FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns.

THE SABER BRIGADE.

An Expedition with the Gallant "Little Phil" Sheridan.

(Continued from last week.)

From prisoners I learned that Gen. Smith had approached Thompson's Station at about 8 o'clock that morning, had skirmished slightly with Stearns, and had fallen back towards Franklin. I sent a courier to him with the information that I had possession of Thompson's Station, and would hold it until he came up.

Vale, page 139, says: "In this fight Minty killed 37, wounded 158, and captured 105 of the enemy." My loss was three killed and eight wounded.

The enemy suffered very heavily when they abandoned their position near the station. They were literally mowed down by the fire of the 4th Mich., while the sabers of the 4th Regulars and 7th Pa. did terrible execution on their flank.

At about 4 p. m. Gen. Smith's column arrived, Gens. Granger and Sheridan riding at its head. Sheridan, with a gratified smile, grasped my hand and said, "Well done"; and Granger said, "Well, Minty, you have taken the spots off my cavalry to-day."

Bivouacked near Spring Hill.

On the morning of the 10th Gen. Granger ordered Smith to take the advance; to "push the enemy vigorously, and not allow him to take position on "the Knobs" south of Rutherford Creek."

Giving Smith time to get out of my way, I followed, Sheridan riding with me at the head of my column. We passed through Spring Hill, and soon came up with Smith's command, which was dismounted and lying under cover of a rise of ground about a mile north of Rutherford Creek, the bridge over which had been destroyed, while Van Dorn was holding a strong position on "the Knobs," close to the south bank of the creek.

The infantry was ordered up, and a strong skirmish-line was thrown forward to the creek, which was now a roaring torrent, utterly impassable for man or horse.

I moved a mile and a half to the east, or up the creek, to try a ford, and found the water so deep that my horses were swimming 10 feet from the bank. Here the 4th Ind. had two men killed and three wounded, and the horse I was riding was shot.

A considerable force of the enemy were lying behind a stone wall, but Newell, with his Rodmans, soon dislodged them.

I then moved two miles still farther up the creek to Moore's Ford, but found it, too, impassable. I bivouacked near the ford.

Early on the morning of the 11th Forrest in person, with about 500 men, advanced to the opposite side of the ford, where they met with a sharp fire from the 4th Mich. The water had fallen considerably during the night, and I determined to attempt a crossing. I ordered the artillery forward, and under cover of its fire the 4th Mich. gallantly pushed forward, and although the water reached almost to the top of the saddles, they were soon in position on the south bank. I ordered the entire brigade across.

The moment Granger heard my guns he sent Smith to my assistance, but I had everything south of the creek before he arrived, and then moved forward to leave room for him to cross.

Forrest, who had fallen back, again advanced; this time on foot with flags flying and apparently determined to give battle. I detached the 4th Mich. to the right, with orders to, if possible, gain a position in rear of the enemy's left, and I requested Gen. Smith to send a good regiment to the left to get in rear of his right, but he declined to do so. I therefore moved forward to meet Forrest, intending to give him a taste of our sabers; but as I advanced he fell back to his horses, mounted, and retreated on the gallop towards Lewisburg. I followed him about five miles, and then fell back to the right, expecting to strike Van Dorn's right flank, but soon found that he had fallen back towards Columbia.

These movements had occupied the entire day, and night was now approaching. I halted and sent Col. Long with a part of his (the Ohio) brigade to feel for the enemy's position. Col. Long arrived at Duck River opposite Columbia at about 9 o'clock p. m., without encountering any rebel force, and there learned that Van Dorn had crossed his entire command on a pontoon bridge during the day, and had already removed the bridge to the south side of the river.

Long rejoined me about midnight. I returned by easy marches, acting as advance and rear-guard to Sheridan's Division, and arrived at Murfreesboro at 3:30 p. m. March 14.

Gen. Stanley expressed himself as much gratified with the praise bestowed on the cavalry by Gen. Sheridan, and Gen. Rosecrans complimented us very highly in General Orders, in which he said: "In recognition of the dash and gallantry displayed by this brigade on all occasions, it shall hereafter be known in this Department as the Saber Brigade of the Army of the Cumberland." This distinction we have always felt proud of.

On my return to Murfreesboro it was reported to me that during our absence on this expedition Second Lieut. James P. Rexford, of the 4th Mich. Cav., with 40 men from that regiment, while on picket on the Manchester pike was attacked by a considerable force of rebels and, after making a stubborn fight, was slowly driven. He reported his situation, and Lieut.-Col. Galbraith, with the 5th Tenn. Cav., was sent to his assistance, but he was also driven. After falling back about half a mile he called his officers together and asked their advice as to whether he should continue the fight or fall back behind the infantry pickets. All favored falling back except Rexford, who remained silent. Col. Galbraith, turning to him, said: "Lieutenant, you have not expressed your opinion; what do you advise?"

Rexford replied: "Our Colonel is always impressing upon us that the saber is the cavalryman's weapon and that we should never lose a chance for using it. The roughest overhauling I ever received was for failing to make use of it on one occasion. I think there is a good chance to make effective use of it now."

Galbraith said: "Will you charge if I support you?"

"Certainly," said Rex, who at once returned to his men, moved them into the road in column of fours, gave the commands, "Draw sabers—Forward—trot, march!" moved forward to within good striking distance, and charged home.

The attacking force was Bushrod Johnson's Brigade—two regiments of mounted infantry. This dashing charge threw them into utter confusion, and Rexford, with his 40 men of the 4th Mich., drove them on the run for nearly two miles and then returned to their picket-post, bringing in several prisoners, whom Col. Galbraith took into camp.

I sent for Lieut. Rexford, thanked him for his conduct, which I said was worthy of the gallant regiment of which he was a member.

Next day I issued the following General Order:

"Subject to the approval of His Excellency the Governor of Michigan, Second Lieut. J. P. Rexford is appointed First Lieutenant, vice ——, resigned."

Copy of this order was sent to the Adjutant-General of Michigan, and by return mail I received the commission.

Before the 4th Cav. left the State of Michigan Governor Austin Blair had given me authority to fill all vacancies occurring in the regiment; there was consequently no political wire-pulling to secure promotion. I conscientiously endeavored to promote only those who had distinguished themselves in battle, or by special attention to their duties in camp, and who stood before the regiment as entitled to that recognition. The result was that the 4th Mich. Cav. was second to no regiment in the service, and had the name of being the best officered regiment in the Army of the Cumberland. It stands credited in the records of the office of the Adjutant-General of Michigan, during its three years' service, with 25 battles and skirmishes more than any other regiment that went into the field from that State. The 1st Mich. Cav., a regiment with four years' service and a grand record, holding the second place.

See "Michigan in the War," pages 685 and 686, compiled by Brig.-Gen. John Robertson, Adjutant-General of Michigan, under authority given by joint resolution of the State Legislature passed May 3, 1879.—R. H. G. MINTY, Brevet Major-General, U. S. V., Ogden, Utah.

LAST EPISODE OF THE WAR.

An Expedition that Brought New Orleans and Washington in Communication after Lee's Surrender.

I WAS an officer in the 4th U. S. Colored Cav., stationed at Port Hudson, La., when the news came of the surrender of the Confederate army. This was accompanied with a dispatch from Gen. Canby, commanding Department of the Gulf, for a detail of a battalion of cavalry to accompany a corps of 50 mechanics and two telegraph operators, with equipage trains, sent out to rebuild the telegraph line between Port Hudson and Osyka, Miss., which would open direct communication with Washington. I was chosen as the officer to command this expedition, with full instructions from Gen. Canby to avoid, as far as possible, any conflict with migratory bands of Confederates who infested the country to be traversed; in any event, to precipitate no attack. I was well aware that the country back of Port Hudson was the rendezvous of Scott's guerrillas and Gen. Mabry's bushwhackers, and selected my detail of negro cavalry accordingly. I knew the Johnnies expected to take no prisoners alive, and so selected 400 men, Sergeants, Corporals and privates, but no white officers but myself.

The morning of April 12, 1865, we started out, setting new poles where needed and splicing and connecting the wires as we moved along. The distance to Osyka was about 200 miles, but we moved forward rapidly, as most of the poles were standing, and found only occasional breaks in the wire. I posted notices along the way notifying the inhabitants that they would be held responsible in person and property for any disturbance of the telegraph line in the vicinity where they lived. Such a warning from a force of negro cavalry was sufficient, as they expected no leniency from such a source. During the entire trip we were unmolested, except by occasional shots from straggling bushwhackers along the wayside hills, who fled to the woods on return fire and pursuit. Fortunately none of my men were killed and but few slightly wounded.

On arriving at Osyka, with only half a mile of telegraph line to repair before making the eventful connection, at 4 o'clock p. m. of April 17 I moved my whole force and wagon-train into camp on a timber-covered hill overlooking the town, meantime keeping a detail of workmen busy on the line. We were by this time in the midst of a country never visited by Union soldiers, and still in the possession of bands of Confederates who were not aware of Lee's surrender. In this situation I formed my troops in echelon by platoons, with wagon-train well covered, that in the event of an attack we could stand our ground or retreat with safety. Every fourth man was detailed to prepare supper, with the rest standing to their bridles ready for service. This hill, 100 or more feet high, thickly covered with trees, was a good natural fortification.

The workmen, by 5 o'clock, were just entering town, and looking over the prospect with my field-glass, great clouds of dust revealed the suspected foe coming in vast numbers but a few rods away. In a moment more the town of Osyka was full of Confederate cavalry. I ordered my bugler to sound "to horse" at once, and mounted my own horse, took the bugler and two Orderlies, called in the workmen, and prepared for whatever stirring work we were to have on hand. There were only a few moments of uneasy suspense, when to our surprise a white handkerchief was waved from the Confederates in town. I at once rode forward with one of the operators and my negro Orderlies, and was met half way by two Confederate officers.

Exchanging salutations, I asked: "Who have I the honor to meet?"

"My name is Mabry, Gen. Mabry; this is my Adjutant, Major ——," giving his name, which I don't remember now.

I told him my name, and explained the mission I was performing. He stated that he had heard it rumored that day for the first time that Lee had surrendered, but did not believe it. I told him my orders to avoid conflict if possible, and proposed a truce until we connected the wires and tested the result.

Gen. Mabry replied: "I am here to fight, but we are all tired of war, and I will stay with you till morning. If definite news comes of Lee's surrender, we'll celebrate the event right here."

"Then, General, let's repair to the corner grocery, if there is one, and have a social frolic till the wires are in operation," I responded. "Meantime, invite in your officers and drink and smoke at any expense."

Gen. Mabry ordered his men, about 3,000, to go into camp. I sent my Orderlies back to the hill with my horse, trusting myself to the honor of a brave enemy. Interviewing the grocer, I found he had a barrel of old whisky and plenty of cigars, and told him I would stand treats that night.

About sundown Gen. Mabry and 70 or 80 of his officers crowded the grocery. I addressed them, stating my business and the war situation, and invited them to drink and smoke with me pending expected news of peace between the North and South. The grocer mustered all the tin cups, glasses, dippers, gourds, teacups, etc., he could find, and a night of revelry commenced. The room was soon filled with smoke, and many were the rollicking jokes, stories of battles and narrow escapes told; many old songs sung and sad tales related, till near the hour of midnight. None of us were, to say, drunk, but all jolly enough to keep our tongues wagging all at once, when in rushed the operator, for another drink, we supposed, but he had a handful of intercepted dispatches between New Orleans and Washington.

Midst cigar smoke and the clatter of tongues I called the noisy crowd to order, and all was silence. I read the dispatches, and every head was bowed. A dumb silence followed for a moment, when Gen. Mabry arose, trembling from head to foot. With quivering lips and some effort he spoke to the crowd. Others of his command had come in, till every foot of standing room was occupied. Several ladies, aware of what was expected, appeared in the back end of the store. He spoke substantially as follows:

"COMRADES OF THE CONFEDERACY: Our cause is lost! The blood shed on many fields was shed in vain. It is dreadful to think of the desolation this war has wrought; cities and villages in ashes, homes laid waste, and thousands of widows and orphans doomed to want and suffering. Tongue cannot tell nor pen write the horrors of this long war. From wealth and plenty we are reduced to poverty and want. Our wives and children are worse than beggars, and their husbands and fathers are in rags, are penniless, or dead. Comrades, the picture is more hideous than I can paint it. We have fought for Southern independence against a powerful adversary; fought through hunger, withstood every agony of war, took courage at every disaster, and we are fated to defeat. We have fought the United States; it was our great mistake to fight the only flag of liberty under the sun. My heart clogs my throat as I say it; we should have claimed our rights under the Stars and Stripes and the Constitution. I, for one, will return to what I honored and cherished in youth—the old flag, baptized in the blood of our fathers, the old Stars and Stripes, the Constitution, and laws of the American Union. We have only one choice. Comrades, I ask you to go with me back to the homes made desolate by war, to our famishing families, for we are completely undone. It is more heartrending to face them than the enemy we have fought, but I surrender in peace to a foe not unworthy of the conquest."

And with tears the brave commander broke down. All eyes were suffused with tears as Gen. Mabry stopped talking. Others spoke a few words of approval. I shook hands all around, and we filled the bumpers again, toasting the union of the States as best we could make it, and said good-night.

Next morning I returned toward Port Hudson with 20,000 contrabands, the most motley crew conceivable, with every species of vehicle, cattle, mules, oxen, and horses, stripped from neighboring plantations, that was ever beheld since the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt. They stopped with my command at night, and the forests for a league around were lurid with their campfires. It was with sadness, seven years ago, that I read of Gen. Mabry's assassination in eastern Kentucky, growing out of a neighborhood feud.—J. W. EVARTS, First Lieutenant, 4th U. S. Colored Cav.

Don't Tobacco Spit Your Life Away

Is the startling, truthful title of a little book just received, telling all about *Notobac, the wonderful, harmless, economical, guaranteed cure for the tobacco habit in every form.* Tobacco-users who want to quit and can't, by mentioning THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE can get the book mailed free. Address THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Box 723, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

A MISTAKE.

An Artilleryman Tells Who Commanded His Regiment in 1864.

DURING the 26th National Encampment, G.A.R., held in Washington, D. C., from Sept. 19 to 24, there was sold at the Sixth Corps Headquarters a Roster of the Officers of the Corps. It said that on May 31, 1864, the 9th N. Y. H. A. was commanded by Lieut.-Col. Taft; which is erroneous. Every living survivor who was with the regiment knows that at that date the two battalions which were composed of Cos. A, B, C, D, E, H, K, and M were commanded by Col. Wm. H. Seward, and the 3d battalion, composed of Cos. G, I, L, and F, was assigned to the Artillery Brigade, and was commanded by Maj. Snyder. This article is not written to deprive the gallant Taft of his laurels, but to place Gen. W. H. Seward's name where it belongs at that date. The regiment crossed the North Anna River on the 25th of May, 1864, and on the 31st crossed the Pamunky River, where skirmishing took place, which was the opening of the battle of Cold Harbor. Gen. W. H. Seward (then Colonel) commanded then and every minute after until July 9, 1864, at Monocacy, Md., where Cols. Seward and Taft were both wounded, the latter losing a leg.

The writer of this was told by a member of the Encampment Committee that the records of the War Department showed that Col. Taft commanded the regiment on the 31st of May, 1864. If so, the records are wrong, and every survivor of the regiment, I think, will bear me out in this statement.

The writer visited the Monocacy battlefield on Sept. 22, 1892, in company with over 50 members of the Third Division who fought there with the gallant Ricketts in 1864. The party included Col. Patterson, 14th N. J.; Col. Weyand, 126th Ohio; Col. W. W. Henry, 10th Vt.; Surg. Chamberlain, Lieut. L. D. Williams, and many more of the 9th N. Y. H. A. About every regiment that was in the fight was represented at the Reunion on the field, and visited the exact spots where their respective regiments were located. The fence between the wheat and cornfields where the 9th N. Y. H. A. and the 110th Ohio met the Johnnies has been rebuilt on the same line it occupied when the battle took place; the very stone piles that were there in 1864, along the fence, remain, and it seemed as if I could see the gallant 151st N. Y., 10th Vt., 14th N. J., and other regiments on our left, file up the lane to the Thomas House, where so many of the brave boys gave up their lives on that hot July day. The same old stone mill stands down in the rear of us, and the same little old barn and yard where we who were captured passed our first night in bondage. We met Mrs. Gambrill, who lived in the white house at the mill, in the identical carriage which stood at the door when the battle opened, and the horses were killed, and lay there in harness during the battle. The bullet marks are visible on the carriage to this day.

We noticed several bullet-holes in the door and window-frames of the mill, silent witnesses of that fearful carnage which raged around it that hot July day of 1864. Mrs. Gambrill invited us to her residence, which has been built between the old home and the Thomas House. She has a beautiful home, and may she never witness such horrible sights as she was forced to on the 9th of July, 1864, when it seemed as if Early's whole artillery fire was concentrated on those two buildings and the Thomas House.—FRANK TALLMAN, 3 Lincoln street, Auburn, N. Y., Secretary Third Division, Sixth Corps Association, Co. E, 9th N. Y. H. A.

SHELBY COLE AGAIN.

How the Daring Outlaw was Lanched into Eternity.

IN Picket Shots of July 7 an article appears written by myself. I stated in said article that there were those who probably knew more about the execution of Cole than I did, as I did not see the hanging. Since the publishing of my article I received a letter from a comrade of 119th Ill. from New York giving a more complete description of the hanging. I have written to the comrade asking if he would object to having this letter appear in the columns of your paper, and his answer is it can, as far as he is concerned. It would appear to me that the public should know the terrible spirit of such men as Cole, Wirz, of Andersonville; Dick Turner, of Libby Prison, and others of this class.—H. B. BOOTH, 27th Iowa, Rowley, Iowa.

DEAR COMRADE: In looking over Picket Shots of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE I saw a short story as told by you about the execution of the rebel spy, Shelby Cole.

I saw the spy, after he was captured, lying on the ground in camp, bound hand and foot. It was reported at the time that he had stabbed several of the members of the 27th Iowa, besides killing the Sergeant. I remember that a woman came and looked at the prisoner as he lay there, and made the remark, "Ah! Shelby, they have got you at last." She seemed to be delighted at his capture, and stated that she was his sister; that he was an outlaw and a terror to the neighborhood; that she was afraid if he were to be let go he would take her life, as he had often threatened to do so. She also said he had killed several Yankees, and boasted of it.

I remember that some one asked him what he would do if they unbound him and let him up. His reply was: "I have killed 30 Yankees, and would kill 30 more if I had the chance."

Close by the camp was a little white frame house, and a calf was grazing the grass close by, tied by a rope. Some of the boys asked the lady of the house for the use of the rope. The lady who owned the rope and calf was the one who claimed to be the sister of Shelby Cole. Her answer was: "You can have the rope; it will not do any harm to the calf or rope; take it and welcome." It did not take long to do the rest. After a while the body was cut down; a hole was dug near the tree, and what was left of Shelby Cole, with a short piece of rope around his neck, was put in the hole, face down. A short stake was driven in the ground in the grave and the rope tied to it. Some soldier present, who was something of a speaker, made some remarks over the grave, and stated that the reason for placing him face downward was that if he came to and attempted to dig out he would land in the lower region, as he was faced that way.

I have often wondered how the man lived as long as he did with the bayonet stabs that he had received, there being several of them. There was one in his side, and it was reported at the time that he was pinned to the floor of the car by a bayonet through the side, and while in that position tried to tear away, making the hole still larger. I don't believe I ever saw a more determined or vicious-looking person in my life than Shelby Cole. Even while he was hanging his eyes rolled around from one side to the other, as though he would like to attack us. After hanging a few minutes he drew himself up and broke his own neck. It was something terrible to look at, but he deserved all he got. Of course in those days we did not mind such sights, as we were used to seeing people killed. Those days of carnage have passed.

Comrade, I am glad to hear that some of Smith's Guerrillas are still living. Give a little story in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE about our Red River campaign, and tell who saved Banks's army and the gunboats. I will expect to hear from you again.—A. VOSBURGH, Co. K, 119th Ill., Sixteenth Corps, Kilpatrick Post, 143, New York City.

HE STRUCK A KNOT.

Foraging Experience of an Indiana Mounted Infantryman.

DURING the early Fall of 1863 the 65th Ind., in company with other mounted infanty, and two cavalry regiments, halted for a day's rest (after many wearisome days and nights of marching) in the neighborhood of Strawberry Plains, East Tenn. As all soldirs know, such occasions were taken advantage of for foraging schemes and a general hurrah; and very little time was required for the same to mature and materialize.

On this occasion, a 65th Ind. scout, in a very short time after we pitched our tents, located an abandoned reb distillery, rich to fatness with a beverage known among the soldiers as "singlings." This vile stuff, unlike its kindred liquids, has no claim to merit or any sort of "honor," even in "old age." Reduced to a fineness, it is simply "a warrantee deed" for a sick headache, with all its etceteras.

Among the soldiers, however, at this particular period and "critical juncture," it was considered of more value than old gold. In consequence, a young soldier was selected by the "inside gang" to visit said "gin-mine," and work it for all it was worth. After securely fastening about 17 canteens to the horn of his saddle, he made a "bold push" for this inebriate's paradise.

In about one hour thereafter he was seen approaching camp in likeness of a load of hay in miniature. He passed the pickets and entered camp.

(It is hardly necessary here to state that no temperance men were on the picket-post.)

And now comes the sequel.

The canteens were quietly distributed among the comrades, and in less than 40 minutes thereafter Capt. Sam Mulholland, in the most blissful innocence and ignorance, remarked that he had the most spirited, brave and daring soldiers in the brigade.

Poor Cap! The sentence had scarcely died on his lips before the First Line Sergeant and the Eighth Corporal were reaching for each other in regular John L. Sullivan fashion.

The ball thus opened soon grew to a patriotic dancing party of considerable proportions, in which the Captain took a hand, and was upset in a twinkling, but was too plucky to remain an on-looker for even a moment.

Taking in the situation at a glance, the undersigned, the prime cause of all this untoward and unmilitary-like disturbance, was ordered arrested and court-martialed by Capt. M. The court sentenced me to 10 days' extra duty with the wagon-train, to help pry the wagons out of the mire on the mud-roads. I was sent, without being guarded, to the Wagon-Master, and I reported. To my great surprise I found him a six-foot, big-headed, big-hearted East Tennessean. We were old (?) acquaintances in 10 minutes, although we had never seen each other before. After an interchange of army courtesies, I said: "Pard, take my luggage, all but my revolver, and I'll furnish our "mess" with all the sorghum and chickens we can use till the term of my sentence expires."

"Agreed!" he said.

We had traveled but a short distance—about one and one-half miles—when I sighted on a beautiful eminence but a short distance in our advance, and out about 100 yards from the road, a very large, old-fashioned two-story log house, with porch of the most primitive pattern, and a broad hall-like opening crosswise of the lower story.

About the house were many chickens, which could be plainly seen from the road. My evil genius at once took possession of me, and yoked with the gaunt specter of starvation, my mental makeup was reduced to but one thought—chicken.

I hitched my horse to the old sweeping gate, drew my revolver, and rushed frantically up the lane to the house. My revolver was drawn only to be used in case of absolute military necessity, as there were very strict orders against firing unless at a Government enemy. I reached the house, singled out an old hen, and started in hot pursuit. After about three circuits around the house, she dodged into a hole made for the dog, and disappeared. While the diversion on my part was in progress, a middle-aged Southern lady, with murder in her eye and an old-fashioned hickory scrub-broom in her hand, "give the writer a turning over," such as he never had before nor since. As I went down on my knees to look under the house for the old hen, I received a blow on my person where I least expected it, and which I have never since looked at.—JOHN S. BRAYFIELD, Co. I, 65th Ind.

P. S.—If this is published it will be the first article ever published in the NATIONAL from the 65th Ind.

FORT GREGG AGAIN.

A West Virginian Tells what Troops Captured the Enemy's Works.

IN reply to Rev. J. Dudley Furguson in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of the 11th of February, in which he says it was the First Division of the Twenty-fourth Corps that captured Fort Gregg, allow one who was in the charge on Fort Whitworth, about 300 yards west of Fort Gregg, to quote from the report of the Adjutant-General of West Virginia of Dec. 31, 1865, pages 13 and 14:

"The First Division of the Army of West Virginia, embracing the 10th, 11th, 12th and 15th W. Va., was incorporated in the Twenty-fourth Corps in March, 1865, and formed the Third Division of that corps until it was broken up by the muster-out of troops.

"The division was commanded in the final campaign of the war by Brevet Maj.-Gen. John W. Turner. The 10th, 11th and 15th constituted the First Brigade of that division, under the command of Brig.-Gen. (now Brevet Maj.-Gen.) Thomas M. Harris, formerly Colonel of the 10th, while the 12th was incorporated in the Third Brigade, under command of Col. William B. Curtis, of the 12th.

"Confronting the enemy in the immediate vicinity of Petersburg, the division bore its full part in the capture of the forts constituting the outer defense of that city. The operations of these troops on the 2d day of April against these forts—namely, Whitworth and Gregg, and two or three smaller works—were performed under the eye of Lieut.-Gen. Grant, and are mentioned by him in his report with great approbation. The Third Brigade captured Fort Whitworth and one or two smaller works, taking a large number of prisoners, while the 12th W. Va., operating in this brigade, under Col. Curtis, aided in taking Fort Gregg, and distinguished itself very greatly in the desperate hand-to-hand conflict which the attack on that fort involved. The colors of the 12th were the first planted on the works.

"The gallant color-bearer, Private J. R. Logsden, of Co. C, was immediately shot dead upon planting the colors there. Several others of the regiment were killed inside the fort, among whom was the gallant Lieut. Joseph Caldwell, of Co. C; Lieut. Josiah M. Curtis, Corp'l Andrew Apple, and Joseph McCausland, of this regiment.

"Maj.-Gen. John Gibbon, commanding the corps, presented to the regiment a golden eagle for their flag-staff, with the following inscription neatly engraved upon it: 'Presented by Maj.-Gen. John Gibbon to the 12th W. Va., for gallant conduct in the assault upon Fort Gregg, April 2, 1865.'"

I am not able to say that the First Division and Fourth Brigade, including the 158th, 148th and 89th N. Y., 55th Pa, and 8th Me., were not there, as there were troops in that affair that I do not remember, and my understanding at the time was that three or four charges had been made on Fort Gregg that morning. But I do say that the troops mentioned, belonging to the Third Division of the Twenty-fourth Corps, were in the charge and final capture of Forts Whitworth and Gregg. After the 10th, 11th and 15th W. Va. had captured Fort Whitworth and secured the prisoners we moved over to Fort Gregg, which was about 300 yards to the east of Whitworth, buried the dead, camped for the balance of the day, night and next day, moving westward in the direction of Appomattox on the 4th of April.

Let us have the truth; let truth go down in history, as there has been so much written on Fort Gregg.

This division, in conjunction with the First Division and a portion of the Sixth Corps, found itself confronting the enemy in the immediate vicinity of Petersburg.

Now, it is probable that the troops of the First Division and Third Division of the Twenty-fourth Corps and Sixth Corps are the troops that captured Fort Gregg.—S. L. BARBER, Captain, 11th W. Va., Cottageville, W. Va.

Abraham Lincoln,

When leaving his home at Springfield, Ill., to be inaugurated President of the United States, made a farewell address to his old friends and neighbors, in which he said, "NEIGHBORS, GIVE YOUR BOYS A CHANCE."

These words come with as much force to-day as they did thirty years ago.

How give them this chance?

Up in the Northwest is a great empire waiting for young and steady fellows to come and develop it and "grow up with the country." All over this broad land are the young fellows, the boys that Lincoln referred to, seeking to better their condition and get on in life.

Here is their chance!

The country referred to lies along the Northern Pacific R. R. Here you can find pretty much anything you want. In Minnesota, and in the Red River Valley of North Dakota, the finest of prairie lands fitted for wheat and grain, or as well for diversified farming. In Western North Dakota and Montana are stock ranges limitless in extent, clothed with the most nutritious of grasses.

If a fruit farming region is wanted there is the whole State of Washington to select from.

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CHAS. S. FEE,
G. P. & T. A.,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

PICKET SHOTS.

From Alert Comrades All Along the Line.

Lincoln at Fort Stevens.

ADELINE R. ELLIOT, Olympia, Wash., says that in looking over some old letters of the war she found one dated Brightwood, D. C., Aug. 11, 1864, from her sister, Calista S. Fisk, wife of a Co. K, 11th Vt., infantryman. The house in which the letter was written was 30 rods inside the fortifications of Fort Stevens, and the picture the writer possesses has bullet-holes, shot in it during the raid. The letter states that about six o'clock on the morning of July 11 the family was surprised to see troops coming in from all parts of the country. They did not know what to make of it, although they had heard that the rebels were within eight miles of the place. They saw President Lincoln, with several staff officers, near the house, intently studying a map lying before them. The cavalry was continually being sent out and returning, probably to report. At last they came back on a dead run, with the loss of two men killed, and reported that the rebels were within two miles, and were driving in the pickets. This created great excitement, and in a short time the rifle-pits were swarming with the blue-coats, and the President, with the officers, rode off. The family stood in the door, and in a short time the rebs appeared. They advanced to within 30 rods of the fortifications and began to fire. Their shots passed over the men, and a good many struck the house. The family was informed that they were in imminent danger, and that they had better move, which they did, going about a quarter of a mile away, where they remained until about four o'clock in the evening. The rebels were so close to the men that several gunners were killed. The fight commenced on Monday, and on Tuesday night the President and his wife, with a good many others, were in the fort. The rebels were in position about a mile away, and the bluecoats made a charge to drive them from there. A shot came just at that time and killed a Surgeon, who stood so near the President that the latter caught him in his arms as he fell. The President was heard to say, "Well! You came very near me then, but you will have to try again." He would stand there and bend his great tall body when the bullets came too close. Our men drove the rebels back some three miles that night. The President and his wife got into their carriage and were driven all around the whole length of the Union lines. The fight ended on Thursday, and even after that time our boys often came in bringing prisoners.

The 1st Iowa Cav. and Gen. Custer.

James M. Russell, Captain, 1st Iowa Cav., Connellsville, Pa., says that it seems to him as though Capt. James Stewart, of the 5th Conn., has a very wrong impression as to what prompted the writing of the article on Gen. Custer which was published in a recent issue of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. It was not through partisanship, but was caused by that feeling of resentment which to-day rankles in the breast of every living member of the 1st Iowa Cav. who served under Custer, on account of the injustice that he did them long years ago. The 1st Iowa cavalryman does not intend to cast any reflections on the private character of the late Gen. Custer, nor to question his bravery. It is his official acts of which the writer desires to make mention. The official acts of a public officer, both good and bad, are the property of the public, and the history which does not contain both is not a true one. The writer admires, and even worships, the gallant deeds of this famous cavalry officer, but at the same time he deprecates and condemns the acts of injustice which were done by him under the sanction of authority. Gen. Custer, while in command of the Third Cavalry Division, Military Division of the Gulf, in 1865-'66, let alone the distress he caused that command by his incompetency or criminal negligence, did, through his official position, aided and abetted by Gen. J. W. Forsyth, misrepresent, revile, individually and collectively, as fine a body of men as ever served together under the flag. And, furthermore, this official misrepresentation by Gen. Custer's official indorsement was placed on file in the archives of the War Department, and is to-day a part of the published War Records of the Government to the eternal, but unmerited, disgrace to the writer's regiment. It is generous to cast the mantle of charity over the human weakness of a brave man, but what of the descendants of these men who composed the 1st Iowa Cav., when they should come to a knowledge of the disgrace of their fathers, as set forth in the War Records of the Government, established by those untruthful reports of Gen. Custer? The Historical Society of the 1st Iowa Cav. (of which Capt. Heberling, of Chicago, is President) received a notice a year or two ago from an old soldier of the regiment who was engaged in compiling the War Records for publication at Washington, stating that the reports made by Gen. Custer regarding the regiment would be compiled and published. That society called upon the survivors of the regiment to assist in preventing the publication of this act of injustice.

Where Are They?

J. M. Palmer, Torrington, Conn., writes: "Information regarding James L. Carson, aged 46, of Torrington, who left his home Oct. 28, and was last seen at the Grand Central Depot in New York at 4 p. m. on above date. He was in very poor health, and it is supposed that his mind is affected. He is five feet eight and a half inches in hight; weight, 156 pounds, pallid complexion, bluish-gray eyes, heavy hair, full beard and mustache, all nearly white; scar on one leg, caused by abscess; wore a dark-gray sack suit, brown overcoat, soft brown hat, and congress gaiters; diamond stud on necktie; gold watch and chain. Carson was advised by Gen. Sinclair to go to a doctor in New York (to the writer unknown) saying that his brother had been cured of the same disease that Mr. Carson had. The writer does not know of the residence of this Gen. Sinclair, but knows him to be a man that Mr. Carson had met when in New York very often. If we could find Gen. Sinclair of course he could direct us to this doctor, and from him we might at least learn of Mr. Carson's condition the day of his disappearance. Any information leading to the finding of Carson will be rewarded."

Mrs. Nettie Meeker, Moscow, Mo., says that she is trying to find her lost brothers and sisters. Her father's name was Pierce Butler Pennell, and her mother's Christian name was Nancy. Her brothers and sisters were all born in Indiana, and after the war her parents moved to Wyandotte City, Kan., where her mother died. At the time of her death there were seven children, William, Thomas, Mary, Cassius, Scott, and an infant, which died shortly after its mother. The writer does not remember any dates, but is sure that her mother's maiden name was Crutchfield. Her brother Thomas did not move to Kansas with the rest of the family, but stayed with an uncle and aunt, who raised him. She has never heard from any of her brothers since they were separated, and the last time she heard from her sister she was living in Kansas.

The Last Flag of Truce.

John Reed, alias Michael Flanagan, Co. D, 2d U. S. Cav., Orland, Ill., wishes to know if the last flag of truce was not carried to Mosby while he was in the Shenandoah Valley in 1865. If this is so, then the writer says that he carried it under his enlisted name of Michael Flanagan.

Last Gun at Gettysburg.

C. F. Stiles, Sergeant, Co. —, 5th Mass. battery, Pueblo, Colo., writes. "In your issue of Nov. 10 I have read the article, 'First Gun at Gettysburg,' with the inquiry of who fired the last shot. The last shot was fired by the 5th Mass. battery. A rebel battery made a bluff on us after Pickett's charge was ended by firing a few shots at our folks from its position in the Cordori house yard, near the house immediately in our front. We at once responded and fired three well-aimed percussion shots after the rebel battery quit firing and withdrew. We were well posted in front of Round Top. I think I can refer to Patrick Hart, Captain of the 15th N. Y. battery, and his men, who witnessed the performance and were on, I think, our left close at hand; also Thompson's battery on our right; also the Irish 9th Mass., our support. The 'Cannoneer' remembers Phillips's battery all right, as ours and his (Stewart's battery) had many a song and dance together afterward from the Rapidan to Petersburg in '64."

Scott's Tactics.

S. Swineford, Sergeant, Co. I, 148th Pa., Box 201, Brookville, Pa., says he saw in a recent issue an inquiry from J. C. Smith about Scott's Tactics. The writer has a copy of volume one in a good state of preservation, which he would like to sell.

Setting the Matter Right.

J. B. Potter, Olivet, Ark., writes: "In your issue of Nov. 24 Corp'l Hutchinson takes me to task for an 'error' in my former article. I stated that the 83d Pa. was in the Fifth Corps from first to last, etc. I made that statement to prove an alibi to the charge of Hutchinson that the 83d Pa. was in the Sixth Corps at Marye's Hights during the battle of Chancellorsville. I did not suppose anyone would think I meant we were in the Fifth Corps before there was any Fifth Corps, or not in the Sixth Corps previous to the organization of the Fifth. No denies that the 83d Pa. was in the Third Corps, under Heintzelman, for a short time; but Porter's Division was detached from the Third Corps in April, having been with Heintzelman only 30 days. It was not in the Third Corps when it was transferred from Yorktown up to West Point; nor was it placed under Porter with Sykes's Regulars at White House, for the reason that it had never been out from under Porter since it was organized as a division, in October, 1861. In short, Porter's Division was the embryo Fifth Corps at Yorktown, to which was added Sykes's Regulars to make a more complete organization, at White House, in May, 1862."

Spanish Fort.

W. F. Henry, Kansas City, Mo., writes: "Joun H. Kater, Co. E, 108th Ill., in his communication in the issue of the 17th, makes some mistakes in regard to the assault on Spanish Fort. At the siege and capture, Col. J. S. Geddes, of 8th Iowa, was commander of the Third Brigade, Third Division, Sixteenth Corps. The brigade was composed of the 8th Iowa, 81st Ill., 108th Ill., and 124th Ill., and occupied the right of our line, the extreme right being held by the 108th Ill., and its right resting on Minnette Bay. The 108th Ill., under Col. Chas. Turner, constructed a very ingenious breastwork of gabions, behind which our men could approach very close to the enemy's left. On the 7th of April, Col. Turner reported to Col. Geddes that he thought it then practicable to effect a lodgment in the Fort from behind the works which his men had constructed, and wanted permission to make the ass