STONEWALL JACKSON

Firm Stand of the Virginians at Manassas Under This Intrepid Leader.

BY GEORGE DALLAS MOSGROVE.

Lieut.-Col. Henderson, of the English army, Professor of Military Art and History, author of "The Campaign of Fredericksburg," etc., writing of the first battle of Manassas, vividly portrays Stonewall Jackson's genius in selecting his position near the Henry House. The following is an excerpt from Henderson's story:

"The day seemed lost. Strong masses of Northern infantry were moving forward past Stone House on the Warrenton turnpike. Hampton's Legion was retiring on the right. Imboden's Battery, with but three rounds of ammunition for each piece, galloped back across the Henry Hill, and this commanding hight, the key to the battleground, was abandoned to the enemy. But help was at hand. Jackson, like Bee and Barstow, had been ordered to the Stone Bridge. Hearing the heavy fire to his left increasing in intensity, he had turned the head of his column toward the most pressing danger, and had sent a messenger to Bee to announce his coming. As he pushed rapidly forward, part of the troops he had intended to support swept by in disorder to the rear. Imboden's Battery came dashing back, and that officer, meeting Jackson, expressed with a profanity that was evidently displeasing to the General his disgust at being left without support. 'I'll support your battery,' was the brief reply. 'Unlimber right here.'

"At this moment appeared Gen. Bee, approaching at full gallop, and he and Jackson met face to face. Jackson was cool and composed. Bee, covered with dust and sweat, his sword in his hand and his horse foaming.

"'General,' he said, 'they are beating us back!'

"'Then, sir, we will give them the bayonet.'

"The thin lips closed like a vise, and the First Brigade, pressing up the slope, formed into line on the eastern edge of the Henry Hill.

"Jackson's determined bearing inspired Bee with renewed confidence. He turned and galloped back to the ravine where his officers were attempting to reform their broken companies. Riding into the midst of the throng he pointed his sword to the Virginia regiments deployed in well-ordered array on the hight above. 'Look!' he shouted, 'there is Jackson standing like a stone wall! Rally behind the Virginians!'

"The men took up the cry, and the happy augury of the expression, applied at a time when defeat seemed imminent and hearts were failing, was remembered when the danger had passed away.

"The position which Jackson had occupied was the strongest that could be found. He had not gone forward to the crest, which looks down upon Young's Branch, and commands the slope by which the Federals were advancing. From that crest extended a wide view and a wide field of fire; but both flanks would have been exposed. The Henry House was nothing more than a cottage; neither here nor elsewhere was there shelter for his riflemen, and they would have been exposed to the full force of the Federal artillery without power of reply. But on the eastern edge of the hill, where he had chosen to deploy, ran a belt of young pines, affording excellent cover, which merged into a dense oak wood near the Sudley road.

"Along the edge of the pines Jackson placed his regiments, with six guns to support them. Lying in rear of the guns were the 4th and 27th Va.; on the right was the 5th; on the left the 2d and 33d. Both flanks were in the woods, and Stuart, whom Jackson had called up to secure his left, was watching the ground beyond the road. To the front, for a space of 500 yards, stretched the level crest of the hill; and the ground beyond the Henry House, dipping to the valley of Young's Branch, where the Federals were gathering, was wholly unseen. But, as the tactics of Wellington so often proved, a position from which the view is limited, well in the rear of a crest line, may be exceedingly strong for defense, provided that troops who hold it can use the bayonet. It would be difficult in the extreme for the Federals to pave the way for their attack with artillery. From the guns on Matthews's Hill the Virginia regiments were well sheltered, and the range was long. To do effective work the hostile batteries would have to cross Young's Branch, ascend the Henry Hill and come into action within 500 yards of Jackson's line. Even if they were able to hold their ground at so short a range, they could make no accurate practice under the fire of the Confederate marksmen."

Supplementary to the foregoing, Col. Charles E. Sears, soldier, journalist and literateur, says:

"Here was an illustration of Jackson's cool and consummate tactical skill. All about him was confusion. The thin and broken line of gray was hurrying back in disorder, if not panic. There were no reinforcements within four or five miles of him. His brigade was the only organized body of infantry in front of nearly 30,000 of the enemy, 16,000 of whom were moving directly toward him. It was a time to try one's soul. But amid the mad rush of fugitives, with the battle apparently lost beyond hope, he calmly selected his position with the deliberation and care one might expect of a General engaged in a sham battle or manuvering for a prize. His orders were few, his language clear, his brain calm and calculating.

"Just as his line was completed by the bringing up of the rallied fugitives on his right, both Johnston and Beauregard arrived on the scene, having quickly abandoned all purpose to attack on the enemy's left, and hurried to the point where the left wing was being swept away and the destruction of the army by detail apparently inevitable. Both rode in front of the line, encouraging the regiments, followed by color-bearers bearing their banners. Shells were bursting on every hand, hot dust was floating in the midday rays of a July sun; there was the clamor of cheers, the din of hot battle."

Says Henderson: "Meanwhile, before the center of his line, with an unconcern that had a marvelous effect on his untried command, Jackson rode slowly to and fro. Except that his face was a little paler and his eyes brighter, he looked exactly as his men had seen him so often on parade; and as he passed along the crest above them they heard from time to time the reassuring words, uttered in a tone which betrayed no trace of excitement, 'Steady, men! Steady! All's well!'"

Col. Sears continues: "The cloud of battle now burst with all its fury. The Federal regiments, flushed with victory, came crowding over the crest of Henry Hill, past the Henry House, cheering and firing volleys. 'The contest that ensued,' says Imboden in his interesting narrative, 'was terrific. Jackson ordered me to go from battery to battery, and see that the guns were properly aimed and the fuses cut the right length. This was the work of but a few minutes. On returning to the left of the line of guns I stopped to ask Gen. Jackson's permission to rejoin my battery. The fight was just then hot enough to make him feel well. His eyes fairly blazed. He had a way of throwing his left hand with the open palm toward the person whom he was addressing, and as he told me to go he made this gesture. The air was full of flying missiles, and as he spoke he jerked down his hand, and I saw that blood was streaming down from it. I exclaimed, 'General, you are wounded.' 'Only a scratch—a mere scratch,' he replied, and binding it hastily with a handkerchief he galloped away along his line.'

"It was now 1:30 p. m. The plateau on the Henry Hill was swarming with troops. The Federal artillery, splendidly served by Regulars, was belching forth its live thunder. As the infantry advanced two of these batteries, supported by two regiments of infantry, limbered up, and, galloping to a more advanced position on our left, discharged their deadly volleys. But Stuart, like an eagle, ever watchful and glorying in the storm, determined to take a desperate chance and charge. With only 150 of the flower of his cavalry, he filed through the fence openings on Bald Hill and made a mad dash at the cannon's mouth. Striking the supporting regiment of Zouaves, bedecked in blue and scarlet and white turbans, he scattered them, his troopers slashing them right and left.

"At the same time Jackson ordered the 33d Va. to charge the battery in front. It got within 70 yards of the artillery, halted a moment to discharge a volley, and rushed on. Every gunner was shot down, but few horses survived, so accurate was the aim, and all but three guns were suddenly silenced. The other supporting regiment gave way, and one more volley dotted the little plain and hill and slope with dead and wounded Zouaves, lying like so many huge strawberries. But fresh regiments hurried up, and the thinned line of the 33d was pushed back. Meanwhile the loss on our right as well as left was heavy. Bee and Bartow had been killed and Hampton wounded. The mass of Federal troops continued to advance, despite the temporary check, and were closing on Jackson's regiments, who were still lying in the pines, but had also suffered severely from the fire which they had not been permitted to return. Jackson rode to their center, where the 2d and 4th Va. were lying, and said quietly, 'Reserve your fire till they come within 50 yards, then fire and give them the bayonet; and when you charge, yell like furies.'

"He had reserved them for a counter stroke. Five minutes later the enemy had pressed both of our flanks back and reached the 50-yard dead line in front. Suddenly the two regiments rose to their feet, with the 5th Va. closing up behind to support them, poured a desolating sheet of bullets in the compact mass, and with the first 'rebel yell' ever given dashed at the reeling columns, their bayonets bristling in the sunlight. The enemy's center broke in disorder, pursued, bayoneted and trampled by the Virginians.

"Just then Kirby Smith arrived with his fresh brigade and drove back the Federal left. Beauregard then ordered a general advance. McDowell threw forward a fresh brigade to stem the storm, but it was swept away. The plateau was carried, the cannon train captured and turned on the retreating mass. But the rout was checked beyond the ravine and a new line of battle formed. Then up came Early with more Virginians, just reaching the field, and this line, already demoralized, was broken by another charge. The rout was complete; the panic spread; the wild stampede of shattered and frenzied fugitives, crowding each other, panting, half choken with dust, formed a spectacle that cannot be described."

I have interpolated the foregoing excerpts because they are admirably illustrative of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

"We see him now; the queer slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true—
That's Stonewall Jackson's way."

STONEWALL JACKSON DEAD.

When Jackson died the Northern journals were unstinted in their eulogiums. They styled him the modern Bonaparte. McClellan was a mourner, saying that Jackson was the greatest executive General of the war. More than any other General, Stonewall Jackson had the love and confidence of the Confederate army and the Southern people.

The Washington Chronicle, referring to Jackson's untimely death at Chancellorsville, said:

"Stonewall Jackson is dead! While we are only too glad to be rid, in any way, of so terrible a foe, our sense of relief is not unmingled with emotions of sorrow and sympathy at the death of so brave a man. Every man who possesses the slightest particle of magnanimity must admire the qualities for which Stonewall Jackson was celebrated—his heroism, sublime devotion, his bravery, his purity of character. He is not the first instance of a good man devoting himself to a bad cause. Let us devoutly acknowledge the providence of God, Who, while He smites that accursed land with famine, and the people with madness, takes from their accursed cause its bravest, noblest, purest defenders. Stonewall Jackson was a great General, a brave soldier, a noble Christian, and a pure man. May God throw these virtues against the sins of the Secessionists—the advocates of a great National crime."

Coming from an enemy that is a fine tribute to the character of Jackson.

In this connection I give the circumstances of the wounding of Jackson and his death.

While reconnoitering with Gen. A. P. Hill, and both of their staffs, on the night of Saturday, May 2, 1863, Gen. Jackson was wounded by members of a North Carolina regiment on picket duty, and not 50 yards from Hooker's line. He received two wounds in his left arm and one in his right hand. While being carried to the rear by four men, one of them was killed and he fell from the other's shoulders, being severely hurt. His wounds were not fatal. Pneumonia caused his death. Before his death he was cheerfully expressing the opinion that if he had had another hour of daylight and had not been wounded, he would have certainly cut off Hooker's retreat. His last words referred to his army corps: "Tell Gen. Hill to prepare his division for action, and tell Maj. Hawkes to send forward provisions for the men."

The Southland was in deepest mourning for Stonewall Jackson. His loss was irreparable, as was the death of Albert Sidney Johnston, at Shiloh. All mourned that the fire of Jackson's genius would no longer lead his legions to battle, and the scream of his eagles would no more echo along the bloody banks of the Rappahannock or the bosom of the Potomac, or in the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah—his own sweet Valley of Virginia.

Civil Service Examinations at Manila.

(Judge.)

Member of Examining Board—Do you consider that you are physically qualified for the position of mail-carrier?

Applicant—I was with Aguinaldo during all his campaign in search of hiding places.

A GALLANT KEYSTONE COMMAND.

Sketch of the 52d Pa., Negley's Brigade.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have been reading in The National Tribune from week to week very interesting sketches of the career of various regiments, brigades, etc., but I have seen nothing from the survivors of the 52d Pa. Where are all the scribes of that famous regiment?

This regiment was brigaded with the 104th Pa., 56th N. Y., 11th Me., and 100th N. Y., and commanded for a long time by that superb soldier, Brig.-Gen. Harry M. Negley, an officer of the Regular Army. The brigade numbered a little more than 5,000 men. The 52d Pa. participated in the engagements at Lee's Mills, April, 1862; Williamsburg, May 5, 1862; Chickahominy, May 19, 1862; Seven Pines, May 24, 25 and 26; Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862; Railroad and Bottoms Bridge, June 27 and 28; White Oak Swamp Bridge, June 30; Carter's Hill, July 2.

Comrade Gilbert Thompson is in error when he says, in a recent issue of The National Tribune, that "Gen. Casey's Division crossed the Chickahominy May 21, 1862, by fording the stream." Nagley's Brigade was the First Brigade of Casey's Division. The writer had the honor of being a member of that brigade, Co. C, 52d Pa. We crossed the stream upon Bottoms Bridge, and, if I am not in error, Nagley's Brigade constructed Bottoms Bridge. This brigade led the extreme advance from this point to Fair Oaks, on which field we left about half our number. It was the first to cross the bridge in the advance, and the last to cross it in the retreat, and came nearer seeing the rebel capital than any other command up to that time—four and a half miles. Nagley's Brigade destroyed Bottoms Bridge, and stood for three days in the middle of the stream, waist deep, resisting the enemy, and protecting the retreat to Harrison's Landing.

About Jan. 8, 1863, the 52d Pa. was sent to Port Royal, S. C.; then to Charleston, S. C., serving under Gens. Foster, Hunter, Gilmore and Terry. It took part in the siege of Charleston, S. C., the siege and capture of Fort Wagner and was the first to enter Charleston, S. C., and first to raise "Old Glory" to the place upon Fort Sumter from which Maj. Anderson had removed it in April, 1861. Our own Maj. Hennessy planting not the regimental flag, but a company flag, upon the ruined walls of Fort Sumter, and the best part, perhaps, is that the same flag is now carefully preserved in a glass case by the Regimental Association.

From Charleston, S. C., the regiment was engaged in an expedition to Santoo River, then joined Sherman's army in its final campaign, being attached to Ruger's (Second) Division, Cox's (Twenty-third) Corps, Army of the Ohio, commanded by Gen. Schofield, and was with Gen. Sherman when Gen. Joe Johnston laid down his arms at Greensboro, N. C.

The regiment went out in August, 1861, and was mustered out July 12, 1865, at Salisbury, N. C. The regiment also had taken an active part in the siege and capture of Yorktown, Va., in April and May, 1861.—W. H. ROSSER, Co. C, 52d Pa., Mill Hall, Pa.

"STONEWALL" JACKSON AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

A Daring Feat.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I seldom see anything in the columns of your paper from the 1st W. Va. Cav. I was a member of Co. F. I was brought up in Harrison County, Va., enlisted at Clarksburg, Feb. 2, 1862; served until July 16, 1865. I was a member of Sheridan's Cavalry Corps. I was in Custer's Division when he left Winchester Feb. 27, 1865, and moved up the Valley. We did not stop marching and fighting until the 9th of April, when Lee surrendered. I would like to hear through The National Tribune from some of the comrades who were on that march, also from those who remember swimming the South Branch of Shenandoah River and driving the rebels from the bridge they were trying to burn, while holding our command back. Our officers asked for volunteers to swim the river. Many of our regiment rode to the front, also some of other regiments. The river was very rapid, and it was difficult for a horse to swim it. My horse was small, and I being a large man the current almost turned him over. When we got over it did not take us long to make the rebels get away from the bridge. I must not forget to mention a very important part of this adventure. On our retreat, we captured a sutler's wagon that had some good old apple brandy in it, and you may imagine how much we enjoyed it.—ELMORE HURDMAN, Corporal Co. F, 1st W. Va. Cav., Bangor, Mich.

The City of Madison.

John N. Corgan, of McPherson, Kan., writes that he has been much interested in the discussion regarding the explosion of the "City of Madison" at Vicksburg. Comrade Corgan was present and had a narrow escape. He was riding a gray mule on board the steamer "John Walsh" when the explosion occurred. He saw the hurricane deck of the "City of Madison" rise, then there was a terrible roar, and dense clouds of smoke settled over the river front. The mule fell, but Comrade Corgan soon regained himself, and looking over the side of the "Walsh" he saw that her wheelhouse had blown away. He saw a man climbing up the side of the vessel, who came on board and ran toward the front of the boat and disappeared. Comrade Corgan was acquainted with many of the men on board the "City of Madison." He believes the white soldiers were from Wisconsin, but does not know to what regiment the colored troops belonged; he remembers, however, that there were two full companies.

35th Annual Encampment, G. A. R., Cleveland, O., Sept. 10 to 14—Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, Battlefield Route.

For the Annual Encampment G. A. R., at Cleveland, O., September 10 to 14, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will sell tickets from all points on its lines East of the Ohio River at the very low rate of ONE FARE for the ROUND TRIP. Tickets good going on all trains of September 8 to 12, inclusive, good to return until September 15, inclusive, except, if tickets are deposited with Joint Agent on or before noon of September 15 and payment of fee of 50 cents, tickets may be extended for return to October 8, inclusive.

Call on agent Baltimore & Ohio Railroad for tickets and full information.

FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What the Veterans Have to Say About Their Campaigns.

GUERRILLA CHASING.

Operations of the 101st Ohio Around Huntsville, Ala.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: After the campaign which resulted in the defeat of Hood's army at Franklin and Nashville, Tenn., the Fourth Corps, of which my regiment was a part, went into camp at Huntsville, Ala. Being assured that we would remain some time, all went to work with a will to construct comfortable quarters. A nearby hillside supplied flat stone for a chimney and fireplace, and boards were carried two and a half miles. About the fourth day my mess had what we thought to be the best "shebang" in the regiment. Our chimney did persist in drawing the wrong way for a time, but a headless and bottomless barrel remedied that defect.

About the time that camp life began to grow monotonous an incident occurred which gave variety.

On the morning of Jan. 17 Lieut. E. J. Squire, Co. D, was placed in charge of a small foraging party for the purpose of securing feed for the headquarters animals. One six-mule army wagon was secured, with Jacob Adams, Co. C; Jacob Rohrer, Co. H; Theodore Rebadue, Co. B; James Sparks, Co. H, and Adam Dilling, Co. K, as teamsters and guards. Reaching Cannamore Cove, in the hills, about eight miles from camp, the Lieutenant had the wagon loaded, gave the usual voucher, and started back. While passing through a wooded section of the road about 30 men surrounded and captured the entire party. As many of the enemy were clad in Federal blue, the Lieutenant had supposed them to be our own men, and learned his mistake only when too late. Four other men, two of the 90th Ohio and two of the 125th Ohio, who were out on their own account, were captured soon after, and all were marched a few miles southward and encamped for the night to await the arrival of another party of guerrillas, when the prisoners were to be robbed and executed.

Great was our surprise and indignation when, soon after dark, Jake Adams, hatless and with clothing torn, came into camp with information of the capture, he having slipped into the brush and escaped. Col. McDonald instantly set about to rescue the prisoners, and in an incredibly short space of time our regiment was on the march. Arriving at the plantation house near the cove, the command was halted, while the Colonel called up the proprietor. The men did not remain in the road, however, but quietly passed around the house and about the "quarters" in search of something to eat. We were not in the habit of eating at midnight, but who ever heard of a Fourth Corps man who was not hungry, day or night? In this instance the meat-house was soon located and unlocked with a rail. It may be needless to say that when the march was resumed the gun of nearly every man was adorned with a ham or side of bacon, which glistened in the moonlight. Passing the defile where lay the irons and ashes of our wagon, we went into bivouac about 2 o'clock a. m., all unconscious of the fact that our comrades were but two miles away.

Early on the morning of the 18th Lieut. Squire and his men were being placed in line for execution, when excited citizens reported our coming, fearing for their homes and families if the prisoners were murdered. The little company was hurried along toward the south. At dark, while passing through a piece of woods, Comrade Sparks, who was mounted behind a 90th Ohio man, managed to slide off and escape. This nearly cost the 90th man his life. He, however, paid no attention to their threats, but kept up a howl about the fellow having stolen something from him. Sparks reached camp at Huntsville a few days later. On the fourth night Theodore Rebadue, with Crittenden and Wallace, made a break for liberty, but were caught and Rebadue and Crittenden were hung. After this they were closely watched, and escape was impossible. They finally reached Gadsden, where they were turned over to Home Guards, and in due time reached Blue Mountain, whence they were taken by rail to a prison at Selma.

With our regiment was a squad of cavalry, which was too weak to be of much service, as they dared not push ahead independently. For a guide the Colonel had a citizen named Harris, who had been run out of that section early in the war on account of his loyalty to the Union. His house was found occupied by the family of a guerrilla, and he said "Burn it," which we did. The next two days were spent in destroying the hiding places of a desperate gang who had preyed upon isolated bands of Union men since the Union troops first occupied Huntsville, in most cases shooting their victims. On the morning of the 18th Col. McDonald formed a skirmish line and surrounded the spot where our boys had been held during the night. Had this been done during the night success would have been ours, but the owner of the plantation, whose name was Hornbuckle, had announced our coming, being one of the excited citizens before mentioned. We captured only the deserted camp. Thoroughly enraged, the Colonel marched to the house, called the old fellow out, and ordered a complete destruction of the place. Hornbuckle expected to be hung. In fact, the Colonel ordered that he be hung to the first tree, and Serg't Hernden secured a clothesline for the purpose. The house was burning, poultry was flying all about, with bluecoats in their wake; men were taking turn about filling canteens from a barrel of sorghum in the yard; a Co. A man walked up and peeped into an ash hopper made from a hollow tree, when a hen flew out with a great squawking, whereupon a young woman standing near, with arms akimbo, said with a loud laugh, "See that dern fool lookin' in a settin' hen's nest fer aigs."

After having been confined in several prisons our men were sent to Camp Parole, near Vicksburg, where, on April 23, they were placed on the ill-fated steamer Sultana and started North. The boat was greatly overloaded, there being about 2,300 on board. At night it was almost impossible to move about the decks, on account of the many sleepers. Memphis was reached on April 26, 1865, and wood and water were taken on, after which the steamer resumed the journey. About 1:30 at night the explosion occurred by which the lives of nearly 1,500 men who had gone to sleep with visions of the home and loved ones they expected soon to meet, went out. The disaster has been ably described in The National Tribune, and this article will be confined to the personal experience of Lieut. Squire. It is the opinion of some of the survivors that the wood taken on at Memphis contained a torpedo placed by some rebel assassin, and the fact that when our Lieutenant was awakened by the explosion the air was filled with steam and ashes would confirm that belief.

Lieut. Squire secured a chair, discarded all but his underclothing, and as soon as there was room between the heads in the water jumped in. He soon discarded the chair for a shutter, and after many attempts succeeded in securing a hold on the wheel, but was soon washed away, so that when the wheelhouse fell he was caught in it as in an inverted box. Floating in this prison, he discovered a hole at the top, burned through by the fire. This he soon enlarged by breaking away the charred edges, and finally got out, but was compelled to keep under water to prevent roasting by heat of the burning vessel. Securing a blind, he floated down the river, when, after having been in the water five hours, he was picked up by the picket boat Pocahontas, and taken back to Memphis. Lieut. Squire had at some period commanded Cos. A, F and I of our regiment, and was greatly esteemed by all who knew him. He is now a citizen of Monroeville, Ohio.

During our stay in the locality of the capture the hiding places of the guerrillas were thoroughly hunted up and destroyed. The five prisoners taken were given to my company for safe keeping. They were a desperate-looking set, and the first move to escape would have been their destruction, as we then supposed our boys to have been murdered. We lived off the country during the raid, and lived well. Having a balance of one chicken on hand the morning of our return, Serg't Hernden decided to take it along. After being carried head down about 12 miles, the poor thing died, and was carefully laid upon a stump by the roadside within sight of our camp at Huntsville.—GEO. S. MYERS, Co. F, 101st Ohio, Long Beach, Cal.

WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Adventures of a 13th Pa. Cavalryman in Virginia.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The Army of the Potomac camped in front of Petersburg, Va., in the Winter of 1864-'65. Gen. Gregg's cavalry was camped on the left of the main army, and the 13th Cav. was in the Second Brigade, Second Division. We did a great deal of scouting, and not only scouting, but a good bit of hard fighting. Gen. Gregg knew how to handle a division. We also had a good Colonel in our regiment. We had our defects, but we always made our mark when Col. Kerwin was in command.

During the Winter the 13th Pa. Cav. became pretty well acquainted with Col. Mosby and his men. We had a great many fights with them. They were a daring set of fellows. One night our regiment was on picket about five miles from camp on the left of the main army. This was in December, 1864, or January, 1865. Word came to the reserves that Mosby's men were having a party about five miles outside the picket line. Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning about 40 of us started from the reserve picket post, under command of Capt. Brown, Co. G, and Lieut. John Leahy, Co. F. This party was composed of Co. F men, Co. G men and Co. D men, and there may have been a few from another company. Co. D was commanded by Capt. Bell, who is now a General in the Regular Army.

We reached our destination just at daybreak. The residence was in a field to our left, and a colored boy was standing outside the house. We called to him to come over, which he refused to do, as by mistake one of our party had fired a shot. We threw down the fence and charged up to the house. About 25 men were in the house, but nearly all made their escape by a back door into a thick growth of pines. We killed five and wounded others, who got away. We took one prisoner. He tried to escape, and Capt. Brown shot him dead.

A man named Moudy was with us that morning. I remember him so well, because he always rode a gray horse. In charging up to the house Moudy ran into an apple tree and was nearly brushed off his horse, but he got there with the rest and did his full duty. Moudy was a good soldier, particularly in time of danger.

We captured nearly all the guerrillas' arms and all their equipments, such as blankets, saddles, bridles and guns; also their horses. Better horses had never been captured than those we secured that morning. But they did us no good, as we had to turn them in.

There were several young ladies at the house, and while they had lots of fun that night, their eyes beheld a sad scene in the morning. John Myers, Co. F, secured the overcoat of the rebel shot by Capt. Brown. It had been worn by a member of the 3d N. J. It had three bullet holes in it. We knew it belonged to a New Jersey regiment, as the cape was lined with yellow flannel and the breast had yellow stripes. The overcoat was too big for Myers, so Moudy and Myers exchanged coats.

Whenever an important detail was made Moudy was generally among those selected. On one occasion there was a detail made out of the regiment when we lay near Catlett's Station, on the Orange & Alexandria Railroad. Moudy was on a detail. John Heckman, of Chambersburg, wanted to take Moudy's place, to which Moudy consented, with the approval of the Orderly-Sergeant, John Sailer, of Newport, Pa. Heckman was killed by Mosby's men. Several others were wounded.

Mosby's men tried to return the compliment five or six days after we had surprised them, but they did not succeed, although they made it mighty hot for us.

Our regiment was again on picket, and, as was the custom, we divided into battalions and squadrons a certain distance apart. One of our battalions, commanded by Maj. Burns, of Philadelphia, was on reserve. The night was very stormy, and it was hard for pickets to hear anything. Mosby's men came through the outer picket line and made their way to the inside picket line not far from the main reserve and located themselves right outside the barricade. There were 15 or 20 of them, as near as I can tell. Our first picket was inside the barricade.

When the regiment went on picket W. A. Moudy was on detail away from camp. When he returned Serg't B. Dock, Co. F, ordered him to pack up and follow the regiment. When he reached the reserve post, Maj. Burns would not allow him to go any farther, but had him remain on duty there. So Moudy had to act as supernumerary, and, as a matter of course, when the third relief went out at 12 o'clock at night, one of the boys was sick, as was generally the case when there was an extra man. There were 22 men on the relief. We went a little way from the reserve post, and then 11 men took a righthand road to establish their picket, and the other 11 went straight ahead until they came to the first picket. The picket halted them and made the Corporal dismount and give the countersign. We advanced on the main road. Moudy was one of the 11 men, the only member of Co. F, and rode the only gray horse in the party. We were not expecting any danger, but to our surprise came the stern command "Halt! Surrender, you Yankee ——!" followed by a volley. Moudy's horse received four balls in his hip and three in his shoulder and two in his jaw. The halter-strap was shot off and the bridle rein nearly severed. Moudy wore a U. S. belt buckle. An ounce ball struck the buckle, passed through it, but was stopped by Moudy's heavy clothes. The overcoat I have already mentioned had five additional holes through it. One of the party was killed and others were wounded. Our men who were able quickly retreated.

The reserve came at double-quick, but the rebels made their escape through a swamp. Some of them were badly hurt, and it wasn't as much of a picnic as they thought it would be.

One thing more that I wish to say about Moudy. He was always playing tricks on some one. On one occasion he caught a toad, wrapped it up in paper and put one of the comrades' name on the wrapper. Of course, when the mail came into camp the package was delivered to the comrade, and he thought it was from home. When he opened it the toad jumped into his face.

I had the pleasure of meeting at a Reunion in Gettysburg, June 4, 1901, a small remnant of the regiment. Only 40 were there, but it did my heart good to meet the boys again. Col. Kerwin; Gen. Bell, who was Captain of Co. D; President P. D. Bricker, Capt. Glassimer, Lieut. McMakin and others were there. I cannot name them all. My good old friend Moudy was present. It did me good to see his smiling face.—S. C., Co. G, 13th Pa. Cav.

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, the clothier, East Hampton, Conn., says if any person suffering from a Kidney or Bladder Disease will write to him, he will tell them what he used. He is not a medicine dealer, and has nothing whatever to sell, just directs you to simple home cure that does the work.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

Captured at Bull Run, July 21, 1861. Comrade Wells Was for 318 Days a Prisoner of War.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Sunday, July 21, just 40 years ago, occurred the never-to-be-forgotten battle of Bull Run. I was at that time one of the greenest soldiers that ever went into battle, having enlisted at Albion, N. Y., just 12 days before, in Co. K, 27th N. Y. The regiment was then commanded by Col. (afterwards Major-General) Henry W. Slocum. Our Major was Joseph J. Bartlett, who four years later as Brevet Major-General, was the officer designated to receive the arms of Lee's army at Appomattox.

Together with more than 200 recruits I was mustered into the United States service at Washington, July 15, and on the 16th received my equipment, which the "powers that were" considered amply sufficient to transfer me from the plow-boy to the soldier. My entire outfit consisted of a Harper's Ferry musket and equipments, a haversack and canteen, while I was amply uniformed when clad in a New York State jacket. Other clothing, blanket or tent, was superfluous.

Thus equipped we left Washington on the 16th or 17th of July, under charge of the Lieutenant-Colonel, crossing the Long Bridge and taking possession of some tents left standing on Arlington Hights.

It was a pretty tough initiation for a farmer's boy that had always had plenty to eat and a good place to sleep. When I lay down that night in the dust, without a blanket and only my cartridge-box for a pillow, practically supperless, for I had only warm water and the hardest of hardtack, which my stomach did not yet crave, I think I was rather homesick.

The next day we followed after the regiment, and finally joined it near Centerville, when we heard the booming of cannon and knew for certain that we had arrived at the "seat of war."

Here I saw the first and only flogging I ever witnessed, the victim being one of the Regulars. It was anything but a pleasant sight, and made a lasting impression.

Long before day on the 21st we were aroused and ordered into line. We did not move very promptly, and to my uninitiated mind it was incomprehensible. Later we would have known enough to have made coffee, but not then. That was a trick to be learned by experience. Such a preparation would have been of inestimable value to us before taking the long march to the battlefield.

Official designations placed us in the Second Division (Hunter's) and First Brigade (Porter's), but little any of us knew of brigades or divisions. We marched a long time through the woods, using an old abandoned road. We crossed the run and there I saw the first unexploded shell or solid shot as it rolled across our front. A moment later as we marched in column of fours upon the field poor McKenzie, who enlisted with me, was cut down, the first offering of the regiment. He had served through the Mexican war, and we counted on him for help and instruction.

So far as I am able to place it, the 27th made its attack, being the extreme right of the army, beyond the Henry House, and in the valley to the left of Young's Branch. The colors of the enemy were furled until we came in short range, and until they flung them to the breeze we did not know whether they were friends or foes.

The published reports give 70 killed and wounded for the regiment, and yet they are not correct, for they give no officers killed, while as distinct as though it were but yesterday is the white upturned face of Lieut. Park, who fell at the first volley.

Serg't Eddy, of Co. K, received a wound as the regiment retired, just as they entered the woods at the edge of the Henry House plateau, and he begged me to help him. Had we been old campaigners such a request would not have been made, because he would have known that his wound was mortal and that the most that I could do for him would be to leave him water.

A Surgeon of the 2d Wis. directed me how to dress his wound, and I went back to the Henry House and got a roll of bandages and a canteen of good water. Poor Eddy perished where I left him, for halfway back the cavalry picked me up. The Surgeon who hadn't time to fix Eddy's wound took time a few days later to prescribe for my malarial condition at Richmond.

I wonder how many of the old prison comrades yet live. I can recall some of the names of my own and other regiments. There were Davis, Dunn, Fairchild, Welsh (who caught the canister in his mouth), Tibbets (killed by the guard at Richmond, Sept. 21), Agard, Jewett and the Mudge boys; there was Ward, the Ohio boy, who with others walked out in the broadday light while we watched. How Wirz (First Sergeant then) cursed when he found the count short. And then, too, there were Capt. DeGolyer and Lieut. Preston, of Michigan, and a host more of officers, with Congressman Ely and another thrown in for company.

We thought it pretty tough in Richmond, so we welcomed the change when 500 of us were counted off to go to New Orleans. What a trip that was, lasting 10 days, including a night's lodging at Montgomery, a steamboat ride to Mobile, another night in a cotton-gin, and then on to the great city, where we were escorted to the Parish Prison, a fine band preceding us, and for one of its selections playing the Marseilles Hymn.

We didn't mind the march, but how miserably it ended when we were thrust into cells and convicts placed over us! Here we spent a weary four months, a cell 10x16 being deemed ample for 16 Yankee soldiers.

I wonder how many of the 16 of cell No. 5, on the second floor, are still alive. Two, I know, are dead. Poor McTiernan, 38th N. Y., who died a slave to his appetite at Camp Parole, Annapolis, and Jim Imeson, of the 1st Minn., killed a few years ago in a railroad accident. Charley Hubbs is living in California, but what has become of Josh —— and the two Connecticut sailors of Bliss's 14th Brooklyn; of McCabe, of Ohio, and the others, whom I cannot now recall?

What a treat it was to go to the lyceum in the bigger cell at the end of the corridor and hear the scholarly productions of Bates, Scott and others! Alas, I loaned the collection and lost it.

Here, too, I remember, we had the swarthy jailor, who occasionally visited us in the yard, wearing his long black broadcloth coat. I can in fancy see him leaving us on the double-quick with coat-tails flying the day the Yanks put a fine-well-developed grayback on the aforesaid coat and called his attention to it.

Of course, we hoped to be exchanged when we left on Feb. 6, 1862, but our hopes were dashed to the ground when we were marched into the prison pen at Salisbury. Here the 500 who had been at Tuscaloosa were also halted, and we found among them comrades from whom we parted at Richmond; and then, too, there were others, so that all told there were 1,400 of us Yanks and some citizens to be guarded by the sorriest lot of guards I ever saw.

In some respects Salisbury was an improvement over Richmond or New Orleans. The rations, however, were poorer and less wholesome. Here a stage was fitted up and we had a theater, some of the performers being men of no mean ability. A number of times the rebel officers were among the deadhead listeners. It seems as though I could still hear the clarion tones of Childs, 5th Mass., reciting Shamus O'Brien, and Scott, of the 7th Ohio, taking the part of Hamlet. Those 7th Ohio boys were a lot of gentlemen; but their names have gone from me.

The officers, many of them, whom we left behind when we went to New Orleans, were quartered 100 yards or so away from the main building, and sometimes the trained singers among them gave us a concert, and as I look back over the years it seems that I never heard sweeter music.

On account of scurvy and other diseases, the authorities had us all sign a parole, in which we promised not to attempt to escape during the day, and then we were given the liberty of the grounds. How well I remember the big 11th Ohio man whom they used to take out and put in the ground like a fence post in order to draw the scurvy out of his legs.

I wonder if any of the boys remember the baseball games there played. My later knowledge of the game leads me to think those were good games from a professional point, but whether they were or not there can be no doubt they were healthful. Little Dickinson, the catcher, was "on to the game," while the big Lancaster (Pa.) Sergeant put out at first many a luckless base runner who failed to make a base hit.

What a time there was when we all signed the parole to go home, and what anxiety on the part of those left, for fear there might be a hitch before our names were reached. The first 200 took all the A, B, C, and part of D, and it was amusing to hear the names the boys said they would give the next time captured. And, then, the days they missed taking any made us very, very anxious.

My last days at Salisbury were spent at the hospital, where I had gone to help. A New Jersey man (Lowe, 1st, 2d, 3d or 4th, I forget which), was in charge, and a splendid good fellow he was, too. I saw him last the 24th of May, 1864, at North Anna. The rebel Surgeon's clerk was B. F. Underwood, of the 15th Mass., taken at Ball's Bluff. I believe it is owing to the medicine he was able to bring away with the hospital that we succeeded in saving the little Scotch tailor (Kerr, of the 11th Mass.), whom none of us expected to get through alive, but who, after a short period of insanity, seemed to fully recover.

Comrade Underwood is now the editorial writer on the Daily Journal, of this city, and we became known to each other a year or so ago. He has a priceless memento of those sad days in the shape of an autograph book.

I will say that we journeyed from Salisbury in a roundabout way to the Tar River, where we took a small rebel steamer at Tarboro, I think, and from there we steamed down the river to Washington, where we were met by the ocean steamer Guide. For 318 days most of us had not seen the Stars and Stripes, and when on the 3d of June, 1862, we again saw the loved folds rising and falling with the breeze, kissed by the bright Summer's sun, it awakened within us emotions no pen can describe. Some cheered themselves hoarse; but my vocal organs wouldn't work, and had I a handkerchief I could have used it. Now, comrades, I have written. Who will be next?—HENRY S. WELLS, Co. K, 27th N. Y., Second Brigade, First Division, Sixth Corps; Co. K, 4th M