CAMPAIGNING WITH THE 7th IND. CAV.

Story of Hard Marching and Desperate Fighting in the Western Army.

By REV. A. S. WHETSEL, 7th Ind. Cav.

After remaining in Benton Barracks a day or two, we marched down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Missouri River, and there took passage on steamboats to Jefferson City, the Capital of Missouri. A day later we moved toward Lexington after Gen. Price, who had invaded Missouri.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST PRICE.

At Lexington we caught up with Gen. Price's command, which was retreating, and it was a continuous fight clear across Missouri into the southwestern corner of Kansas. Gen. Price had captured a large amount of Commissary supplies, and many of his men were clothed in the army blue, and many of the militia in our command were dressed in citizens' clothes.

At the Little Osage Gen. Price made a stand on a large, open prairie, to allow his advance to cross the river. At this juncture Gen. Winslow's Brigade (the 7th Ind. Cav. being in his brigade) was formed in line of battle and ordered to charge. At the command 6,000 sabers gleamed in the sunlight, and 6,000 cavaliers swept down on the Confederate host. In that charge Gen. Price's army was destroyed and a large per cent. captured. Among the captured was Gen. Marmaduke, who afterwards became Governor of Missouri.

Some of the rebels had on blue uniforms, some gray, and still others citizens' clothes, while the militia were largely clothed in citizens' clothes, and there were a few Federal soldiers who persisted in wearing citizens' clothes. In the charge all became mixed, and it was hard to tell a Union soldier from a rebel. My Captain, David T. Skinner (who died a few months ago at his home in Salamonia, Ind.), had on a pair of citizen's pants. He became separated from his command, and was captured by a Federal soldier. All the Captain's explanation and pleading and urging that he belonged to the Union army would not convince his captor until he was marched to headquarters. Capt. Skinner thereafter wore the full uniform.

We followed Gen. Price into Indian Territory. His army was subsisting largely on elm bark. There was an abundance of red elm, and I remember that we also were glad to eat elm bark. The country was broken, and at that time was covered with a dense forest. If I remember right, it was called the Boston Mountain Range. It was not uncommon to see dead men and human skulls along the trail, showing that many had lost their lives in the forest before we were there. It was then Nov. 1, and we suffered from hunger and cold. We turned many a good horse loose because he could travel no farther.

After Gen. Price crossed the Arkansas River we turned back toward the States. A number of us (I do not now remember who were along except Geo. W. Hambleton, of Pennville, Ind.) struck out into the mountains to look for something to eat. We at last found an Indian hut, occupied by two Indian squaws. They were partly civilized. We found a little hominy, a few hickory-nut kernels, and some persimmons. The Indian women gave us to understand that this was all they had to eat.

ELECTION DAY IN THE FIELD.

On the first Tuesday in November, 1864, we were in camp in the woods, near the corner of Missouri, Kansas, and Indian Territory. I do not know just which State or Territory we were in. Illinois soldiers, Iowa soldiers, and, I think, Kansas soldiers, voted for President in the field. Indiana soldiers were not allowed to vote in the field.

The Indiana boys did not feel very pleasant over the matter. However, there were but a few of our regiment that were old enough to vote. The ground was covered with snow on election day. We suffered greatly from the cold, as we had drawn no clothing since we left Memphis. We had no blankets or overcoats.

I remember one night as we were marching toward Fort Scott, tired, sleepy, and hungry, the column halted for some reason, and I immediately dismounted, tied my horse to my leg, and lay down. I soon fell asleep. How long I slept I do not know. When I awoke I seemed to be on the wrong side of the road, and the whole command had gone. I was on an open prairie, and I did not know which way to go. After studying a little while, I took the end of the road that appeared to me to be wrong. I was not long overtaking the command. We soon reached Fort Scott, where we went into camp. We then marched to Springfield, Mo., where we went into camp on an open prairie, about a mile west of the city.

We stayed at Springfield a few days, and turned over our horses. We then took the cars and went to Benton Barracks, St. Louis.

At Benton Barracks we fared "sumptuously" every day, with nothing to do. Here I attended church at the Christian Commission Building, and it was here that I saw that beautiful light that Paul speaks of, which "shone above the brightness of the sun," and was filled with that love that none know of but those that have been touched by the Divine. We drew horses at Benton Barracks and were ordered to Nashville to help old "Pap" Thomas whip Gen. Hood. We embarked on steamboats and went down the Mississippi a few miles, and tied up for the night. I had the good luck to get a room in the cabin, and slept soundly all night.

The boat on which the 10th Mo. Cav. embarked caught fire in the night, and burned to the water's edge. The men all escaped. All their horses perished, among them Col. Benteen's fine mare, that he valued very highly. That night the river froze over solid, so that our boats could not run. Next morning we left the boats, and went back to St. Louis and crossed the river on the ferryboat; the ferry being kept open by continually breaking the ice. We then took the cars and went to Cairo, Ill., where we again took passage on steamboats, and went up the Ohio, that river being open. We disembarked at Louisville, Ky. We went into Winter quarters south of the city and built huts. The mess I belonged to bought a little sheet-iron stove, so that we were well fixed.

My father visited me while we were at Louisville. I was somewhat amused at him. He said he would sleep in our hut; and, you know, there is always room for one more, although we were a little crowded. The wood we drew was principally green pine. Along in the night my father got tired, and got up and undertook to build a fire. He would make a lot of shavings of the green pine, and then set them afire. As soon as the shavings were burned up, the fire was out. I think he put in the greater part of the night trying to get a fire. Two nights of that kind of soldiering seemed to satisfy him.

THE GRIERSON EXPEDITION.

That portion of the 7th Ind. Cav. which remained at Memphis was very active. They were continually on duty. In December, 1864, Gen. Grierson organized a cavalry force at Memphis, to march into Mississippi and destroy the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, which was used to transport supplies and provisions to Gen. Hood's army, then in Eastern Tennessee. One hundred and fifty or 200 of the 7th Ind. Cav. took part in this expedition.

Gen. Grierson marched through a very rich country, driving the enemy out, capturing many prisoners, and destroying miles of railroad, and burning thousands of dollars' worth of supplies intended for Hood's army. This was a very successful expedition.

Jan. 26, 1865, a small expedition under Col. Osborn embarked on steamboats at Memphis, and went down the river to within a few miles of Grand Lake, on the Arkansas side, and disembarked. After passing through miles of this desolate country, they came to an inhabited region. Negro slaves were numerous, and they left everything and followed the command, with no thought of what the result would be. The soldiers had scarcely any food for themselves, much less for the host of poor refugees. Those that were carrying infants soon became tired of them, and threw them away. About 500 of the 7th Ind. Cav. took part in the expedition.

In the Spring of 1865 we took the steamboat at Louisville, and joined the balance of the regiment at Memphis, Tenn., after a separation of five months.

SULTANA DISASTER.

April 6, 1865, the steamer Sultana stopped at Memphis on her way up the river. She had on board about 2,000 souls. The majority were soldiers just released from Andersonville, and other exchanged prisoners, and were on their way home. There were a number of the 7th Ind. Cav. on board who had been in those terrible prisons. While the Sultana was tied up at Memphis, the boys came to camp to see us. They were elated with the prospect of soon seeing friends at

"WE AT LAST FOUND A HUT, OCCUPIED BY TWO INDIAN SQUAWS."

home, after being released from long captivity. Poor fellows! they little dreamed of what awaited them. We at camp almost envied them the pleasure of going home.

About midnight the Sultana left her moorings, and steamed up the broad Mississippi. About seven miles above Memphis, when all were quiet and still in sleep, except those in charge of the boat, the boilers of the boat exploded, and about 1,000 human beings, without warning, were ushered into eternity. Among that number were eight or nine of the 7th Ind. Cav.—three of my own company. I went down to the wharf the next morning and saw many bodies taken out of the river that had floated down to Memphis, seven miles below the explosion.

Following the Sultana disaster came news of the assassination of President Lincoln. The news was a shock to the whole army. For a little while that was the darkest period of the rebellion. Flags were at half-mast, and the city of Memphis was completely draped in mourning. The streets presented one mass of black crape. Part of it may have been only pretence, yet I believe that a portion of the citizens were really sorry because such a great calamity had befallen the country.

ON RED RIVER.

On the 18th of June, 1865, the 7th Ind. Cav. was ordered to the wharf at Memphis. As so many regiments had been mustered out, many of the boys supposed we were soon to see home and friends. When we were all on board the boats were loosed from the wharf and pushed out into the broad Mississippi. The boys almost held their breath, knowing if we headed up stream it meant that we were soon to be with loved ones, but if our boats turned down stream it might be a long time before we would see home. I assure you that many of us felt a little blue as we turned down stream, for instead of going home we were going farther away—where, we did not know. We steamed down the river past Vicksburg to the mouth of Red River, and went up that stream. The river was out of its banks, so that there was no land in sight for miles, and the boats were often out among the trees and bushes. Every now and then we could see an old, rusty alligator sunning himself on a log.

We landed at Alexandria, La., June 23, 1865. Alexandria had been (before the war) a fine little city, but at that time was in ruins. The country around Alexandria was as beautiful as any in the State, and contained many sugar and cotton plantations. Before the war the owners of these plantations had scores of slaves.

I visited a large sugar plantation a few miles from Alexandria. The negro-quarters looked like a town or village. The overseer's dwelling was so arranged that he could see all over the plantation. There was a room made especially for the punishment of unruly slaves. I saw a cross-piece, a little higher than a man's head, with hooks fastened in it to hook over the thumbs; in this position, with their arms stretched out, and so their feet would barely touch the ground, they were prepared for flogging. Many a poor negro had been taken down from that rack with his body lacerated and bleeding.

About three miles from Alexandria was located the Military Academy. At the outbreak of the war Gen. W. T. Sherman was President of the institution.

TYRANNY OF GEN. CUSTER.

At Alexandria we were under the command of Gen. George A. Custer. Gen. Custer was a brave soldier, and I believe a good commander in time of battle. At Alexandria, and while on our way to Texas, he acted the despot. His wife was with him, and he had dogs and race horses. With few exceptions, we never suffered so for rations as we did at this time, and what we received was not fit to eat. This was after the war, and every soldier knew that it was no fault of the Government that we did not have plenty and that good.

Gen. Custer would allow no foraging, and those who did forage, and were found out, were arrested and whipped with mule whips and their heads shaved. Two of the 7th Ind. Cav. (Gerue and Arnold) were whipped and their heads shaved, and then at dress parade Gen. Custer made the boys march in front and take off their hats.

Often the soldiers under Gen. Custer's command deserted in squads, and a large per cent. of one regiment would be called out to guard another regiment, to keep its men from deserting. I was talking to Gen. J. P. C. Shanks (who was our first Colonel) a few months before his death upon the treatment we received from Gen. Custer. I will give Gen. Shanks's own words: "I became so mad," said Gen. Shanks, "that I rode my horse right into Gen. Custer's headquarters. It is a wonder he did not shoot me. I said to him, 'General, if you can't get rations for these men I can; and I shall telegraph to Secretary Stanton at Washington at once.' He said to me: 'Do you know Secretary Stanton?' I said, 'I am personally acquainted with him.'

"Gen. Custer then promised me he would see to the matter, and he soon ordered rations, and in a little while they came."

I know for one that rations did come.

At Alexandria Gen. Custer had a Sergeant of the 2d Wis. and a private of the 15th Ill. court-martialed and sentenced to be shot. The charge against the Sergeant was mutiny, and against the private desertion. The command was formed in a hollow square, open on the east. The condemned were seated on their coffins, placed in a cart, and driven clear around the square, with the band playing the dead march.

In the center of the square was a grave; the condemned were driven to the grave, taken out, and seated on their coffin, pinioned, with caps drawn over their eyes. The commander of each regiment then read the sentence. In front of the condemned were the executioners with loaded guns. One of the guns contained a blank cartridge, but no one knew which one. The provost-marshal then said, "Make ready—take aim," then stepped forward and pulled the Sergeant away, and said "Fire." The private soldier fell back dead. It is said that the Sergeant was so scared that he died in a few days. Gen. Custer had commuted the sentence of the Sergeant to three years in the Dry Tortugas. The command was then marched by the executed soldier.

Gen. Custer met death in battle with the Indians. Capt. Joel E. Elliott, who perished with Custer, belonged to my company in the 7th Ind. Cav. He was a good officer. He was Lieutenant in my company, but after the consolidation of the regiment he was made Captain of Co. M.

MARCHING THROUGH A PINE COUNTRY.

Aug. 8, 1865, we broke camp at Alexandria and started on that ever-to-be-remembered trip across the country to Texas. A few miles from Alexandria we struck the pine timber. The weather was so extremely hot that we could not travel in the middle of the day. We would march a few miles early in the morning, then go into camp until the next morning. We traveled for days, and all we saw was pine timber, a little grass, and now and then a small stream, with millions of bugs and insects, all appearing to be hungry. Here I will quote from Col. Thomas M. Brown's diary:

"Thursday, Aug. 10—Marched on the same as yesterday; passed through the same kind of country; pines before us, pines behind us, pines on either side of us—nothing but pines. Weather very hot; water very bad and scarce. The little water we get is brackish and unfit for anything except to be drank by soldiers. We made 16 miles to-day and pitched our tents again in the pine woods. Excuse me for writing so much about pines, sands, dust, bad water, and bugs, for this country affords no other subject for the pen, and in other respects is so unpoetic that to make a draft on imagination would totally ruin the brain of an ordinary man.

"Friday, Aug. 11—Had no sleep last night. Was up until midnight drawing rations and forage, then went to bed to be bitten, stung, scratched, and kicked until 2 o'clock a. m., when the bugle sounded reveille. The mornings are pleasant, but oh, the noonday blisters us delightfully."

After days of weary marching we arrived at Hempstead, Tex., Saturday, Aug. 25, and went into camp, where we remained over two months. At Hempstead our regiment was consolidated; that is two companies were combined, making six companies instead of 12. Supernumerary officers were mustered out. Col. J. P. C. Shanks and Maj. James H. Carpenter were among those mustered out. I remember that we were sorry to see them go, as they were well liked by the soldiers. They are both now dead. Gen. J. P. C. Shanks died at his home in Portland, Ind., Jan. 23, 1901. He died a poor man.

IN CAMP AT AUSTIN.

Late in the Fall of 1865 we left Hempstead and went to Austin, Tex., arriving there Nov. 4, and camped north of the city at a large running spring called "Sider's Springs." Austin at that time was but a small town, or village, with no railroad nearer than 90 miles. The State House would not now be considered a good court house.

A portion of the regiment was taken 360 miles north of Austin to Sherman, Tex., where they remained until we were ordered home. I stayed at Austin. While here we would attend night meetings at the little village of Fiskville, about five miles north of Austin. The meetings were held in a grove of liveoaks. Here we became acquainted with the girls, and attended parties. One of my comrades, J. W. Lee, concluded to sit up with a couple of the girls by the name of Lee, but no relation to him. We soon found out that the custom there was for the old folks to sit up as long as the young men stayed. That did not suit us. We were in the habit of going to those meetings without a pass. The word got out that the officers would send the provost-marshal after us. One night the Chaplain of the 4th Iowa Cav., a red headed, jovial little fellow, was preaching, and, just in the midst of his discourse, the brush cracked, and some one hallowed "Provost-guard." The boys did not wait to be dismissed. The biggest part of the congregation ran. It proved to be a false alarm, and the boys soon returned and the little Chaplain went on with his sermon.

About Feb. 1 a detachment of our regiment was sent 30 miles south, to a little town called Lockhart, to maintain order while the civil authorities were trying a man for murder. The country is broken between Austin and Lockhart. I remember somewhere between the two towns the water came trickling down off the mountain, and fell on a rock about as high as a man's shoulders. Where the water struck the rock there was a little depression worn in the rock sufficiently large to dip up a drink with a tin cup. Just as we were becoming acquainted around Lockhart, we were ordered to Austin to prepare to be mustered-out.

Feb. 18, 1866, we were mustered out and started for home. We had to walk 90 miles to get to a little narrow-gaged road, the engines on which looked like little sausage-grinders. We rode on flat cars. The little engine would puff, wheeze along for a little while, and then stall. We boys would jump off and gather fence rails and help fire up, and then push on the cars until we got them started, and then jump on.

When we reached Houston we secured better conveyance, and soon arrived at Galveston.

We stayed two or three days at Galveston, and then took a ship for New Orleans. At New Orleans we left the ship, and took a steamboat for Cairo, Ill. At Cairo we took the cars for Indianapolis. We remained at Indianapolis until we drew our pay and got transportation for home.

On March 15, 1866, I, with several of my comrades, took what was then called the Bee Line Railroad and went to Morristown (now called Parker), where we put up for the night at what was called "Whitehead's Hotel." The next morning the ground was covered with snow, the first snow I had seen during the Winter.

I walked to John Mack's, south of Fairview, where I took dinner, after which his son Charles, who was a member of my company, but had been sent home on furlough, and was ordered not to return to the regiment, hitched up and took me home, four miles north of Dunkirk, Ind. At that time Dunkirk did not contain a dozen houses, with no railroad. Now Dunkirk is quite a little city.

I have given an abridged history, omitting scores of expeditions and skirmishes and thousands of incidents that would be of interest to many. I have omitted all the ridiculous and laughable incidents which were common to all regiments. I have said but little about the suffering, hardships, and hunger we endured. While I, with others, were permitted to come home and meet friends, I remember those brave boys we left behind, who died in hospital, in battle, and in prison; some were not even buried. We left those who fell in the "holy cause" in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Missouri, Indian Territory, Arkansas, Kansas, Louisiana, and Texas. Some died in that awful prison at Andersonville, and some lie at the bottom of the Mississippi River.

The 7th Ind. Cav. was a good regiment and did gallant service. I am proud to have been a member of the regiment.

There are a number of comrades who could give a great deal better and a more interesting history than I have, but they have not done it. My facilities for knowing all that happened in the regiment are limited. I lost my diary on the steamboat coming home. I have been compelled to rely on memory. I have got a few dates from the history of the regiment, written many years ago, by Comrade Thomas S. Cogley.

The writer of this little sketch was born in Clinton County, Ohio, in 1843, and moved to Blackford County, Ind., in 1846, where he has resided ever since.

(The end.)

Fraternity Among "Badgers" and "Hoosiers."

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Comrade Liscomb, of Los Angeles, Cal., takes exception to my article in the July 11 National Tribune. I have no apology to offer. When I mentioned the old 4th Wis. I intended to emphasize the old.

The first acquaintance of the 4th Wis., 6th Mich. and 21st Ind. was made in scouting through the Eastern Shore of Virginia in the Winter of '61 and '62. Shortly after we met at Old Point Comfort, and all three regiments boarded the old ship Constitution and steamed out of Hampton Roads just four days ahead of the arrival of the Merrimac. While on shipboard, and while drilling on the sands of Ship Island and fighting our sham battles there, the acquaintance ripened into an attachment which was strengthened as the war progressed.

Many of my old comrades will remember the crowded condition on the Great Republic as we lay on board and listened to the bombardment of the forts at the mouth of the Mississippi.

Many will remember street fights in New Orleans, where a "Badger" would run any time to the rescue of a "Hoosier," or vice versa. All these incidents of friendship led us into social brotherhood of kindred spirits that can never be forgotten. Any old "hummer" of the 4th or 6th will find just as warm a welcome at my humble abode as though he belonged to my own regiment.

I write this article from Louisiana, my home for the past 16 years. The National Tribune of July 11 made me a resident of Iowa by mistake. This 39th anniversary of the battle of Baton Rouge brings to mind many incidents that I should like to talk over with the old comrades. I know of but three in this county that participated in that affair.—H. C. WILKINS, Co. H, 21st Ind., and 1st Ind. H. A., Jennings, La.

The First Gun at Shiloh.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: As I understand it, the columns of The National Tribune are always open to comrades for the dissemination of facts. Such being true, I ask space to reply to S. Gillis, 68th Ohio, issue of Aug. 15.

The writer also was on picket duty during the night of April 5, and, if the first shot I heard on Sunday, April 6, came from a musket, she was a "whopper."

Our position April 6 was two and a half miles west of Crump's Landing, and five miles from Shiloh, and not two or three miles from Shiloh, as our comrade says. Rather far for you to hear that first musket shot, now, wasn't it?

History tells us that the Tennessee River at Pittsburg and Crump's Landings trends north of northeast. Shiloh was west of Pittsburg Landing three miles. Now, comrade, from your point of vantage, please tell us how the first sound of battle on Sunday morning reached you as coming from the southeast.

You tell us "the large guns on board the ironclad steamers at the Landing, were fired every 15 minutes during the entire night." Gen. Grant's Memoirs say the ironclads were some distance above the Landing at the mouth of Lick Creek, playing upon the enemy's right flank.—M. B. LOOP, 68th Ohio, Geneseo, Kan.

Quimby's Division.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In my article on Champion's Hill, in The National Tribune of Aug. 8, I said that "en. Quimby was in command of the Third Division, Seventeenth Corps. I made the mistake of supposing that there was no question as to the number of the division and that the point in dispute was as to who was in command at that time. What I wanted to say was that "if the Third Division was Gen. Crocker's Division, it was in command of Gen. Quimby." Still, I should have been mistaken, for both Gen. McGinnis and Gen. Hovey in their reports say it was Gen. Quimby's Division, in command of Gen. Crocker, that came to our support, and it was the Seventh, instead of the Third Division, Seventeenth Corps.—R. H. MARTIN, Co. I, 46th Ind., Delphos, O.

There are some things in this world that a man should see and a woman should not, and the book issued by The Von Mohl Co., Cincinnati, O., is one of those things. It is not intended for small boys, but if any of our elder readers will send for a copy, they will receive it by return mail absolutely free of cost. Address The Von Mohl Co., 637 B, Cincinnati, O.

WILDER'S BRIGADE.

Superb Fighting Around the Widow Glenn's House.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Comrade Jones, of the 39th Ind., jumps into me in The National Tribune of July 4 for asserting the facts that Wilder's Brigade were the only troops that fought at the Glenn House on the 20th outside of Lytle's skirmishers. Lieut. Belknap, 21st Mich., quoted by me in my article in June 6th issue, corroborates the fact of Wilder making his grand counter-charge on Hindman's Division in front of the Glenn House.

Lieut. Belknap tells (April 6, 1893) that his men were using the Glenn House as a hospital, and the house was intact when Wilder charged beyond it, but the shells of Hindman's batteries set it on fire during the desperate engagement. Then Wilder fell back to the Glenn House from where he had driven the enemy, having cleared his front of everything, and at this time the 39th Ind. (of Willich's Brigade, Johnson's Division) was brought up and assigned to Wilder's command.

No fighting occurred after this, beyond some skirmishing as the rebel line advanced again, and Wilder, under orders, withdrew his brigade, which included the 39th Ind., which remained under his command until he reached Rossville. Before withdrawing, Wilder says: "I had decided to cut our way through Bragg's army to join Thomas on the Snodgrass Hill, and was only prevented from attempting it by preemptory orders from Chas. A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, who having lost his way to Chattanooga had come up just as I was forming the brigade in five lines, columns of regiments (the 39th Ind. being temporarily assigned), to make the charge, which I firmly believe would have resulted in the rout of Longstreet's Corps and the defeat of Bragg's army."

In the oblique charge of Wilder's Brigade past the Glenn House it smashed the brigade of Manigault back on the brigades of Deas and Anderson, of Hindman's Division, driving the whole line back nearly a mile in front of the Widow Glenn's, and when Wilder withdrew, the brigade of Trigg, of Preston's Division, had advanced to within about 500 yards of him and halted, with skirmishers out and engaged. When we returned to the Widow Glenn's lines were formed extending past the house, but principally to the right of it, a better position, in Sheridan's breastworks.

And now, to prove further that I am right, I make the following extract from the History of the 72d Ind., page 184: "The Lightning Brigade this morning formed on the hill west of the Widow Glenn's house (in rear of it), and was the extreme right of the army, the 72d lying on the right of the brigade. The line faced east (two companies out as flankers facing south). Our regiment had thrown up a line of rails and logs and stacked arms, our horses had been brought up and beef killed, and just as we began to cook breakfast the roar of the artillery north of us became terrible and the fighting furious. * * * To the left and a little in front of our brigade was a battery of 32-pound Parrott guns, and every time they fired the earth trembled and shook. Just as we got our beef on to cook the rebels made a charge on this battery and took it. We were ordered to fall in and take arms, and moved to the left front for about half a mile in common time, and then to the east, when we wheeled into line and moved forward on quick time for nearly half a mile farther and were ordered to charge, which we did with a will. It seemed to us just then that the heavens and earth were certainly coming together, for as we drove the rebels back from the battery the artillerymen flew to their guns and opened fire by volleys. The shots cut the tops from the trees over our heads, the shells bursting in front of us, while each gun was answered shell for shell from the rebel batteries, which shells also burst in and about our lines. To this was added the rattle and crash of our Spencer rifles, and the noise was so deafening that we could not hear ourselves cheer, though each man yelled at the top of his voice.

"We drove the rebels about half a mile, took 300 prisoners, fell back on high ground right in front of the battery we had retaken from the rebels, and reformed our lines so close to some large houses which had been set on fire by shells that the right of the regiment had to double on to the center, and then the heat was so intense that it scorched our clothing. Ammunition had been left in the houses (Widow Glenn's), and the shells began to burst, throwing fire and shingles 100 feet high. The rebels are coming for us again and we see their skirmishers darting from tree to tree, getting nearer and nearer. (At this time the 39th Ind. was brought up and formed on the left of the 72d, which had become the left of Wilder's Brigade.) Just then we got word that the army north of us had been cut in two, and immediately following this disastrous news we were ordered to go guard our wagon train into Chattanooga. The rebels were almost within 100 yards of us (their skirmishers) when this order came, and we gave them a few rounds to check their advance and moved to the right (taking the battery at the Glenn House off the field with us) back to the works we had left over an hour before."

It will be seen that from the foregoing account Wilder's Brigade drove the enemy from Sheridan's breastworks at the Glenn House, recaptured the battery that had been taken, and drove the rebels off; in fact, followed and drove them clear across the Lafayette road. Lieut. C. E. Belknap, 21st Mich., who tells his story in The National Tribune of April 6, 1893, says the rebels were in the works when Wilder came up and drove them out. The Widow Glenn's House was intact when Wilder made his daring and brilliant charge, but was set on fire during the engagement. Then when Wilder's Brigade fell back and formed line at the burning Glenn House the 39th Ind. is brought up, after all the desperate fighting is over, and just before the Glenn House line is abandoned, and Comrades Fallis and Jones want to know why Wilder's Brigade monument is placed at the Glenn House, when the 39th Ind. was there on that date. They neither of them make claim to any fighting at the Glenn House, only that their regiment formed on Wilder's left, joining the 72d Ind., and it seems to me that the troops who did such desperate fighting on the ground were entitled to place their monument there. It will be seen from the extract of the 72d Ind. history that they were the left of the brigade after the fighting in front of the Glenn House was over, and the 39th Ind. came up and joined them. So I have to make my protest against giving the 39th Ind. credit for work they did not do.

In the legend of the Atlas of the Battlefield of Chickamauga, Gen. H. V. Boynton says of the attack on the right on the morning of the 20th: "In this attack of Hindman's Division upon Sheridan's Division, Gen. Wilder's Mounted Brigade of Reynolds's Division, with the 39th Ind. Mounted Inf., charged the left of Hindman's line, checked Manigault's Brigade and pushed it east of the Lafayette road at Viniard's."

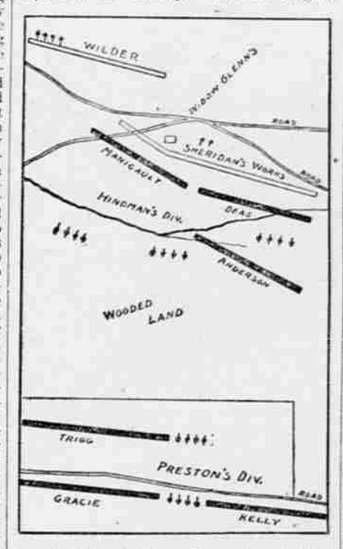
The 39th Ind. was not in that charge, but came up after Wilder had performed his task of driving the rebels from the Glenn House, and Comrade Jones (July 4) says that when they came up they were placed "on Wilder's left, joining on to the 72d Ind. Wilder's left lay just to the right of the Glenn House," etc.

After this there was no more fighting at the Glenn House, except an occasional shot with Trigg's rebel skirmishers, and I believe that I have substantiated my assertion that Lytle's detachment and battery and Wilder's Brigade were the only troops that fought at the Glenn House that day. I do not dispute the fact that the 39th Ind. came and formed line at the Glenn House, and were willing to fight as a part of Wilder's Brigade and under his command, but I cannot understand why Comrade Fallis and others should wish to rob us of our hard-earned laurels if they could. But the reports show the facts which have gone into history, and Wilder's Brigade has its monument on the ground over which it so gallantly fought.

I see in Gen. Boynton's map that R. B. Mitchell's cavalry were in front of the hospitals at Crawfish Springs at 5 p. m.; McCook's cavalry in front of him, with Post and Crook in the rear of the hospitals. My understanding is that the rebels captured these hospitals in the forenoon. Wilder's Brigade, covering the withdrawal of Davis and Sheridan, did not leave the Glenn House neighborhood until considerable after noon, and then went very slowly, getting stragglers, artillery and ambulances to the Dry Valley road at Devotte's, near which place we arrived at near 3 p. m. The army train was moving northward and Wilder's Brigade moved south along the road for nearly five miles to reach the end of it. It was probably 5 p. m. when the rear of the train was covered by Wilder's Brigade, checking the rebel cavalry coming from Crawfish Springs, and skirmishing ensued between them and Wilder's rear guard for several miles. The last wagon was corralled in rear of Rossville Gap at 11 p. m., when Wilder's men might have expected rest after their hard day's work; yet they had to guard and patrol the Dry Valley road as far as McFarland's Gap, covering the right flank of the army.

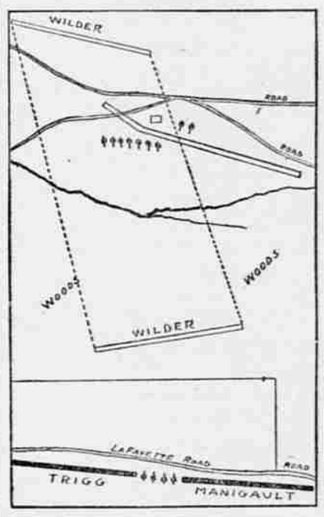
I claim that Wilder's slashing charge at the Glenn House did much to save the army that day. It broke the continuity of Longstreet's great right wheel, and checked them so that Hindman's and Preston's Divisions did not reach Villetoe's neighborhood until 3 p. m., giving time for the formation of the Snodgrass Hill line. It must be remembered that Wilder's Brigade, with their seven-shooting Spencers, fought in single rank open formations, each man occupying about three feet of space, which system has been patterned after by the United States since the troops have been armed with repeating rifles. Thus Wilder's 2,000 men in line nearly covered the front of an infantry division, and swept Hindman's Division from the Glenn House on that memorable Sept. 20, 1863.

This sketch shows the positions at the time that Hindman's Division was sweeping over Sheridan's breastworks, driving the detachment of Lytle's Brigade and capturing the battery. Wilder's Brigade



moved obliquely from its works, striking Manigault in flank and driving him back on Deas, recapturing the battery at the Glenn House and forcing them to the little branch in front of the Glenn House. The 98th Ill. passed to the left of the Glenn House and the 17th Ind. to the right, driving the rebels under a heavy fire. The left of the brigade, as will be seen by the sketch, got at the rebels first, but the 123d Ill. got at them before we reached the branch. As the left of the brigade was in air, the 72d Ind. was moved from right to left as we moved forward (see the extract from history 72d Ind.), wheeling into line on the left of the brigade to strike Deas's left and Manigault's right, which they did with remarkable effect.

The second sketch shows the position of Wilder's Brigade at the termination of the charge, with Lytle's battery in front of the Glenn House. The dotted lines show the route of Wilder's advance, past the Glenn House, past the battery, fight-



ing every step of the way, driving the rebels in confusion, preventing them from wheeling in on the rear of our forces at Snodgrass's and keeping them from cutting off and capturing the trains of the whole army, which were to the right and rear at Crawfish Springs. And at the Widow Glenn's, famous only as the scene of Wilder's brilliant fighting, on ground sanctified by the blood of Wilder's men, the monument to Wilder's Brigade is erected to mark the scene of their magnificent achievement.—WM. E. DOYLE.

Fight at Baton Rouge.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: It was currently reported, and I never heard it disputed, that on the day before the battle one of the Yankee boys went into a grocery and took a freshly-baked cookie from a barrel, when a little girl told him he must not touch them, as they were for the Confederates. This was reported at once to Gen. Williams.

The morning of Aug. 5 was unusually still and quiet, and the smoke of battle settled so that the hostile forces could not see each other until so close that nearly every shot counted. That is one reason why the rebel loss was so great.

Directly after the battle it was reported that the 4th Wis. was more than anxious to help, but for some unaccountable reason was restrained from taking part in the battle by superior orders.

The gunboats did a great amount of execution, as a signal squad was placed on the State House to direct the fire, and thus every shot was made to count. After the fight it was not uncommon to find three or four dead rebels where a shell from the gunboats had exploded.

I have often wondered why we had no earthworks or other protection, our force being so small.—S. M. DOUGLASS, Co. C, 6th Mich., Nodaway, Iowa.

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CHICKAMAUGA.

Blunder of a Staff Officer Caused Disaster to the Union Forces.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I recently visited Chattanooga and took in the battlefields. While at Snodgrass Hill, in reply to questions, the well-posted guide gave me much valuable information as to the positions of various commands, especially those on Rosecrans's left wing—Gen. Thomas's Fourteenth Corps. The scenery is very attractive, and to the lover of history the preservation of scenes of heroic deeds both sides on that field leads one to commend the action of our National Government in its outlay of the money needed to keep the positions of the various arms of the service engaged marked on the battlefield. My understanding is that ex-Confederates furnished their own markers. At least, they are plainer than ours.

The Kentucky monument was put up by the State to commemorate both sides. Evidently the Confederate division of Kentuckians, under Breckinridge, on their extreme right, fought over the ground where the monument stands. Is it not the part of wisdom for the National Government to place markers for the ex-Confederates on all battlefields that are constituted National Parks?

Subsequently meeting the guide in Chattanooga, he stated that he had all the reports (official) on both sides, from regimental commanders' up, and knew the strength and losses sustained by each command; also, an important item, where they were stationed at different periods of the battle.

In reply to the question of who was responsible for the loss of the battle of Chickamauga, he stated there were two errors committed—one by Gen. G. H. Thomas and one by Rosecrans. "The evident purpose of Bragg to turn Rosecrans's left wing, where Thomas was stationed with the Fourteenth Corps, and consequently where the heaviest fighting was done on the first day, necessarily led to drafts upon the center and right wings for reinforcements. This was continued until, on the morning of the second day, Thomas had about 27,000 infantry under his immediate command. The first line lay behind barricades that were thrown up, principally during the night following the first day's battle. The corps of McCook and Crittenden, composing the center and right wings, on the morning of the second day (Sept. 20), were mere skeletons—Sheridan on the extreme right, Jeff C. Davis, then Wood; perhaps not over 10,000 to 12,000 men, covering a long stretch of front. The losses the first day were from 7,000 to 8,000 men, principally on our left wing. So, when the battle opened on the morning of the 20th, the left wing had a naturally strong position, two lines of battle deep, first line behind barricades. At 9 a. m. the Confederates began the attack upon our left wing (Thomas), each Confederate organization taking it up and successively attacking Union troops in front of them, until, about 11 a. m., it reached their left wing, under Longstreet. At this time and locality occurred an event that rendered Longstreet's successful attack much easier than it otherwise would have been. Col. Kellogg, of Rosecrans's staff, riding the line from left to right, at the right of Reynolds's troops did not observe that the line that was intended to connect with him was parted somewhat in its rear, at once reported to Rosecrans that there were not troops at this interval. Consequently, Rosecrans dictated an order to Wood, under this erroneous impression, to "close up on Reynolds." The Aid who wrote the order, of his own volition, added "and support him." Brannan's large division was actually filling the supposed gap in the line, and to pass to Reynolds's support he must needs march by the left flank in rear of Brannan, which he was doing double-quick when the avalanche that Longstreet had been preparing all morning was being launched, numbering 29,000 men, in three divisions, swept through the gap, cutting off Sheridan and Jeff C. Davis's divisions from our almost impregnable left wing, under Thomas.

Kellogg's failure to see Brannan's strong division in echelon, to the right and slightly to Reynolds's rear, misled Rosecrans into this terrible mistake, that the devoted heroism of the gallant men and officers on the right wing could not atone.

At this time Polk, who commanded the Confederate right wing on the second day, had dwindled from near 30,000 men to about two-thirds of this number—perhaps 17,000 or 18,000 men; balance killed, wounded and missing, confronts Thomas, partially intrenched with 27,000, on the defensive, while Longstreet (the Confederate left wing), now taking the offensive, with 29,000 men, overpowering our center and right. Some of these troops rally on Thomas's right as it is refused, and later in the day, aided by the two brigades of the Reserve Corps, under Gordon Granger, ably assist Thomas in sustaining the weight of the entire Confederate army's attack upon the position that Snodgrass Hill dominates. The failure of Sheridan to move his division from the the Dry Valley road to Thomas's assistance, in imitation of Granger, is accounted for by Sheridan's knowledge at 3 p. m. of Garfield (Rosecrans's Chief of Staff) being sent to Thomas with the order to withdraw from the battlefield at the earliest opportunity in the direction of Chattanooga. Then Sheridan would improve the time in reorganization of his depleted division and others, that had accumulated to the number of 5,000 to 7,000 men. If the Aid had not added to the order sent to Wood "and support him," Wood would have known that the order was impossible of execution, as Brannan was in the way. The order as delivered justified him in leaving the line of battle and