HAND-TO-HAND.

The Valiant 12th Wis. Battery at the Battle of Allatoona.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Sherman had made Allatoona his base of supplies, and garrisoned it with about 500 men, under Col. Tourtelotte, composed of the 18th Wis., 93d Ill., 4th Minn., and the 12th Wis. battery, which were reinforced the night before the battle by about 700 men from Rome, under Gen. Corse.

While Sherman was at Atlanta with his main army, Hood flanked him, cut off his communication, and with 800 picked men, under Gen. French, made a vigorous effort to capture the fort.

In the engagement the enemy lost in killed, wounded and prisoners about 2,200 men. Our loss was about 700, nearly half our force.

The break of day revealed the enemy's battery upon one of the elevations of the rough, mountainous country which surrounds Allatoona.

Tom Croft, of the fourth piece in our battery, was designated to send them our morning compliments. We gathered around while he took careful aim at one of their cannon. Flash! crash! went the gun, and into the air the ball. We watched it until hurrahs, yells, and cheers announced the effect of one of the best shots of the war. It struck the gun, dismounting it, crushing the carriage, and killing or wounding every gunner.

This rough morning greeting set them in motion. The gunners sprang to their guns, hurriedly taking aim. We saw the flash, flash, flash, then the jets of smoke, and heard the bomb, bomb, bomb, and on came their shots. Rising into the air like rockets, they made their arch and fell around us. Some buried themselves in the embankment and earth, some over-reached their mark, and some made us dodge under shelter. But, "Hey there!" "Take care there!" "Here she comes!" "Run for your lives!" and the boys scattered behind shelter as a shell came hissing along and broke over our heads.

Now our whole battery opened, and for two hours was the fierce artillery duel carried on, making a continuous thunder and roar of cannon, shrieking and bursting of shot and shell, keeping the air filled with deadly missiles. It presented a grand but dangerous spectacle.

Further than making us keep close behind the embankment, and watching and dodging their shells, they did us little harm, and we silenced their guns.

Then the rebels sent us a flag of truce, demanding the surrender of the fort, to avoid the useless effusion of blood. To which the reply was returned that an effusion of blood was preferable.

Under this truce they treacherously rearranged their forces and surrounded the fort, and then like bloodhounds they came on. As they advanced they came upon a small outpost held by the 39th Iowa, and a cannon. That cannon taken and turned on the fort would greatly aid in its reduction. The enemy concentrated to capture it. As they rushed on it their ranks were thinned by two rounds of grape and canister. They rushed over the embankment, and a hand-to-hand encounter ensued. Men fell in pairs, with bayonets thrust through each other. Both sides lost heavily. The color-bearer fell, and another sprang forward and raised the flag. He was shot, and another bore it aloft, only to be surrounded and captured with the colors.

Overpowered, the gallant band seized the cannon by hand and started for the fort. Now came a sharp running fight. As they fell back they stubbornly contested the ground. Those having hold of the gun made their best time for the fort, while their comrades by bayonet and bullet stayed the enemy in a close fight. They retreated, loading and firing. The enemy rushed onto the cannon, but were shot, bayoneted, and driven away.

Meantime the occupants of the fort, unable to assist for fear of shooting their comrades, impatiently watched the thrilling spectacle. Soon they reached the fort, and rushed in, with the enemy close behind them. A bale of cotton was thrown into the entrance, and the whole fort opened with cannon and rifle, strewing the ground with the dead and wounded. But on they came, only to give way to the inevitable, to rally and rerally for four desperate charges.

Sherman had learned of the intended attack, and made every effort to relieve the garrison. But now thundering cannon warned him of their valiant defense. Chafing at the impossibility of flying over the mountains to their rescue, he ascended a mountain and signaled in the skies to cheer his warriors on to "hold the fort, for I am coming." To reply for the garrison, the brave McKenzie sprang to the parapet, and amid the storm of death, answered back: "We will!"

The enemy approached the third time, but the brave gunners who had slain so many of the foe were all killed or maimed, except the brave Croft, who sullenly and alone dealt out death and destruction. Large numbers of the garrison were maimed, and the ground was drenched with blood and gore; but still the men stood to the work, pouring forth a continuous stream of deadly messengers, and again drove off the enemy, until once more they fell back for a final effort.

Both sides now rallied every available man for a final contest. In the fort Croft got help on his gun. Every man who could aim a gun roused to the emergency. We had no commander. Every man was his own chieftain, fighting for home and country.

The enemy advanced over the brow of the hill, climbing over trees, stones and obstacles. The cannon from the fort belched forth grape and canister, and the riflemen thinned out the advancing ranks. The enemy drew their hats over their faces to hide the angry flashes of death. Many fell not realizing what hit them; some leapt into the air in wild agony; others stumbled with a moan and groan, but though large numbers went down, they still pressed on. Then came another hand-to-hand encounter. We rushed onto each other, thrust and parry, to shoot and get shot; but had to give way before superior numbers; the riflemen were driven into the fort, and it was given up for lost.

The enemy, thinking themselves victorious, began to plunder the camp. Now was our time to give them a few rounds while the riflemen picked them off. We pressed them hard, and they gave way. Then, finding themselves defeated, they attempted to set fire to the warehouses containing our supplies, but were shot torch in hand. We followed them up and captured many prisoners. Thus was won one of the most sanguinary conflicts of the war.—JOHN SHEARER, 12th Wis. battery.

STOOD UP TO IT.

Narrative of the Defense of Paint Rock Bridge, Ala.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: It was in April, 1862, Gen. Mitchel's Division was camped at Huntsville, Ala. On the morning of the 21st there was sent out a detail made of 15 men and a Sergeant to guard a bridge about 24 miles from Huntsville. We took cars and arrived at the bridge about 10 o'clock a. m., formed in line, and counted into reliefs of three men each, making five. One man was posted at each end of the bridge, and the third was ordered to guard the arms and supplies which we had in an old hut some four or five rods from the east end of the bridge.

The bridge consisted of two spans, with a stone pier in the middle of the river. At the west end there was a high grade—I should judge about 40 feet, but at the east end it was not more than 20 feet, and not so long. The bridge was covered and sided up with half-inch siding boards. There was a foot-plank for pedestrians on each side of the track the whole length of the bridge, but between the rails there was nothing but the ties to walk on. The nearest house was on the east end, about 10 or 15 rods from the bridge, and on the west the nearest building was an old saw-mill, half a mile distant.

It was the 28th of April. The sun was just setting. We were seated on some ties at the east end of the bridge, talking about the anticipated attack, when one of the guards from the bridge came toward us with a stranger in charge. The guard presented the stranger, and said:

"Serg't Nelson, this man says we will be attacked to-night."

Serg't Nelson demanded how he knew.

The stranger said: "I am a discharged soldier from the 3d Ohio; am cooking for my Captain. We were going up to Stevenson on the train. I was on top of the cars, lying down, when my memorandum book dropped out of my pocket and fell off the cars. It contained my discharge papers. We were moving very slowly, and I jumped off to get it. Just then the train started up faster, and I was left behind, so I came on afoot.

"On the way a negro came running from a field near by and told me the bridge would surely be attacked to-night. He said he overheard Gov. Harris and his old master talking about it, and it was a sure thing."

Serg't Nelson questioned the man very closely, and then turned to me and said:

"You and Howard go to the station and ask Lieut. Harkness to come down to-night again."

We were soon off, and the stranger went with us to tell his story to the Lieutenant.

About a week later Lieut. Harkness was left at the station (about two and a half miles east of the bridge) with 20 men, under Serg't McKimpson, and on the night of the 27th they came to the bridge and stayed all night. They said that a negro had informed them that we would be attacked that night, and they had come to help us hold the bridge; but as nothing occurred that night they went back the next morning to the station.

The Lieutenant said he did not believe we would be attacked; that they had had the same report from a negro the night before, and he wouldn't go; that Serg't McKimpson, if he chose, might take part of the men and reinforce us. McKimpson said he would go, and we started with nine men, Howard and I going ahead as an advance-guard.

When we got to the bridge we found that the boys had not been idle. They had paid a visit to the old sawmill and brought back some lumber, made a floor in each end of the bridge and moved our quarters into the bridge. Howard and I reported to Nelson, who told us we should come on guard at 10 o'clock. He had changed the guard, placing one in the middle of the bridge at the pier, one at each end, and one four or five rods from each end on the track as a picket, all of which Nelson explained to us, and that he was to command the west end and McKimpson the east end. Howard and I were to fight at the west end. Every man was instructed just where his place was to be in case we were attacked.

I think the defense was well planned, and Nelson seemed satisfied that we would have a fight before morning.

We lay down, but were soon awakened by the sentinel's gun. We seized our guns and hurried to the end of the bridge. Charley Mack was on guard, who said the shot was at the other end. That picket, named Cat, came in very slowly; he was a mere boy, but was cool as a cucumber. He carried his gun in the hollow of his arm, and said, "Boys, they are coming!" Mack asked, "Where? I don't see anybody." Cat pointed up the river. Sure enough, there they came, and a good many of them too.

We formed a line outside of the bridge and waited for them to come up, which they did with a flourish, the officer commanding, "File right—March! Halt! Front! Right dress!" About this time we let them have it, and then it was the best man that got first into the bridge. But the Johnnies gave us a tremendous volley. It seemed to me that the heavens and earth had come together with a crash, and caught me between. For a moment all was dark. Then I realized that I was wounded and lying flat on my face. I crawled into the bridge on my hands and knees. Such a storm of bullets, it seemed, must tear the old bridge all to pieces. They appeared to be firing as rapidly as possible in order to scare us, but when their guns were empty the officer commanded, "Cease firing!"

We sprang out and gave them another volley, and ran back without getting anything in return. But they gave the bridge another volley as soon as they got their guns loaded. We returned it, and then they broke and ran for the bushes, in spite of their officer.

About this time I saw Nelson, who told me they were attacked at the other end of the bridge, and McKimpson had business too. Nelson got it in his head that the Johnnies were preparing for a charge, and he ordered all to the front, near the end of the bridge. As I was wounded, he told me to report to McKimpson and ask him to send a man in my place.

Serg't McKimpson ordered a man to report to Nelson, and I lay down near the corner of the bridge. The men were firing at random. Whenever a reb would fire our men would fire at the flash, and then they did the same.

At last an officer, with a stentorian voice, stepped out from behind the old tent and called out:

"Now, come out of that and give yourselves up like men, and you shall not be hurt. We have got 600 men and we intend to take the bridge."

McKimpson stood up and replied that he would not surrender; that he expected to be reinforced in a few minutes and he thought he could hold out. I could see the man, and I asked McKimpson should I shoot. McKimpson said:

"Yes; that is no flag of truce."

So I pulled away and down he went, but jumped up again. Some one else gave him one (I think it was McKimpson) and down he went again and ran behind the old tent on his hands and knees, while two or three of our men fired at him.

These were the last shots fired on either side. The rebs drew off, taking their dead and wounded with them.

At last we heard a train coming from the east. It stopped at the station first and then came on. When it got near us it stopped and gave a long, low whistle. McKimpson ordered the guard to fire his gun in the air as a signal. Then the train moved onto the bridge. Lieut. Harkness and his men stepped off and the train backed up toward Stevenson. The Lieutenant took command and ordered us all to bed, while his men went on guard. Next morning Gen. Mitchel came with two trains and two regiments. There were eight of our men wounded, but none killed. What the rebel loss was we never knew, nor what their force was, although the citizens said 240 of Stene's cavalry, two companies of bushwhackers, and a lot of citizens composed it.—E. T. BEST, Co. D, 10th Wis.

PERRYVILLE.

Something About the Action of Crittenden's Corps at that Battle.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In regard to the Perryville affair I never heard until since Sheridan's death that he was charged with any misconduct there. The general impression in Crittenden's Corps or wing was that McCook brought on the battle, prematurely as it happened, but whether against orders or not I cannot say. I said Crittenden's Corps (it was so called), but it was the left wing of Buell's army, which was divided into right and left wings and center, the last being Thomas's and the right McCook's.

Kirby Smith had been sent by Bragg, who commanded the rebel army, with a large force to Frankfort, Ky., to inaugurate the rebel Gov. Johnson and make a demonstration toward Cincinnati. As Bragg fell back before the advance of Buell from Louisville, Kirby Smith was ordered to join him, and it was expected that he would give battle in the Danville triangle, composed of Perryville, Harrodsburg and Danville as the salient points.

Perryville being on Bragg's front had to be kept open for Kirby Smith, and it was currently reported that McCook being desirious of glory determined to throw himself between Kirby Smith and Bragg, and thus cut the former off and defeat him. For this purpose he pushed forward and brought on the engagement.

Wood's Division, to which I belonged, was marching on the Lebanon pike, and about 15 miles or more from the battle-field, when the cannonading commenced about 9 a. m., or thereabouts. We were moved forward for an hour or two very rapidly through the fields on the roadside, leaving the pike open for the wagons to come up, when we were halted, the knapsacks piled (we carried a rubber blanket and a woolen blanket in straps to sling like a knapsack), 60 additional rounds of ammunition issued, and the haversacks filled with hardtack and bacon. We then pushed on, sometimes at a double-quick and again at a fast route step.

The day was very warm for the 8th of October and the road dusty, and many men fell out. We turned off the pike to the left or east when near the fighting, and our brigade (Wagner's) advanced in line of regiments, marching with the right of company to the front. The regiments forming the brigade were the 15th, 40th and 57th Ind., and 97th Ohio. Our brigade was followed closely by the brigades of Hascall and Harker.

As we moved over a long rise of ground we came in sight of a part of a rebel division making a right wheel and presenting its left flank within 400 yards of us. The companies were thrown forward into line and Wagner ordered a charge of the whole brigade. The rebel force—which was wheeling to attack the flank of Sheridan's or some other division—was driven back.

This was probably 4:30 p. m., and we advanced in line until dark, our skirmishers being frequently engaged. Over to the left there was occasional cannonading for an hour or so after dark, but we lay in line about a mile and a half from Perryville, expecting the battle to be resumed in the morning.

Now, Comrade Coddington is in error when he says that "he (McCook) sent to Buell for help. Buell said No," etc.; and, "but I do know that reintorcements did not come." Reinforcements did come, and at a very opportune time, too, as I have shown, and I believe that all of Crittenden's Corps were on the line before dark, as well as Thomas's (commanded by Gilbert), but they had severe marching to get there.

The rebels retreated on the night of the battle, and we followed them up through Danville and Stamford, having a fight with their rear-guard at the latter place. Bragg then crossed the mountains to London, Ky., blockading the roads in his rear by felling huge trees across them for miles, so that we could follow but a short march beyond Crab Orchard, where the road passes through the defiles of Rockcastle River.

I have no doubt that if McCook had waited for the whole army to get in line we could have given Bragg a severe whipping, as we did at Stone River or Murfreesboro the following Dec. 31-Jan. 2. The Perryville campaign led to Buell's removal and the assignment of Rosecrans to command. The soldiers were prejudiced against Buell. It was commonly said that he was Bragg's cousin and did not wish to fight him, and they "proved it" by referring to the long marches back and forth through Kentucky and Tennessee with no results.—WM. E. DOYLE, Adjutant, 17th Ind.

CAPTURED THE CUTTER.

An Adventure of a Federal Crew in the Bayous of Louisiana.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: On May 10, 1864, our Boatswain called the third cutter away (the gig's crew to man her). We lowered the boat and got all ready to receive our officers—Acting Ensign Henry Jackson and Coast Pilot A. T. Vanzill. We proceeded to Calcasieu Bayou, La., to communicate with the Granite City and the Wave. We experienced a rough time before we got to the bayou, as the surf was running high along the coast, and one of our men, second bow, caught a crab, which swung the boat broadside on to the surf and nearly capsized us.

We got over that difficulty to get into a worse one. We entered the bayou and pulled up within about a quarter of a mile of the vessels, when, on looking toward them, I noticed the Confederate flag flying on the Granite City. I called Acting Ensign Jackson's attention, but he called me a young fool, and said our people were having a lark with us. At the same time, however, he picked up his rifle and fired at the flag. The ball penetrated the flag, and the rebs immediately opened fire on us from the Granite City, (they having captured both our vessels a few days before.)

One of the slugs hit Acting Ensign Jackson in the region of the heart. He expired immediately. We were then in the hands of Pilot Vanzill, who said to me:

"Cockswain, what will we do?"

I said: "We are entirely at your command."

"I think we had better surrender."

He held up his white handkerchief, but notwithstanding that we had already surrendered, the rebels fired a 6-pound howitzer shell at us from the Granite City, which exploded about 20 feet from the bow of the boat. A more cowardly action I never witnessed. They called out to us to stop throwing our arms overboard, or they would blow us out of the water.

They then commanded us to pull alongside the Granite City and come on board. They left Acting Ensign Jackson's body in the boat and rowed on shore, but I do not know whether they buried it or gave it up to the New London.

The rebs chaffed us, and told us we were lucky not to be all killed, as 21 of them took aim at us, but only two rifles went off. They accounted for that by saying their ammunition got damp through their lying about in the swamps so long and not having drawn their charges for some days. They were Griffith's Swamp Angels who captured us. They kept us on board until 6 o'clock that evening; then they landed us and started us on the march along the beach to Sabine Pass. When we got on to the beach we could see the New London cruising in and out, looking for us, and all through the night she fired minute-guns and sent up rockets, thinking we had missed our track.

Nothing unusual happened on the route. We were well guarded, and after three or four halts for rest and something to eat we arrived at Sabine Pass on the morning of May 11. They put us on board a river steamer and took us on to Houston. We arrived there all right, and a big crowd was waiting to see the live Yankees. I remember one man in the crowd, and his language I could not describe; it was so bad that my guard shoved the fellow in the mouth with the butt end of his rifle, and told him he would shoot him if he didn't shut up.

After a short stay at Houston they put us on board a train of cars and took us on to Camp Grass, Tex., where we were received by another guard under Capt. Andlem (or Oliver), and after our names were taken we were thoroughly searched and everything taken from us.

After the search we were escorted into the stockade among the other prisoners. We were detained there for a few months, and then they got us on the march from place to place, the cry, as usual, being "We are going to exchange you." We spent seven months and 10 days in their company, and until what was left of us would not want exchanging if they kept us much longer, for we were all broken down in health from the privations we went through. I was paroled about the end of November and sent to New York via Galveston and New Orleans, and was discharged March 28, 1865, after having served three years and five months.

I should like to read an account of Camp Grass from some comrade who was there during my time. It would be interesting to the few that are not yet mustered out.—JOHN HURLEY, Cockswain, U. S. S. New London, W. G. Squadron, 35 Bromley street, Stepney, London, England.

FELL INTO THE TRAP.

How the Fifteenth Corps Was Thrown Into Confusion at Cheraw.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The Fifteenth Corps was advancing on the road toward Bentonville, N. C., going through the town of Cheraw, arriving at the Pedee River about 10 o'clock in the forenoon. The First Division was in the advance, commanded by Gen. C. R. Woods. The First Brigade led the advance of the First Division, and consisted of the 27th Mo., 76th Ohio, 12th Ind., 26th Iowa, and 32d Mo.

On arriving at the Pedee River we found the bridge had been destroyed by the enemy, which necessited its reconstruction before our command could cross. A halt and several hours' delay was the consequence. The division was drawn up en masse on the most available ground near the approach to the bridge, on a bluff overlooking the Pedee. The First Brigade occupied the ground near the cut in the bluff through which the road to the bridge led. This cut was about 25 feet deep. In our front was a bluff some 60 or 70 feet high, under which the river flowed, and on our left was a ravine, or a depression in the ground, leading to the river, and still further to our left and rear, across the ravine, was an old warehouse, in which the enemy stored fixed ammunition, shot and shell and gunpowder.

On our approach to Cheraw the enemy destroyed the bridge and distributed the shot and shell in this ravine, and scattered a large quantity of gunpowder broadcast amongst it. They knew we would have a halt to build the bridge, and that we would occupy this ground with our train, it being the most available, and hence laid the trap for us.

When our command stacked arms the men set about cooking coffee, and in hunting up material for fuel made the discovery of the fixed ammunition in the ravine, and also that it had been stored in the old warehouse, the floor of which was nearly covered over with loose gunpowder and a train laid to the ravine, and in the warehouse yet remained a quantity of shell and gunpowder. Q.-M. Serg't Marvin Trott, of the 27th Mo., first called my attention to it.

This trap was not over 75 feet from where my company was. I went with Trott, and found the arrangement for our destruction as here stated. Several of the men of our brigade were passing to and from the warehouse across the ravine, hunting fuel to build fires, and I cautioned my company of the danger we were in.

It was not over 10 minutes after I returned to my company that the explosion occurred. Someone dropped fire in it, probably from his pipe. The shells commenced exploding very fast, something after the fashion of a barrel of firecrackers set off. I hallowed to my company to drop flat on the ground.

The supply train was drawn up en masse close in our rear, facing the ground the men occupied, the teamsters not in their saddles, but preparing some coffee. The mules took fright, and a general stampede of teams commenced. The direction in which the animals went was directly over the ground occupied by the First Brigade and right on to the men, the most of whom dropped on the ground.

A grand scramble for dear life now ensued. Between running wild teams and exploding shell the danger was fearful.

Those first to their feet ran before the teams, while many were run over or caught amongst the mules and wagons. Some of the teams tore loose from the wagons by running into one another. The men in hundreds jumped and tumbled down the cut leading to the bridge to the road below, the most of them falling in the scramble and rush down, and many of the teams came dashing down on top of them before they were able to regain their feet. Gen. J. A. Logan and Gen. C. R. Woods and Gen. William B. Woods were down at where the bridge was building at the time of the explosion. I think there were more shells exploded in 10 minutes here than was exploded by the artillery of both armies on the memorable 13th of May at Resaca, or was exploded a few weeks later at the artillery duel at Kenesaw Mountain.

This was the first time I ever saw any of the First Brigade run for safety, and the only stampede I ever saw in the Fifteenth Corps.—JAS. O'CONNOR, First Lieutenant, 27th Mo.

He Was There.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In "Some Anniversaries," Sept. 27, you are wrong. The dates should have been 1864 instead of 1863. I was with Averill, Powell and Sheridan, etc., at Cedar Creek, Fisher's Hill, Winchester, etc. I helped to run Johnston and McCausland out of Chambersburg, Pa., and helped to burn Gov. Letcher's residence and library at Lexington, Va., and the Military Institute at the same place. I was the first man to see Stonewall Jackson's grave; the rebel took the flag from his grave, and rode a fleet sorrel horse. I shot at him as he came out of the cemetery gate. I also helped to burn the barns in the Shenandoah Valley by order of Sheridan.—LIEUT. A. S. PALMER, Co. C, 1st Va. Cav., Rono, Ind.

How many people of your personal acquaintance are constantly complaining of being "so tired," and having "such a head-ache," of "not feeling just right," and a thousand and one other things, until it almost seems as though the world had become one huge hospital filled with incurables? What is the cause of all this? Certainly it is not a natural condition, but on the contrary is one that should cause much anxiety and alarm. But they can be restored. How? By getting one bottle of Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer and taking it regularly according to directions. If you know of no agent near you, write direct to Dr. P. Fahrney, 112-113 S. Hoyne Ave., Chicago, Ill., for terms to agents or price list. Remember, this is no drug-store medicine.

Replying to Webster.

Madison Craigo, 8th W. Va., Plymouth, W. Va., writes: "In a recent issue W. E. Webster starts out with seeming intention of stamping the 'big bluff' of Gen. W. H. Powell into nothingness, but he landed himself where he absent-mindedly thought to land the General. Comrade Webster has written only something he heard someone else say. We want what the writer actually knows himself. If Col. Fox thinks—as Comrade Webster tries to convey the idea he does—that Cloyd Mountain was the first battle of the Eighth Corps, he (the Colonel) knows as little about it as the valiant comrade does.

"Cloyd Mountain was fought May 9, 1864. The Eighth Corps was tired of fighting two years before that. Gen. Bolling commanded a brigade of the Eighth Corps at the second battle of Bull Run, composed of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th and 8th W. Va. Gen. Shurz commanded the division of two brigades more of the same troops that afterward composed the Eighth Corps.

"Shurz's Division had fought all over the ground from the Rapidan back to Bull Run before the big battle that Fitz John Porter wasn't in. Then, a good part of those regiments he says Gen. Powell mentions were all through the Vicksburg campaign. Comrade Webster thinks to put a stunner in when he quotes Gen. Sigel. I will inform him that Gen. Sigel was not there at all. To our knowledge Gen. Sigel was not in the State at that time.

"If Webster attributes the reason of Sheridan keeping the Sixth Corps in reserve for the final work at Cedar Creek because of its being the best, etc., how is he going to harmonize the fact that the Eighth Corps was kept in reserve until ready to make the grand charges on the left that won each of the battles of Winchester and Fisher's Hill?"

Fighting Morgan.

A. C. Deboe, 20th Ky., Fredonia, Ky., objects to some of the statements by Comrade Munbrun regarding the surrender of the 20th Ky.

"Morgan attacked the 20th Ky. July 5, 1863, at 7 o'clock a. m. We fought them until 1 o'clock, and were forced to surrender, on account of our ammunition giving out. The depot was on fire in two places. Col. Hanson was wounded. We had 14 men killed and wounded out of 150 men in the engagement. There was one company which was out on the scout and cut off.

"The wounded and dead of Morgan's men were 300. Comrade Munbrun said there were loopholes in the depot, and there was corn locked up in it. I deny this. There were a few hogsheads of tobacco. We piled the hogsheads in the doors and we shot out at the windows of the depot. Morgan had three Rodman guns and two pieces of brass. He set two of them down the railroad ranging in the depot door, 900 yards away. We never let him fire once. We killed the artillerymen as fast as they came up. The other three, farther back on the hill, fired all the time.

"Three regiments were ordered to reinforce us from Danville, Ky. They came in sight of Lebanon and stayed there for three hours, and wouldn't offer to give us their assistance.

"After the rebs captured us they carried us to Springfield, Ky., nine miles away, and there paroled us."

Something of a Wag.

Wm. H. Hartwell, Sergeant, Co. I, 9th N. H., Kirkwood, Ill., writes: "In our company we had a wag, West Aldrich. After the fight at Fredericksburg he was one of the detail sent to bury our dead. West of the railroad cut they dug a quadrangular trench and collected about 70 bodies, the Johnnies having stripped them. While they were placing them in the trench a carriage, drawn by a pair of mules, halted near. One of the young women in the carriage clapped her hands and sang out:

"'Ha, ha, ha! There's where our boys piled them up!'

"'Ha, ha, ha!' answered West, with a perfect mimicry of her voice, 'ride over there a little way and you'll see where our boys piled them up!'

"You ought to have seen the point of her nose trying to touch her forehead.

"In the advance upon the defenses of Petersburg, in front of the fort that was blown up on Cemetery Hill, a Corp'l Bailey was killed and buried close by a little creek in the rear of our rifle-pits. One day two or three boys, West among them, were taking a wash in the creek near Bailey's grave. The rebs dropped a mortar shell plumb on the grave, and in exploding the shell made quite a large hole and spattered the boys pretty sharply with gravel and clay.

"'Hello!' says West; 'they are after Bailey again.'

"On July 30, 1863, it happened to the lot of my regiment in the charge to advance directly on the fort. As we were passing over the parapet into the Crater, a half-buried Johnny groaned out:

"'For God's sake, boys, help me out of this.'

"'Oh, no,' says West, 'I haven't got time; and another thing, you ought not to have been here.'"

"In the Neck."

P. C. Branch writes: "The closing weeks of the Vicksburg siege were spent by the Third Brigade, Fourth Division, Seventeenth Corps, at a camp of observation near the Fox plantation, some miles in the rear of Vicksburg, and not far from the Black River. At the house were gathered a number of rebel women, whose male friends were inside the rebel lines. While awaiting the result of the siege they took kindly to the attentions paid them by some over-polite comrades and were always ready for exchange for our fractional currency to supply us with their generously-watered skimmed milk. A slightly-extended ridge of ground hid the house from our Brigade Headquarters.

"The location was shady, cool, and every way delightful, and at almost any time in the day a group of officers might be seen enjoying their cigars and kindred pleasures in front of the tents. About noon of that memorable Independence Day paroled rebels began to pass us homeward-bound. Going to the house for my quart of milk, I happened to be there when an Orderly rode up to the door and handed a dispatch to one of the ladies. Glancing hastily at its contents, she threw the paper on the floor and exclaimed: 'My God! Capt. —— is to be shot immediately at Brigade Headquarters.' Screams, sobs, wringing of hands, confusion, instantly ensued. I stepped forward, picked up the dispatch and read: 'Capt. —— is at Brigade Headquarters, to be shot immediately—in the neck.'

"In the confusion explanation was useless. One of the ladies—short, fat, fair, and 40—had donned a sun-bonnet, and was waddling campward as fast as her short legs and shorter wind would permit. Nearing the crest of the ridge with the expected death-scene about to appear, her trepidation was terrible. Following closely I was not surprised to see her suddenly halt, gaze an instant, about-face, and return to the house. She had seen an officer in gray with an inverted bottle at his lips. 'Shot in the neck' needed no explanations."

THEIR RECORDS.

Brief Sketches of the Services of Various Regiments.

[THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE has in hand several hundred requests for regimental histories. All such requests will be acceded to in due time, although those now received cannot be published for at least six months, owing to lack of space. Numerous sketches have already been published, and of these none can be found room for a second time.]

The 182d N. Y.

This regiment was organized in New York City, N. Y., in November, 1862, to serve three years. It was mustered out of service July 15, 1865, in accordance with orders from the War Department. While in the service the regiment was known by several names—the 69th Regiment, National Guard Artillery, and 1st Regiment, Corcoran Irish Legion. Col. Matthew Murphy, the first commander, died April 16, 1865, of wounds received in action. Lieut.-Col. John Coonan was in command when the organization was mustered out. On Nov. 10, 1862, the regiment left the State. It was stationed for some time at Newport News, Va. During the latter part of December it was assigned to Corcoran's Brigade, Peck's Division, Department of Virginia. In March, 1863, it was assigned to Murphy's Brigade, Corcoran's Division, Seventh Corps. From July to December it was engaged in the defense of Washington. In December, 1863, it was transferred to the Second Brigade, Third Division, Twenty-second Corps, and was in that organization, in various divisions, until May, 1864, when it was placed in the Fourth Brigade, Second Division, Second Corps. When mustered out it was in the Second Brigade, Second Division, Second Corps. The loss of the regiment at the battle of North Anna, Va., was six killed and 34 wounded or missing; at Petersburg, Va., 19 killed, 75 wounded and a large number missing. During its entire service it lost eight officers and 65 men in action or of wounds, and 53 officers and men of disease and other causes.

The 182d Ohio.

This regiment was recruited in the State of Ohio-at-large from Aug. 4 to Oct. 13, 1864, to serve one year. It was mustered out of service July 7, 1865, in accordance with orders from the War Department. Lewis Butler, the first Colonel of the regiment, continued in command until the muster-out. On Nov. 1, 1864, the regiment left the State and moved by river and rail to Nashville. It took a prominent part in the battle of Nashville. While in the service 61 men died.

The 178th N. Y.

The regiment was organized at Staten Island, N. Y., from June 18 to Oct. 17, 1863, to serve three years. The men for this regiment were recruited principally in the Counties of Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara, and Kingston, and New York City. Five companies left the State June 21, 1863, under command of Lieut.-Col. C. F. Smith. The remainder of the regiment started for the front at different dates during the Fall. Col. Edward Webler, the commander of the regiment, was discharged Oct. 7, 1864. During its term of enlistment the regiment served in the Twenty-second Corps; in the Second Brigade, Third Division, Sixteenth Corps; in the Third Brigade, Third Division, Sixteenth Corps, and in the Third Brigade, Second Division, Sixteenth Corps. Among the important battles in which it was engaged and suffered loss are: Fort De Russey, Pleasant Hill, Nashville, Fort Blakely, and Colliersville. Eighteen enlisted men were killed in action or died of wounds, and two officers and 190 men died of disease and other causes. It was mustered out of service April 26, 1866, at Montgomery, Ala.

The 144th Ohio.

This regiment was a 100-days organization, formed by the consolidation of the 19th battalion, Ohio National Guard, and the 64th battalion, Ohio National Guard, at Camp Chase, in May, 1864. The regiment was ordered to Baltimore, and upon its arrival there was divided into detachments and sent to various points. Co. B went to Camp Parole; Co. E to Wilmington, Del., and Co. I to Fort Dix. Three companies were engaged at Monocacy Junction, and suffered severely. In July it was in Washington, and from there went to Winchester, Va. A detachment of the regiment was engaged with Mosby's men at Berryville, Va., Aug. 13, and after a short fight defeated the enemy. Five men were killed in this action. It was mustered out of service Aug. 31, 1864, under command of Col. Samuel Hunt. Ten men were killed in action, and 53 died of disease and in prison.

The 51st Mass.

Six companies of this regiment were mustered into the United States service Sept. 25, 1862, at Worcester, to serve nine months. The remainder of the regiment was mustered before Nov. 11. C. P. Messer was commissioned Colonel Nov. 11, and remained in command during the entire service of the regiment. On Nov. 25 the regiment left the State, going to North Carolina, where it was assigned to Col. Armory's Brigade of Massachusetts troops, the other organizations being the 23d, 43d, 45th, and 17th Mass. regiments. It took a prominent part in the Goldsboro expedition. In March the regiment was divided into detachments and distributed at various points along the railroad between New Berne and Morehead City. In June the regiment moved to White House, Va. It was mustered out July 27, 1863, by reason of expiration of term of service. There were 44 deaths in the regiment

The 45th Mass.

This regiment was organized at Readville, Mass., from Sept. 26 to Oct. 28, 1862, to serve nine months. It was mustered out July 7, 1863, by reason of expiration of term of service. Col. Charles R. Codman was commissioned Oct. 28, 1862, and was in command during the entire service. The regiment left the State on the steamer Mississippi Nov. 15, going to North Carolina. On its arrival at New Berne, N.C., it was assigned to Col. Armory's Brigade of Massachusetts troops, the other organizations being the 17th, 43d, 41st and 23d Mass. It took part in the Goldsboro expedition, and distinguished itself at the battle of Kinston by charging through a swamp and driving the enemy. It there lost 15 killed and many wounded. It also lost heavily at Whitehall. One man was killed and several wounded in a skirmish on April 27. The total number of deaths while in service was 52.

FORESAW GETTYSBURG.

Secretary Cameron Anticipated that a Great Battle Would be Fought There.

[New York Tribune.]

Gen. Sickles was discussing his favorite theme, the establishment of a military park, garrison and recruiting station at Gettysburg, and the new order of the War Department to concentrate the troops near the large cities. He recalled that, in May, 1861, when his Excelsior Brigade was lying at Camp Scott, on Staten Island, waiting to be mustered into the United States service, he went on to Washington to consult with President Lincoln and Secretary of War Cameron on military matters. He urged the filling up of the old regiments with raw troops, and the establishment of recruiting stations at convenient points along the coast and inland, where they could be reached by transports and railroads, and concentrated easily in a short time at any given point. Secretary Cameron agreed with the suggestion, and pulling down a map and pointing to the then little, unknown town of Gettysburg, favored it as an inland rendezvous. He went further, and, noting the number of roads centering in the village and commenting on the ease with which an army could be hurried to that point, predicted that a great battle would be fought there some day. Almost within two years the signal Union victory was actually won at Gettysburg, and Lee was sent back to Virginia, never again to invade the North.

The incident passed out of the recollection of Gen. Sickles until about four years before the death of Gen. Cameron, when the latter wrote and asked him if he remembered the remark made in the War Department in 1861. That inquiry called the interview to mind, and Gen. Sickles has now in his possession the letter of Gen. Cameron. He thinks it quite a coincidence that the suggestion, made so many years ago, may possibly be acted upon within a year, and Gettysburg may be what it was then thought so admirably adapted for. The only obstacles to the successful carrying out of the scheme are a depleted treasury and the presence on the battlefield of a trolly railroad, a part of which the United States Battlefield Commission is now trying to have condemned.

Information.

Comrade C. W. Williams, Oceanville, N. J., would like to hear from comrades in different parts of Pennsylvania, where he could locate and get employment. Can do carpentering, run an engine on railroad, steamboat, or stationary.

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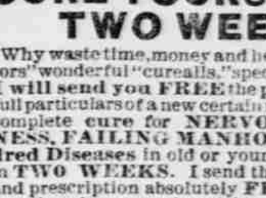

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