CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Disaster Attributable to Howard's Failure to Repulse "Stonewall" Jackson.

By J. D. BLOODGOOD,
Sergeant, Co. I, 141st Pa., First Brigade, First Division, Third Corps.

The latter part of April, 1863, was a period of great activity on the part of the Army of the Potomac. There was a succession of reviews, inspections, brigade and battalion drills; new clothing was issued; all superfluous baggage and camp equipage was turned in; many of the incurably sick were discharged and others sent to the hospitals, and, finally, on the 27th, we received orders to be ready to march at an hour's notice, with three days' cooked rations in our haversacks and five days' rations in our knapsacks.

We took the canvas covering off our "shebangs," packed our effects, and were ready to follow our gallant leader to victory.

A few days after the battle of Fredericksburg, while a number of us who were on duty as camp guard were sitting around our campfire, an old colored man, who had escaped from Fredericksburg and crossed the river when our forces fell back, came along and stopped to warm by our fire. He was quite an intelligent man; had always been a slave, but was a Unionist all the way through.

Speaking of the rebel position he said: "I tell you what it is, boss, dem rebels is in dar mighty solid, dey is. Dey is jist like a snake in de hole. He stick his head out and he strike dis way and dat way, and when you go fer to hit him on de head wid a stick, den he dodge back in de hole and you doan git in; but he's dar all de same; but you once git him clair outen de hole, and whar is he?"

That is exactly the case, we thought, and we acknowledged the soundness of the old darky's reasoning; but what puzzled us most was how to get the snake "outen de hole." Burnside had tried him in front once, but had most disastrously failed. Now, Hooker was about to try a flank movement.

In brief, it was Hooker's plan to send a strong column some four or five miles down the river to threaten Lee's right, and thus engage the enemy's attention while the main body of the army was to cross the river at the various fords above the town, and thus secure a firm position before the enemy became aware of his real intentions.

In case Lee withdrew his army from Marye's Hights, Gen. Sedgwick, with the Sixth Corps, was to lay a pontoon bridge across opposite the city, and by a direct advance take possession of the enemy's fortified position.

Gen. Stoneman, in command of the Cavalry Corps, was to cross at some distance above, and, making a wide detour, get between the Confederate army and Richmond, destroy Lee's communications, cut off his supplies, and thus co-operate with the main army in the destruction of the Confederate army.

Our corps was placed under the command of Gen. Sedgwick, and with the First, under Reynolds, and the Sixth, was to conduct operations in front of and below the city.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon of April 28, 1863, we were in line and on our march down the river, and on our arrival at an overlooking bluff some three or four miles below Fredericksburg, we found that pontoons had already been placed and a large force of our men drawn up in battle array on the other side of the Rappahannock.

The enemy was also present in full force, while their advanced line of skirmishers was but a few rods in front of ours. Lee was evidently deceived by this show of force, and led to believe that the main body of our army was present and that the battle would be fought on the same ground as that of Dec. 13.

For a day or two we were kept in suspense, as none of us knew Hooker's plan, and we hourly expected to be called upon to cross the river and engage the enemy. Thursday, April 30, we were called in line for muster, at the close of which the Adjutant read an order from Gen. Hooker in which he stated that the movement on our right had been entirely successful; that the enemy must either evacuate his stronghold and come out and fight us on ground of our own choosing or fall back on Richmond. We were assured of a glorious victory in case he was willing to fight and a moral success in case he chose to retreat.

We shouted and cheered over the good news and in a short time were in full marching order, with our faces turned westward. We continued our march all that afternoon and until midnight, when we arrived in the vicinity of the United States Ford, some eight or 10 miles above Fredericksburg, where we halted for the remainder of the night. It had been a long and exhausting march, and we were too tired to care for anything but rest. Besides, we were not allowed to build any fires, so we had no chance to make any coffee, even if we cared to do so.

CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

We were aroused from our slumbers at 4 o'clock the next morning, and after a hasty breakfast resumed our march, crossed the Rappahannock on a pontoon bridge, and soon found ourselves once more in the presence of the enemy.

Hooker had secured a position of great natural strength, his left flank resting on the river, while the general outline was that of a semicircle facing to the south, the center of which extended two or three miles beyond the river and included the Chancellor House, which gave its name to the fierce and bloody battle that followed.

We reached the Chancellor House early in the morning and halted for a short time; then our brigade, consisting of the 57th, 114th, 63d, 68th, and 141st Pa. and the 20th Ind., commanded by Gen. C. K. Graham, was ordered to march down the plank road to Dowdall's Tavern and reinforce the Eleventh Corps, which held our right flank and was under the command of Gen. O. O. Howard. Gen. Graham reported to Gen. Howard according to orders, but that officer seemed to consider it a reflection on him and his corps that he should be tendered assistance. He assured Gen. Graham that he was fully able to hold his position on that part of the line and positively declined to accept the services of our brigade.

There was nothing for us to do, therefore, but to retrace our steps, which we did, and soon resumed our place in the division, which was commanded by Gen. D. B. Birney.

We advanced a short distance to the south, and soon came in contact with the enemy's skirmish line, while a rebel battery, getting our range, began to send over their compliments in shape of solid shot and shells.

We then were ordered to change our position to a place less exposed which we were not slow in doing. Just as Lieut. Col. G. H. Walkins was in the act of mounting the enemy's battery gave us a farewell message in the shape of a 12-pound solid shot, which struck Col. Watkins's horse in the opposite shoulder, passing clear through him, but not injuring his rider in the least.

The Colonel seemed fairly dazed for a moment, seemingly unable to comprehend what had happened, as his horse suddenly dropped to the ground.

As it grew dark the firing gradually slackened and soon ceased altogether, and both armies rested on their arms awaiting the coming of another day.

The next morning we took up the line of march and soon reached a position about a mile west of the Chancellor House, and turning into a grove of pines we went into camp.

During the afternoon, while looking up a cousin, Jeff Wright, who was in the 3d Wis., I passed by Gen. Birney's headquarters, and noticed a number of officers, among them Gen. Sickles, who commanded our corps, with field glasses looking across the valley to the south, to where a wagon train was passing to our right, along the opposite ridge.

Our officers, at least some of them, were certain that Gen. Lee was sending his wagon train on in advance, preparatory to a retreat on Richmond.

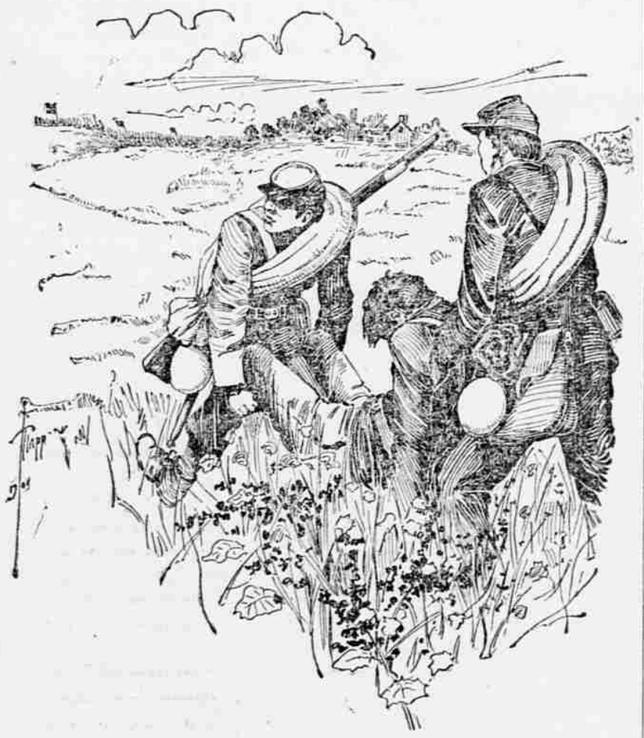
They ought to have known better by that time, but they had not become so intimately acquainted with the Confederate leader as they afterward did.

Gen. Birney ordered up a battery, which began to shell the wagon train. The facts were reported to Gen. Hooker, who ordered Gen. Birney to advance with his division and strike the enemy on his flank and rear, and thus prevent his escape. We crossed the valley and formed in line of battle on the opposite slope, and advanced until our line struck the rebel rear and captured the 23d Ga. entire, except the Colonel, who, after the surrender, mounted his horse and made a dash for liberty.

A PERILOUS POSITION.

Pressing on, we reached the road along which the rebel force had passed, but they had a mile or two the start of us, and we did not try to overtake them.

Near this place was the Welford Mansion, and also quite extensive mines of gold, which had been formerly worked, but were now abandoned. In a field on this plantation the entire division was drawn up and massed, and having no orders to advance, we awaited developments.



"WE FOUND OURSELVES MIDWAY BETWEEN OUR LINES AND THE REBELS."

We were now some two miles in advance of our main army, with the enemy on every side except a narrow space in our rear, through which we had come, and our position was critical indeed, although no enemy was in sight.

It was now nearly dark, but all was quiet until we were suddenly startled by the sharp, irregular rattle of musketry, which we knew to be the work of skirmishers, and then came fierce volleys intermingled with the awful roar of scores of pieces of artillery.

All of this came directly from our rear, and, although we were unable to understand what it all meant, we were very certain that something was wrong. While we waited, wondering what it all meant, an orderly came galloping up to where Gen. Birney sat on his horse, and handed him a paper. Suddenly the bugle sounded the assembly; we took our places in line and were soon on our way to the scene of conflict.

We reached the valley through which we had passed in the afternoon without having met any opposition, but on ascending the slope, our advance line was suddenly confronted by the rebel pickets. The firing had ceased by this time, but we soon began to comprehend that our division of about six or seven thousand men was entirely surrounded by the enemy's forces.

Fully realizing our perilous position, we threw out pickets in every direction, and every precaution was taken to secure our safety.

Not having any particular duty just then, I threw myself on the ground. Weariness overcame the sense of danger, and I was soon fast asleep. About midnight I was rudely awakened by an awful crash of artillery, mingled with the rattle of musketry, coming from the exact point where our friends ought to have been, provided we had any, and not more than 40 rods distant. The din was perfectly awful, and coming as it did in the stillness of night, its terror seemed tenfold greater. The firing soon slackened, then ceased altogether, and all was quiet.

We learned afterward that the firing was caused by Ward's Brigade of our division, making a night attack on the enemy's line, which intervened between us and our main line, for the purpose of opening a communication with our forces and relieving us from our dangerous and unpleasant position. This was successfully accomplished, and the lively visions of Belle Isle and Libby which we had entertained faded from our view.

It was during this assault that the Confederate chief "Stonewall" Jackson was mortally wounded. Nearly every regiment engaged in the battle of Chancellorsville has claimed the credit of killing the rebel chief, but there is scarcely room for doubt that it was done by some man or men of Ward's Brigade of Birney's Division of the old Third Corps.

Certain it was that the Confederate army met with an irreparable loss in his death and whatever advantage they gained was dearly purchased.

"STONEWALL" JACKSON'S ASSAULT ON HOWARD'S CORPS.

We afterward learned the meaning of the fierce encounter of the previous evening. It was caused by a sudden attack by Jackson's Division on the Eleventh Corps, resulting in its entire defeat and rout.

Instead of retreating on Gordonsville, as our officers vainly imagined, Jackson had simply marched his forces across our front and, having discovered that Howard in his fancied security had neglected all precautions looking toward an attack on his part of the line, he had massed his army and all unexpectedly had fallen upon the Eleventh Corps and driven it back with terrible slaughter. Those frightened Dutchmen came rushing to the rear, many of them not having fired a shot, shouting: "We fights mit Siegel, but runs mit Howard." In this case, however, the soldiers were not so much to blame for the defeat, for very few men of any nationality will stand and fight when suddenly and unexpectedly assailed by a determined foe.

We remained in the little valley where we first encountered the enemy on our return from chasing Jackson's baggage train, until about daylight Sunday morning, May 3, when we were aroused from our slumbers and only had time to eat a pork-and-hardtack sandwich, when we were formed in line facing the west and had hardly completed our formation when we were suddenly assailed on the left flank by a rebel column, and there were only two things left us, viz, to stay there and be slaughtered or to run for a better position. We soon received orders to fall back, double-quick, and were not slow in obeying the order. I never made better time in my life than on that occasion.

We soon reached a favorable position, when we halted, reformed, faced about, and, advancing, we soon met the oncoming foe swarming toward us through a piece of woods. A brigade of the Twelfth Corps, which had been in advance and which had suffered severely, now passed to our rear, and without waiting for orders we opened fire upon the rebel column. An officer mounted upon a magnificent white horse was seen riding up and down behind the enemy's line, which was fighting behind a breastwork of old logs and rails, and soon became the target for hundreds of rifles. He soon disappeared, no doubt having been killed or seriously wounded.

COL. MADILL'S BRAVE ACT.

Our ranks were being fearfully thinned; men were falling like Autumn leaves, and yet we held our position. Looking to my left, I saw our flag go down. Our Color Sergeant was mortally wounded; but in an instant the flag floats again, borne by the sturdy arm of one of the Color Guard. He falls, and down goes the flag again, but it is immediately seized by Capt. Swart, of Co. G—the color company—and again floats in the breeze. But he, too, falls, and for a moment the old flag lies in the dust. I sprang toward it, but Col. Madill was riding close behind, urging on the battle, and especially watching our colors, and when he saw them go down for the third time he leaped from his horse, and, seizing the flagstaff before I could reach it, he remounted and in very emphatic language, not all of which is found in the book of army regulations, he declared that if that flag went down again he would go with it.

The battle rages on, and we now discover a new line of battle filing in to take the places of those who have been fighting us so long and so well. The enemy was being reinforced, but no help comes for us. We look anxiously around for reinforcements, but none appear. We seem to be abandoned to our fate, but no man among that heroic number has a thought of retreat until suddenly we found that we were being outflanked; that the enemy were working around our right, and there was but one alternative—we must fall back or be captured. Slowly, sullenly, we began to retire, rallying occasionally to give the advancing foe a volley, then continuing to retire.

While thus engaged, I came across a soldier of another company, who had been shot through the body, and I and a comrade undertook to carry him off the field. While so engaged we suddenly found ourselves about midway between our line and the rebels. The wounded man discovered our perilous position as soon as we did, and told us we had better lay him down and make our escape, or the rebels would capture the whole of us. This we did, but not a moment had we to spare, as the enemy was close upon us.

Upon reaching the vicinity of the Chancellor House, we found a new line had been formed, passing which we reached a place of safety, and were taken back into the woods to rest and get some water.

We were soon taken back to a position in the new line and ordered to throw up breastworks.

While in camp on Arlington Hights we used to go out on detail to work on the defenses of Washington. We had but little heart or interest in this work. But in our present condition we had all the stimulus we needed, and it was astonishing how quickly we had a line of breastworks sufficient to protect us from any assault, although we had nothing to dig with except tin plates, half-canteens, bayonets, tin cups, and our hands. While occupying our new position a battery in our front began to send us some compliments in the shape of rebel shells. While lying on our faces, so as to give the rebel missiles plenty of room to circulate over our heads, I heard a shell burst and saw a cap fly over my body. On looking around I found a piece of the shell had struck Robert McKinney, Co. E, who was lying by my side, and had literally crushed the back of his head, and my clothes were bespattered with his brains. He was a most promising and accomplished young man, and was preparing himself for professional life. I had known him from childhood, and after the morning's fight we had congratulated each other on having passed through the fearful slaughter unharmed. We buried him near where he fell, at the foot of a white oak, and there his body still reposes, only to be awakened by the voice of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life.

Monday the two armies occupied their respective positions, and all was quiet except the occasional fire of a sharpshooter and some minor artillery engagements.

Tuesday was spent in strengthening our defenses, till toward evening, when the inevitable rain began to fall. We had packed up our effects under orders to be ready to march, and there we waited through the long, dreary night, with the ceaseless rain pouring down upon us, without shelter, soaked to the skin, wearied, disheartened, and exhausted by the terrible strain that for days had been upon us, many of our comrades whom we loved and honored silent in death or terribly wounded and in the hands of the enemy. All of these conditions combined to make it one of the worst nights I ever experienced. Toward morning we received orders to march, and filed out of the woods into the road. The first step I took after reaching the road landed me in the mud ankle-deep. I thought that I had seen mud before, but this beat the whole previous catalog. The bottoms of my pants become overloaded with the sacred soil; I took out my knife and amputated about six inches of the lower extremities, greatly to my relief.

We reached our old camp toward evening and proceeded at once to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. More than half of the tents were deserted, only the bare framework remaining. Too well we knew where their former occupants were. We had entered the fight on Sunday morning with 417 men, rank, and file. Of this number we had lost, killed, and wounded 220—more than half of the number engaged.

It was many weeks before we fully recovered from the effects of the disastrous defeat at Chancellorsville. We naturally desired to know who was responsible for the disaster, and today it would be hard to convince any survivor of the 141st Pa. that it was not wholly or largely due to the rout of the Eleventh Corps, under Howard. It was no doubt a mistake in sending our division on Saturday on a wild-goose chase after Stonewall Jackson's baggage train, and it would naturally seem that our commanding officer should have known better than to have supposed that Lee would run off without a fight. They certainly learned better afterward. He was not that kind of a commander.

But, suppose that Howard had repulsed Jackson and driven him back with heavy loss, what would have been the result? Nothing short of the total defeat if not the destruction of the whole rebel army. Sedgwick had already captured Fredericksburg and sealed Marye's Hights on the east and was closely pressing Lee's left and threatening his rear, while Hooker's main army was in his front, and with the rebel army cut in two, Lee would certainly have been forced to fall back on Richmond or have suffered an inglorious defeat. Had Gen. Howard improved the three days during which he held the right of our line in fortifying his position, keeping his picket line well extended to the front, and simply used the ordinary precautions which almost any commander of an army in an enemy's country would naturally adopt, the results of the great battle would have been vastly different; the lives of thousands of brave men would have been saved, and he would have been saved the difficult task of trying to persuade the people of this country that he was not primarily responsible for the loss of the battle of Chancellorsville.

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SOME NARROW ESCAPES.

A New York Cavalryman's Adventures on Picket, With Indians, and With a Grizzly.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In my letter to The National Tribune which appeared in the issue of Aug. 22, I narrated events that occurred during the Winter of '64-'65, while performing picket duty with the Second Division of the Cavalry Corps, in the rear of the intrenched position occupied by the Army of the Potomac before Petersburg, Va.

I also mentioned in that sketch that our regiment (the 24th N. Y. Cav.) started out from Washington dismounted, and was assigned to the Provisional Brigade, Fourth Division, Ninth Corps, under command of Gen. Burnside, and as such participated in all the engagements, from the Wilderness up to and including the assault and siege of Petersburg, to Oct. 22, when we were mounted and assigned to the First Brigade of Gregg's Second Division Cavalry.

An incident in connection with the battle of the Wilderness comes to my mind that I will relate as I remember it. The night of May 7 I and a number of others were detailed for picket. We were moved out just at dark, through crooked paths, among the fallen trees, to a point in advance of our slightly-intrenched line. Just as we were deployed and the picket line had become established, there arose a yell from the rebels, that extended from their extreme right to their extreme left. When the yell started there was a volley from our side, which I think was answered by the foe.

Their yell had no sooner ended when a loud and prolonged cheer broke out from our side. The confusion incident to the yelling, the cheering, and the volleys of musketry had a somewhat demoralizing effect on the picket line, which was made up of men and boys who, like myself, had never been under fire before that time. Some, thinking there was about to be a charge, were for falling back on the main line, but after it became a little more quiet the line was re-established. In my case I made myself as flat as possible, realizing that I was far safer there than I would be trying to hunt the crooked trail through which we passed while on our way to the front.

I lay there all that night, watching toward the front, not feeling any inclination to sleep, for I thought I could hear someone crawling up toward me through the bushes. My carbine was pointed to the front in a position that I could swing the muzzle to the right or left, the small end of the stock in the palm of my left hand, with the hammer drawn way back, and my finger on the trigger.

I do not at this late day just call to mind what my instructions were that night, but I do know that had anyone approached me from the direction my carbine was pointed I should have been very apt to have fired and halted him later. I was but a "kid" at that time, being a little over 15 years old, and it was my first experience under fire at the front.

I will never forget that night; the rebel yell, answered by the cheers of our army; the volleys of musketry, with the bullets passing over my head, striking trees and bushes; and, over all, a hazy cloud of battle-smoke, which spread like a pall over both friend and foe.

When I went on picket that night I was a "tenderfoot" soldier, but the next morning, when we were withdrawn from the front line to participate in the movement toward Spottsylvania, I felt that I was a veteran in all that the term implied, and in the subsequent engagements in which I participated, let what come, I was in a measure prepared for it.

In my former sketch I incidentally referred to a race I once had with a grizzly bear, which I will have to tell you; also a bit of a hide-and-seek game I had with an Indian.

Before I became connected with the Lee-Foster Land and Cattle Co. I was sent out by Eastern parties to develop a mining claim in the Rio Bovito mining district of New Mexico. At this time the Apache Indians were giving the miners considerable trouble. Hence, on account of them (the Indians), desperados and wild beasts, it was always good policy for a person to go well armed.

I was out one day about five miles from camp, well up the mountains, when I saw an Indian just as he jumped behind a tree. As there was a large pine near me, I lost no time in gaining its protection. My arsenal consisted of a Winchester rifle, a double-action Colt's six-shooter and a good buckhorn handle hunting knife; but as this was my first experience with the (ignoble redman, I hardly knew what to do. Had he been a "Johnny Reb" during the war I'd have fluttered a flag of truce at him, and if he'd been all right, in less than two minutes we'd have been trading buttons, also coffee for tobacco. I felt that something had got to be done; so I stuck out my ha', Daniel Boone fashion; but without effect. I finally made up my mind that I ought to be enough for one Indian; so I brought my rifle to a position where I could use it at a second's notice, and stepped from behind my tree and started for his position with a determination to get in the first shot.

When I reached his tree I found he had vanished; and, to tell the truth, I was glad of it. The ground sloped off from behind his tree, which gave him a chance to leave while I was deciding what to do. I was excited enough to have shot him, had he been there, before he could have shot me or flashed his Bible at me. They all carry a Bible to show "me good Injun" when they get cornered.

Not long after that I was out prospecting, and in my wanderings I started up a gulch not over 50 feet in width, with perpendicular walls on either side, over 500 feet in hight. The gulch was dotted with clumps of willows and alders, growing here and there, but with plenty of walking space between. As I passed around one of these clumps of bushes I ran onto a grizzly bear wallowing in a mudhole. I was in a worse situation than the Indian. I had no Bible at hand to flash at him, nor any tree to protect me. To say that I was simply paralyzed would be putting it mildly; so much so, in fact, that I was unable to stir till the bear crawled out of his wallow hole and began to straighten up ready for a closer acquaintance. Then I somehow regained my senses and turned and ran, making as good time, and I think a little better, than I did when on picket when my horse broke for the reserve. I don't believe the bear followed me, but as to that I'm not sure.

These grizzlies are ugly customers, and had rather fight than eat honey, and unless a man is in a safe place with a good rifle and plenty of ammunition he stands no show.

I was informed by the prospectors that there was a big grizzly in that district, called "Bigfoot," and I think he is the one I met in the gulch. In all such cases I had rather try my speed first; and if that fails, time enough to arrange for a fight.

I have been very much interested in reading Comrade Peck's Rough Riding on the Plains. I have in my wanderings been to many of the places which he mentions, and although the circumstances are far different now, yet I could easily recognize places of which he wrote.—H. M. FOSTER, Co. A, 24th N. Y. Cav., Barney, N. M.

CARRICK'S FORD.

An Eye-Witness Gives His Version of the Killing of Gen. Garnett.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I read your valuable paper with a great deal of interest, and hardly know whose contribution I most admire. They are all good, and to one who served in the Army of the Potomac a character like Geo. Dallas Mosgrove, writing, we'll say, from Stonewall Jackson's Corps, would certainly be intensely interesting to many who operated against that wily chieftain; and I rather begrudge the boys who faced Morgan, in that they are having at this late date so fluent a writer as the author of "Bugle Notes." Another subject that has attracted my attention is the death of Gen. Garnett.

I was a high private in Co. E, 7th Ind., first call for 75,000 men. The company was recruited from Aurora and vicinity. The required 100 names were enrolled before Fort Sumter fell and before that first call for 75,000 volunteers.

The company was officered as follows: John H. Ferry, Captain; Alex B. Patterson, First Lieutenant; Henry Waller, Second Lieutenant, and B. F. Burlingame, Orderly Sergeant.

We were rendezvoused at Indianapolis, and were made color company of the 7th Ind., with no less personage for Colonel than Ebenezer Dumont, who had earned an enviable reputation during the Mexican war.

The 7th Ind. was the second regiment to leave the State. We disembarked at Grafton, W. Va. We then went to Webster, and from there, with other regiments and a battery, started out one very dark, rainy night for Philippi, where we arrived on schedule time.

The battery opened fire from the hilltop overlooking the town, while the infantry, led by Col. Dumont, charged down the hill and across the bridge by companies, in close column, through the streets and far beyond the limits of the town. There were no casualties in the 7th Ind. Col. Kelley, of the 1st W. Va., was shot through the lungs by a man in citizen's clothes. The Virginians would have made short work of him but for the timely interference of Col. Dumont, who said that he should be accepted as a prisoner of war, since he had thrown away his weapon, an old-fashioned horse-pistol, and held up his hand, loudly calling for quarter. The Johnnies lost one man, wounded—leg shot off by bursting shell.

We were not long delayed at the classic town of Philippi, but wended our way to Burlington and Laurel Hill, where the rebel forces under Garnett disputed our passage. The choosing of locations and their fortifications were proof of skillful engineering. While we were daily skirmishing with them and thinking every day we would be allowed to assault their works, McClellan was busy getting in their rear at Cheat Mountain, where considerable strategy was shown, and after a stubborn battle, fought between Rosecrans and Gen. Pegram, and won by Rosecrans, who swooped down on the rear of the army at Laurel Hill, the only thing left for the Johnnies to do was to beat a hasty retreat—anything to get away and not be caught between two fires. Then the mad race commenced, with Garnett's forces well in the lead. As the chase waxed warm the road became strewn with all kinds of army equipments. Finally, we commenced overhauling their stragglers, and the ones I saw were fine-looking fellows. They looked like men of leisure from the cities of the South, and their dress and deportment denoted Southern culture.

After passing over mountains and a lot of rough country, we struck the Cheat River Valley, portions of which were fine productive land. The 7th Ind. was second or third to the front. While thus surging to the front our ears were saluted by the boom from Garnett's artillery, which was in position on elevated ground on the opposite side of the river, just to the left of the ford. The artillery and infantry were ready to dispute our passage of the ford.

Col. Dumont, who had as much fight in him as any man north or south of Mason and Dixon's line, dashed furiously to the front and assisted in formation of line of battle, and then opened the much-longed-for battle. Our regiment did but little, if any, firing until Dumont led us across the river, which was probably 200 yards wide from bank to bank, and about three feet deep.

The approach to the ford from the enemy's side of the river led through a narrow gorge, which was thickly grown up with trees and laurel bushes extending high up on the bluff or rapidly-rising ground.

To the left was the road, which was blockaded with wrecked wagons and one or two pieces of artillery, an antiquated iron piece, about a 12-pounder, all of which effectually blockaded the road. In crossing the swift-running current bore our column below the ford. Then commenced a scramble through the laurel thickets and up the rugged ascent. Our Second Lieutenant, who had seen service in the British army, and was very quick-witted, saw a point to be gained by bearing off to the left. Those of us who followed him worked our way through the wrecked train in approach to the ford and passed all obstructions. Then we had clear sailing on to the next ford above, about a third of a mile distant. Here we found the enemy behind some drift that had formed in the bend on the opposite side of the river. My brother, Wm. Wheeler, was first to gain position behind a tree, and fired the first shot. I came up to him just after he fired, and after scolding because I stood in the open where the bullets were falling thick and fast, he told me to shoot at an officer whose head and breast were above the drift, where he was either standing on something or mounted on a horse. I raised my gun to draw a bead on him, when Orderly-Sergeant B. F. Burlingame said to wait and we would fire a volley at him. At the word of command from Burlingame, three of us fired, and my brother said, "You've killed him." I am certain there were not 20 shots fired by us at this second ford. We crossed at once, the enemy having fled after the fall of their chieftain, and found Gen. Garnett with a fatal wound in the breast. I saw a quiver of the muscles and he was dead. I was one of probably a dozen who were the first to reach him.

I am not certain who the third man was in the firing party, but think it was either Laycock or Vinson, of Co. E. Now, I could not say positively whose shot killed Garnett. The credit was given to Burlingame at the time, and has never been disputed until after a lapse of 40 years. When his gun was given over at Indianapolis a placard was placed on it which read: "This is the gun carried by B. F. Burlingame, and killed the first Major-General of the war."

My statement of what I know to be true is in defense of a man who is not here to defend his claim. He has long since answered the last roll-call. But there are some of the boys still living who were at the skirmish at the upper ford, and I will stand corrected when one of them says I am in error. J. C. Stewart, of Montana, who is still living, was one of the few who were there, and I'm sure he will recall the facts in the case.

When killed Garnett was behind the few of his demoralized troops that were with him. His rear-guard were crouching behind the drift. They did not fire another shot after Garnett fell. Had we possessed one regiment of cavalry, the last man of that once-imposing command could have been taken.

My mind is not clear as to whether we camped on the field, as stated by others, or not. My recollection is that our small party that formed the skirmish line followed up the chase for a mile or two, and then waited for the regiment to come up. Then we moved on toward St. George, where the chase was abandoned. From St. George we moved in the direction of Philippi, which we reached in due course of time, and there learned of the disaster which had befallen our troops at Bull Run. The regiment, both rank and file, was anxious to proceed to Washington and tender our services to the Government. However, our time being out, we were ordered to Indianapolis and discharged.

The above statements have been written 40 years after the battle of Carrick's Ford, and entirely from memory. Have kept no diary and copied from no one, because I have never seen what I considered a correct statement of that affair.

I shall now await the statement of some comrade who was in that squad at the upper ford, where Garnett was killed.

Our regimental badge bore the following: "From Philippi to Appomattox."—H. C. WHEELER, Co. E, 7th Ind., three months' service, and Co. A, 7th Ind., three years, Dillsboro, Ind.

First Guns at Shiloh.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I will tell for the benefit of Comrade Loop, 68th Ohio, and Comrade Fink, 55th Ill., about the first guns at Shiloh. The first guns were fired by three companies of the 25th Mo., under command of Maj. Powell. These companies were sent out about 2 a. m., Sunday morning, and took position about one mile south of Gen. Sherman's headquarters. Two companies of the 12th Mich. and two companies of the 16th Wis. were sent to this line at about the same time, official reports say at 4:55 a. m. He discovered the enemy and opened fire on him. This was a battalion of the enemy under command of Maj. Hardcastle. Gen. A. S. Johnston, hearing this firing, said to the officers around him: "Gentlemen, note the hour, 5:15 a. m.; the battle has begun." Allowing for a difference in timepieces, which is only 20 minutes, the hour must have been near 5 a. m.

Col. Moore, with the 21st Mo., was sent to reinforce the picket line, and reached the line, falling back at the Sevy field, some 300 yards from where the first shots were fired at sunrise, and at once formed line and engaged the enemy's advance line, under Col. Shaver. This was about 6 a. m.

The 21st Mo. and pickets held this line about 30 minutes, when it was discovered they were being outflanked by Shaver's and Wood's Brigades; then moved to cast of field, held this position about one hour, when they were again compelled to fall back. We now met the 25th Mo. coming to our support, and again held the enemy in check about 30 minutes. We retired from this position slowly, fighting as we fell back to our division line just in front of camp. The hour was now about 8 a. m., when our brigade battery (5th Ohio) fired the first cannon at Shiloh. Confederate batteries under Robison took position in front of us in East Corinth road, near Spain field, Harper's and Swett's batteries about 200 yards west of Robison's battery. These were the first Confederate cannon engaged, and the hour, as stated, was about 8 a. m.

Waterhouse's Ill. Battery, to the left of Shiloh Church, opened fire about the same time, and about 8:30 Taylor's and Morton's batteries, to the right of Shiloh Church, opened on the enemy.

Now let us recapitulate: Musket firing commenced about 5 a. m., artillery about 8 a. m., and became general all along Sherman's and Prentiss's front about 8:30 a. m. Lick Creek empties into the Tennessee River about two miles above Pittsburg Landing, not below. The gunboats Lexington and Tyler took position about 600 yards above the Landing and opened fire up Dill's Branch about 4:30 or 5 p. m., not a moment earlier. To have done so earlier would have been fatal to Hurlbut's Division, as they held this line until 4 p. m. Now, comrades, I do not know from what direction the sound of the first guns reached you, nor the time, but I was on the line at sunrise, and was there at sundown, heard and helped fire the first and last guns on this memorable day, April 6, 1862, and if you will take the trouble to look up the official reports, in volume 10, Records of the Rebellion, you will find my statements here made to be about correct.—T. W. HOLMAN, 21st Mo., Peabody's First Brigade, Prentiss's Sixth Division, Army West Tennessee, Rutledge, Mo.

Elias Howe's Service.

C. A. Pelton, 88 Maine St., Middletown, Conn., writing of the service of Elias Howe, jr., says: "On page 651, 'Record of Service of Connecticut Men in the Army and Navy of the United States During the War of the Rebellion,' appears the following entry: 'Elias Howe, jr.; resident of Fairfield; date of enlistment, Aug. 14, 1862; date of muster-in, Aug. 28, 1862; muster-out, July 19, 1865.' This entry appears under the roster of Co. D, 17th Conn., commanded by Col. William H. Noble. This record was published by authority of the General Assembly under the directions of the Adjutant-General's Department; Brig.-Gen. S. R. Smith, 1885-1886; Brig.-Gen. Fred E. Camp, 1887-1888; Brig.-Gen. Lucius A. Barbour, 1889, and Col. Geo. M. White, Assistant Adjutant-General, from 1885."

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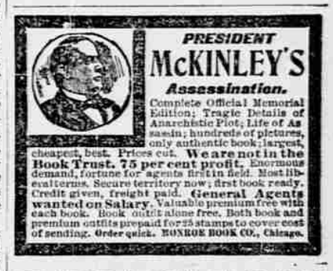
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