Personal Recollections of a Confederate Cavalryman.

By GEO. DALLAS MOSGROVE.

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After the battle of Marion we remained comparatively inactive until early in the Spring of 1865, just before Appomattox, when we defeated and stampeded a raiding cavalry force, commanded by a Col. Miller, as I remember, near Wytheville, Va., the same pretty and substantial little town where we had encountered "our friends, the enemy," on previous occasions.

In this engagement, our last "armed conflict," which was a running fight, "our friends, the enemy," being in the lead, we lost one man killed, "Major" Jenkins, a gallant youth when "knighthood was in flower." He and his brother had left their old Kentucky home, a home of wealth and luxury, to enter upon the hard and dangerous career of "soldiers in gray." I mention the name of this young soldier, "Major" Jenkins, because he was the last man I saw killed, I being near him when he was shot from his horse.

"We gave him, for a soldier meet,
A soldier's cloak for winding sheet."

Right here I am reminded of Gen. Bragg's tribute to the private soldier:

"Without the incentive or the motive which controls the officer who hopes to live in history, without the hope of reward, actuated only by a sense of duty and patriotism, he has in this great contest justly judged that the cause was his own, and gone into it with a determination to conquer or die, to be free or not to be at all. No encomium is too high, no honor too great for such a soldier. However much of credit and glory may be given, and probably justly given, to the leaders in the struggle, history will yet award the main honor where it is due—to the private soldier, who without hope of reward and with no other incentive than a conscientiousness of rectitude has encountered all the hardships and has suffered all the privations. Well has it been said 'The first monument our Confederacy raises should be a lofty shaft, pure and spotless, bearing this inscription: "To the unknown and unrecorded dead.'"

Before writing "finale" to these "Bugle Notes"—before recording the incidents of the homeward march from Old Virginia to the Kentucky home, and the surrender to "our friend, the enemy," Gen. Hobson, I desire to weave into my story some "odds and ends" that were not material to the continuous narrative of marches and battles of four years of grim-visaged war.

A COLD NEW YEAR.

On the morn of that New Year,
No bugle horn did we hear.

Neither the Blue nor the Gray can forget January 1, 1864. With no fire, no rations, our wagons 30 miles away, we "Kentucky Confederates" were on outpost duty northeast of Knoxville, Tenn. Longstreet's and Burnside's hosts had left the country a barren waste. On the previous day the weather had been comparatively warm and rainy. While lying on the bare ground, the sky our only canopy, there came a sudden change—ice and snow.

At break of day no bugle sounded. The horn was frozen—likewise the bugler. We had no fire, no coffee, no breakfast. Our poor horses, shivering and whimpering, were tied to little "black-jack" trees, and the halters, covered with ice and snow, could not be untied by our benumbed fingers. Perforce, we cut them with knives and sabers. Without any formation, we started on the long tramp—30 miles. I say "tramp" because no cavalryman could ride his horse that day without freezing to death. Leading our horses, we took the infantryman's "route step," the men straggling at will, many of them leaving the column and wandering into the country afar, seeking comfort at the hearthstones of the simple but hospitable mountaineers. As my friend, Col. Theodore F. Allen, of the 7th Ohio Cav., would say, "It was a long time between drinks"—worse than Rogersville. However, when, after nightfall, we came in sight of the glowing campfires we had the feeling of the redeemed entering "Paradise Regained."

CAPT. SAM DUNCAN.

Comrade Isaac C. Dennis, of the 14th Ill. Cav., writes interestingly of the "foot-race" at Pugh's Hill, Tenn. Verily, we were all running—the Confederates in the lead. Undoubtedly Dennis was instrumental in the capture of Capt. Sam Duncan, who was brave as Marshal Ney, but too corpulent to run a foot-race. Duncan's reply that the Illinois cavalrymen were "winded" and could not hit a barn-door was characteristic of him.

No doubt Comrade Dennis will be pleased to know more of his captive. Capt. Sam Duncan was a strong-looking man, rotund, slightly above medium hight. He had dark hair, a pleasant face, and wore a heavy mustache—a bluff, rollicking, fun-loving officer; plain in manner and speech, he cared little for "full-dress uniform"—usually wearing a short cavalry jacket devoid of any insignia of rank. He was witty and immensely popular.

His comrades of the "Buckner Guards" tell of an amusing incident that occurred at the battle of Shiloh. Just before the beginning of that conflict the opposing lines were so close that ordinary sounds could be heard from one encampment to the other. On the night before the battle Duncan, then a private soldier, was on picket duty. Being weary and sleepy, he forgot military regulations and went off into the "Land of Nod." Very carelessly he had dismounted and hitched his horse to a fence rail. In a short time he was awakened by a commotion in the Federal camp, and, in his dazed condition, thinking the enemy was advancing, he hurriedly endeavored to unhitch his horse, preparatory to mounting and riding away. In his hurry, he failed to unfasten the rein in as brief time as he thought the emergency demanded, and instead he shouldered the rail, mounted his horse, and triumphantly rode back to his company base.

This same genial Capt. Duncan was the "identical gentleman" who tried to make his horse climb a tree, an episode recorded in a previous installment of these "Bugle Notes." He is still living—and still jolly.

WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW?

Of the many war songs I recall two stanzas of a pathetic one:

"Why am I so weak and weary?
See how faint my heated breath
All around to me seems darkness;
Tell me, comrade, is this death?
Oh, how well I know your answer!
To my fate I meekly bow;
If you'll only tell me truly
Who will care for mother now?

"Let this knapsack be my pillow,
And my mantle be the sky;
Hasten, comrade, to the battle;
I will like a soldier die;
Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow.
I have for my country fallen—
Who will care for mother now?"

THE MUD LARK.

When on short rations, consisting of nothing more than meager quantities of "blue beef" and rice, with a modicum of bread, made of unbolted flour, the Confederate soldier frequently made quiet, stealthy forages into the circumjacent country in search of something for the benefit of stomachs nearly always in an "unsatisfied-like" condition. On such excursions the most satisfactory game to be "flushed" was the "mud lark." Now, the unsophisticated reader must not think the soldier was hunting for a bird that sings in the meadow and rises with the sun. Not at all. He is simply on a "still hunt" for an unpoetical, grunting, razor-back hog, which the Southern cavalier calls a "mud lark." Being the private property of "loyal citizens," there are strict orders against the killing of the "larks," and therefore the huntsman must be strategetical and discretionary. His modus operandi is in manner and form as follows: He simply inveigles his "larkship" into some sequestered dale, where he can be noiselessly dispatched, skinned and chucked into a bag, unheard and unobserved by the "Lord of the Manor." This proceeding successfully accomplished, the defunct "mud lark" is smuggled into camp, and a few choice spirits are invited to the festal board to enjoy a feast like unto that Charles Lamb describes in his inimitable "Dissertation on Roast Pig."

"HE SHOULDERED THE RAIL AND TRIUMPHANTLY RODE BACK TO HIS COMPANY BASE."

SLEEPING IN THE SNOW.

The Confederate cavalryman had "fee simple title" to his horse, and therefore he usually took good care of him, carrying no unnecessary baggage—seldom more than one blanket. Generally two or three soldiers slept together.

Upon a certain occasion, near Rogersville, where it was "a long time between drinks," we went into camp in an open field, Lieut.-Col. Pryor, Maj. Parker and myself "bunking" together. As I was a small, slender boy, they put me in the "middle." We slumbered through the entire night, unconscious that a heavy snow had fallen. When day dawned I felt that I was "crowded" and unusually warm. Removing the blanket from my head, the cold snow fell upon the necks of my "right and left bowers," both of whom, being suddenly awakened by the shock, cried out, "Ugh! Ugh!"

Looking about me I could see no one stirring. The men were sleeping soundly and comfortably, their snow-covered forms having the appearance of so many inanimate logs. That experience convinced me that on a cold Winter night one could have no warmer coverlet than a snow blanket.

(To be continued.)

Reminiscences of a 5th Ind. Cavalryman.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In reading "Bugle Notes" about the campaign in East Tennessee, I note some mistakes in the Henderson Mills fight.

The writer says "Foster's Brigade got in the rear of us;" which was a mistake, as my regiment, about 500 strong, was all that was in the rear; the rest of the brigade failed to come up.

We fought them about two hours, when they flanked us on the left, and we fell back about a mile. It is all a mistake as to our falling back about three miles in disorder. We fell back to the right not more than a mile, and in good order.

He is also mistaken as to the name of our Colonel; it was Graham. Graham was our first Colonel, and was in command of our regiment all through the Tennessee campaign. He was a splendid soldier, never allowing his men to be imposed on by anyone.

The morning of the Henderson Mills fight Capt. Loomis, of Co. F, with a small squad of men, rode right into the rebel camp and captured their Adjutant-General. The enemy pursued them back to our lines, where they halted and the fight commenced. They drove us back and then passed us; we followed them, and had several skirmishes, losing several men killed and wounded.

We were in all the fights in East Tennessee, except during the siege of Knoxville, when we were on a raid.

The battle of Rheatown occurred Oct. 11, 1863. The Johnnies fought stubbornly until a squad of us charged their left flank and drove them back. We held the position, and they retreated. We chased them about seven miles, and then went into camp for the night. The next morning we continued the chase to Bloutville, where we defeated and drove them out of Tennessee, following them as far as Abingdon, Va. We then fell back to Jonesboro, Tenn.

This is written from memory, and may contain some mistakes; but in the main it is correct.—M. A. HARBERT, Co. F, 5th Ind. Cav., Findlay, Ill.

TOURS TO BOSTON.

Personally Conducted, All Expenses Included Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, June 25 and July 16, 1901.

On Tuesdays, June 25 and July 16, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will run Personally Conducted Tours to Boston from Washington and Baltimore at the very low rate of $28.00 for the round trip, which includes all necessary expenses and permits of stop-over of one-half day in Philadelphia and one whole day in New York on going trip. Tickets will be good to return five (5) days, exclusive of going date.

Trains will leave New Jersey Avenue and C street Station, Washington, at 8.30 A. M.; Baltimore, Camden Station, 9.19 A. M.; Mt. Royal Station, 9.24 A. M.

For detailed information and illustrated itinerary call on S. B. Hege, General Agent Passenger Department, Washington; B. F. Bond, Division Passenger Agent, Baltimore, or Arthur G. Lewis, Southern Passenger Agent, Norfolk, Va.

A NIGHT ON PICKET.

Kirby Smith's Cavalry Turns Out to Be Three Escaping Slaves.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have been a member of The National Tribune family since 1879, and in that time I have written a few letters of reminiscence. I will now tell the boys about my first experience on picket guard. It was about two miles east of Frankfort, Ky., on the Versailles Turnpike, where the road to Georgetown branches off. It was early in October, 1862, when I had been but a little over two months in the service and a half-month in the field.

I had dreaded the duties of the "lonely picket" in a hostile country, or I thought that I would, and this feeling had been somewhat intensified just before entering the service by a villainous woodcut in one of the illustrated papers of that time, entitled "Rebel Prowler Shooting a Union Picket." There in the foreground was the Union picket dressed and equipped in all the paraphernalia of war, his musket falling from his grasp, and himself falling backward in the agonies of death, and away in the distance, in the deep woods, appeared the ugly face and slouch hat of a rebel bushwhacker with blazing gun. The picture made a deep impression on my boyish mind, and it was with some consternation that I heard the Orderly about 4 p. m. one day call out my name as one of the details for picket.

We had recently marched from Louisville, where we had crossed the Ohio, and our division, under Gen. Ebenezer Dumont, had pushed back some part of the rebel army and captured Frankfort, just in time to prevent the seating of a rebel Governor. It was then known that the rebel General, Kirby Smith, was east and south of us, with two divisions of Bragg's army, and it was expected of him by his chief that he would recapture the State Capital.

The officer of the guard that night was our First Lieutenant, H. H. Clay—afterwards our Captain, and later Major, who led the regiment on the famous "march to the sea" and the stirring and eventful campaign of the Carolinas.

My companions on the picket post at the road were two men of my company,Ario W. Davison and Robt. N. Lester, both of whom have reached the long pontoon and crossed over the river of death. Peace to their ashes.

Lieut. Clay gave us our orders or instructions for the night, to wit, "Watch for the approach of any heavy bodies of troops," the usual directions about challenging, and added: "If you shoot, shoot to kill." We began our weary vigil at sundown. I caught a firefly and put it under a tin cup, so as to have his illuminated carcass to tell the time by a watch one of the boys carried. Lester went on at 8 p. m., Davison at 10, and the writer at 12, as a result of getting the short straw in a draw for reliefs.

The night was starlight and quite still, and at about 1 p. m. I was wide awake and sitting on a fence rail in the corner of a worm-fence, and under the shadow of a big, wide-spreading birch tree, when I detected the suppressed hum of voices, and looking east up the left, or Versailles road, I saw, as I thought, a little less than a million of Kirby Smith's men, who were coming right on. I sprang into the center of the pike and commanded the supposed enemy to halt; but on they came. The second challenge met with like results. I drew back the hammer to my huge French musket, with which we had been recently armed, and which were said to be warranted to kill at both ends. All marching troops then went in a column of fours front, and I could see three abreast, and I supposed the fourth man must be in the shadow of the cedar along the road; but the snap of the stiff mainspring, as I drew back the hammer, in the still night air, was both heard and heeded, for the army of marching enemies came to a halt, and that promptly, then, as ordered. I sang out: "Who comes there?" I was afraid the supposed enemy would hear my heart beat, it thumped so loud. In answer to my last challenge came the reply, "We's black boys." They were three slaves escaping to freedom. I told them to advance. They had all their belongings. We kept them near us till morning. Lester, who was the "Si Klegg" of our company, found some honey and a chicken somewhere, so we were able to give them a very good breakfast. They were soon duly installed about camp in various positions, and a few days later all the regiment will remember the uproar, amounting to almost a riot, when a well-known "nigger catcher," accompanied by the alleged owner of our new arrivals, came to camp with an order from Gen. Buell to convey the black boys back to slavery. They failed to find the chattels, however; they were safely hidden.—CHAS. M. CASTLE, Co. D, 102d Ill., Yorktown, Iowa.

"Recollections of a Forager."

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Comrade Shaw's Recollections of a Forager are read by me very soon after the paper gets into my hands. In the issue of May 30, Jim's account of his first (?) departure from the path of soldierly rectitude is truly pathetic, and he makes a very serious charge against Shep Bodkin, who was a king among the mule-drivers of the old Fourteenth Corps. Among the very few who were his peers was that whole-souled prince of teamsters, Bob Dodds, peace to his ashes; I would love to lay a lily on the grave of Bob Dodds.

I am loth to believe that Shep Bodkin was the cause of Jim Shaw's wandering from the chalkline of soldierly conduct laid down in the army regulation and the articles of war. A comrade who was "thar" intimates that early in Jim's soldier career, while on the march from Nicholsonville to Camp Dick Robinson, Ky., he showed a disposition to "rustle" around and get things to eat—and drink.—S. A. MCNEIL, Richwood, Ohio.

REMARRIED WIDOWS.

The last Congress passed an act restoring to the rolls certain widows who had lost their pensions by remarriage, and who had again become widows, or had secured a divorce from the second husband.

We will send the blanks for application for restoration, together with the full text of the law and complete official instruction as to what proof is demanded, postpaid, upon receipt of 25 cents. Address THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C.

FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What the Veterans Have to Say About Their Campaigns.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

The Part Taken by the 91st Ohio at the Battle of Winchester.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: "Sheridan's Ride" has passed into history as one of the notable events of the civil war, and drew from the pen of J. Buchannan Reid, the most inspiring and beautifully composed poem of "those dark days that tried men's souls."

Having been an eye-witness of that scene, in which "the rider who rode from Winchester down" astride the gallant "Rienzi," who strained every nerve for his master on that fateful morning of Oct. 19, 1864, when the fate of the army trembled in the balance, I venture to offer a brief version of the same for your columns.

The Federal army, composed of the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps, the Army of West Virginia, and quite a large force of cavalry, on the right wing, in all (the entire army) numbering about 35,000 men, rested on the banks of Cedar Creek, Va. A part of Sheridan's cavalry force occupied a position at Front Royal, a few miles to the left.

The banks of Cedar Creek had been well fortified. The redoubts and rifle pits were, in military parlance, "en echelon," i. e., in successive steps, thus:

Army of West Virginia,
Nineteenth Corps,
Sixth Corps.

The Army of West Virginia held the most advanced position. The turnpike leading south passed between the positions occupied by the Army of West Virginia and Nineteenth Corps.

Four miles beyond this entrenched position, at Fisher's Hill, was the flower of Lee's army, Stonewall Jackson's old corps, under the immediate command of Gen. Jubal A. Early. His command had been reinforced by two divisions from Gen. Longstreet's Corps, and quite a formidable body of militia, the most of which were without arms, and trusting to the surprise that followed to secure a supply.

Between these two armies the skirmishers were in close proximity, keeping up a constant fusilade day and night. On the night of Oct. 18, and under cover of the darkness, Gen. Early had advanced his entire force to his own skirmish line. The bayonets of his soldiers were left in their camp, lest the clanking of their shanks against their canteens should attract attention. One of Early's spies had succeeded in getting the countersign from Union headquarters. During the night a regiment of rebel cavalry in Union uniforms rode up and with the stolen countersign bagged every picket in front of the Army of West Virginia, and that wing of the Confederate army lay within 200 yards of the rifle pits.

Five divisions of the rebel army, under Pegram, Wharton, Lomax, Kershaw, and Ramseur, flanked the Federal position, overlapping the same for nearly two miles. The Confederate strategy now became as plain as the nose on a man's face, viz., to capture and annihilate the Army of West Virginia, under Gen. Crooks, and turn the Union position. At 4 a. m., while the great body of Crook's soldiers were sleeping in their tents, their front was swept as by an inundation, the five rebel divisions simultaneously sweeping in from the east. The surprise was complete, and the panic for the time being was frightful. No trained veterans in the world could have withstood the outset. Many were shot while sleeping in their tents. If there had been no surprise the conditions would have warranted the commander of that wing in making a hasty retreat, as there could have been but two other results, a massacre or an unconditional surrender. There were no better soldiers anywhere than the rank and file of the Army of West Virginia. On a score or more battlefields they had proven their devotion and courage, and the man who charges them with cowardice on that occasion is simply a fool for want of sense. Two miles in the rear of this body of men the 91st Ohio had been detached, and were guarding 500 head of cattle for the army. The former Colonel (Gen. B. F. Coates) had command of the brigade up in front, and immediately dispatched a swift rider, Capt. W. W. Prather, to apprise the regiment of its danger and to move the cattle out of the corral and on to Winchester.

A few days before this battle Gen. Sheridan had visited Washington for a conference with President Lincoln and Gen. Grant, and had reached Winchester, Va., on his return to the army on the night of Oct. 18, 1864. The heavy firing of artillery and the roll of musketry on the following morning attracted the attention of his practiced ears, and Rienzi and his rider were off on the wings of the wind for the battlefield "20 miles away."

The regiment in charge of the cattle that morning had not been strangers to the screech of shells and the whiz of minie balls, and yet with unbroken front and soldierly bearing they had reached a point seven miles to the rear when Gen. Sheridan came up at a swinging gait. The gallant, coal-black steed was flecked with foam. His quick eye took in the situation at a glance—a regiment in solid column and in splendid order, marching to the rear; far out across the country a small army of fleeing fugitives in full retreat. Reining his horse before our Colonel, he asked almost indignantly "why his regiment was going to the rear in good order and the fields black with fugitives?" "Well," said Col. Cadet, "my regiment has been detached for weeks, and I was ordered to take the regiment and drive the cattle to Winchester." "All right, Colonel," said Gen. Sheridan, "use two companies for that purpose and take the balance of your regiment and drive the stragglers back into the battle." And again the gallant General was on the wing to where the artillery thundered, and the musketry roared incessantly.

Gen. Sherman once wrote the Mayor of Atlanta, "War is cruel, and you cannot refine it," and to another he said, "War is hell," and on the evening of Oct. 19, 1864, while we were driving the stragglers back into the action at Cedar Creek, on the widespread plains of the Shenandoah Valley, I thought I could see a practical application or illustration of Sherman's terse exclamation that "War is hell," and 8,000 soldiers were weltering in their blood. The rider "who rode from Winchester down" in the gathering gloom of the night had reaped a great victory without a single reinforcement, and inflicted a crushing defeat on the minions of rebellion.—J. H. PRATHER, Co. E, 91st Ohio, Manchester, Ohio.

Some Heavy Brigade Losses.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I was much interested in articles which appeared in The National Tribune some time ago concerning the services, losses, etc., of certain brigades of the Union army during the civil war.

In Fox's "Regimental Losses" the tabulated losses of 12 brigades are given, and in connection with them six other brigades receive mention.

Special mention is given these brigades, for various reasons, viz, heaviest loss numerically, heaviest percentage of loss, continuous service, and in several instances because composed entirely of troops from one State.

The greatest loss in any one brigade occurred in the six regiments of the Vermont Brigade, of the Second Division, Sixth Corps, as follows: 2d Vt., 224; 3d Vt., 206; 4th Vt., 162; 5th Vt., 213; 6th Vt., 203; 11th Vt., 164; total, 1,172. The greatest loss in proportion to numbers was sustained by the Iron Brigade of the First Division, First Corps, viz: 2d Wis., 238; 6th Wis., 244; 7th Wis., 281; 19th Ind., 179; 24th Mich., 189; total, 1,131.

Butterfield's Third Brigade, First Division, Fifth Corps, receives no mention, as a brigade, in Fox's book; yet the three three-years' regiments which, with two two-years' regiments, formed the brigade in 1861, lost 711 men killed, divided among the regiments as follows: 83d Pa., 282; 16th Mich., 247; 44th N. Y., 182. In 1862 the 20th Me. joined the brigade, losing 147 men before assisting at the closing scene at Appomattox; making a total loss in the four three-years' regiments of the brigade of 858, a loss exceeded only in one instance by an equal number of regiments in any of the famous brigades mentioned Col. Fox.

To those comrades who consider it a solemn duty to contradict every statement made by any other comrade, it is only necessary to say that the foregoing figures are Fox's and he undoubtedly has by much experience become so accustomed to seeing the accuracy of his figures denied as to enjoy it; and I will only add what he says in regard to the losses of one regiment of the Third Brigade, but will apply to all: "None of its losses were caused by blunders; none occurred in disastrous routs; its dead always lay with their faces to the enemy."—W. J. ADAMS, Mason, Mich.

Battle of Mill Springs.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I noticed in The National Tribune a request from William Gaunon, Co. D, 4th Ky., for information as to what part the 9th Ohio took in the battle of Mill Springs, Ky. This battle was fought Jan. 19, 1862, between the Confederate forces, under Gen. Zollicoffer, and Union forces, under Gen. Thomas.

The night of Jan. 18, 1862, a strong picket of the 1st Ky. Cav. was placed on the Mill Springs road. Sunday morning, Jan. 19, was dark and rainy. Very early in the morning the pickets were fired on. Col. Wolford at once reinforced the pickets, and the battle opened. It was evident that the Federals would be flanked, and the left was ordered to fall back and form its line behind a fence, thus forming a right angle with the regiment. Col. M. D. Manson, commanding the Second Brigade, after directing Col. Kise to form the 10th Ind. immediately, and ordering Col. S. S. Fry, with the 4th Ky., to his support, went in person to Gen. Thomas to inform him of the advance of the enemy in force and the disposition he had made to resist them. Gen. Thomas directed Manson to join his command and hold the enemy in check until he (Thomas) could bring up the other troops, which were ordered to form immediately, and were marching to the field 10 minutes later. The battalion of Michigan Engineers and Co. A, 38th Ohio, were ordered to remain to guard the camp.

Gen. Thomas rode to the front, where the 4th Ky., 10th Ind., and Wolford's Cavalry were in position. He found the enemy advancing through a cornfield to gain the left of the 4th Ky., and ordered a section of artillery and the Tennessee Brigade, under Gen. Carter, to advance on the enemy's right; also sent Col. McCook, with his two regiments, the 9th Ohio and 2d Minn., to the support of the 4th Ky. and 10th Ind. and 1st Ky. Cav.

A section of Kenny's Battery took position on the left of the 4th Ky., and opened an effective fire on a regiment of Alabamians that were advancing on that regiment. Col. H. P. Van Cleve arrived, and reporting for instructions was ordered to take the position of the 4th Ky. and 10th Ind., which were out of ammunition.

The 9th Ohio, commanded by Maj. Kammerling, took position on the right of the road. The enemy now opened a most determined and galling fire.

The 12th Ky. and the Tennessee Brigade came up on the left of the Minnesota regiment and opened a heavy fire. The 9th Ohio charged with fixed bayonets on the enemy's left, turning their flank and driving them from the field in disorder. The whole Union force rapidly advanced. The Standart's and Wetmore's Batteries shelled the intrenchments until dark. The next morning all the forces advanced, to find the works evacuated. The enemy had left a vast amount of property, 12 pieces of artillery, a large amount of small-arms, 156 wagons and thousands of mules and horses, a large amount of commissary stores, camp and garrison equipage, etc.

The 14th Ohio and 10th Ky. were not in the battle, being on detached duty. Gen. Schoepf, with the 17th, 31st and 38th Ohio, joined Gen. Thomas on the evening of the 19th. According to official reports the Union loss was as follows:

10th Ind., 10 enlisted men killed; wounded, three commissioned officers and 72 men.

1st Ky. Cav., one commissioned officer and two men killed; wounded, 19 men.

4th Ky., eight enlisted men killed, and four commissioned officers and 48 men wounded.

2d Minn., 12 men killed, and two commissioned officers and 31 men wounded.

9th Ohio, six men killed, and four commissioned officers and 24 men wounded.

Total killed, one commissioned officer and 38 men; wounded, 13 commissioned officers and 194 men.

The enemy's loss was as follows: Killed, 192, including Gen. Zollicoffer; prisoners, 167; total, 359. No doubt there were many drowned in crossing the Cumberland River, as Gen. Crittenden (rebel) reported their loss at 535.—JOHN C. WEDDLE, Co. F, 1st Ky. Cav., Faubush, Ky.

With the 15th Ohio.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I read the account of the death of Gen. R. S. Garnett, at the battle of Carrick's Ford, W. Va., written by Silas Benhan, of Highwood, Conn. I was there at the time and believe I know the facts. Garnett was killed on July 14, 1861—not on the 13th, as Mr. Benhan states. Neither was he killed by the 12th Ohio. The 12th Ohio did not leave the State during its three months' service. The regiment was mustered into the State service for three months at Camp Jackson, Columbus, O., in April, 1861, and was sent to Camp Dennison, above Cincinnati, where it remained until the expiration of the term. The regiment was reorganized under the first call for three-years men.

As to who killed Gen. Garnett, it would be hard to say, but my opinion is that one of the 9th Ind. or 14th Ohio fired the shot. The 1st W. Va. also claimed the honor.

The troops that composed the command of Gen. Morris, of Indiana, were the 6th, 7th and 9th Ind.; 14th Ohio, Col. James B. Steedman; 15th Ohio, Col. Andrews; 16th Ohio, Col. James Ervine; 1st W. Va., Col. B. F. Kelly; Co. A, 1st Ohio L. A., Capt. Carter, of Cleveland.

I will give my own military record. I enlisted under President Lincoln's first call for 90-days men, in Co. B, 15th Ohio, Capt. Wm. Wallace. I served through the West Virginia campaign; was at Philippi, June 3, 1861; at Laurel Hill, July 8, 1861; at Carrick's Ford, July 14, 1861; was mustered out Aug. 30, 1861, by reason of expiration of term of service. I re-enlisted Sept. 9, 1861, for three years, in Co. B, 15th Ohio, Capt. Dawson. I veteranized in December, 1863, at Strawberry Plains, East Tenn.; marched to Chattanooga, where I was mustered in as a veteran, Jan. 1, 1864; was transferred to Co. E, 15th Ohio, Capt. David Way; was mustered out at San Antonio, Tex., Nov. 21, 1865. I was in the army four years, six months, 24 days.—HIRAM K. BROOKE, Cos. B, G and E, 15th Ohio, Gibsonburg, O.

Sweeny's Brigade.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I see in The National Tribune a controversy between some of the comrades in regard to the formation of Sweeny's Brigade. I would say that Lieut. Fish, of Co. B, 52d, is correct. I was a member of Co. F, 52d, having enlisted at Geneva, Ill., at the age of 14 years. After the battle of Shiloh I was discharged for sickness. On recovering I re-enlisted, Sept. 26, 1862, in the same company and regiment and served to the end of the war.

I was with the regiment in all its engagements, the march to the sea, and through the Carolinas, and at the Grand Review at Washington. The brigade consisted of the 52d Ill., 2d and 7th Iowa and 66th Ind. The 66th Ind. joined us at Corinth, Miss., after the battle.

It does me good to hear from the old boys. I wish someone would write the history of the 52d Ill. — REUBEN WHEELER, Co. F, 52d Ill., 521 So. Telemaches street, New Orleans, La.

PICKET SHOTS

From Alert Comrades Along the Whole Line.

HIS LABOR LOST.

B. F. Dill, Sergeant, Co. I, 8th Ind. Cav., Fordland, Mo., writes: "Our regiment veteranized in February, 1864, and after a scout to Rocky Face Ridge, we lay in camp near Ringgold, Ga. One night about four inches of snow fell, and the next day being warm, the ground was covered with slush. Wilson Mann, of Co. I, decided to build a bunk. He gathered forks, poles and pine boughs, and worked till the perspiration rolled from his forehead. He finished about 2 p. m. and lay down in his 'purp' tent to take a nap.

"Tom Boxley, our drummer while we were the 39th Ind., but then carrying a Spencer carbine and saber, saw a chance for some fun, and Tom never missed fun or a fight if he could help it. Tom slipped around and untied the guy-rope of the tent and tied it to Wilson's foot, then walked about 25 yards and began bombarding the tent with snowballs.

"Wilson awoke, but remained still until Tom, who was advancing step by step, was, as he thought, within reach, when he made a lunge at Tom, missed him, but with the guy-rope around his foot tore down his tent, bunk and all, and fell his whole length in the slush. Cheer after cheer went up from the company."

A PARODY ON A REBEL SONG.

John M. Millan, Battery F, 1st W. Va. L. A., Rymer, W. Va., wishes to secure the parody on the rebel song, "Maryland, My Maryland," commencing—

"The rebel feet are on our shore,
Maryland, My Maryland;
I smell 'em half a mile or more,
Maryland, My Maryland;
To get them clean, 'tis truth I speak,
'Twould dirty every stream and creek
From Potomac to the Chesapeake,
Maryland, My Maryland."

A PATRIOTIC SHOWING

L. H. Tanner, Co. B, old 3d Mich., Sparta, Mich., writes: "I have been a reader of The National Tribune since its first issue. I have just read a short sketch headed 'Patriotic Record of a New York Town,' in which the writer states that 350 men enlisted out of a population of 2,600. I think that a very good showing of patriotism; but I can beat it. In a school district comprising Eastern Sparta Township and Western Algona Township, a district two miles long and one and one-half miles wide, in a new country sparsely settled—I do not know the exact population—32 men enlisted, and 16 gave their lives for their country. Can any country school district present a better record?"

DEATH OF GEN. GARNETT.

Robert Watson, Ingalls, Ind., writes: "Gen. Garnett was killed by Private Burlingame, 7th Ind., at a ford (Carrick's) of Cheat River, July 13, 1861. I was standing on the top of a hill about 200 yards to the right and 600 yards to the rear of Burlingame, when he fired at an officer who was standing in the center of a road with his back toward Burlingame, who was on the ground near a stump, on which Serg't Maj. Jonathan Gordon, 7th Ind., was standing. Gordon was pointing to the officer. Burlingame fired, and Garnett fell. Gen. Garnett was killed while waving his sword and trying to rally the Johnnies, who were retreating."

ELIAS HOWE.

Benj. F. Gates, Co. I, 26th Conn., New London, Conn., writes: "In the issue of May 30 is an article discussing the service of Elias Howe. Perhaps the following will please those interested, for it is a copy of the record of the only Elias Howe who served in the civil war from Connecticut, taken from 'Record of Connecticut Men in the War of the Rebellion, 1861 to 1865:' 'Elias Howe, jr.; enlisted in Fairfield, Conn., Aug. 14, 1862; mustered Aug. 28, 1862; mustered out July 19, 1865, and was a member of Co. D, 17th Reg't Conn. Vols.'"

WHERE IS THE OWNER?

Henry Raben, St. Wendell's, Ind., has a medal inscribed: "The State of Ohio to Chas. L. Crale, Veteran, Co. F, 36th Reg't, Ohio Volunteer Inf't." He wishes to secure the address of Comrade Crale.

SCATTERING.

John H. Bruce, Co. F, 5th Ohio Cav., Eaton, O., writes: "I wish to learn the whereabouts of Col. Robert R. Townes, 31st Ill., who was Adjutant on staff of Maj.-Gen. John A. Logan. He is not on file in Washington, neither does Mrs. Gen. Logan know anything of his whereabouts."

G. G. Bradshaw, Co. B, 2d East Tenn. Inf., Nixa, Mo., would like some comrade to write a history of the regiment from Aug. 10, 1861, to October, 1864.

R. D. Welch, Co. K, 80th Ohio, Ravenden Springs, Ark., wishes to hear from members of his regiment through The National Tribune. He says that cheap and good homes may be obtained in Arkansas, and he would like to have his comrades settle there.

Cyrus Hopkins, Box 24, East End, Oneonta, N. Y., wants the song describing the battle of Murfreesboro.

William Dines, Co. B, 41st Ohio, Velzy, Mich., wishes some comrade to write a history of the Second Brigade, Third Division, Fourth Corps. He also wants to hear from 41st Ohio men through The National Tribune.

Nigger-Stealing by Co. E, 10th Ill.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have been reading "Picket Shots" in The National Tribune, and I am deeply interested in what the comrades write. I have never seen anything in print about the stealing of a negro by Co. E, 10th Ill. In January, 1862, we were on a march in Kentucky from Camp Holt, Ky. After the object of our march had been accomplished we started back to Camp Holt. As we neared the river some of the officers decided they wanted a negro for a cook or waiter. When we arrived at camp, Co. E had an athletic, good-looking negro boy, I should judge about 18 years of age. His master soon arrived in camp hunting for his property, but could not find him. We had orders to pack up and get aboard a steamboat to return to our old camp at Mound City, Ill. We had what they called wedge tents in those days; so those who had charge of the negro slyly wrapped him in one of the tents and he was loaded on a wagon with the other baggage and hauled down to the landing at the river. Someone in the company had given the whole thing away to the negro's owner, as $50 reward had been offered for any information that would lead to the recovery of the property. Our company's baggage was on the boat, and we had moved on board also, when an order was received from Gen. McClernand to search Co. E's baggage. The searchers knew exactly where to look. They commenced on the pile of tents belonging to Co. E, and near the bottom of the pile they found the darky nearly smothered. Our Colonel (Morgan) was very anxious to know who had a hand in hiding the negro, but he could find no one who knew anything about it. We were put on extra duty as a company and sent above Mound City to an old iron foundry as punishment. The rest of the regiment was sent to Bird's Point, Mo. We never knew to a certainty who told the negro's master where the slave could be found. We supposed it was a fellow by the name of "Jim" McClure, as he seemed to be flush with money shortly afterwards. This same McClure deserted while we were standing in line of battle at Farmington, Miss., awaiting an attack. At least, he disappeared. I have never heard what became of him.—L. W. ARMSTRONG, Corporal, Co. E, 10th Ill., Randolph, Iowa.

Gen. Daniel E. Sickles.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I most heartily indorse and second the nomination of that gallant and glorious old Commander and comrade, Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, for Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R. More than that, I would like to see him made Pension Commissioner, or even President. He would fill the position with credit.—H. H. BASS, Springdale, Ark.

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EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Having