# FIGHTING THEM OVER.

## What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns.

### WITH THE SCOUTS.

**Serg't Knight's Adventures in the Swamps of the Pamunkey.**

AFTER the fighting at Spottsylvania Courthouse was over, I cannot remember how the country looked, or what roads we took until we approached the Pamunkey River. In my mind's eye I can see the road for about a mile leading across a river bottom, filled with doughboys, as the infantry were called, who had been halted to let Army Headquarters pass. They had been marching in column of fours, and had separated, so that two were on the right and two on the left of the road. After Headquarters came a motley group of servants, all mounted, which appeared to excite the ire of the infantry. The day was hot, and they had had a long march that morning. As a general thing the scouts were not with headquarters when on the march; only a lot of so-called guides, most of them negroes, although there were quite a number of white men and boys, Virginians by birth. The negroes were guides, in some cases.

After crossing the Pamunkey Headquarters were established on a farm called Gold Hill. Soon after we had settled down, I mounted my horse and took a ride westwardly to see what the topography of the country was like. Just as I came to the first place west of Gold Hill, Gen. Grant and a number of his staff came out of a house; as I passed them Grant was saying: "I told her that I considered our losses about equal. As we had all the time been the attacking party, we had lost more in killed and wounded, but we had taken many more prisoners than Lee had." Afterward I learned Mrs. Newton was the name of the lady he was speaking of.

About 10 a. m. on the next day, an Orderly from Gen. M. R. Patrick, the Provost Marshal-General of the Army of the Potomac, came over to our camp, and said to me: "Gen. Patrick wants to see you." On reporting to him, he said: "Mr. Dana wants to see you." Mr. Dana was Assistant Secretary of War, and had been at Headquarters of the Army from the opening of the Wilderness campaign.

When I reached Headquarters, I asked for Mr. Dana. Gen. Rawlings pointed to him, and he (Dana) said: "I am Mr. Dana." Gen. Grant and Col. Rufus Ingalls, Chief Quartermaster of the Army, were also in the tent. I said to him: "Gen. Patrick ordered me to report to you."

"You are a scout. We want to send dispatches to Yorktown. That is the nearest point that we can reach a telegraph."

Yorktown was about 70 miles away, and the country between in full possession of the enemy. I am free to confess that there was no craving on my part for the job. All that I knew of the country was what an infantryman, serving with his regiment, that landed at West Point, at the junction of the Pamunkey and York Rivers, would naturally learn in going from there to New Kent Courthouse; from thence to Cumberland Landing; from there to Gaines's farm; from Gaines's farm to Mechanicsville; from thence to Fair Oaks and Harrison's Landing, by way of Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, and Malvern Hill. Two years had elapsed since. I thought over our guides, and the different scouts; not a man of them knew a thing of the country, and told Mr. Dana that there was not a horse in our party in fit condition to make such a trip, and said my own horse had a sore back—in fact, they all had. Gen. Grant, I could see, was listening to our conversation. When I mentioned the condition of the horses in our party, he said: "Ingalls, haven't you got fresh horses in the corral?" "Yes," said he. Then to me: "When you get through here, I will go with you to the corral, and show you what I have."

That settled it, and I could see there was no way to get out of it, and might as well put on a cheerful air as any other. Mr. Dana then showed me a lot of dispatches, and marked them, saying, "This is to be telegraphed, and this is to be mailed," until he had all but three marked. Then he showed me those, saying as he did so: "If you are caught with these, you will be hung." I did not believe anything of the kind, and came near telling him that his telling me that would not make me one particle more diligent in endeavoring to get through without being captured. My impression was then, as it is now, that he thought I was a detailed soldier, and that if he could scare me into thinking I was in danger of losing my life by being captured with those documents, I would try harder to get through with them than otherwise. He was careful to not tell me that a Lieutenant with 16 men had been sent with the same dispatches the night before, and had returned with only half his men the same morning.

He wanted to know how many men I would take with me, and I said one. When Col. Ingalls saw that he had got through with me, he jumped from his seat, saying: "Come with me, now, and I will show you what horses I have."

On our arrival at the corral I picked out the largest and strongest looking horse there. The Colonel said: "That is a rough rider you have got there." I told him I knew it, but he had the bottom, I thought, and also remarked that I was not a lightweight. 'No," said he, "that is so. He will serve you if you can can stand the jolting. What kind of a man is the one going with you?"

"No better living. He will never leave one in the lurch. He is good as gold."

"That is not what I mean," said the Colonel, smilingly. "How large is he? What will he weigh?"

"Why, he is a little fellow; won't weigh over 115 pounds."

"Let me pick him a horse," said the Colonel.

In a few minutes he selected one that one could see with half an eye, if he knew anything about a horse, would be an easy one to ride; then telling a negro to deliver the horses to any place I directed, he said to me: "Let me see the pass Rawlings gave you." After looking at it for a moment, he said, "Strange that some people never appear to think. Now, I am going to tell you something that may be of service to you, and I hope it will. We expect Baldy Smith with the Eighteenth Corps to land at the White House soon. My advice to you is to go by the way of the White House. You may find him there. You have three dispatches for him in your bundle. If you should find him show him this."

He was busy writing on the back of the pass, and when he handed it to me he had written an order on any Quartermaster in the United States service to furnish us with a steamboat, horses, or any transportation in their power, and to "facilitate these men in the discharge of their duty" by any means in their power, and a request to all Captains of gunboats to do the same. When I had read it I thanked him for his thoughtfulness and ready appreciation of the difficulties in the way of the accomplishment of our mission, which might be very much easier for Hatton and myself by his forethought. Then, his way of doing it was so friendly.

How it became so well known Hatton and I were going to try and reach Yorktown we never found out; but in some way it became noised around that we were going, and several people came to us asking that we should carry letters for them; among others, Col. Collis, at that time commanding a regiment of zouaves attached to Headquarters as a guard, soon afterward promoted Brigadier-General, asked me to carry a letter for him directed to his wife, who had not heard from him in some weeks. He never forgot it, and more than a quarter of a century afterward did not forget what he at that time considered a great favor.

After getting the horses we hastily swallowed not a "plate of soup," but our dinner, and started. About two or three miles from Headquarters we had to halt to let the Fifth Corps pass. Many of them had gone by when we came to the road they were marching on. The very last man in the corps was Joe Beggs, an old friend of mine. Capt. McDonagh, who was killed at Mine Run in the Fall of 1863, had told me before his death that Joe was in the army. He (Capt. McDonagh) and myself had boarded in the same house before the war, and I had been on the lookout for Joe for months. It was a very hot day, and in addition to his regular load of blankets, cartridge-box, haversack, musket, etc., Joe had a camp kettle slung on his musket. He was hot, covered with dust, and tired. After the natural greetings of old chums who had not seen each other since the war began, I said: "Joe, will you have a drink of whisky?"

"Will a duck swim? Have you got any?"

"Yes; but it is hot."

"That don't matter, so it is not boiling."

Unslinging a canteen from the saddle, I passed it over to him, apologizing at the same time for its being so hot. When he handed it back he said, "You have saved my life. I will have to hurry now to catch up; good-by," and he was off.

Hatton and I crossed the road, and after going about two miles farther we came to a cavalry videt in the road. After showing our pass Hatton asked him what his regiment was, and the answer showed he was one of the Michigan Cavalry Brigade. I said: "Where is Gen. Custer?" He pointed into the woods on the left of the road, and answered: "In there, where you see that group of horsemen." As I had known Custer very well in 1861, while I was at Gen. Kearny's Headquarters, where he for a time was Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, and at the same time commanding a company of the 2d Cav., of which he was Second Lieutenant, this was the first time I had had a chance to see him since September, 1861, and I availed myself of it. He did not know me until I asked if he remembered Serg't Knight, at Kearny's Headquarters. There was no nonsense about Custer. I could see he was pleased to see me. After asking a number of questions, he said: "Where are you going?" I told him to Yorktown, and he replied, "I should not care to take such a trip," and said he hoped we would get through all right, wished us "bon voyage," and we parted. I never saw him afterward to speak with, and only once at all, after the fall of Richmond, when his command had started for Washington.

After leaving Gen. Custer we made good time and saw no one to interfere with us until we came to a place called ———, which was the name of an estate. The house stood on a high hill commanding a view of the road for some distance, both above and below it. Here we met a Pamunkey Indian. We stopped him to see what we could learn about the situation of affairs. He told us that someone was always on the watch from the house on the hill; also, that there was a line of couriers from the White House to Richmond. In answer to a question he said the couriers belonged to Col. Shingler's command, and he believed Col. Shingler was from South Carolina. He also told us that he had just come up the road from where it crossed the railroad leading from the White House to Richmond, and that there was stationed there from 15 to 20 men; he had not counted them, but was sure that there was at least 15 of them. We bade him good day and went on. We could not turn back from hearsay.

As we went along, we found that we both had the same impression in regard to the Indian's truthfulness. Neither of us had a doubt but what he had told the truth as far as he knew it. About two miles from where we met the Indian we came upon the cavalry he had told us of. There was but one man who was mounted, but I counted 16 horses, including his. The remainder of the men were lying around under trees, endeavoring to keep cool. As soon as they saw us halt, they commenced getting up and running to their horses. We saw that it would be but a short time before they would be after us, so we turned and started back on a gallop, which we kept up until we passed the place where we had met the Indian. As we were ascending a small hill I noticed the ground was of such a nature that the tracks of our horses could not be seen without very close observation. Small pines were on both sides of the road, which was narrow at that point. We turned out of the road and led our horses into the pines about 100 yards and waited. In a few minutes about eight or 10 of our Confederate friends came dashing up the road and went right on past. It was very nearly dark when they passed, and we knew that they would come back soon as wise as they went. We came back within a few feet of the road and waited. It was nearly 9 o'clock when we heard them returning. We caught our horses by the nose to keep them from whinneying, or, as our Confederate friends called it, nickering. They were not in as great a hurry going back as they had been in coming, and were very much chagrined that they had not succeeded in overtaking us, and were wondering who and what we were. It was finally decided that we were couriers, for one fellow said he had noticed the "big man" had a bundle in front of him that he felt certain was dispatches. He settled the matter by saying: "You need not say they were deserters, either from the Yankees or our army. They are couriers, and they have not gone far. They will be trying to get past us to-night, and if we keep a good lookout we will stand a chance to see them again." They little imagined we were then so close that we could hear every word they were saying.

After they had passed out of hearing we came out into the road and held a consultation. Jim said to me: "What shall we do now?" After thinking the situation over for a time I said: "Jim, you had better take the horses and go back. You will be able to reach our lines early in the morning."

"Well, what will you do?"

"The best thing to do will be for you to do as I say; take the horses and return. I will go down to the Pamunkey River and swim over, then work my way down to Pamunkeytown and get one of the Indians to land me on the south side of the York River, and depend on finding a horse in some stable and confiscating him, and then go on, provided I see nothing of Smith in the mean time. You know, there is a chance of meeting him at the White House. I am sure that I don't know this country well enough to attempt to flank those fellows down there at 'Tunstall's' in the dark."

Said Jim: "What will they think of me at Headquarters, to come back and leave you alone, when we have not gone more—in fact, less—than one-third of the way? I hate to do it, old boy."

I argued with him some time, and finally he agreed to go back. I said to him, "The Pamunkey can't be more than two or three miles over there," pointing in a northeast direction. "I can perhaps reach the Indian village by daylight, and get to the south side of the York early in the morning, always provided Baldy Smith don't arrive in time to save going there. You can tell them at Headquarters that I said to you that they could rest easy about the dispatches being delivered, and you can tell them where and when you left me."

By this time it was about 10 o'clock at night. He wanted me to take the canteen, which I refused on account of its weight, although we had reduced that by some ounces, and parted. I plunged into the pines upon the other side of the road, and Jim started off on a gallop in the direction from which we had come.

When I started for the river I felt certain I would find it about two miles off. It was very slow time I made through the pines, which at that point must have been quite a mile through. When at last I came to a clearing I was not far from a house, so near that the dogs heard me, and I was escorted to the boundary of that plantation by curs of every degree, and they kept up a continual yelping as long as I was on the place. They stopped at a point I supposed to be the boundary of what they considered their bailiwick, and the chorus was immediately taken up by another set, who welcomed me to the hospitalities of their place. In this way I was escorted from one place to another, and several times was in danger of being bitten. It was only by the exhibition of "eternal vigilance" that I escaped it. The river was much farther off than I had anticipated, a bend in it that I knew nothing of causing me a much longer walk than I had expected. At last the river was before me and I hunted for a fence; one was soon found, from which I selected about a dozen suitable rails, which I placed in the water, keeping one end on the bank, then undressing, placed my dispatches and letters on them, my pistol on clothes on the end of the rails on shore, my top of the whole outfit, and taking the belt went down in the water and strapped the rails together tightly; then going to the end of the rails in the water bore down my weight on them until I had the raft afloat.

In a short time I had crossed the river, and nothing wet, with the exception of the belt. Resuming my clothes, and taking the dispaches under one arm, I started inland to find a road leading down stream. It was much farther than I anticipated; should think it nearly two miles before coming to one. When I at last found it I started down stream and walked fast. I had no idea that I was over three miles above Pamunkeytown. After going about a mile daylight overtook me, but I kept on for a short distance, when I heard a hello in my rear. Looking back I saw four horsemen coming along the road, and as they were evidently Johnnies, there was not the slightest desire on my part for an interview.

As good luck would have it, I discovered there was a swamp only a short distance ahead, that extended for some distance toward the river. Immediately I sprang for the fence, which was a high one, "staked and ridered." As soon as they saw me climbing the fence, they started into a gallop and came for me. They were walking their horses when they first yelled at me. If they had said nothing they might have come close enough to me before I discovered them to have captured me before it would have been possible for me to get away from them. Evidently they had expected me to stop and wait for them to come up with me. When the long-drawn-out "O-h-h-h-h, thar!" first struck on my ears, I felt under many obligations to them for their warning, which I would not have gotten, most likely, had it not been from the disinclination that all Confederate cavalrymen showed to exerting their horses except when obliged to. The reason probably was, that the horse he rode was private property.

Before they got the fence torn down I was in the swamp. The first jump took me into water and mud above my knees. The surface water was clear, and the whole surface of the swamp was dotted over with small hummocks of bushes, with long grass growing in the soil among the roots. I passed several of the hummocks, as being not only too small for my purposes, but not far enough from the shore. About 50 yards in I came to one which appeared to me to be the most suitable of any in sight. Passing along to the farther end, I crawled in among the bushes, so as to lie with my head toward the shore. As I crawled in three large water moccasins crawled out and wiggled their way through the water to another hummock, and disappeared among the bushes and grass. I had got myself very comfortably settled, and knew that there was no motion among the tops of the bushes that could betray my hiding-place, when I heard the sound of the horses' hoofs on the ground as they rode up to the spot where I had entered the swamp. From my covert I could not see them, and consequently knew they could not see me, so that I nearly laughed aloud, when I heard a voice saying, "Come out hyar. I see you. If you don' come I will fire."

At intervals of a few seconds the same voice would repeat the command to "Come out hyar," and breathe dire threats of vengeance if I did not. I was near enough to hear everything they said while they spoke in their ordinary tone of voice, but it was always the same voice that invited me to "Come out hyar," from which I came to the conclusion that my very persistent friend, who after each invitation would lie like Ananias by saying, "I see you."

He finally became very profane, and cursed "like a trooper." Had it not been for the dispatches there were times when I would have returned his "curses in kind, like the Confederate tax," and dared them to come in and take me out; and should they attempt it, had no fears as to the result, for I knew they could only come, at the most, two abreast, and I was good with a pistol at 60 yards for the size of a man's palm of the hand every shot.

I know they were up to 9 a. m. right on the shore of the swamp; then all noises ceased for nearly an hour. All of a sudden the same voice sang out: "Do you see anything of him?" "No," came back the answer from some place east of me at a considerable distance. I could judge that they had sent three of their number around on the borders of the swamp east of me to see if I had come out, which I felt certain they could tell easily, for a look at the water in the vicinity of the hummock I was on looked roily yet. I heard them shouting to each other occasionally, until about 3 p. m., after which hour everything was silent.—JUDSON KNIGHT, Washington, D. C.

*(To be continued.)*

### AT GETTYSBURG.

**Comrade Hinkley Again Alludes to the Controversy Between the 27th Ind. and the 2d Mass.**

Believing that the aim of every man who writes for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE should be to write facts from which history can be made, and not romances from his imagination, and supposing that that was Comrade Rankin's idea also, I endeavored to correct an error into which he had fallen, and not to have a personal controversy with him. I stated in the first communication that I was near the edge of the meadow, a little to the left of the 2d Mass., when they started to charge across the meadow, and in the second communication that the 3d Wis. was less than 30 yards in rear of the line of the 2d Mass. Both statements are absolutely correct. The regiment had a strong skirmish-line near the edge of the meadow, and I was with it and had been all the morning. The enemy were not in strong force directly across from us, but our fire was mostly obliquely to the right. It was on this skirmish-line that Lieut. Woodford, of Co. F, and Serg't Du Bois, of my company, and several others were wounded. My men were pretty well sheltered by the rocks, and I had a fieldglass with which I was able to see the places where the rebels were sheltered, and could direct our fire. I was in this position when the 2d Mass. entered the meadow, and, as I have said before, the 27th Ind. was so near with them that the movement seemed simultaneous.

The 2d Mass. moved straight forward, but their direction was such that when they reached the other side they were directly in our front, and when they were ordered back they came back to our left.

At the same time, while this was going on, Col. Hawley moved the 3d Wis. up to the skirmish-line at the edge of the meadow. Immediately after the 2d Mass. came back Capt. Stevenson, of Co. B, and two or three other companies from the left of the 3d Wis., took very nearly the route marked by Comrade Rankin in his sketch, published Dec. 20, as the route of the 2d Mass., deployed his skirmishers, and entered the woods near the Spangler Spring. There was a little firing, but the rebels were then leaving, under the pressure that Geary and others were bringing up on the other side, and in a few minutes Stevenson came to the edge of the meadow opposite where I was, and beckoned for us to come over.

The foregoing is my contribution to history. I have lately procured a copy of an address by Lieut.-Col. Morse, of the 2d Mass., at a Reunion in Boston in 1878. He says this: "Without a moment's hesitation, and with a cheer, our men sprang over the low breastwork, and at a rapid double-quick rushed down the declivity to the edge of the meadow, where Co. E (the skirmishers) joined in the ranks. I doubt if any one of the survivors of that day can clearly describe the crossing of that meadow. I know the movement was made very rapidly, and that the fire was murderous. I also remember noticing how our ranks were thinned as we advanced, but the first thing which is clear to my memory is the position we found ourselves in after the meadow was crossed. * * *

"From my position near the left I could see that the 2d Mass. was alone, the 27th Ind. having broken when about half way across the meadow. * * * A moment afterwards I looked back over the meadow and saw a thin rebel line deploying in our rear. This line was under the muskets of our brigade at point-blank range, but our friends could not fire without equal danger to us. * * *

"Our movement to the rear was not a direct retracing of our steps, as we obliqued to the right. This movement carried us to a detached piece of stone wall, about half way across the meadow, which lay in a line parallel to the line we had advanced from, but considerably to the left of it."

In conclusion let me say that everyone in the brigade, who was there, knows that the 27th was confronted by a strong line of battle behind works, which we had built ourselves the day before, and that every step they advanced the fire became more deadly. When the 2d advanced they encountered the same fire at the start, but when they reached the opposite side they were somewhat sheltered by some rocks, and completely so from the rebels on the opposite side of Rock Creek. I feel very sure that any other regiment in the army in the same position that the 27th Ind. was in would have done just as they did, or worse. But facts are facts, and there is no occasion to misrepresent the position of another regiment.—J. W. HINKLEY, West Superior, Wis.

**Growing Roses.**

There is a world of pleasure to be derived from a garden full of roses; even a single flower, in a little red pot, will brighten the home and bring good cheer. With the right kind of plants there is no difficulty in the way of everybody having the choicest roses; a little soil, water, and sunshine is the only care they require, and they amply repay for the slight trouble and expense. The best roses for home culture are those grown by the Dingee & Conard Company at West Grove, Pa. For twenty-five years this firm has been propagating roses of every variety on their own roots and sending them by mail to every part of the land. Their method of starting a rose is peculiarly their own. When the plant leaves their hands it is ready to thrive and bloom in pot or garden. This firm publishes an illustrated "Guide To Rose Culture" which contains complete instructions for growing flowers of all kinds, and much other information interesting and valuable to the lover of flowers. They offer to send it Free, and enclose a specimen copy of their floral magazine, "Success With Flowers," to all who make application.

### AT VICKSBURG.

**Capt. McKinney Says the 77th Ill. also Made a Lodgment May 22.**

IN your issue of Nov. 24, in speaking of the President having decided to promote Gov. Stone to be Commissioner of the General Land Office, among other things you say that "he was Colonel of the 22d Iowa, which regiment gained the distinction of being the only Union troops to make a lodgment in the fortifications at Vicksburg during the charge on May 22, 1863. Gov. Stone was wounded at this time."

Whilst I do not wish to detract one particle from the gallantry of Gov. Stone and the gallant regiment which he commanded upon that memorable occasion, yet I beg permission to set you, as well as the public, right by saying his command was not the only Union troops to make a lodgment in the rebel fortifications above named on that occasion. The 77th Ill., commanded by the gallant Col. D. P. Grier, ably assisted by Lieut.-Col. Webb, also fought its way into those rebel fortifications, and during the charge they lost their flag.

The writer had a nephew who belonged to a Texas regiment, and now living in Paris, Ky., who informed me that it was his regiment, supported by a Georgia regiment, who were ordered to drive the 77th Ill. back and out of the fortifications. They succeeded in doing so, but it was at a fearful sacrifice of life, as very many brave Confederate soldiers were made to bite the dust in facing the most murderous fire that they had ever before passed through. The capture of the flag of the 77th Ill. was poor consolation for their successful effort.

The 77th Ill. was in the Thirteenth Corps, and it is very probable the 22d Iowa was also in said corps, which was commanded by Maj.-Gen. John A. McClernand. Whilst the 77th Ill., and perhaps the 22d Iowa, were inside the rebel fortifications Gen. McClernand sent one of his Aids to Gen. Grant and requested him to send him reinforcements at once, and if such aid was sent to his relief he believed he could hold the advantage thus gained. Gen. Grant failed to send the reinforcements as requested, hence the 77th Ill. was driven out as above stated.

The happening of these events resulted in a sharp correspondence between Gen. McClernand and Gen. Grant. Gen. McClernand bravely asserted that his troops (77th Ill.) had found their way into the rebel fortifications. Gen. Grant did not concede this fact, and in a day or so afterward relieved Gen. McClernand as commander of the Thirteenth Corps, which caused general disapprobation amongst a large portion of the corps, because they personally knew that Gen. McClernand was right in defending his assertion, because it was based on fact.

As Col. D. P. Grier, commanding the 77th Ill., has been dead several years, and his brave Lieutenant-Colonel (Webb) was subsequently killed in the great battle fought at Sabine Crossroads, April 8, 1864, and not knowing if any other of the field or staff officers are yet living of the 77th Ill., I have waited for some one or more of them to come forward and protest against the publication; but as they have not as yet done so I respectfully ask the publication of this article in vindication of the 77th Ill. They got their baptism of fire in the battle at Fort Donelson, and no more gallant regiment than they ever shouldered a musket in defense of the old flag during the late rebellion. At no time nor upon any occasion were they ever driven an inch until being overwhelmed by numbers. The writer belonged to the same brigade, division and corps, hence he knows whereof he has written.—GEO. H. MCKINNEY, Lieutenant and Acting Assistant Quartermaster, Fourth Division, Thirteenth Corps, Stanford, Ky.

### THE 11th PA. CAV.

**Capt. Tripp States that Only Two Companies were from Other States.**

IN your short history of the 11th Pa. Cav. (issue of Dec. 8) you state that some of the companies were raised in other States; two in New York, one in New Jersey, etc.

Now, as a matter of fact, but two whole companies of the regiment were raised outside the State of Pennsylvania. These were Co. A, recruited at Fort Dodge, Iowa, and Co. M, recruited in Meigs and Crawford Counties, O. Part of Co. E was raised in New York, and was recruited to the maximum standard from the city of Philadelphia and vicinity. Its first Captain and Second Lieutenant were from Pennsylvania; the First Lieutenant was from New York.

A minority of Co. I came from New Jersey, under Second Lieut. Charles W. Buttz. They joined their fortunes with the unorganized company from Lancaster and York Counties, Pa., under Capt. Herr and First Lieut. Reisinger.

The other companies of the regiment were from the following Counties in Pennsylvania: B, from Chester County; C, from the city of Philadelphia; D, from Franklin County; F, from Bradford and Tioga Counties; G, from Cambria County; H, from Northampton County; K, from Luzerne County; L, from Jefferson County. We of the regiment have always claimed that there were 12 officers killed, instead of 11, as given by the Government records.

Barber, of Co. A, killed at the Darbytown road, Oct. 7, 1864, was Acting Second Lieutenant of his company when killed. He had been commissioned, but not mustered to that rank. Maj. Monroe, killed at Five Forks, was in the same condition. He had been commissioned Major, but not mustered.

The recent law correcting the muster of certain officers would apply in each of the above cases, and give the persons named the rank with which they were acting at the time of their death.

It seems to me there is a discrepancy in your statement of the losses of the 1st N. Y. Dragoons and the 11th. You state that the Dragoons sustained the heaviest loss at Todd's Tavern, Va., of any cavalry regiment in any one action during the war. You then give their loss in the Wilderness as 20 killed, 36 wounded and 35 missing. Total loss for the Dragoons, 91. You say that the loss of the 11th at Ream's Station, Va., was over 100 (according to Fox 28 of these were killed or mortally wounded), which would show that the 11th sustained the heaviest loss of any cavalry regiment in any one action during the war.—STEPHEN TRIPP, Captain, 11th Pa. Cav., Ottawa, Kan.

### WHO WAS HE?

**Wants to Hear from an Officer He Fed at Appomattox.**

AS other old soldiers are coming to the front with reminiscences of old times, perhaps I may be permitted to offer the following:

Upon April 1, 1865, after the battle of Five Forks, or Gravelly Run, Va., when whole pages of history were being crowded into as many minutes, with our Fifth Corps and the cavalry ready to start for Appomattox, our regiment (83d Pa.) was detached and ordered to guard prisoners, away in the rear of everybody except the commissary stores.

I want to say to the "Cannoneer," if he ever hears another 83d Pa. boy disputing about the ground where our regiment received Gen. Lee's flag of truce at the surrender, he can set him down as a fraud; for the 83d Pa. never was nearer Appomattox Courthouse than the prison camp at Farmville. Of course, we feel there was honor for our brigade in the flag-of-truce part of history; and there is no dishonor in our last detail of the war, and there should be none in telling the truth.

While performing this duty near Farmville, the writer was Sergeant of the guard in charge of perhaps 3,000 prisoners. We were in advance of our supplies, with not very plethoric haversacks, and had been ordered not to give rations to the prisoners. It happened I wore a little gold square-and-compass pin upon the lapel of my blouse, which was seen by a Confederate Lieutenant, who called me to him and implored me to give him something to eat, as he was in a starving condition. I knew it was against orders, but I could not believe the orders were intended to be inhuman, and only to husband our own rations. Then, I thought, if I was willing to go hungry, no one else ought to care; and I divided my hardtack with this Confederate brother. But I was seen by the officer of the guard and placed under arrest for the first, last, and only time in almost four years of continuous service, and the war about over. Here was I caught in a conflict of authorities (State and National, like), and I had enlisted upon the wrong side, seemingly. However, I was taken to the Colonel, and finished my detail as Sergeant of the guard, and was never court-martialed. Now, if that Confederate Lieutenant is living, I should very much like to hear from him.—J. B. POTTER, Sergeant, 83d Pa. Veteran Volunteers, Commander, Post 48, G.A.R., Department of Arkansas, Olivet, Ark.

### BOMBASTIC DESIGNATIONS.

**A Comrade Thinks there is Too Much of It at this Late Day.**

THE above is the caption of a short but pointed article in your issue of Dec. 15, signed "Jack of Clubs." The writer of that article twice alludes to "The Saber Brigade," and this gives me the right to criticise his criticism.

First, "Jack of Clubs" assumes that these "bombastic designations" are "self-named," and then self-names his own regiment as "A Fighting Regiment of a Fighting Brigade." Is not this quite as "bombastic" and "fetching" as what he criticises and condemns in others?

I have already placed on record in the columns of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE my earnest protest against "The Bravest Five Hundred," and I now protest against the "Three Hundred Fighting Regiments," not for the purpose of taking from them the well-earned honor and glory of "The Bravest Five Hundred" and the "Three Hundred Fighting Regiments," but for the purpose of giving to those, not so named, what is their just due.

The number of lives lost is not always a just or proper criterion of the fighting which has been done.

Is there an old soldier living who cannot recall one or more instances in which the incompetency, ignorance, mismanagement, or greed for personal glory of a commander has caused great and unnecessary loss of life; or, on the other hand, instances in which the opposite qualities in a commander have coupled the most gallant and brilliant fighting with a comparatively small loss of life?

If "Jack of Clubs's" assumption that all these designations were, like that of his own regiment, self-adopted, I would have naught to say against his criticism.

I now speak for "The Saber Brigade" only; let others speak for themselves. My brigade was named "The Saber Brigade of the Army of the Cumberland," and the title was conferred upon it, in General Orders, by one of the great commanders of the war, the only one of our great army commanders who still lives, Maj.-Gen. W. S. Rosecrans; and I, and every other member of the brigade, feel a just and honorable pride in that "bombastic designation." We know that if we had not earned the title by our readiness to use the saber on all occasions, Gen. Rosecrans would not have conferred it upon us, and we also know that the bestowal of that title upon us did not in any way detract from the honor or glory due to any other organization.

At the close of the war I commanded the Second Division of the Cavalry Corps of the Military Division of Mississippi, which was composed of Wilder's old brigade of mounted infantry, "The Saber Brigade" and "the Chicago Board of Trade Battery," and I believe that every man in "The Saber Brigade" felt a personal pride in the grand fighting qualities of the mounted infantry and the battery, who were second to no commands in the service, and I know that the confidence each had in the other was practically unlimited.

The assumption of a title by an organization, as by an individual, is simply an act of egotism, but when that title is bestowed or conferred by proper authority every man of that organization should feel the same honorable pride in wearing it as the individual would in wearing a medal of honor properly bestowed upon him.

I am proud of having been a member of "The Saber Brigade," and doubly so of having been its commander, and I consider this a proper and honorable pride.

We claimed nothing further than being soldiers who loved our country and our flag, and who were always ready to perform our duty to the best of our ability.

Whatever honor or glory may have been gained by "The Saber" or any brigade, cannot in any way detract from any other portion of the Grand Army of the Republic, but, on the contrary, must add to its luster, "Jack of Clubs" of a "Fighting Regiment of a Fighting Brigade" to the contrary notwithstanding.—R. H. G. MINTY, Brevet Major-General, U. S. Vols., Ogden, Utah.

### SPANISH FORT AGAIN.

**Col. Rogers Says that Col. Bell Took the Responsibility of Charging.**

IN my article on the capture of Spanish Fort, appearing in the issue of Nov. 24, I am fearful that an oversight will seem to do injustice to a worthy and brave comrade. I mean Col. W. B. Bell, who, as Lieutenant-Colonel, was personally at the time of taking Spanish Fort in command of the 8th Iowa.

When I wrote the article I had in my mind that Lieut.-Col. Andrew Geddes was in command of said regiment. It was, however, Col. Bell who was in command of the 8th Iowa, and led the charge and first obtained a foothold in the enemy's works.

My only object in writing the article alluded to was to give credit where it belonged. There are many details about those old times, which refresh themselves to memory by reflection. I now remember the daring and bravery of Col. Bell on that occasion, and that he was personally complimented by all his brother officers, both above and below him. The truth of it was that although he had orders to approach the works as near as possible, yet he had no orders to charge the works; each of the headquarters, as we understood it, hesitating to take the responsibility of giving the orders; and while waiting for final directions Col. Bell became impatient, took the responsibility, charged the works, effected an entrance, and held his position of the works until the rest of us came up.

On the principle that "all is well that ends well" it was all right, but if he had failed, he would have caught it, and then have seen the great responsibility he had taken.—A. W. ROGERS, Colonel, 81st Ill., Warrensburg, Mo.

### IN NEW MEXICO.

**A Comrade Tells what Troops Fought in that Territory.**

IN the issue of Nov. 24, 1892, George Nelson wants to know something about the war in New Mexico, and you undertake to tell him, but you are quite wrong. There were two battles, one on March 26, 1862, and one on the 28th. In the first action Maj. Chivington was in command, and the force consisted of two companies of the 1st Colo. and Capt. Cook's company of mounted men, and a number of Regular cavalry. In this action Chivington was victorious, but did not think it prudent to advance, but encamped on the ground and waited until Col. J. P. Slough came up on the 28th with the main command, consisting of the balance of the 1st Colo., several squads of companies of Regular cavalry, and two batteries, in all about 1,000 men, when he fought the battle of Glorietta, or Pigeon's Ranch.

At Peralto, April 15, 1862, the troops engaged were principally of the 1st Colo., where the last two men were killed.

I hope some comrade will see this who remembers more about it than I do, and will tell us all he knows.—JAMES W. SAMSON, Co. B, 1st Colo. Cav., Oconto, Neb.

**A Comrade's Invitation.**

Jacob Fisher, Corporal, Co. K, 11th Mo., Hemper, Mo., says that he was highly pleased with the account of the Army of the Tennessee in the issue of Dec. 29, given by Maj.-Gen. John M. Schofield, U. S. A. At the time of its inception, in '61, at St. Louis, at the age of 15, he left home and friends, and enlisted in Co. K, 11th Mo., and served with the command throughout the war, four years four months and 11 days. He was in no less than 35 engagements, and was twice wounded. He was always called the little Dutch boy. Should this strike the notice of any of the old fighting 11th, he would like to hear from them about our campaigns; as much of it he has forgotten, being so young at the time. He wishes to add to one and all old comrades, that if you should happen to be near his way, or while in the vicinity of St. Louis, come to Catawissa, Mo., and inquire for him, and he will royally entertain you one, and all (Editor included). He lives on a farm, with enough of the luxuries of life thereon to live easy and happy. He wants to hear from all the old fighting 11th Mo. They were fighters, but he is in doubt whether they are among the 300.

[The 11th Mo. is among Fox's Fighting 300.—EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

**CONSUMPTION CURED.**

An old physician, retired from practice, 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. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish 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, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

# PICKET SHOTS.

## From Alert Comrades All Along the Line.

**The 2d Minn.**

S. A. McNeil, 31st Ohio, Richwood, Ohio, writes: "Comrade Hendrick, of Battery C, 1st Ohio, referring to my article of Oct. 6, says: 'Are you sure about the 2d Minn. being with us to Atlanta? It went home from Nashville in the Spring of 1862 to fight Indians. Did it come back to us?' I did not know that the 2d Minn. was away from the division until it re-enlisted at Chattanooga and went home on veteran furlough. I am sure they were with us to Atlanta, and I think they were in Baird's Division in our last camp at Louisville, Ky., in July, 1865."

**Words of Encouragement.**

N. C. Laurence, Major, 17th Ky. Cav., Ravenna, O., sends us a comrade's subscription, and says: "I am glad to be able to say that I have done something to help such a worthy paper. I hope every old soldier will keep his powder dry, trust in God, THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, and the United States Senate, and we may be all right yet. THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE's facts and figures are backed up by bold, honest, and intelligent editorials, and I bid it Godspeed in its good work."

**Why Don't They Write?**

George Burger, Swan, Mo., wants to know why he never sees anything from the comrades of the 62d Ill. He would also like to correspond with them.

M. Petterman, Amesburg, Wis., wants to see something from Co. K, 71st Ohio.

J. C. Walter, Co. C, 4th Pa., Lakewood, N. Y., wants the boys of his regiment to speak up.

**Apache Canyon.**

A. Brown, Co. B, 2d Colo. Cav., Templeton, Cal., says that at the time of the fight at Apache Canyon Col. Chivington was not Colonel of the 1st Colo.; he was Major, Col. Slough being the commander. Maj. Chivington took 400 men of the 1st Colo., passed around the rebel force, and marched to Rock Corral, there attacking Sibley's supply-train, and burned the entire outfit. With the three companies with Col. Slough taken into account, according to Chivington's report, the writer is at loss to know where the balance of the regiment was. In several other respects Chivington's report is incorect.

**Spanish Fort.**

W. H. Jack, Durango, Colo., writes: "I was a member of Co. F, 23d Iowa, and our brigade consisted of the 19th and 23d Iowa, 2d Wis., and 94th Ill. We were the extreme left of the army (Thirteenth Corps), and on the evening of April 8 a charge was made on the outer works to our right and captured by members of the Sixteenth Corps; I think this was about 5 o'clock p. m., but there was no charge on either Spanish or Red Fort. About 10 o'clock p. m. we received word that the enemy was evacuating. Our right being in the advance was immediately thrown forward with the 94th Ill. as support, and I claim that L. B. McAlpin, Color-bearer of the 23d Iowa, placed our colors on the fort. I have no remembrance of seeing any other troops in the fort but the 23d Iowa and 94th Ill., and I distinctly remember some of the Sixteenth Corps boys saying that they drove the rebels out, but the Thirteenth Corps took the fort."

**About Lieut. Carr.**

George H. Boggs, Newark, Ohio, writes: "William Antes says that Eugene A. Carr was not a member in the 1st U. S. Cav. I joined the 1st U. S. Cav. when it was organized in May, 1855, at Jefferson Barracks, and Lieut. Carr joined the regiment at Fort Leavenworth in July or August. I was well acquainted with him. He was a fine officer. I served five years in Co. D, 1st Cav., and was discharged at Fort Cobb, I. T., in May, 1860. I should be glad to hear by letter from any one who was a member of the 1st U. S. Cav. between the years mentioned, and of Co. C, 76th Ohio.

**Information Asked and Given.**

William H. Wolpers, St. Louis, Mo., wants information of John Robinson, about 36 years old, five feet six inches tall, black hair, gray eyes, black mustache; could read and write; very moderate drinker; was wounded on left knee at battle of Bull Run; enlisted in New York City in some infantry regiment. His place of birth was Ireland; his place of death, 1316 N. Tenth street, St. Louis, Mo., the date being April 24, 1871, and the cause dysentery. Who were his comrades?

C. A. Hale, 5th N. H., battle of Gettysburg Panorama, Chicago, writes: "Some years ago a comrade of the 72d Pa. related to me an incident at the first Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862. He is deceased, and for a certain reason connected with the history of the Second Corps I would like to verify the circumstance. The comrade said that the 72d Pa. was in line of battle to the left of the Stratton House, in front of the famous stone wall. Every man had been flat on the ground all the afternoon, and the firing along the line had died out. Just in the dusk of evening a rebel came down from the enemy's line, inquiring if there was a Surgeon there among the Yankees. His object in this, or whether he stated it or not, my friend did not say. If this comes to the eye of any 72d Pa. soldier knowing the circumstances, I will be glad to have him give the details."

J. E. Gray, Co. A, 109th Pa., Fall River, Mass., writes: "If Comrade S. E. Chandler, Co. E, 24th N. Y. Cav., will write to Maj. Veile, Chairman Board of Health, Philadelphia, he may learn who was the Lieutenant he asked for. I think his name was Ralston. He was a Lieutenant in the 109th Pa. Maj. Veile was a Lieutenant in the same company, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Cedar Mountain."

B. S. Shirley, First Lieutenant, 114th Ohio, Julesburg, Mo., writes: "In the Summer of 1864 I was a prisoner at Clinton, La. While there a number of the 11th N. Y. Cav. were brought there. Among them was a Captain, First Lieutenant, and Second Lieutenant. If any of them are living I would like to hear from them, or if anybody else can give their addresses they would do me a favor."

A. Keeler, Co. C, 55th Ohio, sent a communication to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, but as he had no postoffice given the letter was destroyed. Should he write again he should be sure to give his address.

Thos. Farrell, Lancaster, Wis., wants information of J. M. Grimes, who was Commissary and Quartermaster at Rolla, Mo., in the Fall of 1863. He would like to know to what command and corps he was attached.

Col. W. L. McKnight, Charleston, Tenn., would like to communicate with W. L. or W. H. McKee, of New York, N. Y., in regard to the sword of Capt. Geo. C. Whaley, 10th Ala., C. S. A., who was killed at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862, or receive any information that will lead to the recovery of the sword to the family of the late Capt. G. C. Whaley.

E. L. Minor, Sabetha, Kan., says he was shown a medal of about the shape, size, and material of an ordinary penny. On one side was the head of Lincoln surrounded by 35 stars; on the other side was an eagle and the inscription "Lincoln and Union. 1864." He would like to know who issued it and if it has any value.

**His Sunday-School Teacher.**

W. J. Forsyth, 134 Trent street, Philadelphia, Pa., says that he is sorry our friend "Little Ben" was defeated. "We lived as neighbors for quite a while, and it does not seem so awful long since I belonged to his Sunday-school, and as a boy of 11 stood close by when he enlisted as a private in the Summer of 1861."

**A Chance for the Girls.**

Box 1675, Fresno, Cal., says: "I wish to hear from a true lady between 26 and 35 years of age, of an affectionate and amiable disposition. I am an American, aged 38; hight, 5 feet nine inches; weight, 160 pounds, and dark complexioned. Do not use tobacco or liquor. Object, a true companion. Have some means. All letters answered. Photographs exchanged."

**Escaped Three Times.**

John Reed, alias Michael Flanagan, Co. D, 2d U. S. Cav., Orland, Ill., says he was taken prisoner, and while in Richmond attempted to escape with Comrades Fulton and Holliday. They were recaptured, bucked and gagged, and then sent to Belle Isle. They escaped once more and traveled together for some days, when the writer went on his own hook. He was recaptured the day he left his comrades, but again escaped by jumping from a train somewhere in North Carolina. He traveled some 300 miles, and at last reached New Berne, N. C. He would like to know if any of the comrades are alive; and if so, would like to hear from them.

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