LETTERS from the FIELD

Contemporaneous Accounts of Events in the History of the 98th Ohio.

By THE LATE J. M. BRANUM.

Headquarters, 98th Ohio, Monday, Sept. 4, 1863.—I am seated at the root of a tree in our camp, which is five miles south of Chattanooga, having just completed our day's march, and will try and keep you informed of our progress into the Confederacy. Our force consists of 16 regiments and four batteries of the Reserve Corps, under command of Gen. Granger, and all are encamped on an extensive camp ground, recently occupied by the rebels. Our march here has been of a very arduous kind, through a mountainous country, almost wilderness, over rough, rocky and dusty roads, the sun pouring down as hot as in harvest time. I last wrote from Bridgeport, Ala., on Friday night, where we lay around in the dust until Saturday evening, when we received sudden orders to cross the river. This we did on the long pontoon bridge. The Tennessee is a beautiful river, clear from shore to shore, and no bleaching bars are to be seen. We went into camp at 8 o'clock at night, with orders to unload all baggage from wagons, leaving it behind in charge of convalescents, and, with 12 days' rations, to start in the morning for Chattanooga. We were up at 3 o'clock, getting ready. At daylight we started, with what baggage the men chose to carry. It was cool and invigorating until sun up, and we made fast time.

"I DREAM OF HOME, AND EVERYTHING CLEAN AND COOL, WITH PLENTY TO EAT."

MARCH TO CHATTANOOGA.

The route of our march lay through woods and along streams, in a northeastern direction, sometimes near the railroad. Large mountains were on all sides, and we wound around their spurs, and at times over them; through narrow defiles, where the rocks loomed up for hundreds of feet, and down which a slight impediment would send the wagons crashing, and several went over.

Along the road were the deserted camps of both the rebel and our armies, and the woods bore the mark of skirmishes. At one place we met 400 rebel prisoners, under guard, coming from Chattanooga. As our boys passed many were the salutations, many would ask: "How did you leave Bragg?" "Now you fellows will get your rights," etc. It was all good natured, as the men always treat prisoners with respect. At noon we stopped for dinner at one of the many large springs for which this country is noted; in fact, if it had not been for the good water along the way the road could hardly have been traveled, as 20 minutes of marching so covered one with dust that it was hard to endure, and for miles our course could be traced by these clouds of dust.

At night we camped in a brier patch in a dark, narrow hollow, and turned in for the night, but were aroused at 11 o'clock with orders to march, and the whole shebang went along, trying to march up an almost trackless ravine in the darkness. It went so discouragingly slow that I drew off into a clump of bushes and lay down for more sleep. Awoke at 4 o'clock and everything had passed on, so I set out to catch up. The roads had been so rocky and rough that the command, under Gen. Steedman, had gone only six miles during the night. The road lay directly over a large mountain, and in the bushes by the roadside were men strewn along, who had dropped out of the ranks, tired out, and had slept in the bushes like so many dead men on a field of battle.

From the mountain top the country ahead looked better, and several farms were to be seen. As time passed on the sun arose, presenting a beautiful sight as it poured its rays over the summit of a distant mountain. All along the road was to be seen the straggling soldier, who had stopped to cook his breakfast. When I reached the regiment I came into the dust again, and from that on the heat and dust were almost unbearable. We were now within six miles of Chattanooga, and camps formerly occupied by the rebels were numerous.

FAMOUS OLD LOOKOUT.

Tuesday, Sept. 15.—Everything goes well, and we are lying in our tracks, awaiting orders. It is thought we are now within supporting distance of the main army. The troops here are on short rations, and, it is said, those in front are worse off than we are. While out with others to-day on a foraging expedition for something to eat, we came at noon in sight of Lookout Mountain, sticking its prominent head above all others. Lookout is the institution of this country, and from its summit a portion of five States can be seen. Its base is two and a half miles from Chattanooga, and the river runs close to its rocky sides.

From the side of the mountain we had a beautiful view. The blue waters of the Tennessee make a horseshoe bend, inclosing a peninsula, upon which Chattanooga is situated. Away beyond arose high mountain bluffs of the river, rough and craggy, covered with timber, overtopped with crests of huge white rocks. We saw the place where our forces had located a battery and shelled the town. There is a road leading to the top of Lookout, where there is a hotel and accommodations for travelers. Gen. Rosecrans was there last night with his signal corps, and by their aid he was in communication with all his troops. These signal stations are to be seen all day long where there are high knobs, ranging from 5 to 15 miles apart, and are waving flags by day and lanterns by night, and thus it is you get the news from the army as soon as you do.

We passed down the mountain and took a road south, and have stopped here, about four miles in the State of Georgia from the Tennessee line. We are all tired out, having had but little rest since leaving Bridgeport. Foraging is going on in all directions. We are now getting a great ways from home and from our source of supplies. There is nothing but a rickety railroad from Nashville to Bridgeport, which cannot carry half the amount needed, and for the rest of the way here supplies will have to be hauled over such mountain roads, as I have before described, until the railroad bridge is finished and steamboats built.

BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

Rossville, Ga., Monday, Sept. 21, 1863.—Our regiment was engaged in a very bloody battle yesterday, and many of our loved ones are gone. It was my lot to be left in camp, sick with a fever, and from which I am now suffering a good deal; would much rather be at my duties in the field, but fate decreed it otherwise, and I was compelled to listen to the roar of battle and witness the sad scenes in the rear. Capt. Urquhart was wounded in the ankle and his horse killed under him. Adjt. Milner was wounded; Capt. Thomas, Co. H, killed; Capt. Lochary, mortally wounded and left on the field; Lieutenant of Co. I wounded; Smith Lilly, of Bridgeport, Co. B, killed, and a great many others I can not learn of now. It is said many were left on the field. It was a desperate battle, fought principally by Gen. Thomas' and Granger's corps. All our forces fell back in the evening, forced by the superior numbers of the enemy, who were massed on our left wing and used their utmost endeavors on it before we could concentrate.

Orders from Rosecrans, on Sunday, were not to bring on a fight, but to resist any attack, and it was the rebels who forced on the battle. Thursday morning last our brigade, under Gen. Steedman, went out at 4 o'clock on a reconnoissance toward the east. We traveled until noon over rough, dirty roads and through thick pine woods. At 1 o'clock we drove in the pickets of the enemy, chasing them from their camps, and our skirmishers captured their dinners—of sweet potatoes, corn and mutton. we crossed a creek and took position in line of battle, overlooking the little town of Ringgold. The rebs had a regiment or two there, with all indications of a larger force in rear of the town. We shelled the town, which scared out the inhabitants, who climbed the hill in droves. The rebs fired from their battery, but their shells all burst over the town. At 4 o'clock we withdrew from our position and started back to camp—12 miles. We got within four miles of camp and stopped, as the rebs were following us and firing on our rear guard all the way.

At 1 o'clock in the morning we were aroused from sleep by a cannon shot, and, opening our eyes, beheld a fiery shell shrieking overhead. Soon others followed in rapid succession, and there was great excitement for awhile. No one was hurt. Fires were put out, as they showed our position, and thus we remained until morning. I had been ill all day, and when we returned to camp I turned in for rest.

The regiment was ordered out again Friday night, and lay in the woods all day on Saturday, and yesterday went with the force under Gen. Granger to reinforce Gen. Thomas. Four hundred prisoners were brought in yesterday, mostly from Longstreet's Corps, late of Lee's army. Gens. McCook, Crittenden and all the army are here this morning, and moving out to give battle, and this may be another bloody day. Companies A, C and D, of the 98th, were on picket and not in the battle. Will try to send more particulars. In addition to those mentioned as wounded of the Bridgeport company were John Hammond, Josiah Blackford (mortally), William Roscoe, J. Tillett, D. D. Dutton and M. Nichols.

LOSSES OF THE 98TH OHIO.

In camp, four miles from Chattanooga, Sept. 21, 1863.—I wrote a hasty and confused note this morning. I am still sick with fever and am staying with the wagons for a day or two, and am compelled to get along the best I can without any medicine. You will doubtless hear, ere this reaches you, of the terrible battle fought by this army, and as I lay here writing the cannons boom almost as fast as I can make letters. Firing has been continuous and rapid all the afternoon. Our troops are about two miles from here, on the grounds of our former camp at Rossville, and I suppose the 98th is now engaged.

Yesterday was a day long to be remembered by our regiment, and caused us to mourn the loss of many comrades and loved ones. By night our whole army was driven in by Bragg's army, which had been largely reinforced from Johnson's army and by Longstreet's Corps, from Lee's. I was able to walk around some this morning, and saw Capt. Urquhart and Adjt. Milner, who were wounded. They were on their way to Chattanooga.

The main part of the Army of the Cumberland was all together to-day, and the regiments and batteries covered an immense space. I saw Gens. Thomas, McCook and Crittenden. They were early at work bringing order out of chaos, and took the troops off to where they are now engaged. There are a great many sick and wounded around the wagon train. The wagons number about 7,000 and are parked together, the mules, half starved, and with their hideous braying, you may imagine what an inviting place it is around me. The soldiers, in most cases, are out of rations. We have only a few crackers and some coffee left, and not a thing can be bought anywhere. Dust fills the air so thick that one can see only a short distance. Excepting a few officers, none have blankets, and through these chilly nights the men fare badly. Dr. West is up to his elbows in blood and working hard with the wounded. Although our regiment had but 174 men in the fight, it lost about 40 killed or wounded. The other regiment of the brigade fought splendidly; the 121st captured the flag of the 4th Ala. The flag staff and tassels of our flag were shot in two and the color bearer wounded. The cannonading is now easing up and I think the day has been favorable for us.

FALLING BACK TO CHATTANOOGA.

Tuesday, Sept. 22.—Last night, after writing, I went to sleep on a cot I found in a wagon, and rested until 12 o'clock, when orders came to move the teams immediately to Chattanooga. It was a terrible time for me in the jolting wagon. We arrived in town by daybreak. Our regiment has also come in and reports the army falling back. We crossed the river this morning and are now over on the hills opposite the town. Heavy firing has been going on all day, and I fear we may have to give the place up yet. The rebs are trying to cross the river above and get in and cut communications in our rear. I would like to be at home for a few days now to get something suitable for one in my condition. I eat but a cracker a day; sometimes try coffee, but it is distasteful, and I haven't had a chance to wash myself for several days, and, like all the rest here, am saturated with dust. I dream of home and everything clean and cool, with plenty to eat, but in wakeful hours have to banish such thoughts. If we only stop long enough, I can soon be all right; but, as it is, haven't slept twice in the same place since leaving Wartrace, Tenn.

Wednesday, Sept. 23.—We are still at the same place, across the river, and our army lies in Chattanooga. The lines run from the river around to Lookout Mountain, just outside the town. I feel better to-day.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 26, 1863.—I am again with the regiment and able for duty, having almost recovered from my late illness. The regiment had moved over into Chattanooga, and I found our fellows lying in the line, ready to support the troops in front, in case of an attack. The whole army is drawn into close quarters, and now hold lines from Lookout Mountain, on the right, around to the river, inclosing Chattanooga in the rear. The enemy has made no strong attempts in attacking since Sunday, although there has been much cannonading and musketry firing for hours at a time.

The rebs have delayed a movement on us too long now, for within the past few days there has been an immense amount of work done in fortifying, and we occupy three miles of breastworks and rifle pits, with batteries stationed along the lines in great numbers. The rebs keep up a very imposing front, however. We now lie in a cemetery, close to Palmer's Division.

Our lines commence at the river, with Wood's Division, then Palmer's, Van Cleve's to the right—these three divisions from Crittenden's Corps. To the right of these lie Thomas and then McCook. We see the flags of each regiment stuck up on the works in front all along the line, more or less together, as the regiments are small or great in numbers.

The rebel lines can be seen on the hills beyond, but out of range of our batteries. Through a glass the rebs can be seen attending to their wounded in the hospitals.

Capt. Jewett is in command of the regiment, and we have but 200 muskets now, and miss those lately fallen, but know it cannot be helped. By a blunder of one of Gen. Steedman's Aids, sent out to order in the pickets when the army fell back Monday night, one Lieutenant and 11 men of Co. A were left and were captured, as were four officers and 45 men of the 78th Ill., of our brigade.

Last night at 11 o'clock the rebs made an attack on our lines to try to catch our pickets. The musketry fire for an hour was severe, and batteries blazed away at a furious rate. We were all up and in arms for awhile, until it quieted down.

Gens. Crittenden, McCook and other Generals are riding along the lines repeatedly, and their faces are becoming familiar to us.

Things appear more cheerful since I have recovered my health, and I feel that I can stand any kind of soldiering, if I can keep well. Few at home have a true idea of a soldier's life down here just now. They watch the papers and, no doubt, abuse Rosecrans for falling back here, instead of going on and trying to take Atlanta. It will take a big army and more supplies than we have to move further South. It is feared the rebs may leave our front and make a break for Kentucky again. I will stop speculating, however, and await what is to turn up.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Lieut. Branum's letters written from Chattanooga are of unique interest, detailing as they do events at the front as seen by an Ohio boy.

Have You Got Your Medal?

J. E. Harding, Corporal, Co. K, 12th W. Va., Atlanta, Ga., writes (replying to a Picket Shot of August 9, which F. G. Storey, of Boston, spoke of the finding of a bronze badge 1 1-2 inches in diameter, with a tri-color ribbon, suspended from the bar, and on one side the monogram W. V., and on the other side "Presented by the State of West Virginia") that shortly after the war the Legislature of West Virginia voted to give all of its honorably-discharged soldiers a medal. This was done, and the bronze badge, as Comrade Storey calls it, is one of them. I have one, and the description is perfect, which Comrade Storey gives of the one found, with the exception of the name of the owner, which should be on the edge of the medal, or what is known as the milled edge of a coin. If the medal be closely examined, and is one that has been delivered to the honorably-discharged soldier, his name, rank, company and regiment will be found stamped on the edge. This makes them of great personal value to owner."

Montgomery Hager, Sergeant, Co. K, 4th W. Va., Six Mile, W. Va., writes: "I have one of the medals regarding which Comrade Storey makes interesting inquiry. They were awarded to the soldiers of the West Virginia regiment by the State in honor of their services and loyalty to the United States Government, and there were about 27,000 of them issued, at a cost of a little over $1 each and there are about 3,000 of them remaining in the State Adjutant-General's Office for those whom the State authorities have not been able to find. If your correspondent will look on the edge of the medal he will find out to whom it belongs. My father, Rev. Robert Hager, was in the State Senate when the medals were authorized and the appropriation made to pay for them. The figures 1861-65 represent the period of the war, and the date, 'June 20, 1863,' stands for the date the new State was admitted. The coat of arms, etc., represent the motto of our beloved little State of West Virginia. Now, I will say any soldiers who belonged to West Virginia regiments and have not received their medals yet, or their friends, if they be dead, can get them by writing to the Adjutant-General's Office, Charleston, W. Va."

At the Grand Review.

S. H. Sloan, Ashland, Ohio., Co. K, 148th Pa. Vol., Fourth Brigade, First Division, Second Corps, says that he has kept a list, clipped from the newspapers, of all the regiments in his corps at the Grand Review. He is very proud of the corps, and would like to hear from any of his old comrades.

HOLIDAY RATES.

Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

On account of the Christmas and New Year holidays the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. will sell excursion tickets at greatly reduced rates to and from points on its line between Baltimore, Pittsburg, Wheeling, Parkersburg, Strasburg Junction and intermediate points, good going Dec. 23, 24, 25, 31 and Jan. 1, 1901; valid for return until Jan. 4, 1901, inclusive.

Splendid Royal Blue train service. Pullman Palace Cars and B. & O. Dining Cars on through trains.

WITH THE WAGON TRAIN.

Reminiscences of the Chattanooga Campaign.

By B. L. T.

To those who have never seen a train of army wagons I would say the wagons were somewhat similar to our present farm wagons; built strong and heavy throughout, the wheels a little higher, and near each hind one was a chain firmly fastened to the bed, with which the wheels could be locked to make them drag in going down steep hills. The top of the bed was nearly six feet from the ground, and over this arose the oval bows covered with heavy muslin to keep out the sun and rain.

The regulation team for each wagon was three span of mules hitched tandem; the span in front the smallest, the middle span larger, while the largest or wheel span was next the wagon, with the stiff tongue between them. On the left wheel mule was a plain saddle, on which the teamster rode, and drove the six mules by a single line.

He had to aid him a long whip and a good supply of oaths, which he could sing out in true teamster style and never miss a note. In traveling, the rule was for the wagons to be kept one immediately behind the other and as close together as possible, and thus economize space and protection.

If you can now imagine a long line of the teams and canvas-covered wagons, lumbering along on a fairly good road, with an occasional wagon-master on horseback, riding the line to keep everything in order, you will have an ideal wagon train.

But in getting such heavy wagons up steep hills, over mountains where no road has been prepared, or through a wet valley where the mud is deep, then the real work of life hits the teamster hard, and I am sorry to say he is apt to hit his mules the same way.

During the year 1863 Lieut. T. A. Peso, of the 49th Ohio, was Quartermaster of our brigade, and had charge of about 50 wagons. I was detailed as his clerk, and my special duty was to make out all papers and reports, carry orders, invoice and keep account of everything that was put into the wagons, and take receipted vouchers for the same when turned over to the regimental officers.

The next day after our wearied army got into Chattanooga, after the bloody battle of Chicamauga, our wagon train, with others, was ordered to Bridgeport, Ala., for rations.

We crossed the bridge north of the town and went the short route that crosses a spur or two of Waldron's Ridge, some five and eight miles out of town. This road in some places runs close to the bank of the Tennessee River, which is a wide, swift stream, though only deep enough for small steamboats. This trip we made without special danger, but hard, heavy pulling for the teams, arriving in Chattanooga the night of the third or fourth day out.

Next day we unloaded, made necessary repairs, rested some, and the following morning started again for Bridgeport with empty wagons. We had word as soon as we crossed the river that the "Johnnies" had some sharpshooters in the bushes on their side of the stream, where the hills on our side crowded the road close to the bank, and our teams were being killed. Well, there was no fun in reports of that kind, especially if they turn out true, which they did.

There was a train ahead of ours, and in a short time it would halt, then move ahead a few rods, and we followed in like manner. It was reported the Johnnies had one or two extra heavy rifles that did some fine shooting for them, but bad for us. No shots were heard for a half hour, and the trains moved along nicely until the head of our train had almost reached the particular spot where we might expect some compliments from the Confederacy; and they came without more delay.

The big rifle rang out, and in a few minutes two of our men came back carrying a teamster who had been shot while in the saddle, the ball having gone through both his limbs and the body of the mule he rode. Well, we had to run the gauntlet by holding the train back of the point, getting the front team in snug order, then the driver and others lashing the mules into a good run and getting them over that place in as short a time as possible.

We managed to get our train through without a wound, although some shots were fired. With loaded wagons we knew it would never do to try that passage, and we were forced to return by the long route on the north side of the mountain.

What did this long route mean? It meant the awfully slow and inefficient way of trying to keep alive 50,000 men and 15,000 animals by carrying supplies in wagons through muddy valleys and over rugged mountains. Our army on the plain in Chattanooga was virtually besieged by Bragg's forces in forts and breastworks from the river at the northeast all along top of Missionary Ridge to and on top of Lookout Mountain at the southwest, where they could look down on our camps as from an amphitheater, and we the prey in the arena, they would come down and capture us after watching us starve.

All were at once put on half and then on one-fourth rations. Men went to sleep hungry and dreamed of mothers and sisters setting tables and loading them with good home food, then to awake and find it only a dream. We stole, saved, and guarded jealously everything eatable. On good authority, I have heard of a company in our brigade that ate a large kettle of soup made from the body of a dog.

The horses whinnied and the mules brayed for food, and became so weak they actually could make no noise in that way. They ate up everything within reach, gnawing the hair, manes and tails off each other, and the Commanding General reported that over 10,000 animals starved to death within our lines at that point.

The distance by rail from Chattanooga to Bridgeport is 26 miles, while the route up the Sequatchee Valley was over 60 miles. Starting from Bridgeport with wagons loaded we went up this valley, and the first trip when the ground was dry and not much cut up, we went in one day to where we commence the ascent of the mountain. Some trains ahead of ours were waiting as were we for our place on the trail.

Each Wagon-master ordered the teams from half his train unhitched and doubled up on the other half, making 12 mules to pull at a wagon. If I remember rightly, it was a half mile or more of very steep climbing. Neither was it a good track.

Rains had washed gullies through the loose stones, and the solid layers of rock were in steps, up which the wagons had to be partially pried and lifted. Every man had to do his best: some with stout poles to pry, others to lift on the wheels, and at least one to each wagon with a large block to shove under a hind wheel at every halt or failure to get over a bad spot. Soon as a wagon reached the summit, the team was unhitched and led down to bring one from the other half the train. It usually took us a day to get up this one climb.

In going down the mountain on the side toward Chattanooga, it was speedier and much less work, but more dangerous. One point the track was on a short curve not more than 10 feet wide, a wall of solid rock on one hand, and nothing but air on the other for 50 feet to the first ledge below. Here the teamsters took off all the teams except the wheelers, and these were led by stout men.

Down below we saw the wrecks of wagons that had failed to make that point safely. After this trip the rains commenced. You may imagine what the roads were up the Sequatchee Valley, with continuous and never-ending lines of heavy wagons cutting tracks in every possible place and grinding the soil and water into mud that seemed impossible to get through.

Quite a force was put to work to corduroy a double track, but this was commenced too late, and in a short time the logs seemed to sink deeper, slip and give, and make what we named a "breathing turnpike." As to sleeping, we never complained of hard beds; they were only too soft.

Quartermaster Peso was not in good health, and had a small wedge tent six feet square, also a small, light cot, the legs of which were about two feet high.

I frequently slept on my blanket in this tent. Our preparation for going to bed was not extensive; it was simply pulling off our muddy boots and lying down.

One night I was awakened by the cold water running over my feet. Rising up quickly, I found my blanket was afloat and the water running through the tent.

In a few seconds I had the lantern lighted, emptied the water from my boots, jerked them on, grabbed my floating blanket, a few pans, kettles, and articles swimming around in the tent, and lit out in the rain for higher ground to save our few things. Wading back, I found Lieut. Peso still lying composedly on his cot, and asked if he did not think it best to get out. His reply was, as he watched the water, "It lacks three inches of reaching my back and I never get wet when I can keep dry. I believe it will come no higher," and it did not.

We had pitched the tent near a small stream; the heavy rains had caused an overflow of the banks and a rise of water in our camp of 18 inches in less than 10 minutes time.

A supply train is a coveted object to capture by the enemy. The Confederate General Forrest with a strong force of cavalry made a dash around the rear of our army, struck our trains on the trail up, camped at the foot of the mountain, and in a little over two hours the Johnnies took whatever they wished to carry away; set fire to our 200 or more loaded wagons; killed the teams by running them through with swords as they stood hitched in harness or tied to the wagons.

Our train was about a half-days drive back, and lacked that much of being in the picnic. But we were helped not a little by this loss. In the rushing charge made by the cavalry, the teams were badly frightened and all broke their fastenings that possibly could and scattered, stampeded.

When we arrived, our teamsters hunted up the runaways and found quite a number of animals in better flesh and stronger than in our own teams. A one-sided trade was made and our poorer mules turned loose.

Meanwhile, affairs with our army were growing worse; it was simply impossible with the means at hand to get enough food into Chattanooga, to keep our soldiers from starving. They were already weak and losing flesh, were sadly in need of clothes, blankets and shoes; fuel had become scarce, and though but little over a month had passed since the battle of Chickamauga, we all knew that we must have help or give up the place within another month. But help was coming; Grant was already at Nashville to take personal charge of his enlarged command; Hooker, with his army from the East, was on his way as fast as cars could bring him; while Sherman was marching his sturdy men 300 miles to our relief.

With us, the first 10 days of November might be called "the darkest hour before dawn" that on the 24th and 25th of that month ushered in the splendid, magnificent, heroic victory of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, the coup d'etat of which was made by the men who carried muskets, without orders from their officers. Then the wagon train rested.

WRITTEN ON THE FIELD.

Some Interesting Things the 84th Ind. Did.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have been a reader of your valuable paper for many years, and would like to claim title to a small patch in one corner to say I cannot call to mind now a single instance of ever seeing the name of a comrade who was a member of the same regiment that I was, or even of the gallant 40th Ohio. I know they were not all killed, though we had hard marching and much harder fighting to do. Well, where are they? It would do me good to see the name even of a Fourth Corps man.

In looking over some old papers very recently I found a letter written by Dr. H. Kirby, our old regimental physician, and published in one of our home papers, in which he said in regard to the 84th Ind.:

"On the morning of May 3, 1864, marching orders were received, and at 11 o'clock the 84th, with the vast Army of the Cumberland, was on the move under command of Gen. Sherman. All were buoyant, happy and full of expectations. No other idea was entertained but that we should engage the enemy at Tunnel Hill, whip him at that place, and, in all probability, close our Summer's campaign. But in that we were mistaken, as the sequel will show.

"The first engagement in which the regiment took a part was at Tunnel Hill, on the 6th of May. The main strength of the regiment (the number of guns) was 320, and 19 commissioned officers, in line, field and staff, under the immediate command of Col. A. J. Neff. To show that this little band has ever been mindful of the obligations they owe to their homes and their country I will state on statistical authority that the regiment has up to the present time constructed 67 different lines of works and intrenchments, making a distance of three and one-half miles in extent; they have captured of the enemy in prisoners 354, taken 60 lines of their works, 400 stands of small arms and one brass cannon; they have also made four assaults upon the enemy's works, carrying them successfully each time. The enemy have assaulted their works twice, but were repulsed each time with heavy loss. The regiment has marched on foot 790 miles, had transportation by railroad 133 miles, making the distance traveled 923 miles. It has been engaged in 17 different battles, in which they have consumed 269,000 rounds of cartridges, and it will be nothing but reasonable to suppose that they have inflicted serious injury to the enemy. At reasonable calculations the 84th regiment has killed, wounded and captured two to one of their force, and in the accomplishment of all this our casualties have been light. There have been killed outright during the present campaign 13, and wounded, requiring hospital treatment, 95; captured by the enemy, 12, making in the aggregate the entire loss of the regiment 120. There are now in the command 250 guns, showing a loss of only 70 guns at this time from our strength on leaving camp May 3, 1864. The loss is meager, considering the hardships, privations and dangers encountered."

The above is that part of the Doctor's letter only which pertains to the 84th Ind. But I think that Henry has failed to give the regiment full justice, for before me is a letter written by myself to my brother in Indiana just 30 days prior to the Doctor's letter, in which I stated that our regiment (the 84th) had received credit for the capture of 252 prisoners and two pieces of artillery, whilst he gave us credit for only one. His letter is dated at Huntsville, Ala., Jan. 20, 1864 (should be 1865); mine 30 days before, or immediately after the battle at Nashville. I may have been misinformed, for I never looked to see what was behind; that in front interested me most.—WM. M. BECKTELL, Sergeant, Co. G, 84th Ind.; 601 S. Wilson St., Ft. Scott, Kan.

Wedding Anniversaries. Following are the society titles of wedding anniversaries: First, cotton; second, paper; third, leather; fifth, wooden; seventh, woolen; tenth, tin; twelfth, silk and fine linen; fifteenth, crystal; twentieth, china; twenty-fifth, silver; thirtieth; pearl; fortieth, ruby; fiftieth, golden; seventy-fifth, diamond. Some of the earlier titles in the list are rather childish, but it is a grand thing to see a couple reach the golden wedding in joy and prosperity. The only chance of doing so is by a healthy life, and the secret of that blessing lies in pure and vigorous blood.

Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer has a reputation extending over one hundred years as a blood-cleansing and health-giving remedy. It penetrates every part of the system, eliminating all impurities from the blood and imparting warmth and vigor to the circulation. Unlike other ready-prepared medicines, it is not handled by druggists. It can be obtained only of the proprietor direct or through local Vitalizer agents. If there are none in your neighborhood, write to Dr. Peter Fahrney, 122-114 S. Hoyne Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Sallow, yellow, unhealthy complexion.

Urine cloudy, milk-like or stringy; dark in color or offensive. Painful, scalding sensation in passing it. Obliged to go often during the day, and to get up many times at night.

Dull, heavy headaches, dizzy, tired feeling, faint spells, irregular heart.

Pain or dull ache in the back.

Feeling of oppression and apprehension. Restless, irritable and hard to please.

All fagged out, run down, sleepless nights and discouraged.

If you have any of these symptoms, take the advice of one who has made a life study of just such diseases and look well to yourself, because you have kidney trouble.

If your water, when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for 24 hours, forms a sediment or settling, or has a cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys need immediate attention.

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If you have the slightest symptom of kidney or bladder trouble, or if there is a trace of it in your family history, send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you free by mail, immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a book of wonderful Swamp-Root testimonials. Be sure you say that you read this generous offer in The National Tribune.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is for sale the world over at druggists' in bottles of two sizes and two prices—fifty cents and one dollar. Remember the name, Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y.

PICKET SHOTS

From Alert Comrades Along the Whole Line.

THE WOOD SQUAD AT FLORENCE.

Hugh J. Creighton, 13th Ohio, 1331 W. 5th St., Anderson, Ind., writes: "At Florence, S. C., during the Winter of 1864, there was a wood squad. Each five men had to carry one cord of wood from the swamp for the stockade, for which they received one pint of cornmeal, extra, and anything they could steal or trade for on the outside; all having to go in the stockade at night. I had command of the squad, my duty being to call the roll and see the wood was piled straight. I would be glad to hear from any of the men. The following comrades composed the squad: A. S. Clyne, 63d N. Y.; W. D. Kinser, 8th Iowa Cav.; A. Wendling, 18th Regulars; J. Murray, 53d Ill.; S. Waller, 6th Wis.; A. Simpson, 43d Ind.; S. Foster, 24th Mich.; P. M. Stevens, 55th Pa.; S. J. White, 85th N. Y.; D. Hugh, 11th Pa. Cav.; M. Miller, 8th Iowa Cav.; A. Downey, 4th Mass. Cav.; M. Doran, 32d Me.; M. Nodine, 146th N. Y.; F. Silk, 4th Mass. Cav.; P. Hall, 1st Mich.; F. McCoy, 5th U. S.; C. Babcock, organization not known; E. S. Wilson, 4th N. Y.; Wm. Rodeck, 41st Ohio; Wm. Stultz, 24th Ohio; M. Preston, 1st Mich.; H. Orr, 49th N. Y.; J. L. Clifford, 5th Ind. Cav.; J. York, 3d Pa. Cav.; F. Casey, 2d N. Y.; S. Brown, 101st Pa.; J. Sheridan, 4th Ky. Cav.; T. Kinney, 101st Iowa; N. Funk, 16th Conn.; H. F. Kurtz, 99th Ohio; S. Mutstar, 45th Ohio; A. Jordan, 85th N. Y.; N. Hill, 6th Long Island; N. Watson, 12th N. Y. Cav.; I. Sawville, 4th Pa. Reserve Corps; H. Lynch, 11th Mass.; G. Haner, 85th N. Y.; H. Lindsay, 33d Mass.; N. Brown, 85th N. Y.; G. B. Coe, 35th N. Y.; J. P. Willis, 21st Ill.; H. Boone, 21st Ill.; A. Wiley, 79th Ill.; J. M. Folin, 79th Ill.; M. Gallagher, 3d Iowa Cav.; A. Reece, 8th Kan.; G. Fields, 10th U. S.; R. Powers, 16th Conn.; J. Cummins, 79th Ill.; S. L. Palmer, 3d Wis. Art.; P. Kelly, 4th N. H.

WITH OPDYCKE'S BRIGADE AT FRANKLIN.

I. K. Merrifield, 2629 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a member of Co. C, 88th Ill., in Opdycke's Brigade, at the battle of Franklin, Tenn. Comrade Castle's statement is correct. I captured two of the flags he mentions as being captured by the brigade—one the regimental flag of the 1st Mo. The other headquarter flag of Gen. Fetherstone."

KNEW GEN. RICE.

Wm. C. H. Bowman, Co. D, 2d Mo. Cav. (Merrill's Horse), Centerville, Wash., writes: "I see a request from the friends of Gen. Rice, commanding the First Brigade, Second Division, Sixteenth Corps, for any soldier knowing anything of his army life to write the same to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. I was with Gen. Rice, or, rather, on the march with him to Camdon, Ark. He was wounded in the face at Little Missouri, and, being advised to leave the field, refused, saying his wound was but a flesh one. He was again wounded, this time mortally, at Saline River."

Abram Van Glone, Co. H, 109th N. Y., Danby, N. Y., writes that he would like to hear from First Brigade, Second Division, Ninth Corps, particularly the 109th N. Y. boys, through THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. This regiment took part in all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, and has a splendid record. Comrade Van Glone went out in 1862, and served to the close of the war. He was wounded three times.

SCATTERING.

G. W. Bryant, Commander, G. A. R. Post, Sardis, Tenn., writes: "Owen Sullivan was an Irishman and Union soldier, killed in '62 or '63, and buried in Saganaw Valley, Tenn. I was asked to have this printed in The National Tribune by an ex-Confederate, who was an eye-witness to the killing. He says Sullivan probably was from Pennsylvania. Any friends desirous of information can obtain same by addressing me."

John Eastman, Co. K, 149th Pa., Myrtle, Pa., would like some member of the regiment to write its history, especially that part dealing with the battle of Gettysburg. He would also like those who wore the gray and fought the "Bucktail Brigade" July 1, at Gettysburg, near the railroad cut, to write their reminiscences.

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