THE INFERNO IN THE CEDARS.

An Awful Hour for the Crushed Right at Stone River.

By CAPT. HENRY A. CASTLE, Auditor for the Postoffice Department.

Stone River was one of the great battles of the war for the Union. It really began at Nashville, Dec. 26, 1862, and ended at Murfreesboro, Jan. 3, 1863, in the complete triumph of our arms. But Wednesday, Dec. 31, was the pivot upon which its fortune turned. For five days the Army of the Cumberland, 45,000 strong, under Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, had been marching, skirmishing and manuvering for a favorable position. Finally, on the night of Dec. 30, the weary soldiers lay down in line of battle, unsheltered, in the frosty Winter air, and with their arms in their hands, well knowing that on the morrow one of the decisive conflicts of the war must be fought.

The situation made this inevitable. The Confederate army of Gen. Braxton Bragg about equal in strength, lay in a line substantially parallel and only a few hundred yards distant, interposing between us and Murfreesboro, less than three miles away, virtually saying: "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther." It was a night of apprehension and speculation—to many brave men the last of earth, the finality of mortal joy and sorrow.

The writer was at the time Sergeant-Major of the 73d Ill., attached to Schaeffer's Brigade of Gen. Philip H. Sheridan's Division. An hour before daybreak on the 31st, our vigilant Division Commander marshaled his force in line, fully prepared for the onset of the enemy. The rules of strategy had taught Rosecrans to expect that this would be made early in the morning on the extreme right of the line, which was located less than half a mile west and south of Sheridan's position.

The attack came an hour after daybreak, but even then found the extreme right unprepared to resist it, and, one division after the other, Johnson and Davis, were forced back until Sheridan was reached. Our division, aided by its three batteries of artillery, held the ground as long as possible, but after much desperate fighting was at length obliged to retire, which it did in good order, to assume a stronger position to the left and rear.

The regiment to which I belonged had been assigned to the support of the artillery massed at a commanding point in Sheridan's line, and when the retrograde movement commenced we were ordered to follow the guns and resume our duty of supporting it in the new position. Obedience to this order separated us for a time from the remainder of the division as we started on the detour made necessary by following the artillery, and we even became separated from the latter through inability to travel as rapidly as the horses which drew the cannon. We were doing our best, marching at double-quick and in good order across a cotton field already swarming with the advance guard of an exuberant foe, who poured a storm of bullets into our ranks.

CHECKING A VICTORIOUS ADVANCE.

As we neared the farther extremity of this field we were halted by Gen. Rousseau, who had become separated from his own division, and seeing in our regiment the only visible organized body of Union troops, proceeded to overrule the instructions we were trying to obey. He peremptorily ordered the regimental commander to halt in the dense cedar thicket bordering the field we had just crossed, and hold that position until he could bring other troops to our support.

Not questioning the right of Rousseau to assume this control, the Major in command conducted us across a low rail fence and into the border of the cedars a few steps beyond. Here we were halted and formed in line facing the field we had just crossed, charged with the duty of impeding the further progress of our energetic pursuers. We were here sheltered by numerous stumps and trunks of trees which had been dragged to the edge of the standing timber, when the field was cleared many years before. A natural, very effective and very welcome breastworks was thus provided, and when we faced about the oncoming hosts of Confederates, who had followed closely in our rear, were given a very warm reception.

A few of the more venturesome rebels reached the rail fence, less than 20 yards from the muzzles of our muskets, but none ever returned. Others paused at a distance of 75 or 100 yards, delivered their fire, and dropped to the ground to load and fire again. Others came up in their rear, but no human endurance could withstand the murderous fire poured into them from our well-protected line, reinforced now on the right and left by other troops who had rallied to our assistance. We were armed with heavy, unwieldy Belgian muskets, loud of voice, very hard "kickers," and of doubtful slaughter-power at long range, but at close quarters like these they got in their deadly work with unqualified effectiveness.

The first rebel charge thus failed before this unexpected opposition, and the enemy fell back behind a ridge to form for another attempt. Three times was the brave endeavor repeated, but each time it met with an angry repulse. Our own losses were numerous, but insignificant compared with those inflicted on the enemy. Here the victorious Confederates met the first serious opposition they had encountered, and the time thus gained aided materially the efforts of Gen. Rosecrans to reorganize his army and assume the new position from which he finally won a splendid victory.

For fully half an hour this bloody angle at the edge of the cedars was held against overwhelming odds, four distinct charges having been, as stated, successively repelled. So strongly posted were our troops that the position could have been held indefinitely but for the fact that the crumbling remnants of the defeated divisions on our right, having fallen back into the cedar forest, the vastly superior force of the enemy directly pursuing them at last flanked us out of our stronghold and we were likewise compelled to retreat into the depths of the wood.

A PIVOTAL POINT.

This little patch of cedars, perhaps 200 acres in area, contained unique features that give an unimpeachable title to the prominence it has obtained in history as one of the pivotal points of a memorable conflict. The surface was a confused mass of rock lying in slabs and bowlders, interspersed with holes, fissures and caverns which would have made progress over it extremely difficult if there had been no timber, but notwithstanding an almost total absence of soil, a thick growth of trees covered it, which seemed almost impenetrable. The trunks ran straight up into the air so close together that the tree-tops intermingled in a solid mass. The result was that once fairly within the thicket the sunlight from above was mostly obscured, and the vision extended but a short distance horizontally, the trees shutting out a view of what was going on outside. Desolation was under foot; above was semi-darkness; around us everywhere were the resounding avenues of a seemingly interminable forest.

As our lines of battle which had been defending the position just described retreated into this maze of wood and rock, we soon lost knowledge of what was happening in front, in flank, or in rear, except as we could gather it from the portentous avalanches of sound which assailed us from every direction.

The enemy after his experience in the cotton field, hesitated to advance rashly among the trees, but brought up his artillery and poured a furious storm of shell and grape into the woods. Musketry was also discharged somewhat at random, but in great aggregate volume by our pursuers, then great guns from the defensive rebel works at Murfreesboro opened on one of our flanks and added to the confusion. Our own comrades of other divisions far to the left and outside the forest were fighting vigorously to hold their part of the line and repulse charges.

Thus on all sides we were stormed at and stunned by the conglomeration of fiendish noises that came apparently from every point of the compass. Not the least terrible of these sounds was an occasional explosion of the hot, fierce, indescribable "rebel yell" which reached us from some adjacent locality where fresh assault was being made upon the battered Union lines. Thus every pulsation of the shattered air carried a sound-wave from some direction, each struggling with all the others for first place in the riotous pandemonium.

WITHOUT ORDERS AND ALONE.

We had no possible means of knowing the result of the fighting going on around us. We seemed to be entirely surrounded by the enemy, and to be practically prisoners of war. We could do nothing for our own defense and no one seemed able to give authentic orders or even to correctly guide us to a position of usefulness. We learned afterwards that nearly all the regiments of our division had halted and fought near us and were now moving, under Sheridan's lead, to an alloted place in the new line of battle, but we were separated from them and had no knowledge of their whereabouts.

"A FEW OF THE MORE VENTURESOME REBELS REACHED THE FENCE."

We could scarcely see the length of our own short regimental line, which was often broken by the obstacles we met as well as by the hordes of disorganized fugitives who were still pouring through, seeking safety in the rear. The regiment thus frequently divided was with great difficulty reunited and kept together amid this chaos. It was never for a moment disintegrated—that was one of the proud boasts of its officers and men throughout the war and since. I believe also that the same is true of all the regiments in Sheridan's Division.

Our retrograde movement was slow, punctured with frequent short pauses while we awaited developments and the orders of superior authority. We marched and halted in line of battle, always with deliberation. The musketry fire of the enemy affected us little, as the trees stood in such close ranks that a bullet could fly but a short distance without striking one of them. But the artillery worked some damage and caused much apprehension in addition to its incessant uproar.

DARKNESS AND CONFUSION.

Shells and cannon balls shrieking over our heads occasionally cut off a tree-top and sent it crashing down, inflicting injury by its splinters and causing consternation where it fell. A solid shot struck the barrel of a musket which a soldier was carrying on his shoulder, sent the man sprawling to the ground, and bent the Belgian relic into a symmetrical but unserviceable curve. A shell exploding near the left of our regimental line about five feet from the ground, instantly killed the four men into whose midst it was falling.

There was no opportunity for resistance and the strongest nerves would finally quail under exposure to unseen dangers. Men with weaker nerves naturally became hysterical and lachrymose, losing whatever self-control they would ordinarily have, and abandoning themselves to despair when not sustained by the discipline and comradeship of an effective organization. Those who never before realized the value of military drill fully understood its necessity now. The touch of elbows means much more than mere physical contact. It means an electric current of sympathy and heroism flowing down the line from soul to soul, which gives confidence and hope, wins victories and inspires to deeds of valorous achievement.

For half an hour no real fighting was done by us, at least in the matter of firing; in fact we could have done little at best, as our ammunition was entirely exhausted when we fell back from the position at the border of the cedars. Every soldier, nearly, had consumed his allotted "40 rounds," each cartridge including a big musket ball and two buckshot. Neither was the danger just now imminent, but taken all in all it was a place of fearful trial, largely because we were thus in absolute ignorance of our surroundings and destination. We lost all idea of points of the compass and the lapse of time. Organizations which remained intact measurably preserved their morale; but those which had been pounded to pieces in the open field were unable to regain discipline in this whirlwind of darkness and confusion.

Brave men were utterly demoralized, frantic with fear and paralyzed with discouragement. Officers waved their swords and shouted and swore and pleaded in a vain attempt to stem the tide and rally their commands. There could not possibly have been any worse exhibitions at Bull Run, or Cedar Creek than were witnessed here.

OUT OF THE WILDERNESS.

It was a typical, disgraceful, inexcusable stampede. But fortunately the demoralization lasted but a brief period and no reports of it have extended into the realms of newspaper comment or the domain of history; it was all over in half an hour. The cedars were passed and when sunshine and open country were reached the panic instantly subsided. Men sought their colors, fell into line and fought through the remainder of the battle and through two years more of cruel war with a bravery that royally atoned for this momentary lapse of valor and loyalty.

This fearful, phenomenal ordeal, this strain upon nerve and spirit, made notable the episode of Sheridan's battle among the cedars, for of fierce fighting in the intricacies of the forest there was none. There was sound and fury in abundance, but the casualty returns were mercifully meager. The Confederates, warned by the calamities experienced in charging blindly against our troops, lined up at the fringe of the wood, carefully refrained from following us into its depths until the whole area had been thoroughly shelled and our forces had passed through into the open region beyond.

Had they known how empty were our cartridge-boxes and the terrible demoralization of a large proportion of our troops at the time, they would doubtless have followed more closely and caused much more trouble. As it was our losses were few during our progress through this wilderness, and only the sensational experiences just alluded to, but impossible to describe, made the affair memorable or thrilling.

After the cedar forest had been traversed and the clear, sunny fields beyond had been reached, Sheridan's forces, with a heavy list of killed and wounded as a result of the earlier collisions, but with few stragglers or missing, were formed anew in line of battle; the ammunition was replenished; the three brigade commanders who had been killed were replaced, and the splendid division was ready, under its intrepid commander, to perform new prodigies of valor during the long hours succeeding in that busy, bloody day.

So rapidly had events happened that it was only 10 o'clock in the forenoon when we emerged from the cedars; from that hour until 5 in the afternoon there was heavy fighting and more losses in store for these devoted warriors. But no other features of the day or of the battle equalled in intense emotion and absorbing interest and appalling terror those of the half-hour in the cedar forest, when the sun was darkened by an eclipse, the ground rent into chasms as by an earthquake, and the whole atmosphere echoed with the reverberations of a thousand thunders.

With Grant in Missouri.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: After a day's march in the hot Missouri sun, Summer of '61, our regiment (21st Ill.) arrived, tired and dusty, at a beautiful creek and mill-pond, perhaps a mile or two from Florida, Mo., and as the object of our visit, "Dick Harris's rebel troops," had sought other quarters, it was but a very short time until that mill-pond was literally alive with an army of soldiers in "undress uniform." The proprietor lived in a two-story frame near, and possibly more through fear for his property than from love for "Yankees," invited the Colonel and some others of us to supper, the invitation being accepted with commendable promptness. After a long waiting we were seated to as fine a meal as the genius of the Old Virginia hostess could prepare. She was of the old school Virginia aristocracy, and sat at the head of the table, very dignified and as erect and straight as an Indian. Grace being said by Chaplain Crane, she turned to the Colonel and afterwards to each of us, and in the most precise manner possible said: "Would you prefer coffee or tea?" The table furnishings were fine, but clearly of a style in vogue many years before, as indicated by the very small (pure china) teacups with handles and the odd-shaped sugar bowl and teapot, which, I doubt not, were brought from "Old Virginia" when they concluded to find a home in the West. On one side of the table sat Col. U. S. Grant and Chaplain Crane, who afterwards by appointment of President Grant, served several years as Postmaster at Springfield, Ill. On the other Quartermaster Jack Jones and myself. Word of our arrival soon reached the village, and a number of citizens came out to our camp, a regiment then being quite a show, ours being the first in that vicinity. Among these visitors was a minister, who soon became acquainted with our Bro. Crane and invited him to go home with him and stay over night. The invitation was accepted and as they drove off together Col. Grant laughingly bid him good-by, saying he never expected to see him again. Reveille woke us after a fair night's rest and another day's march put us in camp again at Salt River Bridge. —E. M. W., Martinsville, Ind.

Record of an Illinois Company.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Co. G, 119th Ill., has a record of brothers and near relatives as interesting as any published in The National Tribune. Alvin and Washington Boice enlisted at the organization of the company; Alvin died in the service. Griffith B. and Columbus Bolt were members of the company; Columbus died in the service. Four brothers, William, George J., John and Valentine Bristow, served unscathed, and were mustered out at the close of the war. George W. and Abilu and David Stuart received honorable discharges at the end of the war. James and Nephi Clapper, respectively, uncle and nephew, both served with the company. Robert and Frederick Penick, brothers, aged respectively 63 and 60, and also Robert's two sons, William and Daniel, while another son, John, belonged to the 114th Ill. Frederick's only son liable for military duty, Charles Penick, served in Co. A, 21st Mo. The above mentioned Robert and Frederick were remarkable men. Both were past the age of military service, but so thoroughly imbued with patriotism, nothing could keep them from the service of their country in her need. Robert was with the Kentucky riflemen in the battle of New Orleans, under Gen. Andrew Jackson, Jan. 8, 1815, being then only 16 years old. He enlisted under Lincoln's second call for "300,000 more," Aug. 11, 1862, when past 63 years of age. Both brothers were stanch Democrats and consistent members of the Old School Baptist Church. Immovable in their opinions, incorruptible in their characters, and of unbounded patriotism, they freely gave up their own lives, besides three of the lives of their sons, to the cause they considered to be right. Such men and such sacrifices are what has made our country great, has kept her so, and will continue to so keep her to the end—P. C. SMITH, 119th Ill., Kansas City, Mo.

BEFORE PETERSBURG.

An Account of the Operations of the Artillery Contingent, by an Officer of the Siege Train.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I write to add my share to the controversy being carried on in your interesting paper, regarding the identity of the "Petersburg Express." There have been many surmises, guesses and hearsay opinions expressed, but I shall aim to give only facts. I have before me the official report of Maj. Samuel P. Hatfield, Chief Ordnance Officer Siege Artillery, Armies operating against Richmond and Petersburg, made immediately after the close of operations in that memorable campaign, and as I, under the direction of Maj. Hatfield, compiled the statistics of this report (its copy, in the archives of the War Department), I think I may reasonably claim for it more accuracy than some of the statements already made. I would state that all battery commanders had to report each morning all events taking place in their respective batteries during the preceding 24 hours, giving number of shots fired, from what gun or mortar, etc. These reports were filed in the Ordnance Office, and from them the report of Maj. Hatfield was made by me.

The 13-inch mortar used by the 1st Conn. H. A. in front of Petersburg, and widely known as the "Petersburg Express," had the bolt by which it was raised or lowered accidentally broken in a peculiar manner. It was the only mortar of its size used before Petersburg. Comrade Frank Miller, who helped serve this mortar during its period of service there, some eight years ago visited Fortress Monroe, and among other mortars saw and recognized this by the broken bolt before mentioned, but to "make assurance doubly sure" he took the number of the piece, and writing to Washington for information, was informed that he was correct; that it was the identical one used before Petersburg. By consultation with other comrades steps were taken to interest Congressman Russell, of Connecticut, who succeeded in persuading the Government to grant the mortar to the Regimental Association of the 1st Conn. H. A., when it was brought to Hartford, and now surmounts the monument of the regiment, as has been already stated. The mortar was fired from a platform car, strengthened for the purpose, running on a line of track near Fort Sedgwick, and while it did not fire as many rounds as many other guns and mortars, nor do the execution in the city, yet its 200-pound shells, dropping within the Confederate lines outside the city made it a terror to the enemy. The number of shells fired from it was 218. Following I give the number of rounds fired from our other batteries and the kind of gun or mortar from which fired, viz:

Battery No. 1, 20-pounder Parrott, rifled, 833 shots.

Battery No. 4, 20-pounder Parrott, rifled, 3,612 shots.

Battery No. 5, 8-inch siege mortars, 6,200 shots.

Battery No. 5, 30-pounder Parrott, rifled, 4,059 shots.

Battery No. 9, 24-pounder Coehorn mortars, 3,742 shots.

Battery No. 10, 24-pounder Coehorn mortars, 95 shots.

Battery No. 10, 8-inch siege mortars, 4,342 shots.

Battery No. 11, 8-inch siege mortars, 1,023 shots.

Battery No. 11, 24-pounder Coehorn mortars, 271 shots.

Battery No. 12, 24-pounder Coehorn mortars, 9,125 shots.

Battery No. 12, 8-inch siege mortars, 3,008 shots.

Battery No. 14, 8-inch siege mortars, 836 shots.

Battery No. 15, 24-pounder Coehorn mortars, 315 shots.

Fort Morton (better known in the army as Fort Hell), 10-inch siege mortars, 1,258 shots.

Fort Morton, 4½-inch ordnance guns, 1,171 shots.

Battery No. 17, 4½-inch ordnance guns, 1,611 shots.

Fort Emory, 4½-inch ordnance guns, 148 shots.

Battery No. 20, 8-inch siege mortars, 1,765 shots.

Fort Rice, 10-inch siege mortars, 360 shots.

Fort Sedgwick, 8-inch siege mortars, 14 shots.

This gives a total of 44,006 rounds fired from the batteries served by this regiment in front of Petersburg.

Our batteries in the Army of the James and on the lines of the Bermuda Hundred Front, fired 17,878 rounds, making a grand total of 61,884 rounds, weighing a trifle over 879 tons. The number of siege guns and mortars on this siege train was 107. The 1st Conn. H. A. also served the siege train on the Peninsula under McClellan, and Maj. Doule, of the Queen's Royal Art., London, sent by his Government to watch artillery operations during this campaign, in his report stated that the weight of the guns and mortars used, number, weight and efficiency of projectiles used, and the general efficiency of the officers and men of the 1st Conn. Art. was far in excess of anything shown in the Crimean war, in spite of the fact that the artillerymen of the European armies were generally veterans of long service and much experience, while our guns were served by men and boys not long from the ranks of civil life, and unskilled in the art of war. The records show that just as unstinted praise was given this regiment by such Generals as Meade, Hancock, Hunt and Barry, of our own army. Both Colonels of the regiment, Robert O. Tyler and Henry S. Abbot, were the recipients of high honors at foreign courts by reason of their connection with the operations of these siege trains.

When the 1st Art. was mustered out of the service the 25th of September, 1865, Gen. Barry, U. S. A., as a farewell token wrote as follows:

"As Chief of Artillery successively of the two principal armies of the United States during the four years of war, now happily ended, I have enjoyed unusual opportunities of observation. You will, on this account, value my opinion when I assure you that the 1st Conn. Art., in intelligence and the acquirements of its special arm, stands unrivalled in the armies of the United States." This regiment also has the unique distinction of being the first sworn into the service of the United States for "Three years or the war," a regiment raised in Pennsylvania, and credited to California being the second. It was also the largest in the service, having enlisted during its period of service 3,802 officers and men. Cos. B, G and L, under Col. Abbot, participated in the attack on and capture of Fort Fisher, at the mouth of the Cape Fear River, N. C."—WALTER F. SAGE, 1st Conn. H. A., National Home, Milwaukee, Wis.

"What Company Was It?"

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In your issue of Nov. 6, under this heading, occurred the following:

"Gen. Schofield informed me a few days ago that when the Union troops were retreating from Columbia to Franklin, Tenn., on the night of Nov. 29, 1864, he ordered an officer with a company of men to take position on the crest of a hill guarding a road that entered the pike between Columbia and Spring Hill, and to hold that position until personally relieved by him (Schofield). It was one of the instances in which a part of a command has to be sacrificed to save the whole army. He never knew to what regiment the command belonged. Will some reader of The National Tribune who knows, give the facts in the case?—J. FRAISE RICHARD, Historian, Army of the Ohio, Washington, D. C."

From Edward Mathews, presumably a member of the 129th Ind., living at Colton, O., under date of Nov. 7, I have received a letter, from which I take several extracts:

"I saw a request to give the facts as to what company was left to guard a road between Columbia, Tenn., and Franklin. The company put on that road was Co. A, of the 129th Ind. They stayed there until the army had passed, and then J. D. Cox rode up and the Colonel (Zollinger) met him on the pike and told him what his orders were. Cox told him that he (Cox) had no right to countermand orders from Gen. Schofield; but he said: 'This is the last of everything.' He said his advice was to abandon the post and fall in on the pike and follow the army. The Colonel ordered the long roll beaten, and we fell in and marched to Franklin, getting there by daylight the next morning.

"I would not be so sure that it was Co. A, but it was one of the companies of the 129th Ind.; but the whole regiment was at the crossroads, and all fell in together.

"As to the conversation between Gen. Cox and Col. Zollinger. I got that from his own (Zollinger's) month a few week's before his death."

It had been claimed by Comrade James Doyle, of the 120th Ind., that it was Co. A of that regiment that performed the service in question. Accordingly I addressed a note to Capt. J. L. Houchen, Co. A, 120th Ind., of the Sixth Auditor's Office, in this city. I received from him a letter dated Nov. 13, from which I quote a paragraph. After giving a brief account of his work in that retreat he says: "No; I was not the man ordered by Gen. Schofield to take position on the hill on the night of Nov. 29." The Captain very justly and appropriately says what too many fail to observe: "I am like George Washington, 'I can't tell a lie,' or at least I will not, to gain notoriety."

The little inquiry will, I trust, result in ascertaining the truth in the premises, which is, after all, what is needed in all historic investigations.—J. FRAISE RICHARDS, Secretary and Historian, Army of the Ohio, Washington, D. C.

The Siege Train at Petersburg.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In answer to the inquiry of Serg't J. C. Ladd, 21st Conn., in your issue of Oct. 16, and to correct the impressions of Lieut. John S. Brady, 1st Del., A. A. A. G., Second Division, Second Corps, I would present the following facts in regard to the famous "Petersburg Express," referred to by them, which I take from the records compiled at the time from the "morning reports" of the commanders of the different batteries comprising the Siege Artillery, armies operating against Richmond and Petersburg.

The "Petersburg Express" was a 13-inch mortar, mounted on a platform car specially fitted up for the purpose, and was fired from the same, the recoil being largely taken up by the car running back on the rails. It was mounted, used and commanded by the officers and men of the 1st Conn. H. A., who served the guns and mortars of the siege train, under both McClellan in the Peninsular campaign and Grant in the one culminating at Appomattox. This siege train consisted of about 107 guns and mortars, from the 24-pound Coehorn Mortar to the 200-pounder Parrott gun, and the batteries were scattered all along the lines from the right of Richmond to the left of Petersburg, nearly all of which were served by the 1st Conn. H. A. This same 13-inch mortar now surmounts the monument of the regiment on the ground of Bushnell Park, next the State Capitol, Hartford, Conn. Its weight is something over 17,000 pounds, and at the time of its service the heaviest piece of ordnance ever used (side report of Maj. Doule, of the Queen's Royal Artillery, Eng., who was attached to the staff of the commander of this regiment). The 1st Conn. H. A. has the distinction of being the first three years regiment sworn into the United States service, as well as that of being the only regiment which served the siege train of the Army of the Potomac during the whole period of the war. Two companies of the regiment used their guns, 20-pounder Parrotts, as light artillery, after the close of the Peninsular campaign, winning many commendations from officers in high standing for their efficiency. During the siege train's service under Grant there were over 61,000 shots fired from its batteries, a record of nearly every shot of which is in my possession at the present time, showing from what battery and gun fired, and by whom such battery was commanded.—WALTER F. SAGE, 1st Conn. H. A.; Lock Box No. 72, National Soldiers' Home, Milwaukee County, Wis.

The 23d Ky.

Comrade I. P. Adams, Co. C, 23d Ky., Greenville, Tex., writes: "In The National Tribune of Oct. 23, Comrade W. W. Jacobs claimed that the 23d Ky. was mustered into the service in October, 1861. I enlisted Dec. 20, 1861, at Camp King, Covington, Ky., and we were mustered in either the last of December, 1861, or early in January, 1862; I don't remember marching to Newport Barracks to be mustered. We left Camp King about Jan. 15, 1862, and went by rail to Lexington, Ky., where we camped in Camp De Courcey along with the 16th Ohio. We left there in February, and marched to Nicholasville, Danville, Lebanon, and to a bridge on Rolling Fork, where we camped a short time. Leaving there, we marched back to Lebanon, and to Bardstown and on to Louisville, Ky., where we embarked on the steamer Diana and went to Nashville, Tenn., by way of Cumberland River. We landed at Nashville March 17, 1862, and marched from there to Lebanon, Tenn., and camped there."

The 77th Ill. at Vicksburg.

Survivors of the 77th Ill. are taking steps to mark sites occupied by their regiment during the Vicksburg campaign. Comrades E. R. Mann, of Peoria; Wm. Bocock, of Washburn, and Joseph Dawson, of Elmwood, have been appointed a committee to collect funds. Comrades M. J. Wald, of Gridley, and Comrade Buckingham, of Washburn, recently visited Vicksburg as representatives of the 77th Ill., to select sites for the regimental monuments.

They went carefully over the battleground and had no difficulty in locating the fort that they had charged on May 22, 1863, but surroundings are so changed that it was hard to locate the camping ground during the siege, and also the fort that they mined to during the siege, and which they were within 10 feet of when the works surrendered on July 4. Stakes were finally driven where the regimental flag was placed on the fort, and that is where the monument will stand. There will also be one placed where the line of the regiment was on May 22, one where the regiment was camped during the siege and one for Gen. A. J. Smith's headquarters. The loss of the 77th on the 22d was 130 killed and missing.

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Women suffer untold misery because the nature of their disease is not correctly understood; in many cases when doctoring, they are led to believe that womb trouble or female weakness of some sort is responsible for their ills, when in fact disordered kidneys are the chief cause of their distressing troubles.

The mild and extraordinary effect of the world-famous kidney and bladder remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. A trial will convince anyone—and you may have a sample bottle sent free, by mail.

Among the many famous cures of Swamp-Root investigated by the Washington National Tribune, the one we publish this week for the benefit of our readers, speaks in the highest terms of the wonderful curative properties of this great kidney remedy.

"Doctors Said I Had No Kidney Trouble."

Vinton, Iowa, July 15th, 1902.
DR. KILMER & CO., Binghamton, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—My trouble began with pain in my stomach and back, so severe that it seemed as if knives were cutting me. I was treated by two of the best physicians in the country, and consulted another. None of them suspected that the cause of my trouble was kidney disease. They all told me that I had cancer of the stomach, and would die. I grew so weak that I could not walk any more than a child a month old, and I only weighed ninety pounds. One day my brother saw in a paper your advertisement of Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy. He bought me a bottle at our drug store and I took it. My family could see a change in me, for the better, so they obtained more and I continued the use of Swamp-Root regularly. I was so weak and run down that it took considerable to build me up again. I am now well, thanks to Swamp-Root, and weigh 148 pounds, and am keeping house for my husband and brother. Swamp-Root cured me after the doctors had failed to do me a particle of good.

Gertrude Warner Scott

MRS. SCOTT.

Sample Bottle of Swamp-Root Sent Free.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful remedy, Swamp-Root, sent absolutely free by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root, and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in fact their very lives to the great curative properties of Swamp-Root. In writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in the Washington National Tribune.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

PICKET SHOTS

From Alert Comrades Along the Whole Line.

NEW YORK DRAFT RIOTS.

Wm. Larter, Co. K, 70th N. Y., Alameda, Cal., writes: "When the New York draft riots began, I was in a hospital at Newark, N. J. There was great excitement. Capt. Graham, an officer of the Excelsior Brigade, I believe, then in the hospital as the result of the Peninsular Campaign, having lost an arm, was reading an account of the riots to a number of men around him. Some one proposed that we offer our services in suppressing the riot. Capt. Graham said, 'Organize a company.' Those who wanted to go were told to 'Fall in.' A line formed, two deep. Capt. Graham hastened to the telegraph office and wired the Mayor of New York, offering our services. The reply came, 'Bring your command down.' We gathered up some old guns that were around the hospital, and took passage on the 4:20 p. m. train. Arriving in New York, foot of Cortland street, we landed and marched up Greenwich street, thence to Hudson. The negro hanged by the mob was still there, surrounded by the enraged rioters, who were piling straw under the body with the intention of burning it. We passed on the other side of the street. We were cursed by the mob, and several shots were fired. We reported at the office of the Chief of Police, located, I think, on Addison street. We then marched to the 7th Avenue Armory, where we were given Springfield rifles and 40 rounds each. The rioters had threatened to burn the armory, and therefore we were stationed at this point, and remained in possession until Wednesday morning, when the Wilson Fire Zouaves arrived, and we marched out, leaving the armory to them. Later, we were support to a four-gun battery that had been sent to New York from the Army of the Potomac. The night the rioters took the 42d street brewery we were double-quicked to that point, en route being fired on from windows and house-tops. A few volleys dispersed the rioters. One volley was fired by the battery, blank cartidges being used. Soon after, we were ordered to Hudson street, where a fire had been started by the mob. We drove back the rioters and held them at bay. Thursday Governor Seymour arrived in New York City and advertised that he would address the rioters at the City Hall. About 10,000 gathered at that place. We formed on the City Hall steps in front of the Governor, facing the mob. The mob heeded not the advice of Governor Seymour. The New York Tribune Building was stormed, and the full police force was required to restore order. We then took possession of 'Cosick's,' on City Hall Square. The next day, when Police Headquarters were threatened, we marched at double-quick into the basement of the building. The policemen formed outside, and in case they were defeated, we were to form the forlorn hope. Next, we were sent to the armory. After seven days and nights of almost continuous activity, our services were no longer required, the riot having come to an end. We marched down Broadway, passed various hotels and public buildings, the people cheering us, and reached City Hall. Thence we marched down Cortland street, crossed the ferry, and went to Taylor's Hotel, where we had a substantial meal."

EFFECTIVE WORK OF THE PARROTT GUN.

T. E. Hibbert, Battery C, 2d Pa., H. A., Adams, Neb., is surprised at the controversy regarding the Petersburg Express. He served in the Eighteenth Corps, and has a pretty thorough knowledge of what took place around the "Cockade City" from June 15, 1864, until January, 1866. Comrade Hibbert states that the "Express" was in operation a long time before the 13-inch mortar was mounted. The mortar was intended to drop shells into the rebel fortifications, and not for use against the city proper. The Parrott gun was manned by the 1st Conn. H. A., and for a time took as its target the clock in the Court House; although the clock was never hit, one shell struck the Courthouse; another destroyed a large part of a jewelry store, and it is said that still another shell exploded on Old Street, killing a bride and groom just as they were leaving the church. When he entered Petersburg, Comrade Hibbert found evidence of the destruction wrought by the rifled gun. He is quite sure none of the mortar shells ever reached Petersburg. After the capture of the city, Comrade Hibbert was assigned to provost duty.

GEN. HAYS'S BRIGADE.

John L. Brady, First Lieutenant, 1st Del., Medicine Lodge, Kan., writes: "Referring to 'Picket Shots,' Nov. 20, and for the information of Comrade Henry R. Clift, Co. G, 111th N. Y., will say that his regiment, together with the 39th, 125th and 126th N. Y., all under command of that gallant Pennsylvania soldier, Gen. Alexander Hays (not Hayes), joined the Third Division of the Second Corps at Gum Springs, Va., in the midst of a drenching rain during the evening of June 25, 1863, while the Second Corps was en route to Gettysburg, Pa. On joining the Second Corps Gen. Hays took command of the Third Division and Col. Clinton D. McDougall, of the 111th N. Y., assumed command of the above, or what we recognized and heartily welcomed as a valuable accession to our ranks, as the Hays Brigade."

SECOND IOWA CAVALRY.

J. M. Mahr, Co. A, 7th Ill. Cav., McCune, Kans., writes: "In the Pictorial History of the Great Civil War, by John Laird Wilson, on page 613, under the heading 'Saints Retreat' is the following: 'A scene of the wildest confusion followed, the 2d Iowa becoming panic-stricken, and stampeding the whole of Col. McCrellis's Brigade.' This does a gallant regiment injustice. The 2d Iowa Cav. never became panic-stricken; on the contrary, it was always cool and steadfast. If our memory serves us right the event reported took place near Okolona, Miss., Feb. 22, 1864, about 2 o'clock p. m., and the regiment that caused the stampede was the 2d N. J. Cav. We may be mistaken as to the regiment, but we do know it was not the 2d Iowa, for it was in our brigade."

ANOTHER YOUNG SOLDIER.

Comrade H. H. Winas, of Cunningham, Minn., has never met a younger soldier than himself. He was born April 10, 1849; enlisted late in 1861, and was mustered into the U. S. service Jan. 2, 1862, in the 15th Mich., with which regiment he served until the following August, when he joined the 5th Mich. Cav. He was discharged at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., in 1865.

THE SHERMAN OHIO TESTIMONIAL.

While looking over some old war papers, Comrade Wm. G. Baugh, Co. I, 76th Ohio, came across a certificate of "the Sherman Ohio Testimonial," bearing date of Jan. 11, 1865. These certificates were issued for money given by Ohio soldiers some time before discharge. Comrade Baugh seeks information as to the disposition made of this money, and wishes to learn the character of the testimonial, if one was given.

A TENNESSEE REFUGEE.

Calvin Lane, Seaton, Tenn., was living in Tennessee when the civil war broke out, and was one of the refugees who went to Kentucky. He reached Whitley Co., Ky., just after the battle of Perryville, and it was a month later when he reached the Federal lines. Meanwhile, he was the guest of loyal mountaineers, whom he found hospitable and willing to assist any refugee in his efforts to reach the Federal lines.

SCATTERING.

John H. Gaiser, Bonita, Mon., wishes to secure the words and music of "John Brown's Body."

Comrade A. J. Hopkins, Co. C, 1st N. Y. Eng., Salem, W. Va., replying to Henry R. Cliff, states that the 111th N. Y. was in the Third Brigade, Third Division, Second Corps. The brigade was composed of the 39th, 111th, 23d and 126th N. Y., and was commanded by Col. Geo. L. Willard, of the 125th N. Y.

Apropos to the controversy regarding the siege artillery around Petersburg, Serg't M. R. Maxam, Co. G, 98th N. Y., St. Regis Falls, N. Y., says that there were two 32-pounder Parrott guns, one known as the "Petersburg Express," and the other as the "Flora Temple." They were in the rear of the First Division, Eighteenth Corps. The Fifth Corps was two or three miles to the left.

The National Tribune has the certificate of service issued by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to George J. Crosby,