Colonel, I was told, was alarmed, and gave orders to prepare for a battle. All this gave me time to fly, and I needed every minute.

The country was grown up with blackjack about as high as a man's waist on horseback, which helped me, for while they were compelled to go comparatively slow while mounted, I was doing some pretty tall running. The shouts, screams and firing of guns let me know their whereabouts, and gave me to understand they were after me red-hot. I kept running and dodging till I became completely exhausted. I crawled into some thick underbrush, and waited to be shot or captured, but as I lay there panting I soon learned they had lost my trail or had given up the chase. I could hardly believe that they had; yet, as all sounds ceased, I soon became satisfied that such was the case. I was hungry and tired, and knew I must remain in hiding till night, and then get back to Lexington and report to Col. Mulligan. From my hiding place I could see men and troops on the other side of the river, also steamboats pulling up and down. One of these steamboats had on board some men whom Col. Mulligan had sent on the same errand that I was on, and they were captured also at or near Glassow and taken to Lexington and kept till after the battle, and were then released.

I remained in hiding, dozing and peeping till night had well set in, and then I started on the tramp, stiff, chilly and hungry. I was not in a fit condition to do any great walking, yet I knew that was my only safety. About midnight I met a colored man, woman and boy. They did not seem surprised at meeting me, for, as they said, all the men folks were going to Gen. Price's army to fight the Northerners at Lexington. I asked for something to eat, for I had eaten nothing for two days, and had been under a great physical and mental strain. I wanted food and a chance to stretch myself for a few hours. I did not dare tell these people that I was a Northerner, but I told them I was their friend. I think from the emphatic way I talked the man rather thought I was what I represented myself to be and told his wife and boy to stay with me till he got back. He was gone about 20 minutes, when he returned and told me to come with him. I went and his wife and boy followed. He took me to a little cabin, where we found a young colored man and wife. He then took a good look at me and said: "You's a Northerner. I seed you ride by day before yesterday." He proved to be a friend, gave me corn bread, cold cabbage and bacon. When I had eaten enough I went into the loft and slept till he called me, which was almost night of the next day. He then gave me more bacon, cabbage, ash-cake and buttermilk. I did a soldier's duty to all, and thankfully received a generous lunch wrapped in a towel, none of the cleanest to be sure, but it answered a double purpose, for when the lunch had been eaten, it was handy at the little streams which I crossed.

To make a long story short, my friend began prospecting. His return message was anything but satisfactory. He reported soldiers, horse and foot, "plenty and a plenty," marching for Lexington. His advice was to "Stay right whar you is till I come back." He locked his cabin door, and he and his wife left me alone, with not even a cat to keep me company. Many times I could hear the cheering of Price's men and often the report of a gun, yet there I was alone in the woods, well knowing that if the farmer soldiers knew of my presence so near them it would be a short shuffle and cut for me. I felt uneasy, fearing some of the prowlers might investigate the inside of the cabin. But in the early days of the war there were very few "raiders," "bummers," or "coffee-coolers." These men were too full of "On to Lexington." I began to think my friend had met with trouble and was unable to return. However, while peeping through a chink, and wondering where, in the name of God, he had gone, and why he did not come back, I heard the heavy tramp of men, and as I looked I saw one, then two, then more, come out of the woods and approach the cabin; not stealthily, but boldly. You perhaps can imagine how I felt. I really had more fear at that moment than I had while digging my grave, for I had not a thing to defend myself with. I took to the loft and lay panting with excitement. They came to the door, talked in a low tone, and then unlocked the door.

You may again try to imagine the reaction I experienced when, after they had raked up the fire and struck a light, I saw my worthy colored friend, his wife, and an old colored man with them. He proved be the wife's father, whom they had brought to try and "steer" me straight for the Northern army at Lexington. I was glad; more than glad. I took that old, gray-haired man by the hand, and his grasp told me he would be true to me. Before starting I ate another snack. All I had to do was to follow the old man, Eli.

From the appearance of things to me then, the country was all a campfire. In fact, Price had aroused the people with the cry of State rights; yet well he knew that cry meant secession. My boy Eli knew the country to a charm; winding through dense thickets of blackjack to avoid the moving troops, which, to look at, we would never have taken for soldiers. It looked like the old-time "trading days." Some were in their shirt-sleeves, some in coats, with hats and caps of all colors and shapes, with now and then an old uniform. Nevertheless, this very same riffraff was soon to make one of the finest regiments in the service droop its colors. Although I was young and active, and Eli an old man, he could walk all around me.

The nearer we approached Lexington, the more difficult it became. We crossed their line of march three or four times, and I felt shaky, you may be sure. About 3 o'clock in the morning my old friend pointed to a hight and said, "Lexington." Three miles more of dangerous road, and, after all my escapes, I might never reach Mulligan's lines. Daylight was creeping on slowly, and I knew it was now or never. I knew nothing of the formation of our lines, but of course felt that there was a picket-line, and I must reach it. We pushed forward, passing through the troops lying by the roadside, waiting for daylight, with orders to make the attack on the little band of brave boys of the 23d Ill., Mulligan's Irish Brigade. While walking rapidly and listening attentively, I discovered I had left Price's men entirely. Before I had fairly thought of the cause of the silence, a stentorian voice rang on my ear, "Halt! who comes there?" "Sergeant of the Guard!" and other such challenges. I could have hugged that man Putnam, of Co. I. As I answered "Friend," I could hear the click, click of their muskets, ready for any emergency. I advanced, and was of course recognized at once. Capt. Quirck and Lieut. Shanley were Officers of the Guard and Day, the youngest of course having the Guard.

I was at once taken to Col. Mulligan. What a difference in the feeling now and when I was taken before the rebel Col. Martin Green! I related to the Colonel all I knew, what I had seen, how all the State of Missouri was marching on Mulligan and Lexington. I was ordered to my company to prepare for the "fun" that was to commence in the early morning.

Price opened fire soon after 8 a. m., and it continued all day, we returning it over our breastworks which had been thrown up. In the grounds of the Female Seminary were two cisterns and a well. For two days we got water from a spring near by, but as Price closed in, he cut us off from the spring, which left us with the cisterns and well half full of water, with dead cats, dogs and other filth which the boys of the town had thrown into them. It is enough to say that we couldn't drink that water, but fought Price 58 hours without water.

Finally Col. Mulligan, being entirely surrounded, with no sign of Gen. Sturgis coming to his relief, and knowing that Price was being reinforced every hour, surrendered. We were to take an oath not to fight against the State of Missouri, the officers giving up swords, but Col. Mulligan was allowed to retain his.

By this time one would have thought my troubles were over,—at least I thought so,—but after the surrender I was hunted up by Capt. Black, and two other officers of Col. Martin Green's regiment, saying they wanted revenge for killing their men, and were determined to carry out the sentence of that drum-head court-martial. I demanded an interview with Gen. Price, which they very reluctantly granted. I called for Col. Mulligan, and he stated positively that I only carried a dispatch calling for troops, and I was dismissed at once, Gen. Price saying to the rebels I did just what he would have done had he been in my place, and ordered these officers not to molest me, and if I was injured he would hold them responsible.

In a few days we were shipped to St. Louis, and from there to Chicago, and then by order of the Secretary of War, mustered out of service. Col. Mulligan reorganized the 23d with many of the old boys, but I struck for home, Philadelphia, and after a rest enlisted in the 90th Pa.

Regarding Eli. He entered our lines with me and was well taken care of. When water became scarce and it was evident that we must surrender, the Colonel gave him permission to go into Lexington to some of his white friends. I saw him after we had surrendered, and he was grinning all over his face. I understand that the 12 men whom Col. Mulligan sent down the river on the steamer Sunshine with the same message I carried, were captured by the rebel Col. Martin Green the same morning I escaped.—J. K. McCHESNEY, 446 P street northwest, Washington, D. C.

Read "Better than a Pension" on page 2.

IN OLD VIRGINIA.

A New York Cavalryman Finds Sweetness Galore.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: My memory recalls many of the scenes and incidents of 1863, when our regiment (1st N. Y. M't'd Rifles) were kept incessantly in the saddle scouting through Virginia and North Carolina, hunting down guerrillas and bushwhackers, capturing trains of blockade runners, seizing all horses and mules wherever found, and making a thorough search of all suspected houses for guns and other implements of war, which we destroyed. Many of those shotguns were of the most expensive imported English manufacture, yet dearly as I prized a good fowling-piece, I was compelled to strike them against the butt of a tree until they were rendered useless. Four beautiful silver-mounted shotguns that were loaded were handed to me on one occasion to strike against the trees, with a warning to be careful that they did not explode and kill me. It was wonderful how my bump of caution commenced to enlarge at that moment, and led me into the woods, where, away from the gaze of the officers, I took a last fond look at them and gently laid them down by the butt of a large tree, covering them up with leaves and brush as carefully as though they were four of my dear departed friends; then sadly I retraced my steps to my company, entertaining a hope that I would soon return and remove them to safer quarters. But, alas, that time never came.

We reached the Edenton Road, N. C., April 15, 1863, and there encountered a strong force of Confederate cavalry, which we immediately charged, and after a hard and well-contested fight succeeded in routing, capturing many prisoners, with but slight loss on our side. Having now more than 200 horses and mules that we had captured on this raid, and having to depend altogether on the country that we passed through for our subsistence, and being many miles from our camp in Suffolk, Va., with our horses and men completely jaded by incessant marching and encounters with the enemy, it was deemed necessary to make a halt within a few miles of the town of Edenton for a few days' rest. Then small detachments from each company were sent out to scour the country for corn, oats and hay for the horses and provisions for the men, for which we gave receipts, showing the quantity of grain or hay, by whom and for what company and regiment taken. Those claims were to be paid by the Government on proof of the owner's loyalty to the United States.

During this halt two of our men procured passes to go outside the picket to buy butter and eggs. As the day and night passed away, and they did not return, Capt. Harmon ordered me to take two men and hunt them up and arrest them. After riding a couple of miles we got on their trail, and tracked them to a distillery, where I learned they had been the day before, and had their canteens filled with "North Carolina bugjuice," and had proceeded on their way towards the town of Edenton. It was a dangerous undertaking for three men to travel in that direction, as the woods were alive with bushwhackers, and we expected to have a volley fired into us at any moment; but we resolved to go through or die in the attempt. So putting our horses to the top of their speed, we soon entered the town and dashed up to the hotel. I made inquiry of the landlord whether he had seen two of our men around there, and was informed that he had, and that their horses were in his stable, but the men had gone away and had been under the influence of liquor ever since they had been in town, and many families had become greatly alarmed at their actions. During this conversation I noticed that the piazza of the hotel had become crowded with excited citizens, but I soon quieted their apprehensions of any further annoyance from those two men by stating that I had been sent to arrest them, and if they had committed any depredations upon the citizens, they would be punished, as our soldiers were strictly forbidden to molest any citizen.

This seemed to have the desired effect in quieting their fears, and they became more friendly, and told me where I could find the two men I was looking for, and one man volunteered his services to show me where the house was that they were in. I took him along and he pointed it out, and we went in, arrested and disarmed the men, and marched back to the hotel.

It being now 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and feeling quite hungry, I asked the landlord if he could provide us with something to eat, and I would pay him for it. He said it was past the dinner hour, but he would see what he could do, and left us, but soon returned and invited us into the dining-room, where we found the table bountifully spread with cold ham and the remnants of a turkey, to which we did ample justice, as it was the best dinner I had eaten since I left New York in 1861. I asked the landlord how much the bill was, but he refused to make any charge, whereupon each of us handed him a silver half dollar, with which he seemed to be well satisfied.

As I was anxious to find out from the parties themselves the extent of the depredations that had been committed by the men, I asked one of the citizens to go with me to a Mrs. Sugars and her daughter, who, he said, had been so terribly frightened that they had fled into a cornfield and remained there all night, not daring to go to the house. He willingly accompanied me to Mrs. Sugars's, whom I found to be just the sweetest little lady I had had the pleasure of meeting with, either in Virginia or North Carolina. In fact, she was the very essence of sweetness; and as for her daughter, she was nothing short of the concentrated extract of the essence of sweetness.

In conversation with them, I soon learned that they were more frightened than injured. Their story was to the effect that about 8 o'clock the evening before, while sitting on their front stoop, they saw two men approaching the house. They hastened inside, locked the door, got out of a back window unseen by the men, and took refuge in the cornfield. The men, arriving at the house, knocked for admittance, and after waiting some time without getting any answer, and thinking it was a deserted house, they crept through the window, and finding plenty of provisions, made a fire and cooked a good supper, remaining there all night, not knowing anything of Mrs. Sugars and her daughter being in the cornfield. They left early next morning without disturbing anything in the house except what they took to eat.

I succeeded in convincing the ladies that they need have no fears in the future, and upon no consideration to leave their house when they saw any of our men, as they would not dare harm them even if they were so disposed. After receiving a pressing invitation to call upon them at any time I returned to Edenton, I left for the hotel, satisfied that the stories I had heard were greatly exaggerated.

Arriving at the hotel, and finding it quite late in the afternoon, and knowing that Capt. Harmon would be anxiously waiting my return, I had the horses brought out. We were soon in the saddle, and waving an adieu to the landlord and those who had assembled at the hotel, we started on the trot for our camp, which we reached in safety, to the great delight of Capt. Harmon, who had given us up for lost. When I told him that I had been to the town of Edenton he could scarcely credit it, and censured me for running such a risk.

Three days later we were again in the saddle, and to my great joy we were marching in the direction of Edenton. The shades of evening had just closed over the town as we rode into the main street, where we halted for the night. I noticed on our way that we had passed the corner of the street where I had parted with so much sweetness three days before. Orders were given to slacken the saddle-girths, no fires being allowed that night. A drizzling rain commenced to fall, and the darkness became almost overwhelming in its intensity. The roll was called with as little noise as possible, and we all lay down by our horses. Now was my opportunity to make good my promise to call upon Mrs. Sugars and daughter, and I quickly availed myself of it. Taking off my saber and fastening it to the saddle, lest the noise of it might alarm the guard, with catlike tread I started in the direction of the corner that led to the house, being guided by the picket fence, which I knew would lead me to the corner. All was as still as death; not a sound could I hear, with the exception of a horse stamping the ground occasionally. Just as I had reached the corner and was congratulating myself how well I was getting along, and what a pleasant time I would have, judge of my surprise when a large mastiff that had been lying quietly inside of the fence, with a frightful bark, bounded against the fence at me. Then, and not until then, was I aware that I could jump, and, for an amateur, I am satisfied that I made the best jump on record.

It would have been but the work of a moment for me to have shot and killed that dog, but that would have alarmed the whole picket-line, and would probably have led to my arrest. Hastening on as fast as I could in the darkness I soon came in sight of a light in the house, and upon a nearer approach I could distinctly hear the voices of men, mingled with those of women, talking and laughing on the piazza. I halted, wondering what it could mean. Who were those men? Were they Confederate soldiers or members of my own regiment?

Here was an unexpected dilemma. What should I do; advance or retreat? Then the old adage came to my relief, "A faint heart ne'er won a fair lady," and I crept up a little closer and listened attentively for some word that would denote whether they were friends or foes.

My suspense was of short duration, for I was overjoyed to hear them talk of home and mother in New York, and expressing a desire that they would soon return to their camp at Suffolk, where they expected many letters awaiting them. Satisfied that they were friends, I now advanced to the house. Instantly both men sprang to their feet and shouted, "Halt! who goes there?" "1st N. Y. M't'd Rifles; don't be alarmed," I replied. My coming so suddenly upon them quite unnerved Mrs. Sugars and daughter, but upon recognizing who the intruder was all their fears at once vanished, and they gave me a very cordial reception, to the great discomfort of the other two, who, although belonging to my regiment, were strangers to me.

In less than half an hour I had the great pleasure of bidding them good-night, and seeing them depart for the regiment. As I was hungry, wet, and tired, we entered the house, where I found there was a good, comfortable fire; and to make our meeting, if possible, more enjoyable, they prepared me a good supper of fried ham and eggs, hoecake and tea, which I ate and drank with a relish.

Feeling satisfied that our regiment would remain on the main street where I had left them until morning, unless they were attacked by a superior force of the enemy, I resolved to remain in my comfortable quarters, and asked the privilege of lying on the floor for the night. This they would not hear to, but insisted upon my occupying a good bed in the next room. I thanked them, but said I did not dare accept their kind offer, as there might be an attack made at any moment, and I would be obliged to hurry back to my company, and by lying down on the floor I would be better prepared to do so. They finally consented, and bidding me good-night retired.

After examining the doors and windows and seeing that they were securely fastened, I stretched myself on the floor in front of the fire with two trusty revolvers by my side. I was soon enjoying that sweet sleep that a tired soldier so much appreciates.

By the first dawn of morning I was up, feeling much refreshed, and with thanks for their hospitality bade them a last farewell and hurried back to my company, where I found them just as I had left them.

If this should meet the eye of any of the parties mentioned, who remember the circumstance, the writer would be pleased to hear from them.—THOM RANSOM, Orderly Sergeant, Troop A, 1st N. Y. M't'd Rifles, Pluckemin, N. J.

Read "Better than a Pension" on page 2.

A NERVY FELLOW.

The Way a Youngster Marched Three Johnny Rebs into Camp.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: There came into our Post, at the last regular meeting, a visiting comrade, Prof. A. A. Bartow, who has just grounds to claim the honor of being one of the youngest regularly-enlisted soldiers during the late civil war.

Prof. Bartow was a member of Co. F, 145th Ohio. He enlisted at Sandusky and was mustered out at Camp Chase, at the age of 14. He carried the same musket given him at the time of his enlistment until he was discharged, marched with his company in line whenever called upon, took his part on picket and skirmish duty, ate his hardtack and sowbelly whenever it was possible to get the same, and never lost a day by sickness during his term of soldier life. He is 39 years old, weighs 157 pounds, and is Principal of the Emerson School in the city of Tacoma, a position which only those worthy and well qualified can obtain.

A little incident which was told in my hearing by one of his comrades is too good to keep from your readers.

Toward the close of a warm afternoon in July, 1864, young Bartow found a horse, saddled and bridled and ready for a rider, in a lane about half a mile from camp. The horse was loose and walking leisurely down the road.

Bartow caught the animal, lit his pipe, mounted, and started down a little hill, keeping a sharp lookout for something to stow away into his haversack.

Puffing away at his briarwood pipe, and thinking of home and mother, he came suddenly upon three Johnnies sitting on a log by the side of the road, with their backs toward him, while their guns were leaning against a tree some 10 feet away.

"Here's a go," said he to himself. Three rebels in front of him and nothing in the world to defend himself with. Necessity is the mother of a bold front. He knew that he would soon be taken in if he did not act, and that quickly.

Snatching the pipe out of his mouth, he threw his hand out toward the rebs and shouted "About face—forward, march! and quick, too."

The Johnnies sprang to their feet, wheeled around, and seeing what they supposed to be a revolver pointed at them, walked out into the road ahead of his horse.

"Forward, march!—double quick," and away they went up the lane toward camp.

One half-hour later three rebel soldiers came running into the Union lines ahead of a horse carrying a 14-year old boy, who had a briarwood pipe in his hand.

You may well imagine the surprise of his companions on seeing him bring three prisoners into camp. They took him from the horse and tossed him into the air, and gave three cheers for the little hero of Co. F.—JESSE TOBIAS, Tacoma, Wash.

Read "Better than a Pension" on page 2.

At Gaines's Mills.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Comrade Farley, Co. D, 5th U. S. Cav., is not quite correct. There were five companies of the 5th U. S.; also the 6th Pa. Lancers (cavalry), and no other cavalry were present at Gaines,s Mills. They must have been to our right.

The Pa. Lancers (cavalry) did not charge, simply because they received no orders to make the charge. They were on our left and a little to the front, and remained there during the charge made by the companies of the 5th U. S. Cav. Comrade, do you remember at the bridge that night, and how our boys used the lances? That was not right.

Capt. Royal was badly wounded long before the battle, at the crossroad leading to the Pamunky River, also a comrade was killed in the same place. This comrade, while in Texas, would often sing, while scouting, the "Last Rose of Summer." The boys would often call out, "Would you go home?" His reply would be, "I shall never see home again."

Can any of the comrades state the loss of the 5th U. S. Cav. from the time we left Texas until the close of the war?—LOUIS ABEND, Co. A, 5th U. S. Cav., Zumbrota, Minn.

Read "Better than a Pension" on page 2.

No Corn Doctor.

[*Drake's Magazine.*]

Polite Waitress—Tea, Doctor?
Doctor—No, coffee, if you please.
Waitress—Roast beef, Doctor?
Doctor—If you please.
Waitress—Corn, Doctor?
Doctor (indignantly)—No, madam; I am a dentist.

Read "Better than a Pension" on page 2.

PICKET SHOTS

From Alert Comrades All Along the Line.

The 3d Vt. Battery at Fort Gregg.

C. A. Story, 3d Vt. battery, Victory, Vt., says that in all the accounts he has read about Fort Gregg, he has seen nothing regarding the part taken by any of the batteries. He knows three batteries aided materially in the capture of the fort, his being one. The battery belonged to the Reserve Artillery of the Sixth Corps, and had four brass guns in Fort Fisher. The writer had been a member of the old Vermont Brigade about two years before, and naturally felt a great deal of interest in them, especially his own old company and regiment, and he knows they did their full share in the capture of Petersburg. The 3d Vt. battery had the honor of firing the signals for the charge of the Sixth Corps, and the battery was held in readiness for anything that might happen. It moved out at the request of Col. Michie, of Gen. Gibbon's staff, passed the captured picket-lines, and took position within 300 yards of Battery Owen, a rebel fort in front of Gregg, dislodged the enemy's sharpshooters, and then moved forward to a position south of Fort Gregg, opening an effective fire upon that work. An hour's vigorous firing by the battery silenced the guns in Gregg, disabling two of them, which were afterwards captured in the fort, and killing several of the gunners.

The 9th Ohio Battery.

A. S., 9th Ohio battery, Folsomville, Ind., says that the 9th Ohio battery had no Mill Spring guns until the close of the war, and Eugene Pendleton never saw a Mill Spring gun, as the battery had six 12-pound Napoleons when he joined it in 1863 or 1864. They finally got six 10-pound Rodman guns at Bridgeport, Ala., and used them until the close of the war. They did not go to the sea with Sherman. Newell Orcutt was the only batteryman who died at the hands of the guerrillas at Elk River. Jim Foley (Wagon-Master) got well, but is crippled, and the other two were detailed men, Jacobs, Teamster, from the 18th Mich., and John W. Dought from the 22d Wis. John Wilson and Dwight Murray disappeared shortly after the war, and were never heard of. The writer was down around Huntsville a few years ago, and thinks he came across the leader of the guerrilla gang, one Col. Lem Meade. He also got acquainted with Frank Gurley, who shot Gen. R. L. McCook. He went to Hogjaw and all around there, and saw old man Redman, and enjoyed himself immensely. He wishes Ransom L. Smith had been along.

E. A. Pendleton, 9th Ohio battery, Waterbury, Conn., says there is a mistake in the history of his battery recently published. The battery did not go to the sea with Gen. Sherman, however much they may have wished to, but were transferred to the Fourth Division of the Twentieth Corps, Army of the Cumberland, and left at Bridgeport, Ala., being intrusted with a very important duty of guarding the railroad and pontoon bridges at that post.

Comments and Corrections.

A. J. Rising, 2d N. Y. H. A., Togus, Me., says the "Cannoneer" states that he took pains to ascertain the exact strength of the heavy artillery regiments taken from Washington. The writer was a member of the 2d N. Y. H. A., and knows positively that they had from 1,000 to 1,200 more men than the "Cannoneer" has credited to the regiment (783). If the same error has been made about other regiments the careless writers that the "Cannoneer" speaks of are nearer right than he is in their estimates.

[We have no means of knowing what data Comrade Rising has on which to base his declaration. But if he will consult Vol. XXXIII, Series 1, Official War Records, he will find on page 888 a report signed by Gen. H. W. Halleck, dated April 17, 1864, in which the strength of the 2d N. Y. H. A. is stated officially to be 783 men "effective present." This was a special return, made expressly to show the strength of the heavy artillery regiments in the defenses of Washington available for the field. It was prepared by order of Gen. Grant, and is the last return on file prior to the departure of those regiments for the field. If the "Cannoneer" was wrong it was Gen. Halleck's fault, and Comrade Rising should have the official records corrected as to the strength of the 2d N. Y. H. A.—EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

J. J. Lowden, President of the Association of the 6th U. S. Cav., Boston, Mass., says that in his communication in a recent issue about the fight at Fairfield, Pa., he is made to say "and we, the 6th U. S. Cav., despise one of the 7th Va. Cav. or anyone else who would attempt to rob the 6th U. S. Cav." This should be rob the 6th Va. Cav. (Confederate.) Capt. W. H. Carter, Troop F, 6th U. S. Cav., Fort Niobrara, is writing a history of the 6th Cav. from its organization to date, which will be published in the Journal of the Military Service Institute.

To Lend a Helping Hand.

R. B. Howell, Co. A, 3d Mich., Salineville, O., has been thinking of the many thousands of brave but erring boys in gray who to-day from age and wounds are undoubtedly in a suffering condition. While our Government is liberal to us that wore the blue, it cannot in any way aid those who were in the rebellion. He thinks the boys in blue with their own contributions, and with an appeal to the people of the whole land, could raise a fund that would bring joy into hundreds of homes where sorrow and desolation is now known. The Governors of the different Southern States could appoint suitable Relief Committees to distribute such funds among the needy and disabled boys in gray.

Scattering.

W. W. Shannon, Co. K, 78th Ill., Ellinwood, Kan., says that a man named Morgan, of the 113th Ohio, was Wardmaster of the field hospital, Second Division, Fourteenth Corps, and borrowed 50 cents of the writer. Morgan was sent back with the wounded while the writer went to the sea, and he never got his 50 cents. He would like to know how much the debt would be at compound interest at 10 per cent. per annum. A man named Henry Futhy, Co. D, 78th Ill., lost his voice, and could only talk in a whisper. When the regiment charged at Jonesboro Futhy came up to the works in front of a cannon, jumped on it, and the rebels fired it off while he was sitting astride of it. The result was that he could talk as loud and as fast as anyone else thereafter. He went home and married one of the best girls that Illinois could boast of.

A Growl.

William McCann, Co. H, 10th Pa. Reserves, Newmansville, Pa., says he fulfilled his part of the contract with the Government by participating in every battle in which the Army of the Potomac was engaged from Drainesville, Va., in November, 1861, to Bethesda Church, May 30, 1864, with the exception of Chancellorsville. The writer gave three years of the prime of his life to preserve the Government, and when he was discharged this same Government retained $100 that justly belonged to him. After having had the use of this money for 26 years, it requires him to prove that he is the identical individual that served in the army, and after he has done this it takes the Government over three years, and he does not know how much longer, to pay the claim. He would like to know if there are so many claims behind that it takes more than three years to reach them. He would like to know why this intolerable delay in settling Government claims, for if he ever expects to get the benefit of the money it must come shortly.

A Good Settling Place.

The comrades of McGlovney Post, 356, Clear Water, Kan., desires to present the claim of Clear Water, which is a city of 600 inhabitants, situated on the Ninnescah River, 16 miles southwest of Wichita, as a good settling place. Clear Water is on the south line of Sedgwick County and the north line of Sumner County. It is on a beautiful valley, which is thickly settled, the land being the best for agricultural purposes in the great Southwest. The town is located at the intersection of the Fort Scott & Santa Fe Railroads. The school facilities are the best. There are two good churches, several business houses, a flouring mill, an excellent creamery, good physicians, and the very best society. There is a Grand Army Post in splendid working order, every member of which is ready and willing to welcome any deserving comrade, and assist him in securing a home.

Takes Issue with Comrade Shaw.

O. A. Bradley, Co. B, 16th N. Y., and Co. G, 13th N. Y. Cav., Trowbridge, Mich., takes issue with Comrade Shaw, of the 95th Pa., when he says that the troops of Porter's Division and Newton's Brigade were the only troops engaged, except artillery, at the battle of Gaines's Mills. The writer thinks the whole corps was engaged at that time, for he knows that the Second Brigade of the Second Division was engaged, and he thinks that the Jersey Brigade was also in the action. The Second Brigade was composed of the 16th and 27th N. Y., 5th Me., and 97th Pa., and better men never smelt powder. The 16th N. Y. relieved a Regular regiment, so he knows that they were there without referring to the casualties, which, as near as he can now remember, were Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel wounded, the latter dying within 48 hours, two Captains wounded, and 234 rank and file killed and wounded. The writer does not like to see certain commands take all the credit for any action, for he knows that all did their duty when called upon, and that the best fighting was done by all.

Hurlbut's Expedition.

M. J. Riddle, Co. E, 3d Iowa, First Brigade, Fourth Division, Seventeenth Corps, Ute, Iowa, sees that a number of comrades have undertaken to answer Comrade Hobart's inquiry as to the mysterious expedition of Hurlbut's Division. The writer does not pretend to know the object of the Bolivar expedition, but does know that they started Sept. 20, and returned on the 21st a very tired lot of Uncle Sam's hirelings. The rebels were making demonstrations on Bolivar, and he thinks the expedition was sent to learn their strength. He remembers they had no difficulty in locating the Johnnies, for they returned at a much faster pace than they had gone. The Corinth fight occurred the 3d and 4th of October, the rebels retreating on the 5th, which was the day the old Fourth met them at the Hatchie. The writer has a copy of Gen. Hurlbut's farewell order to the Fourth Division, which had been reinforced by the 12th Mich. and 63th Ohio. That fight at the Hatchie gave Hurlbut an additional star. Hurlbut had orders to reinforce Rosecrans at Corinth or perish in the attempt. By the writer's pocket daily remembrancer they took up the march at 3 a. m. Oct. 4, making over 25 miles, the cavalry fighting with the rebels that evening. On the morning of the 4th the battle of the Hatchie opened, and victory perched on the banner of the old Fourth Division.

Information Asked and Given.

E. N. Whitsett, Co. H, 27th Ind., Flora, Ark., would like to find a soldier of the 13th N. J. whom he helped to wade through the Rappahannock River, in Virginia, the writer carrying the boy's load across the river. The last he saw of him was at the Chattahoochie River, in Georgia, on the Atlanta campaign. The writer lost the diary which contained his name and address.

Jacob White, Hattiesburg, Miss., would like to hear from the man who claimed to be a United States agent to collect soldier's claims against the Government, to whom he gave his discharge at East Pascagoula to collect back pay and bounty for him in 1867. He would like very much to get this discharge.

Scattering.

Joel Rider, Co. D, 98th Ill., Viola, Mo., lost a leg by a cannon-ball at Chickamauga, near Muddy Pond, Sept. 20, 1863, and lay on the field 11 days before being removed to the hospital. He has several mementoes of the battlefield, one a bunch of pine leaves plucked from a t