YESTERDAYS in Washington.

By MARY S. LOCKWOOD.

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The Patent Office—Women as Inventors.

There are many inheritances that came in with the English possession of the colonies—some very good, and some very bad. Among the bad was the Common Law of England, which has prevailed to a large extent over the States and been remedied by statute. This is proverbially so in the District of Columbia, which subject will be treated in a later letter; but among the customs adhered to, which were of a redeemable order, were the Patent Laws for the protection of inventors, and as women inventors of an early day hid their talents under a bushel, or gave their ideas to some male member of the household to make a commercial success, the law does not seem to have been regulated by sex. Therefore, in these later days, when woman's work has taken a broader range, and she has learned that the products of her brain are hers and not the property of the next of kin, she has found to her delight that there is one place in the machinery of the Government where sex or previous condition was forgotten an insertion, and she stands there in her place in the world on an equal footing before the law.

When we were trying to have Congress recognize the women inventors at the World's Exposition, and a resolution passed Congress to that effect, it was carried out by the Commissioner of Patents in this wise: Models were in the exhibit under the initial names of the inventors, and there was no possible way of deciding whether it was by man or woman. A clearer demonstration of the obliteration of sex could not have been made.

At the Exposition in Atlanta, however, a fine exhibit of models and charts of woman's inventions was made.

At the World's Exposition a foretaste of what might be was given in the Woman's Building. After it was learned that the Government exhibit in that line would be a failure, the Lady Board of Managers went to work and an excellent collection was made; but the exhibit at the Atlanta Exposition was the first ever made by a Government of woman's inventions.

Congress in 1790, immediately after the ratification of the Constitution, enacted a statute which authorized a patent to inventors and discoverers of any useful manufacturing engine or machine, and those who should devise any improvement thereon not before known or used.

In 1849 the Office was placed under the supervision of the Secretary of the Interior, where it now remains.

The born inventor is very liable to be a dreamer. Up to date we have not heard of any woman coming forward with a "machine for perpetual motion."

It was also a man who brought his new process for embalming to the Patent Office, accompanied by a dead body as a model, which he requested be put in a glass case, and resented it highly when the privilege was denied him.

Very many curious letters come to the officers of the Government. The following is a sample:

"March 13, 1873.

"HON. SIR, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA:—I announce to you that I am inventing Perpetual Motion. I have once had my patents stolen, or I should had my machine in running order before this, and I have altered my plan, so that it carries a shaft and wheel, and when constructed on a large plan it will move machinery, and being on a new plan and different from all others, and I am sure of success, which I hope to place before the world soon. Though, in consequence of poor health and not having the means to work with it, will take some months longer to accomplish it.

"I might write you the plan, but I am not sure you will receive this. And now I wish to ask a few questions, which I hope you will answer by writing as soon as you receive this.

"1st. Has there been a patent applied for or granted on perpetual motion?

"2d. Has the Government a bounty offered to the inventor?

"3d. When the machine is in perfect running order and sure that it will go without stopping, will you and a man from the Patent Office come on and grant me a patent and fetch me the bounty, if there is one?

"4th. Is there any way that I can have time to get the machine completed before others can apply for a Patent?

"Please write soon, and address ——."

We have, however, found some resourceful patentees in women. One woman patented a crimping machine, which she declared might be also used as a paper-cutter, a skirt-supporter, a paper-file, a child's pin, a bouquet-holder, a shawl-fastener, or a book-mark.

It is readily seen by visitors at the Patent Office who look carefully and intelligently into the subject that women in this 19th century have caught the afterglow of the fore-world. There were many years of slumber and folding of the hands since that age when women carried on the industries of the world while the men fought and hunted, strictly following their profession.

History gives us the running story of women as conservators in the days when the world was young, as knowledge runneth back. In that far-off time women were the millers, and ground the corn between two stones. Does not the Bible give the hint that two will be grinding at the mill, and one will be taken and the other left?

Is not the principle the same in use today of reducing corn to meal?

When the wise man said, "She considereth the field and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hand she planted the vinyard," he did not say that these women gleaners had stepped out of their sphere, but he did say, "Give her the fruit of her hands; let her own works praise her within the gates." All the wonderful results of agriculture, that began in that primitive time, can be traced to woman and her "digging-stick." When she loosened the earth with her stick and dropped the seed, she became the first plowman and farmer.

She went from shoemaker's to tailor's patterns, geometricians, architects, artists. When the time came in the evolution of affairs on earth and a commercial value was added to the products of the hand, the pendulum swung to one side and man became the producer.

Centuries went by, and when the pendulum reached the highest point possible, and woman had been relegated to a life of inactivity, the pendulum began a movement backward, and a readjustment began of the responsibilities resting upon both halves of the human family. The dormant brains began to show life and assert their rights in the world's affairs. They took up its responsibilities with cheerfulness of soul. The inventive genius that was put to sleep began to shake up the dry bones, and it heard a sound from afar off, crying: "Come back into the inheritance left you by the women inventors of the early ages." And the silent force that had lain dormant for ages came into touch with the world in the 19th century.

The first attempt to secure a patent by a woman in this country was for straw weaving with silk or thread.

Since the Patent Office was established, in 1790, there have been nearly 10,000 patents given to women. These cover all degrees of complexity and ingenuity. They have patents for cradles and baby-jumpers, pencil-sharpeners and typewriters, knitting-needles and knitting-machines, hourglasses, stem-winding watches, alarm-clocks, sewing-birds and sewing-machines; and a woman invented the first sewing-machine and gave it to her husband, for he had the money to pay for the patent.

She has invented hand-carriages, stock-cars, car-couplings, and sound-deadening attachments for elevated railway cars.

She has gone from propelling-pumps to ozone-machines, from electro-therapeutic appliances to machines for welding, hardening and tempering steel.

Among other inventions we find a spinning machine. The deft fingers and active brain went to work upon the old idea that Queen Lydia used when she taught Hercules to spin, and in this 19th century atmosphere improved upon it, and set 40 spindles to humming instead of one.

From the needles of bone and wood used by the primitive women, with which they stitched the long day through on hats and mats, comes a 19th century woman with a sewing-machine and curved needle, which takes a hundred stitches in place of the one before.

"'Tis the common deeds of the common day
That are ringing the bells of that far-away."

and bringing back to the listening ear echoes of these early inspirations.

I have been over but few of the inventions of women, but it is enough to show that the brain power of the world is a human commodity, and is not pre-empted by sex.

We ask the incredulous to visit the Patent Office. A little intelligent attention will confound careless writers; and perhaps it will do something more if it shows to the student how much better off the whole world will be when both halves of the brain-work make a complete whole.

Civil Service Rules Amended.

The President has amended the civil service rules so as to provide that a person who has been transferred from a classified position to an unclassified position in the insular possessions under the control of the United States may return to the classified service at any time. Formerly a person who was transferred out of the classified service, unless to a Presidential place, could be reinstated only on the same basis with persons who were separated entirely from the classified service.

A further amendment provides that a person who holds a place excepted from examination may be transferred to a place covered by competitive examinations, provided he held an excepted place at the time it was classified or was appointed to it when the position was subject to competitive examination.

A WARLIKE FAMILY.

Brig.-Gen. Joseph Warren Bell and Others of His Relatives in Two Wars.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The late Brevet Brig.-Gen. Joseph Warren Bell, U. S. V., was Colonel of the 13th Ill. Cav. in the civil war. He died in 1879 in Washington, D. C., and is buried in Glenwood Cemetery. Gen. Bell had the following members of his family in the war:

Maj. Charles A. Bell, his oldest son, was First Lieutenant, 11th N. Y. (Ellsworth's Fire Zouaves). He was promoted Captain, 3d Pa. Cav., and then Major, 13th Ill. Cav.

Maj. Wm. W. Bell, his second son, enlisted as a private in April, 1861, and in October recruited a company for the 13th Ill. Cav. and was commissioned Captain. He was promoted Major by brevet by the President. His commission reads "For gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Cache River," Arkansas, July 7, 1864, at which date he was just 20 years of age.

His third son, James E. Bell, was appointed cadet at the Military Academy, and graduated in the class of '67. He was assigned to the 1st U. S. Art. as Second Lieutenant, and was promoted First Lieutenant in 1872. He was in command of Fort Jefferson, Dry Tortugas, Fla., in 1873, when the yellow fever broke out and he died of that disease Sept. 11 of that year. Lieut. Bell had the very rare and distinguished honor of having two General Orders issued after his death, one by the department commander, Maj.-Gen. W. H. Emory, and the other by the commander of the military division, Maj.-Gen. Irvin McDowell.

Gen. Bell's oldest daughter was the wife of Lieut. S. Chester Hull, Quartermaster, U. S. V. One grandson, Lieut. James E. Bell, the only son of Maj. Wm. W. Bell, is a First Lieutenant in the 17th U. S., now in the Philippines. He served as private in the 1st Ill. in the Spanish war, and was promoted Second Lieutenant, 12th U. S., July 9, 1898. He was transferred to the 2d Inf. Jan. 9, 1899, and served with that regiment in Cuba until Dec. 1, 1899, and then, having been promoted First Lieutenant, 17th U. S., he was ordered to join that regiment at Manila.

Another grandson, Arthur E. Brown, served in the Spanish war as private in the 1st S. C.

One granddaughter of Gen. Bell, a daughter of Maj. Wm. W. Bell, is the wife of Col. Wm. H. Lessig, 96th Pa.

Gen. Bell himself was the grandson of Capt. Thomas Bell, of the Virginia troops in the War of the Revolution, and who served under Gen. Washington.—W. W. B., Chicago.

Work of the Pension Office.

The report of certificates issued for the week ending March 17 shows:

Army invalid: Original, 24; increase and additional, 502; reissue, 25; restoration and renewal, 31; duplicate, 33; accrued, 83; total, 698.

Army invalid (act of June 27, 1890): Original, 278; increase, 282; additional, 66; reissue, 25; restoration and renewal, 33; supplemental, 3; duplicate, 34; accrued, 122; total, 843.

Army invalid (war with Spain): Original, 13; reissue, 1; total, 14.

Army widow, etc.: Original, 31; increase and additional, 1; reissue, 1; duplicate, 9; accrued, 1; total, 43.

Army widow, etc. (act of June 27, 1890): Original, 215; reissue, 3; restoration and renewal, 2; duplicate, 4; supplemental, 1; accrued, 4; total, 227.

Army widow, etc. (war with Spain): Original, 11; reissue, 1; duplicate, 1; total, 13.

Navy invalid: Original, 2; increase and additional, 1; reissue, 2; total, 5.

Navy invalid (act of June 27, 1890): Original, 32; increase and additional, 16; restoration and renewal, 2; duplicate, 2; accrued, 3; total, 55.

Navy widow, etc: Original, 3; duplicate, 1; total, 4.

Navy widow (act of June 27, 1890): Original, 8.

Army nurses: Original, 1.

1812 widows: Duplicate, 2.

Indian Wars—Survivors: Accrued, 4.

Indian Wars—Widows: Original, 4.

Old War Invalid: Accrued, 1.

Mexican War—Survivors: Increase and additional, 4; duplicate, 1; accrued, 4; total, 9.

Mexican War—Widows: Original, 7; duplicate, 2; total, 9.

Totals: Original, 627; increase and additional, 872; reissue, 58; restoration and renewal, 68; supplemental, 4; duplicate, 89; accrued, 222. Grand total 1,940.

CHAT OF THE CORRIDORS.

The remains of the late Maj.-Gen. E. O. C. Ord were transferred last week from Oak Hill Cemetery to the National Cemetery at Arlington. Gen. Ord died of yellow fever at Havana, in 1883, and his remains were brought to this city and interred at Oak Hill Cemetery. Mrs. Lucy Ord Mason, daughter of the late General, desired to have the body rest in the National Cemetery, but, as is the custom regarding the bodies of yellow fever victims, special legislation of Congress was necessary to allow of the remains being exhumed. Mrs. Mason, who is now a clerk in the Surgeon-General's Office, War Department, is a widow of Capt. Mason, who died of disease during the Sioux war of 1890 and '91, and a sister of Lieut. J. G. Ord, who was killed in the fighting in front of Santiago during the Spanish war.

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A protocol has been signed which extends the period for signing the reciprocity treaty with France for a period not exceeding 12 months.

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The Treasury Department is being flooded with letters quoting from various newspapers to the effect that the Department is paying a premium on certain one dollar silver certificates with the number "21" on the back, series of 1899, on account of the plates from which the certificates were printed having been stolen from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. This is taken from "green goods" circulars issued by counterfeiters or dealers in counterfeit notes. None of the plates have been stolen, and cannot be under the system in use. The Government neither pays nor receives premium upon any of its issues, either of coin or paper currency.

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There are quite a number of complications to the case of Gen. Wheeler. The President would like to put him and Gen. Fitz-Hugh Lee on the retired list of the Army, probably following the course taken last year, where a number of Colonels were appointed Brigadier Generals, one after the other, each retiring immediately in order to make room for his successor. The opportunity will come next June, when Gen. Merritt retires. Lee, Wheeler, and Wilson might each be appointed his successor, hold the command one day and retire, leaving the place open for the promotion of some Colonel of the Regular Army, and the resumption of the regular order.

But that proceeding did not meet with much favor from the public when tried last year, and there were several Senators who questioned its legality. Besides, Lee and Wilson are both past 64 years old, the legal rule age of retirement, while Wheeler will be 64 next September. Wheeler would like to go on the retired list, and at the same time hold his seat in Congress, and the question is whether he can hold on to the latter until the other can be accomplished in some way. This is a matter to which the President and Secretary Root are giving much anxious thought, and probably Gen. Wheeler a great deal more.

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The Washington police propose to jump the indecent plays sent on here from New York under the nuisance law.

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Gen. R. G. Dyrenforth, Commander-in-Chief of the Union Veterans' Union, will start next month with members of his staff on a tour through Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, New York, New Jersey and Maryland for the purpose of organizing new Commands of the Order. He will be joined by the Department Commander and recruiting and mustering officers in each State.

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If the President can only retire one of the Volunteer Brigadiers, it is supposed that his choice will be Gen. Fitz-Hugh Lee, because he is a poor man, while Wheeler and Wilson have a competence.

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The Turkish Minister lives in fear and dread that some of the camera fiends who besiege his residence will get snap shots of his wife, sister, and duenna. This, he says, would mean his instant degradation, because the Mahometan law is rigid upon portraits being made of any true believer, and upon the strict seclusion of his harem. He is looking for some suburban residence, the grounds of which he can control, and so enable his ladies to take the air.

* * *

Washington society is somewhat exercised as to just what to do with the wife of the Turkish Minister. She has not sent cards in return for those left by the other ladies of the Diplomatic Corps and of the wives of the State Department officials. The Minister at first invited several friends to visit his wife and sister, but since the Arabic newspapers have criticised this proceeding he is inclined to keep the ladies in absolute seclusion. He hopes, however, when he is moved to the country, to give a few very select "at homes." The Turkish ladies do not speak English, but they have lately engaged a governess to coach them for the coming entertainments.

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The devotion of young husbands to their brides is a beautiful thing, but there are limits to its manifestations. John K. Thompson brought his bride on here to show her the sights of the Capital, and he wanted her to take away some souvenir of "the perfectly lovely time" she was having. So he knocked a chip off the Monument as an appropriate keepsake. He and she visited the Police Court in consequence, and their wedding tour funds were diminished by a small contribution to the District of Columbia.

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Secretary of War Root is able to show a pretty clean bill of health on the permits to dredge the Cape Nome gold sands. The Secretary of War has the right to control of the shores of all navigable waters, and to him must go all applications for permission to dredge for building sand, or other materials, or to fill in banks. The Chief Engineer decides as to whether the proposed work is proper to be allowed. All applications for privileges to dredge at Cape Nome have been granted. None has been denied, and no partiality shown.

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There are ugly charges of dishonesty and inefficiency in the construction of the big Post Office building, which cost over $4,000,000. The carpenter work is very defective, and the electrical highly unsatisfactory. It is claimed that it will take $100,000 more to put the building in proper shape.

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After all, the main interest in the Senate last week was not the Puerto Rican bill, but the tilts between Senators Spooner, of Wisconsin, and Tillman, of South Carolina. No two Americans could be more unlike. Tillman, large, raw-boned, with harsh, rasping voice, and a face of saturnine, rugged ugliness, and Spooner, small, polished and suave. Tillman has long ridden rough-shod over the Senate. Senatorial dignity, courtesy, usage, precedent, education, logic, oratorical finish, and other things dear to the Senatorial heart are absolutely nothing to him. He cares no more for them than he does for the flowers which bloom in the Spring, tra-la. He would not give a good, boiled dinner of "taters and collards" for all the flowers in South Carolina. His idea of debate is that of a big man with a club to beat everybody else down. Spooner, while he can be as logical and forceful as anybody when he wishes, can also be as alert, agile, tricky and demagogic as any man, at will. He grew very weary of Tillman's constant bulldozing of the Republican Senators, and set himself to take the South Carolinian down, and he did it most completely, while the other Senators looked on and applauded. It was like a Spanish bull-fight, with Tillman for the bellowing, charging bull, and Spooner for the quick, agile matador, who eludes every vicious rush, and plants his sharp sword in the bull's tenderest parts. It will take Tillman some time to recover his self-confidence.

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Lieut. M. S. Batson, 4th U. S. Cav., who achieved distinction in the Philippines during the active campaigns of last Summer and Winter in command of the redoubtable "Macabebe Scouts," has arrived in this city on sick leave of absence. He is suffering from a shattered foot, the result of a close pursuit of a body of fleeing insurgents. The employment of the native Macabebes as American scouts was due to the suggestion of Lieut. Batson. He organized a company of about 200 of these hardy natives, and did excellent service with them as advance guards of the troops which penetrated the northern fastness of the insurgents, and completely destroyed active resistance to the American forces in that section of Luzon.

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The report of Col. Woodruff, Chief Surgeon of the Philippine Army, shows that from the time that American troops landed in Manila up to Dec. 1, 1899, the total number of deaths were 58 officers and 1,263 men. Of this number 42 officers and 570 men died by violence and 16 officers and 693 men died of disease. Most of the deaths by violence occurred in battle. There were, however, 137 deaths from violence not the result of actual hostilities. It is a singular fact that more than one-half of the latter class of deaths were caused by drowning. The circumstances of the drowning cases are not stated, but are supposed to be due to the recklessness of the men while in bathing. The total number of wounded without fatal results during the period covered by the report was 1,767.

Among the deaths from disease were: Pneumonia, 20; tuberculosis, 21; malarial diseases, 49; bowel affections other than dysentery, 53; smallpox, 100; dysentery, 149, and typhoid fever, 167. Col. Woodruff says that most of the deaths from smallpox and typhoid fever occurred during the early months of American occupation, when the command was relatively small.

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Capt. Peter Byrne, who has been in the Government Printing Office ever since the close of the rebellion, died last week at the age of 66. He entered the service as a private, was promoted to Lieutenant for gallantry at Chancellorsville, and then became a Captain in the 175th Pa.

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Miss Annie Rainsford French received last week the first license as a steam engineer ever granted a woman in the District of Columbia. She wants to run a locomobile.

BATTLING WITH BRAGG.

The Story of the Work Done by the Second Brigade, Third Division, Fourteenth Corps.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: When my mind goes back 36 years I think of two terrible days spent on the Chickamauga battlefield. While there has been much said on the subject, I do not think the half has been told. I will give a short sketch of the part taken by my regiment, the 74th Ind., Second Brigade, Third Division, Fourteenth Corps.

On July 4, 1863, we had just completed the Tullahoma Campaign without a decisive battle, and gone into camp at Winchester, Tenn., when we heard of the surrender of Vicksburg and the defeat of Lee at Gettysburg. We thought one more battle would end the war, so we were quite anxious to have the honor of striking the blow. On Aug. 16 we broke camp and started for Chattanooga, where we expected to knock out the rebel army in the first round.

On Aug. 19 we bivouacked on Cumberland Mountain. On Aug. 22 we went in camp in Sweden Cove, on the bank of the Tennessee River, where Buell's army had been in camp the year previous. Here we could see the enemy on the opposite side of the river.

On Sept. 1 we received orders to cross. There being no bridge or boats, and a deep, navigable river, 80 rods to the opposite bank, we thought another case of Moses and the Red Sea. We never faltered at a command, and going to the woods, getting dry chunks to make rafts sufficient to carry our clothing, guns and cartridge-boxes, placing all in the river, then getting in the water behind them, we swam and pushed them before us to the opposite bank. It was a laughable sight to see Brannan's Division of 5,000 crossing the river in this novel way. The artillerymen built a large raft by lashing logs together to take their guns over, and swam their horses. In the evening Brannan's Division was all in camp on the opposite side.

On Sept. 4, we crossed Raccoon Mountain; Sept. 11, crossed Lookout Mountain, and went into camp in McLemore's Cove; Sept. 18, received orders to march late in the evening, and marched all night in the direction of Chattanooga. At daylight we had marched 18 miles, stopping at Crawfish Springs to make coffee; before our coffee was made we were ordered to fall in.

On Sept. 19, marched four miles and halted at the Snodgrass farm. There our brigade was ordered east of the Chattanooga road to capture some rebel troops that had crossed the Chickamauga Creek.

Forming in line of battle and going half a mile, we came to some cavalry pickets, who proved to belong to Forrest's command. We followed our skirmishers closely until we saw the enemy forming line to commence the fray. We had selected a good position to receive them. We did not have to wait long before we heard a yell that I never heard the like of before or since, and to make the scene more hideous the rebels had something like a dozen bloodhounds to lead the charge.

They were received by the 4th Ky., 10th Ind., and 74th Ind. We waited with a steady aim until they were within 20 paces of our lines, then let them have a volley that caused a sudden halt.

A large, vicious horse came plunging headlong up to our lines, which was caught by John J. Freeland and the writer. Its rider, a rebel officer, lay a dozen paces away. While we were wondering what would be next, a large body of infantry came out of the brush on our right and rear, making things pretty warm for us, running us back 200 paces. Then in turn we ran them back 40 rods, but were forced to our former position.

Now we began to realize the size of the job we had on our hands. We had fired all of our 60 rounds of ammunition and lost quite heavily. We were ordered to pile our knapsacks and draw 60 rounds more of ammunition.

At this time all of Brannan's Division had arrived on the field and was in line ready to start. We joined them in a determined effort to drive the enemy from the field. After advancing 40 rods we came to them well posted in two lines waiting to receive us. We forced the fight at close quarters. They gave ground at first, but finally we took our places 30 paces apart, and remained there until our ammunition was all expended, and to our great relief we could see the enemy falling back.

Just at this opportune moment Johnson's Division, of McCook's Corps, came to our relief, striking the enemy in flank and driving them from the field. This gave us a chance to care for the wounded and to reorganize, as we were badly used up, losing 164 men killed and wounded, out of 400, of the 74th Ind.

The battle was fairly open now at 2 p. m., both sides having about all their forces on the field, and sending them in by brigade and division. The artillery had come up and taken position ready for action.

Here we leared from prisoners that Longstreet's Corps, from the Eastern army, had joined Bragg, and Johnston's and Forrest's commands, from Mississippi, were on the field. We were convinced that we were greatly outnumbered, but did not feel the least shaky.

At 4 p. m. our brigade was placed in the reserve line and the battle fairly raging in great fury, at times our men being driven back to the Chattanooga road, where we had determined not to give up; here we would have a reorganized force ready that would send the enemy back to the Chickamauga Creek, about a mile, and in turn the rebels would force our men back. In this way the battle raged till dark, when the fighting slackened and we thought the battle over. But the enemy concentrated a large force on our right with the view of gaining some advantage for the hard day's work. After one hour of desperate struggle they were driven back and settled for the night, without having gained one advantage or a foot of ground. We held them east of the Chattanooga road, which runs north and south.

At dark we were marched to the west of the Snodgrass house in a large stubble-field (where the weeds were as tall as we were), to camp for the night.

On Sept. 20, 3 a. m., received orders to move to the front as soon as we had made coffee, but could not get any water to make it with, as all the water was on the rebels' side. In conversation with a Johnny a short time after the battle, he said: "If yo'uns had mentioned the matter we'uns would a-been glad to swopped water fur coffee." The night being cold and chilly, and we having lost our knapsacks, we did not fare any too well.

At daylight we started for the front going east. The fog being quite dense, we did not see the enemy until we came close to them. Forming our lines 15 rods east of the Chattanooga road, we built a light breastwork, three feet high and one-half mile long, out of old logs and chunks that we gathered in the woods. This work was on the left, in front of the Fourteenth Corps.

At about 8 a. m. the enemy commenced the attack on the left by charging on the breastworks with great fury and working to the right, repeating these charges and coming within 30 paces of our works several times during the forenoon. When they were satisfied they could not carry them they flanked the works on the north, coming south on the Chattanooga road, when our men took the reverse side of their works and poured volley after volley into their ranks. The rebels were driven back to their side of the road.

But this did not settle them, as they sent a larger force which came half way up behind the works before they were driven back. This settled matters on the left as they went back out of range.

At 2 p. m. the enemy concentrated the most of their force on the right under Longstreet, where he found a gap of 40 rods left open, by some misunderstanding, at the south end of the breastworks. They passed in with all of their force, with but little opposition, driving Sheridan's Division and Davis's Division, with Gen. Rosecrans, from the field. The 10th Ind. and 74th Ind., holding the south end of the breastworks, witnessed the rebel force passing to our rear, and could read the "handwriting on the wall" very plainly.

The enemy formed in close column in a large stubblefield just south of the Snodgrass house. Here at this turn of affairs our forces were taken from the breastworks to head them off. Where we had been facing east we now faced south. The 10th Ind. and 74th Ind. was the first to check this force when they tried to go north along the Chattanooga road. Being placed in a good position just east of the Snodgrass house, behind a log stable and in the edge of the woods, with the enemy in close column 200 paces in front of us, in an open field, we had a good chance to get even with them on all of our back accounts. The poorest marksman hardly missed a shot, as it was like shooting into a flock of blackbirds. We estimated the enemy in front of us at this time at 8,000, under Longstreet.

When the enemy did not succeed in driving us back they started for the Snodgrass Hill, 40 rods further west. Here Brannan's Division met them and held them in check, when Steedman came up with two brigades of the Fourteenth Corps. Brannan and Steedman met Longstreet's force in this large field with tall weeds.

There the fighting was the most desperate I ever witnessed, our men holding the enemy in check till sundown, when the rebels had been driven from every point.

During this hard fighting west of the Snodgrass house, the 10th Ind. and 74th Ind., being out of ammunition, were taken to the north end of the breastworks to watch this part of the line. While on our way we gathered a supply of ammunition by taking it from dead and wounded.

After arriving at this point Gen. Thomas rode up to our position, and sitting on his horse watched the fighting until the enemy ceased firing and our forces withdrew and fell back to Rossville, which was four miles. When all had left the field, Gen. Thomas rode off, and did not leave any orders for our two regiments. It looked as though he thought we commenced the fight and we might close it. Col. Taylor, of the 10th Ind., and Col. Baker, of the 74th Ind., had a short council, in which they decided to fall back to Rossville.

This closed one of the hardest-contested battles of the war. There has been a wide difference of opinion as to our defeat, but will say the enemy reminded me of the game cock that had both eyes picked out, but still insisted on standing in the ring, while we went away with both eyes open, and in two months crowed from the top of Lookout Mountain.—J. D. MYERS, Sergeant, Co. I, 74th Ind.

Don't Miss the Supplement.

RACING WITH JACKSON.

An 82d Ohio Boy's Story of Some Doings in the Valley.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: It is just about 38 years ago that we got orders to embark on board the cars to go to a land we knew not of, a place where rebels and fighting was plenty. We disembarked at New Creek, a small station on the B. & O. R. R., thence went up New Creek Valley to Moorefield, quite a large place, on the south branch of the Potomac River, a stream at that point about 80 rods wide, of swift-flowing water.

The first night out from New Creek we camped on the farm of a Mr. Williams. He had some of the most inquisitive turkeys I ever saw, many of them leaving their roosts to explore our camp in the night, and even hiding under blankets and boards when hunted for in the morning. I don't think any of them were found. The Colonel was very much distressed. He didn't suppose he had a thief in his regiment.

In due time we arrived opposite Moorefield, where, with company-drill and picket-guard and camp-guard, we put in the time to the 1st of May, when we started upstream to hunt some large game, which we found on May 8 at McDowell. Here we saw our first wild Johnny and smelt our first powder. There was not a large force on either side, and the rebels didn't put up much of a fight. I think the 82d lost only one man, Lieut. Debolt, of Co. D.

After popping at each other for a while both parties withdrew, and that night found us increasing the distance between the two armies. The next day we fell back to Franklin, where we met Fremont with his division and some supplies, which were very welcome. We captured a tan-yard and two bearskins, which the teamsters appropriated for housings.

In a few days we retraced our march to Moorefield, where we forded the river just at nightfall, went back through the town a few miles, and camped. Then for a few days we struck a gait that was lively. Banks wanted us to help him in the Shenandoah Valley, as Jackson was making it pretty hot for him over there. If we had only started one day earlier Jackson would have been in a fine pickle; as it was, he just slipped by Strasburg as we were coming down the hill on a double-quick into the Valley to head him off.

We had a race up the Valley. Every time we would get too hot on the trail he would stop and show fight, and then away he would go again. We had him cooped at Front Royal, but the fellows on the other side untied the bag and let him out, but not before we had a lively little tussle with him at Cross Keys on June 8. The Johnnies charged on a battery of little brass howitzers which were behind a rail fence supported by infantry, and when they got close to the fence the gunners let go all at once and blew the fence, brush and everything on top of them, and the infantry arose as one man and delivered a charge that settled their hash for that day. That night it rained. Talk about rain in the Dismal Swamp; I never found a place in the South where it couldn't rain; and we had it for a week before and nearly a week after that event.

After Jackson got his men across the river and destroyed the bridge, we marched back down the Valley to Mount Jackson, where we found a mill with about 3,000 bushels of wheat in it that came to hand just in time; we had been on short feed over a month. The boys would roll a barrel of flour out into a company, knock the head out, and every one help himself. Some would pour in a little water and stir it to a good stiff dough, then take it out and throw it in the fire, and when a crust formed on it devour the crust and toss it back. Our beef we would treat the same way. It was nothing uncommon to see a man gnawing a bone with the blood running down both corners of his mouth.

We marched back down to Middletown and camped on the same ground where the battle of Cedar Creek was fought a little over two years later. We could hear the reverberations of distant cannonading, supposed to be McClellan near Richmond.

Just after the 4th of July, we started out again up through Front Royal and Luray, across the Blue Ridge to Sperryville and Woodville. There they gave us some of the poorest coffee and wormiest meat and crackers we got while in the service. Our Captain was a good doctor, and he made a "big kick" on his men having to eat such stuff, and it was returned and we got something better.

Here was a grand place to drill, and we had company, battalion and brigade drill and sham-battles to our hearts' discontent until Aug. 9, when we were ordered over to help Banks again at Cedar or Slaughter Mountain. We started about midnight and marched until 10 the next morning, when we arrived on the field of battle.

I have always been indignant at the way this battle has been treated by would-be historians. One of them says: "Here Jackson met his old enemy, Banks, and brushing him aside, marched on his way unmolested to Manassas." The fact was that Jackson bit off more than he could chew.

On the night of the 10th he retreated, leaving many of his dead on the field and in adjacent woods and houses, and fell back across the Rapidan. We followed him a few miles, then went into camp a few days, and were mustered for pay.

Stonewall was executing a very clever flank movement, and nearly succeeded in getting between us and our base of grub. Indeed, he carried the joke so far as to capture Pope's Headquarters wagon train. Then one afternoon orders came to pack up and be ready to march at a moment's notice. We lay around camp from noon till near midnight. Then it was a race to the Rappahannock, with the Johnnies for competitors.

We marched all the rest of that night, all the next day, back across the battleground; we could get two ears apiece, and the corn had just got decently hot over the fires when we were ordered to fall in, and away we went, with our corn in our fists, half raw.

When we got to the bridge, the rebel advance was in sight, but with no artillery. The bridge-burners were detailed, and we formed battalion by companies, and marched around in a circle, loading as we marched. When we got in front of the bridge we would elevate our pieces and fire a volley, wheel out of the way and around again until the old structure was past saving, when we gladly marched away down to Warrenton and up to Manassas in time to see the elephant and hear him toot.—LEROY PARK, Erdmore, Mich.

Farragut's Men.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I notice that a bill has been introduced in the House by Representative Bull, of Rhode Island, appropriating $20,000 for medals for the sailors who participated in the battle of Santiago on July 3.

I think it would be a gracious act of the Government to reward the few remaining veteran sailors of the civil war who fought so bravely for the old flag under Admiral Farragut in the West Gulf Squadron in the terrible battles of Mobile Bay, New Orleans and Galveston, in the same manner as is contemplated to reward those who served off Santiago.—HERBERT H. DAVIS, Winnepeg, Manitoba, Canada.

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