FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns.

[The Editor greatly desires communications for publication in the Fighting Them Over and Picket Shot columns. Contributors are requested to write frequently, legibly, to the point, on one side of the paper, with each subject on a separate sheet, following the form of the printed article below, and signing name, company, regiment, and address at the end. If articles are of importance copies should be kept, in case of accidental loss. Matter for these columns should be of general interest to all old soldiers and historically as accurate as possible.]

UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

Some Incidents of the Fight at Richmond, Ky.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Never having seen published a history of the part taken by the 69th Ind. in the battle of Richmond, Ky., Aug. 30, 1862, I propose to give my recollections of that event.

The regiment was organized at Indianapolis on Aug. 19, 1862. The organization had been completed at Richmond, Ind., a few days before, with the exception of a part of the regimental officers, which were completed on the 19th. On the evening of the 20th we drew our arms and marched from the armory for the cars. Not a man in the regiment had ever drilled with his gun in hand or loaded a musket, except, perhaps, a few who had been in the three-months service. I mention this circumstance to show how "green" we were.

In due time we arrived in Louisville and disembarked; but before our tents were pitched we had marching orders for Lexington, where we arrived in due time and at once commenced to pitch tents, and before the pins were driven we again had orders to march for Richmond, Ky.

We arrived at Lexington on or about the 22d, on Sunday, and at Richmond, where we went into camp, on the evening of the 24th.

During this time it was the hottest and driest time I ever experienced. The dust was ankle-deep in many places and water hard to get. The consequence was much suffering on that account. We were under command of Gen. Cassius M. Clay, and I had command of his body-guard—an honor highly appreciated by myself and the boys of the squad.

During my intercourse with Gen. Clay I learned that the object of the expedition was to guard a provision-train through to Cumberland Gap to supply Gen. Morgan's army, and that we were to keep between Kirby Smith's army, then marching through Kentucky, and keep them as far from the Ohio River as possible without bringing on an engagement.

But about the time, at Richmond, the command was joined by Gen. Manson, and, as I learned, owing to a disagreement between them as to the course to pursue, Gen. Clay being the junior officer, and believing that the course proposed by Gen. Manson would be disastrous, he left the command entirely to that officer and retired.

Our time up to Friday was employed in arranging our camp. On that day we were ordered out on the Rogersville or Cumberland Gap pike, and formed skirmish-line, Co. B occupying a large tobacco field.

No enemy appearing we returned to camp, and Saturday morning were again ordered out and marched out about eight miles, and late in the evening a portion of the command had a slight skirmish with the advance of Kirby Smith's army, and captured two field pieces from them, which the enemy had no use for.

Just at dark I was ordered back to camp to guard it during the night. This duty we performed, and most of my company got a little supper about midnight, and those allowed to sleep soon turned in. I lay down on the ground under a tree with a root for a pillow at about 1 o'clock, with nothing to eat. At about 4 o'clock Sunday morning, Aug. 30, I was aroused by an Orderly from Headquarters ordering us to rejoin our regiment in double-quick.

At once all was confusion. Some got a bite to eat, and some none, (among the latter my name is recorded,) and by the time the sun was peeping we were on the march in double-quick. Water was almost impossible to get, and I never saw men suffer for water and from the dust and hot sun as they did. But on we went, men throwing away knapsacks, coats, and even vests; occasionally one would fall out of ranks exhausted. I remember of having as many as three guns and cartridge-boxes on me at one time, in order to encourage the men.

When we arrived at the Brick Church, about eight miles from Richmond, we discovered the flag of our regiment, the companies all in line, waiting for the approach of the enemy.

We filed into line, and most of the brave boys, from exhaustion, fell upon the ground. W. H. Propps, as brave a young man as ever shouldered a musket, had an attack of sunstroke. As he fell he was caught by two or three of his comrades, who emptied what little water they had in their canteens on him, and he soon revived. About this time Maj. Waterhouse, one of the bravest men I ever saw under fire, rode up and said:

"Gen. Manson orders Capt. Nation and his company to stand up like men."

My reply was: "Tell Gen. Manson that Capt. Nation and his men never disobey an order; but we have double-quicked eight miles, and we are exhausted and can't stand. I can stand as much as any man in my company, and I can't."

The Major galloped back to Headquarters, and soon returned with the order, "Capt. Nation and his company have permission to lie down." Firing had been going on for some minutes to our right at this time.

The Major soon returned, and said: "Capt. Nation is ordered by Gen. Manson to take Cos. B and I and advance across the pike and along an old fence to an old road about one mile distant, and there form a skirmish-line and hold his position until relieved."

As we advanced along this fence the rebels opened fire on us, but were so far away that their shot did but little damage, except mowing down the briars in our way. The only mishap was that which befell W. H. Propps, of my company. He was shot through the right lung, the ball passing clear through his body and coming out near his spine. He fell, and some half hour afterward I found him lying on his face. I turned him over, and discovering no signs of life in him we left him for dead, and he was so reported on the muster-roll.

We arrived at the old road, as ordered, and formed a skirmish-line, but were not allowed to wait long before we heard the approach of troops in front of us. I called for volunteers to advance far enough in the thick brush in our front to see what troops they were. The whole company offered their services.

I then detailed Serg't Gibson, Ridge and Protiseman, I believe; they soon returned with the information that it was two rebel regiments. As speedily as possible we prepared for their reception. They soon appeared, coming around the thick wood in an open field; when in full view they were only about 50 yards from us. They were not expecting any obstruction at this point, and when we opened a broadside into them they were panic-stricken. They fell back, but we obeyed orders "to maintain our position until ordered away." But the rebels soon reappeared with two more regiments. They divided, two of them passing the thick woods on our right and the other two on our left, and as they emerged from the timber they were met on the left with a rapid fire from Co. I, and on the right from Co. B.

On the right we almost got into a hand-to-hand combat. A rebel General was shot and fell from his horse but a few yards in front of me. I soon saw that they, with their superior force, were fast surrounding us; then I disobeyed orders and ordered a retreat. We ran down a hollow ravine and took a zig-zag course to the point at which we had left our regiment. As we passed "Pap" Houston, my wagonmaster, with his ammunition-wagon, I ordered him to head the other way, and as he was turning his team one of the front mules was shot down. "Pap" jumped off, unhooked the stretchers and cut the lines and mounted the saddle mule, but before he got his team headed in the right direction his off-mule was killed, and then he was forced to give the rebels one load of ammunition, which they needed. But on we went. Arriving at the point where we had left the balance of the command, we found that Gen. Manson had left without my orders or giving me orders to abandon that skirmish-line. There was not a man to be seen.

We then started on the double-quick through an open wood, and soon struck the pike. Then, about two miles on our way, we saw the flag of our regiment in the road. We advanced on the run, and on arriving at the regiment were ordered to fall back a half mile and form a skirmish-line on the route we had just passed over.

We double-quicked back, and just as the line was formed the regiment retreated and we were, as Artemas Ward said, ordered to do.

All went on double-quick to the graveyard, where another stand was made. On arriving in line I was again ordered to fall back about half a mile and form another skirmish line. I again informed the Major that it was impossible, as the men were exhausted and suffering almost agony for water. Cos. A and F were ordered, and about the time the line was formed the rebels advanced in force, and the two companies fell back into line.

The firing was now general and heavy. Sam Gayman, of my company, advanced about 10 paces in front, while John H. Moore advanced a few steps and sat on a stump in the thickest of the fire. Gayman soon had his leg broken below the knee, which was the next day amputated. I was also wounded in the right breast by a musket-ball.

A general retreat was ordered. Those of us wounded here were taken to the Female Seminary, which was used by our side for a hospital. That night the rebels generously permitted me to eat two crackers and a piece of raw bacon, about as large as three fingers, of the bacon and crackers furnished them by us; the first I had eaten for two days. Meantime we had marched about 16 miles, and double-quicked and run about 20. No wonder I have never been able to do a day's work since!

The next day I was permitted to leave the hospital and go to that part of the regiment captured. I found them corraled inside the public square. Our regiment had gone into the fight with no Colonel; the Colonel having never joined the regiment, but resigned a few days after his appointment. Lieut.-Col. Stout, a good and brave man, was wounded early in the day, from which wound he afterward died. The command then devolved on Maj. Waterhouse, who was also dangerously wounded about the time of the general surrender. He also died some years after of his wounds.

The next thing was the paroling of the men; and, strange as it may seem, Gen. Manson and staff were paroled soon after the capture, and left for Indianapolis, and we had to get our paroles as best we could. The second day after the battle, Capt. Kerr, of Co. K, and another Captain whose name I have forgotten, and myself, went out, by permission of the rebel Provost-Marshal, and went over the battlefield.

To our surprise and indignation, we found our dead just as they had fallen. We found quite a number of Kentucky planters, and also a number of slaves, on the battlefield. We asked them what they would take to bury our dead, and they would make no charge; but we gave them all the money we could spare. At this late day I have no idea of the amount, but if allowed to give an impression I would say about $20. I know I kept only $3.65, and we returned to the corral. Capt. Collins, of Co. I, was wounded. Capt. Winget, of Co. G, was so much exhausted, and suffered so much, that he became perfectly blind; and Capt. Collins, of Co. I, also died some years after, never recovering from his wounds.—DAVID NATION, Captain, Co. B, 69th Ind., Medicine Lodge, Kan.

SOME REASONS

Why the Cavalry and Infantry Did Not Fraternize.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I am criticised in a mild way by private letter from an ex-cavalryman, because I failed to do justice to his independent company of Ohio cavalry in my recent article in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE on the Britton's Lane fight.

This criticism springs in my mind a few thoughts from personal experience and observation upon the relationship which existed between infantry and cavalry, which I would like to present to the consideration of your readers, both foot and horse.

We were always more than glad to see the cavalry around, and have them along, especially in the front and on the flanks, and on picket around our camp of nights, and I have seen the time, in a tight place, when I could have kissed the very skirts of their saddles; still, there never was that close, mutual intimacy existing between an infantry regiment and a cavalry regiment as between infantry regiments. The latter pulled along the line of march on foot together, camped together and in battle fought shoulder to shoulder together, through all the battle shared a common danger and faced a common foe; while cavalry was transitory, passed us on the line of march, splashed mud upon us, and galloped on. Also, the cavalry camp was always away off somewhere to itself, and in a battle they would get in their work and light out to some other part of the line or the field and leave the infantry to settle it. They could not stay with us.

Then, again, we were not well acquainted with cavalrymen; seldom knew who they were when we saw them, and were often no wiser by asking them who they were. I remember one day on the march to the sea we were ordered to open ranks and let Kilpatrick's cavalry through to the front in a hurry. We obeyed orders, of course, and strung along each side of the pike, giving them the center, and they went through a-skal-la-hootin. I remember noticing one regiment in particular. From the fine-looking men and beautiful bay horses I took them to be Illinoisians. Anyhow, I felt proud of them, and was anxious to know who they were, hence I ventured to speak to a Sergeant in one of the companies, inasmuch we were of equal rank, I having the same number of stripes on my arm as he had, and said, "Sergeant, what regiment is this?" He replied, "Company Q, Independent North Carolina Tah Heels." I felt that if my gun had been loaded I would have dumped him right then and there, as "Tar Heels" were among the game we were after down there at that time. The boys all laughed at this and thought it was smart. I cite this incident as one of many such to show how easy it was to find out what regiment it was not. And those are my reasons why I simply said there were two companies of cavalry with us at Britton's Lane. It was all I knew. I learn, however, that one of said companies was an Independent Ohio company, and afterwards was Gen. McPherson's escort.—B. F. BORING, Co. D, 30th Ill., Terre Haute, Ind.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, will inclose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No humbug. No deception. Address T. C. Barnes, News Dealer, Marshall, Mich.

GOT THE HAM.

An Almost Pathetic Incident of the Red River Campaign.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: During the hurried and fatiguing retreat of Gen. Steele's army from Camden back to Little Rock, after the disastrous defeat of Banks by Kirby Smith, when the latter turned his attention to us, with the laudable intention and full expectation of gobbling us in, we had for about 10 days or more to run a race against time, with an overpoweringly superior force of the victorious enemy.

The writer very distinctly remembers that for eight days and nights he never even loosened the saddle-girth on his poor horse, whose back was ruined, a huge blister appearing the size of the McClellan saddle-tree when it was taken off.

Much suffering, of course, was caused, not only by our forced marches, but because we were out of rations, having been obliged to destroy most of our wagon-train. The cavalry, to which the writer belonged, did not suffer so much in this respect, as by cutting out on side roads they secured many Southern hams, besides flour, meal, chickens, and like additions to our supplies for the inner man. The infantry, however, could not make these raids, and therefore suffered much more, many of them being literally starved out.

One day, as the writer was returning from a very successful foray with half-a-dozen fine hams strung on his saddle, a package of sausage, and pillow-case filled with flour, he rode by numbers of foot-sore comrades straggling along in every stage of exhaustion; too tired, in fact, to indulge in the usual gibes with which the infantry were wont to regale the ears of a cavalryman when riding by them.

Finally a young infantry soldier, a mere boy, who was disconsolately sitting on the roadside, as I was passing him, ventured timidly to address me:

"Oh, pard! you've got such a lot of nice meat there; won't you please let me have just a little slice off one of those hams? I wouldn't ask you, but indeed I haven't had but just two hardtack since we began the retreat, an' I ate the last of them yesterday, and I'm just starving."

I looked at him. His face was more eloquent than his words; his lips trembling with emotions he vainly strove to hide.

"So you would like just a little slice?" said I. "Well, pard, you can't have a little slice; but there," and I detached a ham and handed it to him. "Just you take this ham and slice it to suit yourself, and divide it with any of your comrades who are as hungry as you are; and don't you ever think the cavalry boys are all hogs after this."

I never saw more joy displayed on a human face. He grasped the ham, as if he feared it might escape him, and said:

"Pard, do you mean that I can have it all?" Then, as I nodded, "May God Almighty bless you, pard! If ever I hear anyone say a word against the cavalry again I'll stand up for them for what you have done for me. I was just played out, but I'm all right now." And his knife was out and he was cutting and eating raw ham as I bade him good-by and rode on.

I have never forgotten the incident, and if this falls under the eyes of that comrade I shall be more than pleased to hear from him. I was a boy then, and am in the 50's now.

A few days later Kirby Smith caught up with us at Jenkins's Ferry, on the Saline River, and while he outnumbered us three to one, we beat him back and crossed the river, to safely reach Little Rock, though in the fight we lost about 1,500, killed and wounded.—J. R. MARTIN, Co. E, 1st Iowa Cav., New Hartford, Iowa.

ROSSVILLE GAP.

Gen. Minty Has a Word to Say About Who Left It Last.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In Picket Shots, in your issue of Jan. 25, G. L. Camp claims that the 92d Ohio was the last regiment to leave Rossville Gap for Chattanooga after the battle of Chickamauga; and says that "on Tuesday morning at 1 o'clock we started for Chattanooga, passing through the Gap, and arriving at the breastworks near Fort Negley, or as the rebels called it, Star Fort, a little before daylight. I have the time and dates in my daily diary kept at the time."

I have not the slightest doubt of the correctness of the comrade's statement, but think I can show him his deductions are wrong; that the 4th U. S. Cav., the 4th Mich. Cav., the 7th Pa. Cav., and one section of the Chicago Board of Trade Battery were holding the fort in Rossville Gap for some hours after the arrival of 92d at Chattanooga.

The official maps of the battlefield of Chickamauga, 10 in number, prepared under the direction of Col. Merril, U. S. A., Chief Engineer of the Army of the Cumberland, bear on each a legend descriptive of the operations of the various portions of the army.

In the legend on map "Z," the last of the series, appears the following: "Gen. Rosecrans's army during the night of the 21st was withdrawn to Chattanooga, leaving Minty's cavalry alone on the Ridge, north of Rossville Gap.

"Soon after sunrise of the 22d Forrest's Cavalry forced Minty away from Rossville Gap toward Chattanooga."

During the afternoon of the 21st my brigade was in the valley between Mission Ridge and Chickamauga Creek, in advance and to the left of the position at Rossville Gap. At about 5 o'clock p. m. I was ordered to report in person to Gen. Thomas. I found the General in the grove of large trees behind the Gap. When I reported to him, he said:

"Col. Minty, I am going to fall back to Chattanooga to-night; wagons, ambulances and tumbrels have already gone. The artillery will follow shortly, and during the night the infantry will be withdrawn. I want you to take possession of our present position, deceive the enemy as long as possible, but as soon as they attack fall back and retire to Chattanooga. Do not endanger your command unnecessarily."

I moved my brigade out of Chickamauga Valley over Mission Ridge into Chattanooga Valley, leaving small pickets on the various passes or trails, with orders to remain there until after daylight, where they could see everything in the valley before them, and then to report to me on the Rossville and Chattanooga road.

By 2 o'clock a. m., Sept. 22, I was at Rossville with my brigade, and as the infantry withdrew a thin line of dismounted cavalry occupied the lines. The sun was well up before the enemy's skirmishers began to feel our position. After a slight interchange of shots they advanced to the attack. The 4th U. S. Cav., which regiment occupied the most advanced position, withdrew and moved slowly back, followed successively by the 7th Pa. and 4th Mich. Cav. By 7 o'clock we were again in our saddles, showing a bold front on every possible occasion, and checking the enemy to the best of our ability.

We passed inside our lines in front of Chattanooga at about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, 10 or 11 hours after Comrade Camp and the 92d Ohio had arrived at Chattanooga.—R. H. G. MINTY, Brevet Major-General, U. S. V., Ogden, Utah.

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, and 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.

FROM A "REGULAR."

He Shows Forth the Acts and Merits of His Fellows.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The great battles of the civil war have been fought over so many times by voice and pen, and each regiment crowned with glory and honor by the means of monuments erected to their memory, tablets raised on the spot where they fough so valiantly, and memorials of various kinds built to commemorate the daring deeds of noble patriots, that it would seem that all had received their share of laurels.

But there is yet remaining with us a little remnant of American soldiers who in those stirring days marched and fought in the ranks of a band of patriots, of which we seldom hear. I refer to the men of the Regular Army.

When the war burst upon us in 1861 our little Army of Regulars were scattered throughout the country, most of the regiments on the far Western frontier. They were composed principally of men of the Border States, and many of the officers were from the seceding States. It was very uncertain to count on them to support the Union cause.

But the rank and file were true as steel, and their subsequent acts through the war showed how like a Gibraltar they stood for liberty and Union.

Most of the old Army, so called, was sent to the seat of war and concentrated with the Army of the Potomac.

The infantry, consisting of the 2d, 3d, 4th, 6th, 7th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 14th, and 17th regiments, with one company of the 1st, were formed into two brigades, and served in the Fifth Corps throughout the war.

The cavalry and artillery were scattered throughout the Union armies in the field. That little band of loyal soldiers did some of the hardest fighting in the rebellion. Gaines's Mill, Malvern Hill, second Bull Run, Antietam—all can tell the story of unflinching bravery and heroic defense of their positions in the line-of-battle. But there was one place where they performed their part with still greater heroism. I refer to the second day at Gettysburg, when they stemmed the tide of battle and held the almost victorious Confederates at bay in and around the Devil's Den until Little Round Top was occupied by the Union forces.

To-day we could stand upon Little Round Top and look upon scores of memorial tablets erected to commemorate the spot of earth where some brave volunteer regiments spilt their life's bood for our common country. Those tablets will tell to our children how nobly the fathers laid down their lives for the preservation of the glorious Union. But where are the memorials for that little body of Regulars? As we walk over through the Devil's Den, across Plum Run, and so on over the knoll into the old Wheatfield where Sykes's men fought, there is nothing but memory to mark the spot where we stood that July day in 1863. This ought not to be.

Comrades, it is time the bugle called the assembly. Let us fall into line and act at once upon the matter of the erection of some kind of a memorial at Gettysburg upon the ground where we tried to do our duty to our country and to our fellow-men of every State.

Will any comrades of the Regular Brigades who contemplate attending the G.A.R. Encampment send his address to me as soon as convenient? All are requested to keep the subject in mind and to extend the idea to those who do not take the great soldier paper. I will refer comrades also to the old "Regs.," Frederick Plato, 14th U. S., Brewerton, N. Y., and L. A. Albie, 17th U. S. Inf., Machias, Me.

Come, comrades, let us be up and doing.—W. H. SANDERSON, Co. C, 2d U. S., Dayton, O.

TIME HAS PROVED ITS WORTH.

A Treasure Handed Down for Generations.

More than a century ago there lived in Lancaster Co., Pa., a wise Swiss-German Doctor, Peter Fahrney by name, who was famed far and wide for his wonderful cures. People made journeys of days in order to get the benefit of his honest advice and successful treatment. After years of patient study and experiment, he gave to the world a remedy for the blood, made simply of roots and herbs. It grew in favor because it was pure and good, and it still holds its old popularity.

The present manufacturer of the medicine is Dr. Peter Fahrney, of Chicago, grandson of the original Dr. Fahrney. It is now called Dr. Peter's Vitalizer.

The writer, upon a recent visit to the establishment, was at once impressed with the substantial nature of the building, the cleanliness of the establishment and the systematic management of the different departments.

Dr. Fahrney while sitting in his private office is so situated that he can keep track of the entire system. The compounding room, comprising the first floor, is conducted under his personal supervision, while a transparent test tube running through his office allows him to inspect every drop of the Vitalizer before it is bottled.

Three of the five floors are superintended each by one of the doctor's three sons, while the fifth floor is used as a storage room for the immense quantities of roots and herbs which, purchased in their crude state, allow no opportunity for adulteration, and immediately impress the visitor, by the odor conveyed to the nostrils, with a sense of their strength and freshness.

On the preparatory floor the eye is greeted with quantities of expensive machinery run by a twenty-five horse power engine, which, attended by the ready hands of the busy workmen, rapidly puts the ingredients in shape to be used, while a large number of vats, stew-pans and stills in another section draw from the gifts of nature the ingredients which are required.

On another floor is the extensive bottling department where scores of girls in white caps and tidy aprons are filling, corking, and labeling the bottles. Nearby a dozen employes are to be seen boxing up the medicine ready to be shipped. That Dr. Peter's Vitalizer is in great demand is evinced by the number of double teams which are constantly engaged in hauling the remedy to the different depots for shipment. And this demand does not seem to be limited to our own country, as the writer saw boxes marked to different parts of the world from northern Finland to southern Africa.

The general offices on the second floor, presided over by the eldest son, contain many things of interest. On a large table, overshadowing all the other books in its immensity, lies the volume of testimonials—the largest book in the world. It requires the utmost strength of several men to handle it, and contains thousands and thousands of testimonials from all parts of the globe.

Another item of interest is their special foreign department comprising some twelve different languages, each of which is presided over by clerks and stenographers of special nationality to attend to the correspondence.

Still another interesting feature is a collection of rare old books once constituting part of the library of the original Dr. Fahrney. It consists of an old German Bible printed in 1757, Saur's Tune and Hymn book, together with two volumns of medical works printed by Laurentius. These are of great antiquity, as they were printed shortly after the art of printing was discovered.

During the World's Fair season the Doctor entertained thousands of visitors whose curiosity prompted them to investigate the inside workings of a medicine establishment. Unlike most establishments of this nature, visitors will find "the latch-string always out," as the Doctor takes pleasure in showing them through the building. In fact, we feel safe in saying that all who call at his comfortable offices, 112 and 114 S. Hoyne ave., Chicago, will be accorded a most kindly welcome.

PICKET SHOTS

From Alert Comrades All Along the Line.

A Good Home.

John Mallay, Bloomingburg, N. Y., writes: "I have a good home for some comrade or comrade's son who understands something about farming. I have a small farm near the village of Bloomingburg, N. Y., but cannot work it alone, owing to the infirmities contracted in the service. Will give the right party a good home as long as we both live. Only satisfactory letters can be answered."

Having a "Picnic."

F. W. Benjamin, Terre Haute, Ind., says that the men the boys in blue confronted when it was no "picnic" are now in power, and propose to have a picnic with those who are left. "I am sorry that so many of them were misled by promises, and voted against their direct interests in the Fall of 1892.

"If promises had been held out to them between 1861 and '65, they would not have gone against their interests; but powder and lead is different from demagogic argument and paper ballots."

Was There First.

T. B. Hambledon, Co. E, 79th Pa., Ferndglen, Pa., writes: "I notice in a recent issue Comrade Benefiel, Sergeant, Co. G, 17th Ind., states that they encamped upon the mountains across the river from Chattanooga (at the time Hooker was storming Lookout Mountain) on the identical spot where the 18th Ind. battery was located Aug. 21, 1863, when it fired the first shot ever sent into Chattanooga by a Union gun.

"Now I claim that my regiment, the 79th Pa., was the first Union troops in front of Chattanooga, Tenn., which was on the 7th and 8th of June, 1862, 14 months previous to that of the 18th Ind., when our battery, 1st Ohio, under command of Lieut. Sypher, and 1st Ky. battery, Lieut. Nell, shelled the city, and also what is now called Cameron Hill.

"I visited the spot in September, 1892, and also had a talk with the Colonel who commanded the Confederate battery on Cameron Hill at the time of the engagement."

Sherman's "Bummers."

Wallace Kelsey, Co. A, 12th Wis., Cottage Grove, Minn., writes: "In your issue of Feb. 22 a squib from Comrade Kern, 3d Pa. L. A., in which he says after Lee's surrender his brigade was camped near Richmond. He says the advance of Sherman's army was composed of bummers, and that these bummers cleaned out a dozen or more sutlers that were near Richmond, taking thousands of dollars worth of canned goods, etc., without paying a cent for them; also, killing a colored man for trying to defend the sutler's goods, etc. Comrade Kern, I had the honor to belong to Sherman's bummers for four years, and don't like to have such stories go out. Now, comrade, I don't dispute your being in camp where you say, but I will stand by Sherman's bummers, and deny the charge. You have got too many bummers and too many sutlers. Then, the idea of 2,000 howling bummers, after having their appetites sharpened up with all the good things of a dozen sutler shops, being scared by two men from New Hampshire. No, we were not made of that kind of timber; and I will say right here there never was an army more obedient than Sherman's after Johnston's surrender."

Why Don't They Write?

T. E. Galbreath, Co. D, 3d East Tenn., Virtue, Tenn., writes: "My regiment was composed of a good lot of fighters, although I never see anything from them. However, it is but fair to assume that every regiment did its duty; and the fact that one was called into a position that required hard fighting, is no argument that another placed on duty where there was no call for a fight would not have shown as much valor had opportunity offered. I had the honor of belonging to a regiment known as the 'Bloody 3d,' or 'Houk's Bushwhackers.'"

No Offense, Boys!

John A. Joyce, 24th Ky., writes: "Comrades S. C. Smith, 1st Me. Cav., and John P. Woodward, 12th Conn., take me to task for some statements in my recent article on Gen. Sheridan and his famous ride from Winchester. My reference to the rarity of a 'dead cavalryman,' and the reward offered by the infantry boys for a specimen, was uttered in a facetious, poetic way, and not to underrate the valuable service rendered the Government by such heroic warriors as Pleasonton, Buford, Gregg, Kilpatrick, Averill, Wilson, Stoneman, Grierson, Custer, Shackelford, Woolford, and Murray. No, so long as Shiloh, Perryville, Stone River, Atlanta, Brandy Station, Beverly Ford, Gettysburg and Appomattox are remembered, the cavalry arm of the service will occupy a front position in the victorious columns of the Union. Yet, I insist that there was not a General of the late war that could or did organize and fight 10,000 cavalry like our glorious Little Phil, who blew out the light of Jeb Stuart at Yellow Tavern and forced a round-up of Bob Lee and his chivalric pets at Appomattox. Comrades, read my little poem, commencing: 'Our ranks are growing thinner every year.'"

A Correction.

The article "From Pulaski to Nashville," in the issue of Feb. 22, was written by G. O. Pond, not by G. V. Loud as stated.

Contract Surgeons.

J. D. Holt, 1602 South G street, Tacoma, Wash., writes: "In Picket Shots of Feb. 8 is a communication from P. P. W., Putnam, Conn., referring to my article, published Jan. 18, concerning Contract Surgeons. He says there 'was no law at any time preventing these M. D.'s from joining the service, and, by so doing, enjoying all the pay and benefits of Assistant Surgeons and Surgeons with chances of promotion in medical staff.' He goes on to reflect on their ability, skill, and attention to duty.

"If P. P. W. was at any time in the Medical Department of the army, he ought to know that the number of Surgeons and Assistant Surgeons of the U. S. Army and of the U. S. Volunteers was limited by law, and that at the beginning of the war only one Surgeon and one Assistant Surgeon were allowed to each regiment. After the war had gone on some time, a law was passed allowing a full regiment to have two Assistant Surgeons. But comparatively few regiments in the field had the number of men that would allow them the second Assistant. The only class of medical officers having an unlimited number were Contract Surgeons.

"Very many men served under contract, who would have been glad to have commissions in regiments; but the places were filled, or the regiments were so depleted that it was not thought best to fill them.

"The examination for the position of Contract Surgeon was as thorough and searching as for a commission. There was as much ability in the treatment of disease, as much skill in surgery, as close and conscientious attention to duty, fully as much 'good horse sense,' and as small a demand for wooden overcoats, among the contract, as there was among the commissioned Surgeons."

The Heaviest Comrade.

W. W. Douglas, Jersey City, N. J., writes: "J. W. Parsons, 14th Conn., claims to have discovered in Jeremiah Sullivan, same regiment, the heaviest comrade. Sullivan claims to weigh 365 pounds. Why, Parsons, he's not in it. Evidently you have not been to Jersey, the land of the frisky mosketo, or you would have heard of the heavist comrade, and he is as jolly as he is fat. Encampment 81, Union Veterans' Legion, of which he is a comrade, will back him against anyone in the country for weight, good looks, and agility. We mean business. His name is E. H. Lewis; the boys call him "Ras," and he weighs only 448 pounds; his hight is little over six feet. While in the service his weight was 150 pounds. He was first Lieutenant, Co. D, 148th N. Y. Now, boys, trot out your heavy-weights. Next!"

Entering Corinth.

J. M. Paulk, Captain, Co. K, 39th Ohio, Sacramento, Cal., writes: "I am somewhat like Comrade Hinson, of the 33d Ohio; I have read with much interest the several stories regarding the first troops to enter Corinth, but fail to see that Hinson puts any light on the subject. Had he listened to the conversation between Gen. Pope and Brute Nelson that morning soon after sunrise, he would know that Nelson was not the first.

"I was on the skirmish-line that night with my company, then about 75 men, on the Farmington road, due east of Corinth, and from the sounds and noises in Corinth was satisfied that the rebs were getting out. They evidently had tired of Halleck's slow approach, and at daylight I moved my skirmish-line forward, our regiment having been notified of what I supposed was taking place under our noses. When Gen. Nelson rode in our flag was swinging to the breeze on the rebel arsenal. The 39th Ohio had stacked arms about 100 yards east of the arsenal soon after sunrise, and had eaten no breakfast. Gen. Pope's language to Nelson for ordering Edward F. Noyes under arrest for hoisting the Stars and Stripes in Corinth were pleasant sounds to an old Ohio River steamboat man's ears. There were many of the 39th who heard as well as myself; let them say their piece. I get very tired of hearing of Nelson. Jeff C. Davis did his duty at Louisville, time of the raid, toward the United States."

Longest Service.

Matt F. Kippax, Columbia, Tenn., writes: "I enlisted April 7, 1862, in 17th U. S.; discharged at Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 7, 1865; re-enlisted Feb. 11, 1865, in 17th U. S.; discharged at Houston, Tex., Feb. 10, 1868; enlisted May 17, 1870, in 11th U. S.; discharged at San Antonio, Tex., May 17, 1875; enlisted May 17, 1875, general service; discharged at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 31, 1878; re-enlisted Jan. 4, 1879, in general service; discharged at San Antonio, Tex., April 9, 1879; re-enlisted March 15, 1888, in general service; discharged at San Antonio, Tex., March 31, 1889." Thus he served 15 years, nine months and five days.

From the "Amen Corner."

Alfred Turner, Sand Hill, W. Va., writes: "Certainly I am not claiming too much, am I, comrades, when I claim that you have most faithfully fired off your war reminiscences into the Fighting Them Over columns? Therefore, may I not in all boldness submit the question of your turning aside for a brief moment and fire an occasional round or two into the "religious corner" called for?

"As I stand with those who indorse the movement, therefore I herewith send my first round. I can truthfully say that I know of nothing that suits the longings of my soul like the religion of Jesus Christ; also, that nothing else so lifts up a man into the elements of the supernal. By being religious we take on a degree of the heavenly. Religion is, and ever must be, the principal thing for us to possess, and the way to possess it is through the Lord Jesus Christ, who proclaims: 'I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me.'"

A Steed of War.

W. M. Giffen, Co. H, 24th Iowa, Central City, Iowa, writes that he had in his possession a white pony which died last week, and he wishes to inquire concerning her history. The comrade says: "She was captured by the 8th Mich. boys some place in the South, and sold or presented to the Rev. Broadwell, Chaplain of the regiment. He brought her home in 1863, and said she was nine years old at that time, which would make her about 40 years old at her death. Rev. Broadwell brought her to Iowa shortly after coming out of the service. If this should come to the notice of any of the members of the 8th Mich., or any other Michigan regiment (as it is not certain she was captured by the 8th Mich. boys), I wish they would give all the information."

Information.

John Staffenbeil, Victor, Iowa, desires to learn of any comrade who has knowledge of the following: The train carrying the wounded, sick, and convalescents North after the evacuation of Rome, Ga., about the last of October, 1864, was wrecked near Resaca, Ga. "I with others, among whom was one Serg't McGinnis, were on the top of the car. We were thrown from the car. McGinnis fell between the cars and was horribly mangled. I landed in the ditch. I am a German. Does any one remember my identification of Serg't McGinnis by his home-made check shirt that I had traded to him while in hospital at Rome? Also, of any comrade who was with me at Fort Negley. Left Dannport about Dec. 7, 1864, with other old soldiers, in charge of recruits; went through Chicago, arrived at Nashville, and with about 600 others were organized, armed, at the State Capitol, and sent to Fort Negley. I was wounded during the rebel charge. Who were the officers that had charge of us? Who has the list of those comrades? What report was made? Some comrade help me to get at those records."

Martin V. Ford, El Dorado, Kan., says that sometime ago there appeared an inquiry for his address. He was told of this, but does not know who inquired, or in what issue. Can anyone tell him?

For a Soldiers' Monument.

SAC CITY, IOWA, Feb. 16, 1894.

The undersigned will, on the 9th day of March, 1894, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the office of Schaller & Hart, in Sac City, Iowa, let the contract to the best and lowest bidder for the erection of a soldiers' monument, to be erected on a foundation prepared for that purpose in Sac City, Iowa.

The monument to be of gray granite, of a quality free from iron, the base to be not less than eight feet square, the statue to be bronze, containing at least 90 per cent. copper, representing an infantry soldier; bids to state time when work will be completed; cost not to exceed $3,200.

Bids can be by sealed proposals; designs and specifications to accompany bids. Bids can be made separate on statue and the granite work, the latter to contain the placing of the statue.

A. B. SMITH,
WM. PATTERSON,
PHIL. SCHALLER,
Committee.

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