MORGAN and his MEN

A Confederate Lyrist Chants the Praises of the Blue Grass Chieftain and His Followers.

By GEORGE DALLAS MOSGROVE.

Continuing, Gen. Duke says: "While we were at Chattanooga, Gen. Mitchell, old acquaintance, came to the other side of the river and shelled and sharp-shot at the town. The commandant of the place, Gen. Leadbetter, had two or three guns in battery and replied, when the gunners, who were the most independent fellows I ever saw, chose to work the guns. The defense of the place was left entirely to the individual efforts of those who chose to defend it, nothing preventing its capture but the fact that the enemy could not cross the river. Very little loss was sustained and the damage done the town by the shells was immaterial. We tried to keep our men in camp, but some joined in the fight, one only being hurt. He volunteered to assist in working one of the guns, and had part of his tongue shot off by a rifleman upon the opposite bank.

MORGAN AND DUKE IN A CANOE.

"'The Chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding shore.'

"About 5 p. m., the Federals seemed to be withdrawing. The artillery was still playing on both sides, the enemy still occupying the hights where their battery was planted, but the infantry and sharpshooters had disappeared from the lowland opposite the city. Desiring to ascertain certainly if they had gone, Col. Morgan crossed the river in a canoe. Unwilling to see him go alone, and having in vain endeavored to dissuade him from going at all, I regretfully accompanied him. Several shells flew over the canoe, one bursting just above it, and some of the fragments falling in it. We landed just opposite the wharf, and stole cautiously through a straggling thicket to the position which the Federals had occupied, and seeing nothing of them, we concluded they had drawn off entirely. I was very much relieved by this reflection. Such a situation, without a horse, and with no means of escape but a canoe, if indeed we could have gotten back to the river at all, was not to my taste, and I devoutly thanked Providence that the enemy had gone.

"After remaining at Chattanooga a week or ten days, we set out for Knoxville. The greater number of the men were mounted, and those who were not had 'great hopes.' When we reached Knoxville the 2d Ky., as our regiment was designated on the rolls of the War Department, and the Texas squadron were encamped in close vicinity, and for two or three weeks both were drilled strictly, twice a day, and greatly disdressed by guard mounting and dress parades. These dress-parades presented a graceful and pleasing spectacle on account of the variegated appearance of the ranks.

LIEUT.-COL. ST. LEGER GRENFELL.

"Just before Morgan left Knoxville to go on the expedition known as the 'First Kentucky Raid,' he was joined by a gentleman 'from abroad,' whose history had been a curious and extraordinary series of exciting adventures, and who now came to see something of our war. This was Lieut.-Col. St. Leger Grenfell, of the English service, and of all the very remarkable characters who have figured, outside of popular novels, in this age, he will receive the suffrages of our Western cavalrymen for preeminence in devil-may-care eccentricity. He had commenced life, I believe, by running away from his father, because the latter would not permit him to enter the army, and in doing so he showed the good sense that he really possessed, for the army was the proper place for him, provided it went to war often enough. He served five years in some French regiment in Algeria, and then quitting the service, lived for a number of years in Tangiers, where he did a little business with the Moorish batteries, when the French bombarded the place. He served four years with Abd-El-Kader, of whom he always spoke in the highest terms, as having been everything that he ought to be, except a member of the Church of England. Having exhausted life in Africa, he looked elsewhere for excitement, and passed some years of his subsequent life in great happiness and contentment amid the pleasant scenes of the Crimean war, the Sepoy rebellion and Garibaldi's South American service.

"When the war broke out over here he came, of course, and, taking a fancy to Morgan, from what he had heard of him, eagerly sought service under him. He was very fond of discussing military matters, but did not like to talk of himself, and although I talked with him daily, it was months before he told anything of his history. He was a thorough, and very accomplished soldier, and, possibly, may have encountered something in early life that he feared, but if so, it had ceased to exist.

"Col. Grenfell became Morgan's Adjutant-General, and was of great assistance to him, but sometimes gave trouble by his impracticable temper, persisting, among other things, in making out all papers in the style he had learned in the English service, the orders and regulations of the War Department to the contrary notwithstanding. He was always in a good temper when matters were active. I never saw him hilarious but once, and that was the day after the battle of Hartsville. He had just 'thrashed' his landlord, and 'doubled up' a brother Englishman, in a 'set-to' about a mule, and was contemplating an expedition on the morrow, with Gen. Morgan, to Nashville. He was the only gentleman I ever knew who liked to fight with his fists, and he was always cheerful and contented when he could shoot and be shot at.

"After he left Morgan, he was made Chief Inspector of Cavalry, and became the terror of the entire front. He would have been invaluable as commander of a brigade of cavalry, composed of men, who, unlike our volunteers, appreciated the 'military necessity' of occasionally having an officer to knock them in the head. If permitted to form, drill and discipline such a brigade of regular cavalry, after his own fashion, he would have made gaps in many lines of battle, or have gotten his 'blackguards well peppered' in trying."

Col. Grenfell will appear prominently further along in this story.

THE FIRST KENTUCKY RAID.

July 4, 1862, the bugle sound announced that the hour had come for the march from the hills of Tennessee to the alluring blue grass fields, beyond the blue mountains, in old Kentucky. The men were in high feather and in full song:

"The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis Summer, the darkies are gay,
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day."

Morgan had now about 876 effective men. Sometime in the later part of June, Col. Hunt, of Georgia, arrived at Knoxville in command of a regiment of "Partisan Rangers," and requested permission to accompany Morgan into Kentucky.

The bugle sounded again, and, Duke with flashing eye and flowing plume rode out upon the road at the head of the Morgan regiment, 370 strong, followed by Hunt's Rangers, of whom there were probably 350, Gano's Texas Squadron, matchless equestrians, promptly, though temporarily, taking their assigned place in the rear. Then, Morgan, elegantly apparelled, comes riding from the rear going to the front, hat in hand, bowing and smiling.

"While loud his gath'ring clansmen raise
Their voices in their chieftain's praise."

Marching as rapidly as possible, along rough roads and over rugged mountains, Morgan's "brigade" arrived at Sparta on the evening of the third day—104 miles from Knoxville.

CHAMPE FERGUSON REAPPEARS.

"I am a misanthrope, and hate mankind;
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something."
—Timon of Athens.

At Sparta, Champe Ferguson again reported, signifying his willingness to act as guide, as on a former occasion. Gen. Duke says of him: "Here, for the first time, I saw Champe Ferguson, although I had often heard of him. He had the reputation of never giving quarter, and, no doubt, deserved it, when upon his own private expeditions, although when with Morgan he attempted no interference with prisoners. This redoubtable personage was a native of Clinton County, Ky., and was a fair specimen of the kind of characters that the wild mountain country produces. He was a man of strong sense, although totally uneducated, and of the intense will and energy, which, in men of his stamp and mode of life, have such a tendency to develop into ferocity, when they are in the least injured or opposed. He was grateful for kindness, and instinctively attached to friends, and vindictive to his enemies. He was known as a desperate man before the war, and ill-treatment of his wife and daughter, by some soldiers and home guards enlisted in his own neighborhood, made him relentless in his hatred of all Union men. He killed all the parties concerned in the outrage upon his family, and, becoming then an outlaw, kept up that style of warfare. It is probable that at the close of the war, he did not himself know how many men he had killed. He had a brother, of the same character as himself, in the Union army, and they sought each other persistently, mutually bent on fratricide. The mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee were filled with such men, who killed every prisoner that they took, and they took part, as their politics inclined them, with either side.

"SEVERAL SHELLS FLEW OVER THE CANOE, ONE BURSTING JUST ABOVE IT."

CAPTURE OF TOMPKINSVILLE.

Before leaving Knoxville, Morgan had learned that Tompkinsville, Ky., only a few miles from the Tennessee boundary line, was garrisoned by a battalion of the 9th Penn., commanded by Maj. Jordan.

At mid-day, July 8, the raiders arrived at the village of Celina, on the Cumberland River. Here Morgan's information, concerning the strength and position of the enemy at Tompkinsville, 18 miles distant, was confirmed. Morgan, of course, planned to capture the entire force, which he did not think exceeded 350 men. Sending scouts forward to observe the enemy, Morgan permitted his command to rest at the ford of the Cumberland until nearly midnight, when the march was resumed. In consequence of the road being rough and obstructed by fallen timber the "brigade" made slow progress. When within four or five miles of Tompkinsville, Gano's Squadron, and Hamilton's company of Tennessee Partisan Rangers, that had joined Morgan the day before, were sent by a road which led to the right to get in the enemy's rear, on his line of retreat to Glasgow. When the main body of the command arrived at Tompkinsville it was broad daylight, and the enemy, in line of battle, awaited the attack. Morgan's plan of battle was very simple. Knowing that his force greatly exceeded that of Maj. Jordan, he formed a single line, Duke on the right, Hunt on the left, and the howitzers in the center. The enemy was posted on a thickly wooded hill, open field intervening between the hill and the point where Morgan formed his battle line. While the Confederates were charging across the open fields the enemy fired three or four volleys, wounding one man, killing none. Duke's regiment reserved its fire until within 60 yards of the foe, and then one volley settled the business. The fight scarcely lasted ten minutes. Owing to their gallant stand in the presence of a force that outnumbered them more than two to one, the Federals lost about 20 killed and as many, or more, wounded. Only 30 prisoners were taken where the fight occurred, but Gano and Hamilton intercepted and captured a good many more, including the commander, Maj. Jordan. The Confederates, however, sustained a severe loss in Col. Hunt, whose leg was shattered, and it was necessary to leave him, the wound causing his death a few days afterward. Three of the Texans were wounded when endeavoring to intercept the fugitives. Twenty wagons, 50 mules, a number of cavalry horses, and an abundant supply of sugar and coffee, were captured. The tents, stores and camp equipage were destroyed. The guns captured, useless breech-loading carbines, were thrown away.

Having paroled the prisoners, Morgan resumed his march, leaving Tompkinsville in the middle of the afternoon, and at midnight reached Glasgow, a friendly town, then ungarrisoned.

MORE TELEGRAPHING.

On the next day, about 9 o'clock the "brigade" left Glasgow, going in the direction of Lebanon, Morgan's next objective point—Lebanon, Ky., not Lebanon, Tenn., where the famous "races" occurred. A halt of two or three hours was made at Bear Wallow, to enable Ellsworth, whom the men called "Lightning," the telegraph operator on Morgan's staff, to tap the line between Louisville and Nashville, and obtain all information possible regarding the strength and position of the Federal troops in Kentucky. Ellsworth expeditiously connected his own instrument and wire with the line and took off the dispatches as they came along. The intelligence received not being wholly satisfactory, he entered into a conversation with Louisville, and obtained much information of the character desired. Prompted by Col. Morgan, he gratuitously gave the Federals information as to Morgan's movements and intentions, hoping the enemy would act upon the intelligence (?) thus transmitted to him. One statement, made haphazard, with no other knowledge to support it than that Forrest was in Middle Tennessee, was singularly verified. Morgan caused Ellsworth to telegraph that Forrest had taken Murfreesboro and captured the entire garrison. Forrest really did that very thing on that or the next day.

CAPTURE OF LEBANON.

By 11 o'clock of the next day, having marched all night, the command was within 15 miles of Lebanon. Gen. Duke can best tell of subsequent events:

"Here Co. B was detached to push rapidly to the railroad between Lebanon and Lebanon junction, and obstruct it so that additional troops might not be thrown into the town in time to oppose us. The march was not resumed until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, so that when we reached Rolling Fork River, six miles from Lebanon, it was dark. Col. Morgan, who was riding with his staff in front of the advance guard, was fired upon as he entered the small covered bridge across the stream, by a party of the enemy stationed at the other end of it. His hat was shot from his head, but neither he nor any member of his staff was touched. One of the howitzers was immediately brought up and a shell was thrown into the bridge, a platoon of the leading company, dismounted, following the shell to charge any enemy that might still be disputing the right of way. The shell, however, had been sufficiently persuasive, the enemy retreating, after losing one man, killed. The floor of the bridge had been torn up somewhat, and a short time was spent in repairing it. This was a strong position and one which the enemy ought, by all means, to have occupied with his entire force. There was no ford for six or eight miles above or below, the bridge being the only means of crossing without a wide detour; and not 20 yards from the entrance to the bridge, on the enemy's side, commanding it perfectly, was a steep bluff, not high, covered with timber, affording an admirable natural fortification. As soon as the bridge was repaired the column crossed and pressed on to Lebanon. Within a mile of the town skirmishing commenced with the garrison. Two companies of my command advanced, dismounted, and drove the Federal skirmishers into the town. The fight was brief, scarcely worthy of the name, the commandant, about 10 o'clock, surrendering the town and some 200 of his men.

"Pickets were immediately posted on every road, and the whole command encamped in such a manner that it could be immediately established in line. It was necessary to remain at Lebanon until the large quantity of stores, of all kinds, was disposed of, and, as we were now in the midst of enemies, no precaution could be omitted. Capt. Allen, who, as has been mentioned, was detached with Co. B, of the 2d Ky., to prevent the train from bringing reinforcements, struck the railroad at New Hope Church, and had just commenced to destroy it, when a train came along with a large number of troops on board, bound for Lebanon. Capt. Allen attacked the train, and a skirmish of a few minutes resulted in the train going back. The night was very dark, and little loss, if any, was inflicted on either side.

"On the next day, an examination of the stores showed an abundance of every description. We found a sufficient number of excellent guns to efficiently arm every man; thousands of these weapons were destroyed. An abundant supply of ammunition was obtained from a large building in which was stored all kinds, we also securing fresh ammunition for the howitzers. Having taken what we needed, we destroyed what remained. There was also a stone magazine full of powder. The powder was taken out and thrown into a stream near by. We also found very large supplies of provisions—meat, flour, sugar and coffee—which were turned over to the citizens, and when they had helped themselves the remainder was burned. A great deal of clothing also had been collected at Lebanon, and the men were enabled to provide themselves with everything they needed in the way of underclothing.

"After the appropriation and destruction of the stores had been completed, and Ellsworth had closed his business at the telegraph office, the command was again put in motion, about 2 o'clock p. m., passing through Springfield without halting and arriving at Harrodsburg, about 9 o'clock the next morning.

A GOOD TIME AT HARRODSBURG.

"At Harrodsburg the Confederate cavalrymen were in a stronghold of their friends, who gave them happy greeting. It was Sunday and many people were in the town. The ladies, in anticipation of our coming, had prepared the most inviting rations, and the men, after attending to their horses and supplying them with forage, a 'superabundance of which,' to use the old forage master's expression, was stacked close by, turned to the menu set before them by the dainty and generous ladies, the greater number of the appreciative raiders continuing to eat, with only short intervals of intermission, until the hour of departure.

THREATENING LEXINGTON AND FRANKFORT.

"Harrodsburg is 28 miles from Lexington, which was the headquarters of the Federal forces in the blue grass region. Gano, with his squadron of Texans, was detached to go around Lexington and burn the bridges on the Kentucky Central Railroad, to prevent troops from being thrown into Lexington from Cincinnati. Capt. Allen was sent to destroy the bridges over Benson and other small streams on the Louisville and Lexington road, to prevent the transportation of troops from the direction of Louisville, and also to impress the Federals with the belief that Morgan was going to Louisville. About dark, the column moved from Harrodsburg on the Frankfort pike, Morgan desiring to create the impression that he intended to attack Frankfort, his real intention being, however, to suddenly turn to the right and rapidly march to Lexington, capture the place, if possible, and, if not, to at least enjoy, for a season, the fine country in its vicinity.

"Just after midnight we encamped at Lawrenceburg, 20 miles from Harrodsburg and about 15 from Frankfort. A scouting party was sent immediately on in the direction of Frankfort, with instructions to drive in the pickets at day-break, and to rejoin us at Versailles, on the Lawrenceburg and Georgetown road.

"The command had now marched more than 300 miles in eight days, but despite the fatigue usually resulting from night marching, the men were comparatively fresh and in exultant spirits. We had had some little affairs with the home-guards, scarcely worth mentioning, but by celerity of movement, 'telegraphing' and misleading demonstrations, we had been enabled so far to prevent the Federals from attacking us.

"Leaving Lawrenceburg the next morning at dawn, the column moved in the direction of Versailles, but we were compelled to halt at Shryrock's ferry, seven miles from Versailles, to raise and repair the sunken ferry boat, which was necessary in order to get the howitzers across the Kentucky River. This delay prevented us from reaching Versailles before dark. It was now deemed good policy to march more slowly, obtain accurate information, and increase the confusion already prevailing by threatening all points of importance. This was not a hazardous policy under the circumstances, for although the forces surrounding the point where we now were greatly outnumbered us, yet by getting between them and preventing their concentration, and by easily creating the impression that our force was some thousands strong, many of the people extravagantly estimating it at 4,000 or 5,000, we had some advantages of the situation.

"The command remained at Versailles during the night. Scouts were sent in every direction, and upon their return next day they reported that general consternation prevailed as well as uncertainty regarding our movements. The home-guards and small detachments of troops were running, some to Frankfort, others to Lexington.

"Leaving Versailles about 10 o'clock a. m., the column moved toward Georgetown. Before leaving Versailles the scouting parties that had been sent to Frankfort were relieved of all fear of immediate attack, and Col. Morgan became apprehensive that the troops at that place might be marched out after him, or that communication might be opened with Lexington, which might lead to a simultaneous attack upon him by the forces of the two points."

(To be continued.)

TREASURE-TROVE.

**—"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"**

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: On a Sunday morning the Union fleet left Fortress Monroe for Norfolk, the troops having gone the night before, by land. When our ships were approaching Craney Island, the rendezvous of the famous Merrimac, that vessel was blown up by the Confederates themselves, thus ending a brief but notable career. Soon thereafter, when some of our boats went ashore we found the remains of a breakfast the rebels had left, they having retreated in a hurry.

On the following Thursday, myself, then a Boatswain, and Charles Stevenson, a Gunner, went ashore at Norfolk, where I was well acquainted, having been there often before the war. However, my numerous friends of auld lang syne were now uncompromising rebels, who ignored me, invariably looking the other way when I passed by. To while away the time, Stevenson and I hired a team and drove to the Confederate batteries back of the town. These batteries were composed of a miscellaneous lot of ship's guns that had been stolen from the Navy Yard. Having inspected them to our satisfaction, we amused ourselves by firing at a target put up against the ruins of an old brick house. Our revolver practice attracted the attention of two soldiers. One of them left his quarters and coming to where we stood, said:

"There is a corpse near by."

"Where?" said I.

Conducting us about 20 yards distant, he pointed to an old brick vault that had a square aperture in front. Just above the entrance was written in black letters the following:

"Do not disturb the dead."

Looking down into the vault, which was very dark, I saw something bright, shining like silver or burnished tin. When I removed my coat and cap, preparatory to entering the sepulchral cavern, the soldier exclaimed:

"For the love of the Virgin Mary, don't go down there!"

Paying no attention to the superstitious and horrified soldier, I entered the vault feet foremost, encountering some difficulty in working my way through the hole in the wall. Having entered the sepulcher, I was in darkness, and could not stand erect. Striking a match, I saw inclosed in a pine box a coffin covered with black cloth. On the silver plate was engraved the following simple inscription:

"Elizabeth Vimmo, aged 76 years."

I shall never forget that name. The border of the top of the coffin was embellished by a German-silver edging, which I had seen shining before I had entered the vault. I noted the strange fact that no dust had accumulated on the cloth covering the coffin, and that the inscription had only recently been engraved. Although I was a strong man, I found I could not lift one end of the coffin. I was much surprised and marveled that I could not lift one end of a coffin containing the mortal remains of an old woman. Having made an ineffectual attempt to remove the lid, I crawled out of the vault, and, leaving Stevenson there drove hurriedly to Norfolk for implements with which to remove the lid of that mysterious coffin. Having fully equipped myself with the necessary tools, I hastily returned, but when I arrived within 200 yards of the vault saw Stevenson quietly sitting on a fence, and just beyond him were two mounted guards, who promptly halted me when I attempted to pass them. In vain I expostulated. They inexorably barred the way to the vault.

About a week after this incident, Stevenson and I were ashore again, driving around to see the sights. At a point on the road we were accosted by an ordinary looking soldier who, perched on the fence, was calmly smoking a long German pipe. He wore a blouse and fatigue cap, and spoke with a German accent. The following colloquy ensued:

"Do you belong to the navy?"

"Yes; we belong to the U. S. S. San Jacinto."

"Do you know the two men who visited the vault near the Old Plantation House?"

"Yes," said I; "the man who went into the vault is myself."

"Well, you were very foolish to say anything in the presence of the soldier."

Laughing quietly, our German interlocutor then said:

"I suppose you do not know me?"

"No."

"Well, I am Gen. Max Weber, and the big house back there is my headquarters. That coffin was full of silver plate and jewelry. When you went away to find tools with which to open it, the soldier promptly reported what you had said and done, and what you still intended to do. The valuable coffin has been removed from the vault. It seems to me that you gentlemen unwillingly let riches take wings and fly away."—JOHN MARLEY, a Naval Veteran since 1849; P. O. Box 227, Athens, Pa.

Saved the Day at Monocacy.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In the issue of June 11, I read an article in which it was claimed that the efficiency and heroism of the 100-days men contributed largely to the saving of Washington City when it was threatened by the Confederates under Gen. Early.

The 149th Ohio N. G., of which I was a member, was ordered to hold the stone bridge at Monocacy at all hazards, we being the extreme right of the Sixth Corps. After severe fighting that corps was driven back some three miles, passing to the rear of our regiment. Then, of course, we had to follow, or be captured, which, indeed, was the fate of many. The rebels said we did not know when we were whipped.

Some three days after the battle, when on dress parade, Gen. Ord said: "Ohio boys always fight well, but you of the 149th saved the army at Monocacy."—C. R. VAN TRESS, 149th O. N. G., Wilmington, O.

SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

How the Confederates Got Into Fort Stedman and Then Got Out Again.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: A story is current that the surprise and capture of Fort Stedman by the Confederates was due to culpable negligence on the part of our troops occupying it.

About that time the Ninth Corps, on the extreme left, near Poplar Grove Church, or the Pegram House, enchanged positions with the Fifth Corps, which was on the right, and the battery to which I belonged, 19th N. Y., Capt. Rodgers, relieved the 5th N. J. Battery, after dark, at Meade's Station. We went to Fort Stedman with our six 12-pounder Napoleons, the right section going into Battery No. 10, the center and left sections being assigned positions within the fort, which was occupied by several companies of the 14th N. Y. H. A., Maj. Randall commanding, and I think two companies of the 1st Conn. H. A. were in the fort, also, in charge of some Coehorn mortars and two larger guns.

Fort Stedman, in an oak grove on an elevation called Hare's Hill, was an exposed position near the enemy's lines, not further from them than 200 yards. From this point the lines diverged, the distance between them gradually increasing, especially, toward the left. The men in the fort were admonished by an unremitting and close fire from the near-by Confederates not to assume conspicuous positions. The rebels fired low, their balls grazing the fort and striking the trees near the ground. While in Battery No. 10, we occupied bombproofs, but the men in the fort had little protection.

After a time a battery of Regulars was assigned to Battery No. 10, and our section was removed to Battery No. 9, further to the right, the 2d Mich. being in the same locality. Afterward we were ordered to assume our former position at Meade's Station.

At daybreak one morning we were awakened by the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon in the direction of the fort. We were ready for action when we received information that the Confederates had made a rush and captured the fort.

A Staff Officer then ordered our section to a position about a quarter of a mile in advance. From that point we fired a few shots, and then moved closer to the fort, a section of Battery G of the 1st N. Y. accompanying us. For an hour or more we cannonaded the fort before any infantry arrived to support us. Then a strong body of troops, coming from the left, charged and recaptured the fort.

When the Johnnies broke into the fort they captured two guns of our battery and turned them upon our men, and when our troops reoccupied the fort they found the guns spiked.

A few days afterward I asked a member of the 14th N. Y. how the Confederates happened to capture the fort. He said a Johnny had come within the lines and reported that a large body of Confederates would come over and surrender their guns, in consideration of the $14 that had been offered apiece for them. Our troops were not to fire upon the surrendering (?) Johnnies. They marched in with loaded guns and used them effectively, never, of course, having had an intention of voluntarily surrendering. The ruse they adopted was a violation of the Decalogue, but I presume they thought "all is fair in war." My New York informant was under the impression that those Ananias-like Confederates would have made the day exceedingly interesting to the Ninth Corps if they had not been so hungry.—H. C. YORK, 19th N. Y. Battery, Montavilla, Portland, Ore.

HOW THE BULLETS FLEW,

And How the Sergeant Did Run—He Tells You Himself, Amusingly.

[The man who, knowing the danger, anxious to escape from it, yet faces it, stands firm in its presence, keeps cool his observing faculties—such is the American soldier—a man of the bravest heart and bravest mind! He is not indifferent to his danger, but he confronts it and does his duty while he is alive and there is duty to be done. Read this story of a soldier who laughs at his own alarms and does not seem to know that he was a hero, a man of bravery that any might envy! Who says that, forced by the fearful fire of the enemy, the regiment was as ready to escape the storm by approaching it as by retreat from it!—ED.]

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have been reading about the siege of Port Hudson as viewed by a Confederate, and the reminder moves me to call up some recollections of my own. I remember when the first shell exploded over us—how my feet felt like pulling my body out of danger! How, just then, we were ordered into line of battle and moved up through the woods till we came in sight of the enemy's frightful big guns and their savage infantry with terrible rifles! We were ordered to retire then to the woods, where the rebels shelled and shotted us for all they were worth, cutting off great, big limbs from the trees, and the limbs fell on us! We couldn't stand it long, and were moved forward into the open ground. There we lay down and they got a cross-fire on us and let us have shells that exploded among us and solid shot that tore up the whole face of the landscape, and us with it! Then they got a position from which they could rake our line from end to end, and they added grape and canister to our dose, and it was so hot there that we couldn't lie still, and we got up without orders—and we were just as ready to go forward out of that storm as to go back to escape it. Gen. Dudley rode up and said we were the regiment for him.

Well, we drove the rebs in and we kept them there for 40 days.

I do not doubt that some of our boys will remember one day when we were sent out as alleged sharpshooters? We were to change from one hedge to another several rods nearer the enemy. We started too late, and it was light when we reached the first fence. I thought that we must obey the order to get to the second fence, light or dark, though the order was to get there in the dark. Therefore I said: "Now, boys, we have to get over that open ground mighty rapid, or there won't many of us get there!" and I gave the order to "forward, double-quick!" and ran ahead as I gave the order. By the time I got half way I found the rebel fire so heavy and the bullets so thick that I wanted cover the worst way; and I was almost sure that all of my comrades were dead or wounded by these bullets. I threw myself flat behind a small bunch of bushes, thankful for that much to protect me; but the bullets cut all of those bushes down almost as soon and as clear as a farmer could have done it with his brush-hook. I do not doubt that the rebs were sure that I was shot to pieces, for they let up on me. But I fooled them a plenty! I got up like a jack-in-the-box and retreated at a speed that I'm sure has never been beaten by civilized man afoot! Then they scared me worse than ever, for they opened their rifles on me again. I don't greatly doubt that every rifle in that fort was a repeater, and that the entire rebel army was in that fort, just then, every man with a rifle, and that every rifle was fired at me with a rapidity that broke its record. If I don't think so now, I felt then that that was about the situation. I'd have been willing to sell those zip-zippers for a cent a thousand, for they would have set me up for life, a millionaire!

However, I reached cover and found all of the detail there! Confound them, not one had obeyed my order to "forward, double-quick." They searched me for bullets and found that the only wound I had suffered was where a bullet made a long cross-cut slit in the side of my blouse!

Now, boys, you laughed at me then and let me hear from you often enough about "forward, double-quick!" so, let me hear from you now.—J. P. LLOYD, Sergeant, Co. K, 161st N. Y., So. Edmeston, N. Y.

GETTYSBURG AND CHAMBERSBURG.

Bradley Johnson Prevented Nighttime Burning of Latter.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I read in your issue of Sept. 10, an article from John R. Palmer, Normal, Ill., reflecting in a roundabout way on the Army of the Potomac for not putting down the rebellion. He winds up by saying that the result of the Gettysburg campaign was not altogether unprofitable to the rebels—says that they carried back to old Virginia 1,000 wagon loads of provisions and much treasure, including $100,000 tribute paid by the city of Chambersburg.

I want to say that Chambersburg did not pay anything, and was not asked to pay anything; but when Gen. McCausland was sent here, by orders of Gen. Early, to demand $100,000 in gold, or $500,000 in greenbacks, or suffer the town to be burned, the money was not paid, and the town was burned. The number of buildings burned, 537; real estate loss, $713,294.34; personal property loss, $915,137.24. It makes my heart ache some times when I see old men cleaning the street, some of them old comrades, in order to get a little something to keep soul and body together, whereas if they had what they then lost they could live the balance of their days in comfort.

The town was on fire all over at the same time, and it would have been worse if it had not been for Gen. Bradley Johnson, who died a few days ago. The night before the burning Gens. McClausland and Johnson and Maj. Harry Gilmore were at the home of Henry Greenawalt, about two miles west of town, and in the night they held a council. Mrs. Greenawalt heard them discuss the burning of the town. McClansland wanted to set fire during the night, but Johnson rebelled against such an inhuman thing. Johnson argued for the saving of all private buildings, said it would be sufficient if only the public buildings were burned. That angered McClansland, and he threatened summary punishment for insubordination.

I must get back to Palmer. He said we had 50,000 militia to help us at Gettysburg. Why, the militia never saw a wild rebel; they may have seen about 20,000 prisoners that we sent back. As to the 1,000 wagon loads of goods; if Palmer had been on the banks of the Potomac he would have seen about half that many loads of wounded; and as for Longstreet's Corps, Gens. Kilpatrick and Buford destroyed his entire train near Booneshoro.

The Western Army was all right, but it never had old Bob Lee and his three-year-old breastworks to butt up against!

After the surrender at Appomattox the old Sixth Corps was sent down to help Sherman whip Joe Johnston; but when Johnston heard that the Sixth Corps from the Army of the Potomac was coming he threw up the sponge!—B. F. JOHNS, Co. A, 49th Pa., Chambersburg, Pa.

SHERIDAN'S BLACK HORSE.

That Horse Was Black; There Was Fog and No Reinforcements.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I wish to respond to Lieut. T. P. Alexander, Co. I, 11th Ind., Florence, Kan., and to some others as to Cedar Creek. When Gen. Sheridan rode up to the front on that Oct. 19, 1864, he dismounted at Gen. Crook's headquarters, a mile north of Middletown, and near the pike, and I held his horse—a black horse, named Rienzi, but sometimes called Winchester. I many times spoke to Gen. Sheridan, and delivered to and received from him dispatches, when I was an Orderly, and I was entirely familiar with his black horse. On the occasion under consideration he rode his gray horse in the afternoon.

When he dismounted Gen. Sheridan asked Gen. Crook if the lines were closed, and Gen. Crook answered: "Yes, and all ready for an advance." There were no reinforcements. The men who stood by their guns in the heat of the morning can testify to that. There are some who claim there was no fog; but that fog came near causing me to be captured; anyone that could not see that fog should have been pensioned on account of total blindness.—S. S. HAMMITT, Co. B, 36th Ohio, Orderly for Gen. Rutherford B. Hayes.

When He Was a Boy.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I was four months less than 16 years old when I joined the cavalry, Aug. 22, 1863. My regiment was a part of Grierson's Cavalry Division. For two years the Division headquarters were at Memphis and White's Station, and during that time we saw much active service, fighting guerrillas and Forrest's irrepressible squadrons. Forrest was a very superior cavalry officer. When such Generals as Sooy Smith and Sturgis commanded expeditions sent into the country where he operated, they almost invariably came to grief. Guntown was an instance. I was there. Gen. Raum has vividly described that disastrous field.

I would be glad to read in The National Tribune the recollections of members of the 4th Mo., 2d N. J., 1st Iowa, and 12th Ill. Cav. regiments. We were associated with them in many raids through Mississippi, Arkansas and Missouri. Having driven Price from Missouri, his favorite fighting ground, we were ordered to Texas, where we remained, under Custer, until we were discharged at Austin, Feb. 18, 1866.

I have been a reader of The National Tribune ever since I returned home from the war, and expect to be a subscriber and reader indefinitely, or as long as life's lamp holds out to burn.—CLEMENT R. STRAHAN, Co. B, 7th Ind. Cav., Winchester, Ind.

The 24th Ohio at Shiloh.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I was a member of Co. A, 24th Ohio. We arrived at Savannah April 5, 1862. It was camp rumor that no fight was to be on for us for at least two weeks. We were ordered to clear our camp ground for a stay, and went to that work in the morning of the 6th. Soon we heard firing at Shiloh, and Gen. Nelson ordered us to get three days' rations and a supply of ammunition. By 9 o'clock we were in line; about 10 o'clock Gen. Nelson said to our Captain: "They need us up there!" We were ordered to the front, and did not get there too soon for use. The river bank was covered with men; our forces had lost heavily, and had been driven back. When we saw the men so thick on the river bank we thought they had more men than they could use in the fight, but we were mistaken.

We crossed the river and went up the hill with our band playing "Columbia." We lost 16 men.

I have read The National Tribune more than 22 years, and am lost if it don't report on time. Would like to hear from comrades, especially about that Shiloh affair.—J. B. COLEMAN, Kearney, Neb.

An Unhistoric Battle.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Did you ever hear of the battle of Germantown Orchard? I have not found it indexed in any history. It was there that I shed blood and sustained a wound that marks me yet. It was in Tennessee on the line of the railroad connecting Memphis and Charleston, where the road divided an apple orchard. At that time the trees were heavily loaded with fruit about walnut size, hard as marbles. An intelligent, but good-natured and war-like idiot in our company suggested that the company divide equally in numbers, and with one-half on one side of the railroad and the other half on the other side of the railroad, have a battle with green apples for ammunition and arms as weapons. All the other intelligent idiots in the company cried "Hurrah!" and that left only the commissioned officers, who were not volunteers. I was detailed as ammunition monkey, and had to carry green apples in a camp kettle to the firing-line. There was a big fight—charge and counter-charge, retreat and pursuit. One of the enemy, realizing that a good way to win a battle is to cut off the supply of the other side's ammunition, directed his fire upon me—with bloody accuracy. I didn't know whether I was a monkey or a spinning top—but I went around till I fell down. I was carried to the hospital, leaving a trail of blood to mark the route. And I remained in that hospital two weeks. An apple had crushed the bones of my nose, and both eyes went into mourning for it. The Surgeon fixed up the bone, but I observe in my looking-glass that there is an unbeautifying dent on one side. There were nearly 40 wounded in that battle; and yet no record of it is printed in history! Where are the survivors? Why do they not demand recognition?—PHIL. M. WAGNER, Co. L, 3d Ill. Cav., Tyler, Tex.

How Jim Rode the Mule.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: When the 1st Conn. H. A. placed their batteries in position at the defenses back from Harrison's Landing, on the James River, after the notable "Seven Days' Retreat," the writer went, one day, to a spring in a field outside the breastworks, for water. Feeding in an adjoining field, I noticed a remarkably fine mare mule, and having lost my horse a few days previously, I thought it a good chance to supply myself with a mount. I therefore quietly approached, and had little difficulty in capturing Mrs. Mule, somewhat to my surprise, as she appeared to be quite young and high spirited. As she had nothing but a rope about her neck, I took a turn about her lower jaw, and leading her to the fence, jumped on her back. I professed myself to be quite an equestrian, but I had barely touched her back, before I found myself on my back, on the ground. Mightily astonished and full of anger at the ease with which it was done, I again led her to the fence and making careful preparations, I again mounted her, but had no chance to get my heels together under her belly ere I once more went sailing through the air, coming down with a force that convinced me that I'd had a "genteel sufficiency," as the saying goes. While thinking over the mule's ability as a first-class contortionist, I remembered the many boastful utterances of our darky wagon-driver, Jim, who really was a remarkably good rider, and I thought there was some prospect of fun ahead, so I led Mrs. Mule to camp, tied her to a tree, in rear of camp and hunted up Jim, first informing my comrades of the fun at hand, as well as the men in the infantry supporting the batteries, and arranging that they should gather around, apparently by chance. I offered Jim if he would break in the mule so I could ride her, a $5 bill, and he was as vain as a peacock over my flattering mention of his abilities as a rider, and proudly assured me he could "certainly do it for shuah." We held the mule, and Jim saddled her, and after a little skirmishing around, and cinching her up tightly, he put on his great Mexican spurs, and taking a short, thick whipstock from his wagon, he mounted, while half a dozen of us held her firm. Jim locked his spurs together under her belly, and with a broad grin and the remark of how "easy it was to ride a mule, if you only knew how," told us to let go. For about two minutes we hardly knew where Jim and the mule were, or what they were doing, but concluded they had something to do with the cloud of dust that was rising so thickly all about us. Presently the dust commenced to settle, and we discovered them in pretty near the same position in which we had last seen them, Jim still in the saddle, the mule's legs braced out, and she now refusing to move in any direction, although Jim now used both whip and spur. This lasted so long, and we jeered and chaffed poor Jim so unceasingly, that he finally became careless or reckless of consequences and allowed his legs to hang loosely, his heels unlocked from their hold. It was but a moment, now, before Mrs. Mule realized that her time had come, and was not slow to take advantage of it for we saw a huge black shape go sprawling over our heads, and land in the deep sink dug in rear of the company kitchen.

As Jim straightened up out of his dis