MORGAN and his MEN

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

By GEORGE DALLAS MOSGROVE.

MORGAN VERSUS MORGAN.

"The beetling crags of yon mountain high,
Whose Atlas shoulders prop the upper sky,
First catch the glowing sunlight of the day,
Which lingers there from others passed away."

It will be remembered that Duke and Morgan were temporarily separated at Lexington, the former to serve as the "eyes and ears" of Heth's army in front of Covington and Cincinnati, and the latter to go to the Kentucky mountains to intercept and harass Gen. Geo. W. Morgan, retreating from Cumberland Gap.

When Gen. Kirby Smith entered Kentucky by an unfortified pass through the mountains to the west of Cumberland Gap, and occupied Central Kentucky, he cut the Federal General, Geo. W. Morgan, off from his supplies, in fact left the Federal commander with his little army, four brigades, isolated at Cumberland Gap. It would seem that the Federal authorities had quite forgotten the precarious situation of the commander at Cumberland Gap, for he was left to rely entirely upon his own resources, and, as I understand, he did not even receive any instructions as to what course he should pursue. Many another commander in a like dire extremity would have surrendered his abandoned army to the enemy. Not so with the indomitable Gen. Geo. W. Morgan. Fully realizing that, to save his army from starvation or capture, retreat was his only recourse, he destroyed his stores and plunged into the mountain wilderness of Eastern Kentucky, a desolate and barren land, to march to the Ohio River, 200 miles distant. Even if he were unmolested by the Confederates a march through that mountainous region, deprived of food for man or beast, would require heroic courage and enduring fortitude. It was like marching through "the valley of the shadow of death" to the "Better Land" beyond. I once heard a comrade Confederate in those same mountains exclaim: "I can't stretch my arms in these valleys without skinning them against the 'rock-ribbed hills!'" Before he could reach "The Beautiful River," the gallant and resourceful Federal General would have to pass through "Hazard," find "Lost Creek," march along "Troublesome," encounter "Hell-fr Sartin'," and encamp on "Devil's-Half-Acre." Possibly he might catch a glimpse of blessed sunshine at "Kingdom Come." There were no roads in those mountains, nothing but "trails." Literally, Gen. Morgan had to cut his way through with ax and sword.

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between."

I can not believe that Jordan is a harder road to travel than was Gen. Geo. W. Morgan's line of march along the sorrowful waters of "Lost Creek on the Troublesome."

I have never thought Gen. Morgan's admirably conducted retreat received due credit. Bonaparte said, "There shall be no Alps." Morgan said, in effect, "There shall be no Kentucky Mountains."

Having made a long, running, starving fight, "the lost Federal army" came out of the mountain wilderness looking like an army of specters, their clothing tattered and torn and their bodies wasted for want of food.

While the Federal General was making his heroic march he had difficulties to encounter other than the interposition of nature's obstructions in the rugged mountains. Gen. John H. Morgan, the Confederate chief, energetically harassed his front and flank. I can not do better than to let one of Gen. John H. Morgan's soldiers, an intelligent writer, tell the story of the mountain campaign:

"With about 1,000 cavalrymen we reached Richmond, Sept. 20, where we learned that the Federals were moving from Manchester, via Booneville, to Mt. Sterling, so as to strike the Ohio River at Maysville. It became necessary to make a detour, and, by rapid marching, head them near Hazel Green. Gen. Stephenson and Col. Ashby were to press them in the rear. Gen. Humphrey Marshall was to move to Mt. Sterling, and either stop their march or strike them in flank. Our part was merely to delay them until Stephenson or Marshall could strike. The enemy beat us to Hazel Green, which made it necessary for us to make another detour and night march. We then gained their front near West Liberty.

"On the afternoon of the 26th, Morgan sent two companies, under Capt. Will Jones to strike the flank of the marching Federal column, which he knew must be stretched out at great length. He thought a vigorous attack in flank, toward the rear, would cause the leading command to halt until the column could close up, and by thus delaying the advance he would be more able to successfully operate in their front.

"Jones attacked on foot, striking the rear-guard of the second advance brigade and utterly surprising them. He killed several, captured some dozen prisoners, wounding a number and scattered a drove of cattle through the woods. Morgan and his staff and Maj. Breckinridge had ridden along to see Jones's fight, but Morgan gave no commands, preferring to let Jones conduct the affair in his own way.

"After this little foray was over, Morgan rode with some others to the main road, seeking information. Dr. Tom Allen had the wounded, all Federal, removed to a church, near by, to give them necessary attention. Morgan, Breckinridge, Alston and others rode a few hundred yards forward to where a creek crossed the road, just beyond which was a short, steep, wooded hill. Very carelessly the whole party stopped to water the horses, and some of them dismounted, and kneeling upon rocks were drinking, when suddenly a Federal regiment in line of battle made its appearance upon the crest of the hill, not more than 100 yards distant, and fired a volley, which, however, injured none of the party. Behind the surprised Confederates was a long lane with high fences and cleared fields on each side. Death or capture seemed inevitable; but with his characteristic readiness and coolness, Morgan shouted: 'Tell Col. Breckinridge to advance; Maj. Jones, open your guns.' The enemy fell back over the hill, and we, in greater hurry, evacuated the premises.

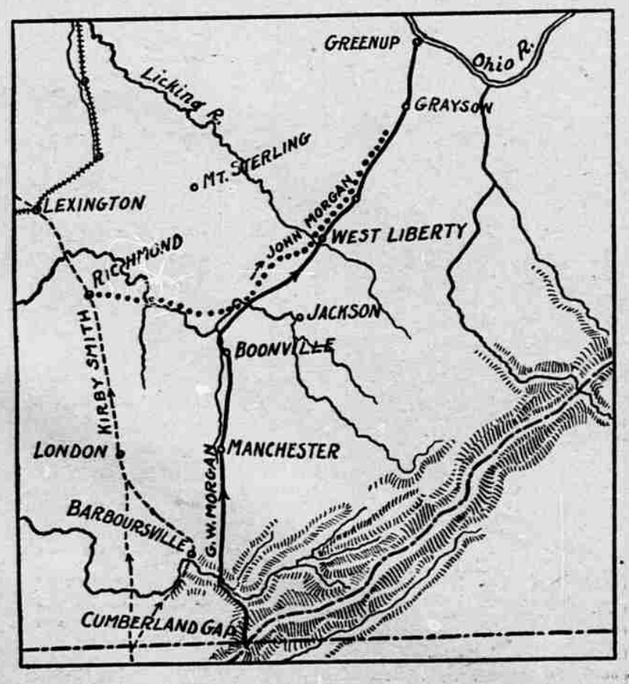
"On the 27th we had another skirmish and captured a few prisoners, the enemy evidently waiting for the column to close up. On the 28th, a treacherous guide led us into an ambush, from which, however, we extricated ourselves with small loss. On the 29th Maj. Breckinridge took two companies and ambushed the Federals from the side of a semi-circular bluff, around which the road runs. The column came to within 20 yards of the line of ambush, and its head was nearly beyond the extreme flank of the Confederates, in the advance being 27 cavalrymen riding carelessly, their legs thrown over the pommel of their saddles, some of them eating pawpaws. Suddenly Breckinridge's riflemen fired at least one hundred shots, and when they had fired a second volley, and the smoke had cleared away, no enemy was to be seen, the head of the column having been thrown back like a wave broken upon a rock. Before a line could be formed, or a gun unlimbered, we were gone, and laughed as we marched to the music of their guns shelling the innocent woods over the mountain from us.

"After this the Federals changed their tactics, and marched with a strong line of skirmishers in front and upon both flanks. We fought vigorously with ax and torch, felling trees to barricade the road and destroying bridges, making every barricade cost a skirmish and time, for with us time was everything. It was a hard country for cavalry service.

"From the morning of Sept. 26 to noon, Aug. 1, more than five days, the Federals had marched not over 30 miles—less than six miles a day. We had done our work, but where was Stephenson or Marshall? Anxiously expecting them, Morgan had sent couriers to them and to Gen. Kirby Smith. We knew that the enemy were living almost exclusively on meat, for we, in their front, were without bread, living on fresh beef, without salt, half-ripe corn and pawpaws. If either Marshall or Stephenson had attacked, Gen. Geo. W. Morgan's army must certainly have been forced to surrender.

"About noon, Aug. 1, Morgan received an order from Gen. Kirby Smith to make no further effort to impede the Federal retreat, but to rejoin the main army at Lexington, or wherever it might be.

"Toward the latter part of the expedition the bushwhackers became very troublesome. Little Billy Peyton, Morgan's orderly, rode down on one of them and tried to scare him into surrender with an empty pistol. The fellow had two guns—



G. W. MORGAN'S RETREAT FROM CUMBERLAND GAP TO GREENUP.

he had just fired one at Peyton, and the other was loaded. He answered Peyton's demand to surrender with a shot from the latter. Throwing himself along his horses's side, Billy escaped being killed, but was slightly wounded. His chief regret, however, was that his assailant escaped."

Gen. Geo. W. Morgan displayed consummate skill and grim determination, and his men laudable courage and fortitude, in making that difficult and dangerous march over long miles of barren and desolate mountains, assailed by famine and sword. Gen. John H. Morgan, of course, made the Federal General's road the harder to travel. At this late day it is idle to speculate upon what might have been the result had the leading Confederate Generals given Gen. John H. Morgan promised support, and displayed better generalship in intercepting the retreat of the Cumberland Gap army. The fact remains that Gen. Geo. W. Morgan, abandoned and isolated, marched through the lines of an environing enemy, and over mountains, across the entire length of Eastern Kentucky, his flags waving defiance all the way, and reached the Ohio River, "somewhat disfigured but still in the ring."

When Morgan left Lexington, Oct. 6, he had with him the regiments of Duke, Gano and Cluke—about 1,500 men—Breckinridge's Battalion having been detached on the 4th, and engaged in skirmishing with the enemy on the road between Lawrenceburg and Harrodsburg, and Harrodsburg and Perryville.

Following in the rear of Gen. Smith's infantry, Morgan was ordered to take position between Versailles and Frankfort, and attack the enemy if he made his appearance, it being thought probable that the Federals would advance from Frankfort, and an engagement in the vicinity of Versailles, where a portion of Gen. Smith's infantry were stationed, was anticipated. Gen. Smith, hearing that the enemy were advancing in force to Lawrenceburg, and that they had occupied that place with an advance guard, ordered Buford to drive them out with his cavalry, and followed with his whole force. The establishment of the enemy at Lawrenceburg, and upon the road thence to Harrodsburg, would have completely cut off Gen. Smith from Gen. Bragg. The force advancing toward Lawrenceburg was Sill's Division, which had diverged from Buell's main army at the same time that Dumont had moved upon Frankfort.

Sill's Division fell back across Salt River, losing several hundred prisoners, captured by Smith's advance brigade of infantry, the latter continuing to move closer and closer to Harrodsburg. The main body of the enemy had in the meantime concentrated its marching columns and moved to the vicinity of Perryville, on the evening of the 7th.

BRAGG MYSTIFIED AND VACILLATING.

Says Duke: "The detachments which advanced to Frankfort and toward Lawrenceburg, were not more than 12,000 in all. So rugged is the country through which these detachments had to pass, that a comparatively small force could have prevented their junction at Lawrenceburg, and held both at bay, leaving the greater part of the Confederate army free to concentrate at Perryville. Even had their junction been permitted, 3,000 such cavalry as Bragg had at his disposal could have retarded their march to Harrodsburg for several days. They could not have forced their way along the road in less than two or three days, and as many would have been required to make a detour and join Buell. In that time the battle of Perryville could have been decided; but so completely was Gen. Bragg mystified as to Gen. Buell's movements, that he seems to have supposed that when the latter moved from Louisville, Oct. 1, it was a movement of the whole Federal army upon Frankfort, and he ordered Gen. Polk 'to move from Bardstown, by way of Bloomfield, toward Frankfort, to strike the enemy in flank and rear,' while Gen. Smith should take him in front. This order was evidently issued under an unaccountable and entire misapprehension of the true state of affairs, but showed a nerve and purpose which promised well.

"After Gen. Polk moved to Perryville, Gen. Bragg, of course, learned of the advance of the enemy in that direction, and must have known that it was in strong column, or he would not have permitted 16,000 troops to collect there to oppose it. He was still in error regarding the other movements, and left the larger part of his army to confront the forces manuvering about Lawrenceburg and Frankfort. One glance at the map will show the reader that, if the enemy was really advancing in heavy columns by these different routes, it was clearly Gen. Bragg's best policy to have struck and crushed, if he could, that body threatening him from the South. If he crushed that his line of retreat would be safe, and he could have fought the other at his leisure, or not at all, as he chose. If, on the contrary, he had concentrated to fight at Frankfort or Lawrenceburg, defeat, with this other force on his line of retreat, would have been ruinous. Even complete victory would have left him still in danger, having yet another army to defeat or drive away. He would have been, in either case, between his foes, preventing their junction, and in a situation to strike them in succession; but in the one case his rear was safe, and in the other it was threatened.

"He, however, divided his army, and sought to meet both dangers at the same time. Is it saying too much that Gen. Bragg was saved from utter destruction by the heroic courage of that fragment of his army which fought at Perryville?

"It is the popular idea that a commander is out-generaled when he is deceived. Military phraseology can mystify the popular mind, but it cannot eradicate from it this idea. Buell certainly deceived Bragg, and by sending detachments, numbering in all not more than 12,000, he kept 30,000 men, the greater part of Bragg's army, idle, and rendered them useless until the game was decided.

"After the battle of Perryville, and after an accurate knowledge had been obtained, of how Sill's and Dumont's detachments had deceived him into the belief that they were the whole Federal army, Gen. Bragg had his entire army concentrated at Harrodsburg, Smith having joined him at that place. The two armies then fairly confronted each other; neither had any strategic experiments to fear, on flank or rear, for Sill's Division was making a wide and prudent circuit to get to Buell, and Dumont was stationary at Frankfort. It would have been a fair, square, stand-up fight. Buell's strength was less than at any other period of the eight or 10 days that a battle was imminent. Sill had not gotten up. The two armies faced each other, not more than three miles apart. The belief in each army was almost universal, that on the next morning we would fight. The troops thought so, and, despite the pouring rain and their uncomfortable bivouacs, they were in high and exultant spirits. I know, for I saw them late in the night, that some officers of high rank cheerfully and sanguinely expected battle. On the next morning, however, Bragg retreated to Bryantsville. There was no undignified haste about this movement. The troops moved off deliberately and in such order that they could have been thrown quickly into line of battle, if it had become necessary. Gen. Bragg manifested no great anxiety to get away from the vicinity of the enemy, and Gen. Buell certainly displayed no strong desire to detain him.

"Gen. Bragg came to the Western army with a most enviable reputation. He had already displayed those qualities as an organizer, a disciplinarian, and a military administrator in which he was unrivalled. His dashing conduct at Shiloh, and the courage and ability, there exhibited in perfection, in which, as a corps commander, no General excelled him, had made him a universal favorite. The admirable method which, when second in command at Corinth, and really at the head of affairs, he introduced into all departments; the marvelous skill in discipline with which he made of the 'mob' at Corinth a splendidly ordered, formidable army, and his masterly evacuation of the place, totally deceiving Halleck, caused him to be regarded as the fit successor of Albert Sidney Johnston, and the coming man of the West. Men waited in breathless interest the consummation of such a career. But right there it seems he began to fail. As a subordinate, he had no superior in bravery; as the commander of a great army he, apparently, had no bravery at all. No one now doubts, I presume, that Gen. Bragg fought at Perryville with a fragment of his army, not to win a victory, but to check the enemy and cover his retreat.

"It is not infallibly certain that Gen. Bragg could have defeated Gen. Buell. Nothing is absolutely certain in a military sense, not even the impregnability of a work constructed by a West Pointer, and pronounced so by a committee of his classmates. War is a game of various and varying chances. I think that, under all the circumstances, and by the rules of war, Gen. Bragg should have risked the chances of a battle, with his entire army engaged."

SCOUTING AND SKIRMISHING.

When, on the night of Oct. 10, the army was concentrated at Harrodsburg, Morgan was assigned a position six miles from the town, on the Danville road, to picket the extreme left flank. The night was very dark and rainy. The position of the main bodies of the two armies was distinctly marked by the long lines of camp fires, shining the brighter because of the environing gloom. Morgan lighted no fires, and he naturally supposed that any enemy in his immediate front, and on a similar mission, would exercise a like precaution. Wishing to ascertain what was in the darkness before him, between him and the great semicircle made by the enemy's fires in front of Harrodsburg, he sent Capt. Cassell to reconnoiter. Cassell returned at daylight and said that a small body of cavalry was on picket, about a mile and a quarter from Morgan's position, and that a regiment of infantry was a few hundred yards beyond the pickets. Cassell also made the positive statement that one piece of artillery had passed along a narrow lane, between the cavalry picket and the infantry. He had ascertained this fact by the sense of touch, not being able to see anything in the intense darkness. He satisfied himself by feeling the width and depth of the tracks that they could have been made only by artillery.

Morgan attacked the pickets, at an early hour, and drove them back to where Cassell had located the infantry. The infantry were there sure enough, and greeted the Confederates by firing a harmless volley, a piece of artillery opening at the same time. Capt. Cassell had certainly brought his chief accurate information from out the darkness of the night.

A GOOD TIME IN SHAKERTOWN.

"I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"

Having learned, early in the afternoon, that Gen. Bragg was falling back to Bryantsville, and being informed by his scouts that the Federals had already occupied Harrodsburg and Danville, Morgan thought it high time to withdraw from the midst of encompassing danger, there now being an enemy on three sides of him. Rather pleased that he had received no instructions, he determined to "play the free lance," and strike across the country to enjoy the hospitality of his friends, the "Shakers." Galloping across fields and through woodlands, Morgan and his merry cavaliers arrived at Shakertown late in the afternoon. On a former occasion they had visited that "community of peculiar people," and had established friendly relations with them. The Confederate chieftain had manifested his respect for the "Society" by treating them with distinguished consideration—affording them every possible protection, and strictly forbidding his followers to trespass upon them in any way; consequently the Morgan men were prime favorites with the kind-hearted and substantial denizens of Shakertown, and, on the occasion of this visit to the "Community," they were royally entertained, "deriving great benefit from the perfect rectitude of conduct which they had uniformly observed"—when "in that part of the country." The entire "Society of Shakers" resolved itself into a culinary committee, and set before the appreciative Morgan men a feast, in memory and honor of which they drink toasts and attune their harps to this good day.

On the 12th Morgan went to Nicholasville, some 12 miles northeast of Shakertown, to observe the movements of the Federals. On the 13th he marched due south to Lancaster, some 20 miles, reaching that place at noon. In the afternoon the Federals with whom Wheeler had been skirmishing all day, advanced upon Lancaster and shelled the troops collected there. There was also some sharpshooting upon both sides. Two pieces of artillery belonging to Gen. Smith's rear-guard were brought back to fire a few parting salutes to the Federal batteries. The cannonading, comparatively harmless, continued until dark, the Confederates holding the town during the night. Only one division of Buell's arm was sent to Lancaster.

On the morning of the 14th, the Confederates slowly marched away from Lancaster, Morgan's cavalry, and that of Col. Ashby, forming the extreme rear-guard of Gen. Kirby Smith's retreating corps. They were not pressed by the Federals, and, on the 15th, they halted at Gum Springs, 25 miles from Richmond.

When the halt was made at Gum Springs, Morgan suddenly conceived the idea that he was not quite ready to leave old Kentucky, whereupon he immediately began devising schemes to tarry in the blue grass fields a while longer. With his usual winning way, free and plausible flow of speech, he had little difficulty in commanding Gen. Smith's favorable consideration of his views, and his desire to select his own line of retreat stipulating, however, that he would protect the rear of the infantry until all danger was manifestly over. He represented to Gen. Smith that he could feed his men and horses, and have them in good condition at the end of the retreat, by taking a different route from that pursued by the army, which would consume everything to be found in the sparsely supplied country through which it would pass. He explained, moreover, that in the route he proposed to take he would cross Buell's rear and have opportunities to take prisoners, capture trains, and otherwise to seriously annoy the enemy and that by establishing himself in the vicinity of Gallatin, Tenn., again, he would be able, before driven away, to once more tear up the railroad, and by that means retard the concentration of the Federal army at Nashville. Gen. Smith pleasantly complied with the smiling cavalryman's request, giving him permission to go whither his judgment dictated. Morgan was thus made happy and his rough riders, overjoyed, once more sang their favorite song, "Cheer, boys, cheer."

(To be continued.)

BEST POSSIBLE AUTHORITY.

Sheridan Quoted About His Black Horse, the Famous Rienzi.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: This repeated question as to the color of the horse ridden to Cedar Creek by Gen. Sheridan sharply shows how very careful we ought to be about doubting the truthfulness of a comrade who tells of something that we do not remember. It affords indisputable evidence that our memory is not always the very best authority and the very best thing upon which to rely when we write or correct history.

Some comrades positively declare that they know that Sheridan did not ride a black horse that 19th of October, 1864, because they saw him on a gray. He perhaps changed horses, and the comrades saw him on only one of those he rode? Some say they do not remember to ever have seen Sheridan on a black horse. That may be true, and yet they may have seen him on a black horse.

Let us take the General's word for it and let it go at that. I have no doubt that he had memory, affection and documents to rely upon when he wrote his Memoirs. In June, 1862, while Colonel, of 2d Mich. Cav., he was stationed at Rienzi, Miss. In his Memoirs, Vol. I, Chap. 10, pp. 177-184, he says:

"Shortly after this affair, Capt. Archibald T. Campbell, of the 2d Mich. Cav., presented me with the black horse called Rienzi, since made historical from having been ridden by me in many battles, conspicuously in the ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek, which has been celebrated in the poem by T. Buchanan Reed. This horse was of Morgan stock and then about three years old. He was jet black, excepting three white feet, 16 hands high, and strongly built, with great powers of endurance. * * * I rode him almost continuously in every campaign and battle in which I took part, without once finding him overcome by fatigue, though on many occasions his strength was severely tested by long marches and short rations. * * * Although he was several times wounded, this horse escaped death in action, and living to a ripe old age, died in 1878 attended to the last with all the care and surrounded with every comfort due the faithful service he had rendered."

Shall we say that that settles the dispute?—G. I. NASH, Lieutenant, Loomis Battery, Marcellus, Mich.

The March to the Sea.

D. J. Leiter, Georgesville, Ohio, wants to know just what passed between Gens. Grant and Sherman with regard to the march to the sea. His memory is that there was a conference held between them on a boat coming up the Ohio River, and Sherman then outlined his plan. This may or may not have been the case. That Sherman would take his army off somewhere after capturing Atlanta everybody felt sure; just where, was the disturbing question. Sherman himself hardly knew when he started out from Atlanta, whether he would go to Mobile, down the Chattahoochee or strike off by the way of Augusta in South Carolina and come out on the coast above Charleston. Gen. Grant fully approved of the plan of marching through to the sea somewhere, but he wanted Sherman to settle Hood before he started. Sherman had some trouble in persuading him that it would not be wise to follow Hood in his raid to the Ohio, making a stern chase over the exhausted country. He believed that he could send back Thomas, who, with some of the troops and such as could be sent him from other points, could head off Hood, leaving Sherman free to march with the rest of the army where he would. After the march had begun circumstances dictated that it was best to go to Savannah, instead of to any of the other points which Sherman had in view, and he accordingly went thither.—EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

WITH THE CAVALRY.

Fights at Buck Head Creek, Miller's Grove and Reynolds Plantation.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: It was about 11 o'clock a. m., Nov. 22, 1864, when the 8th Ind. Cav. succeeded in getting loose from Wheeler's boys for a spell. Having had about five hours fighting and charging, we were ready for a breathing spell. Gen. Kilpatrick rode forward to select a place to form his division and ordered Col. Jones, with his 8th Ind. Cav. to, if possible, hold the enemy in check. Wheeler seemed to have a particular liking for the 8th Ind. Cav., and wanted us to go with him, but we declined. After the 2d Ky. Cav. had built a barricade across the Waynesboro road, behind which they were posted, we resumed our course, "our friends" following closely.

The rebs seemed devoid of fear, for, on approaching the barricades, they would ride up the rail incline, and as they passed the center would topple over into the midst of the Kentucky boys, and a hand-to-hand fight would follow, resulting in the withdrawing of our boys! 'Twas said, and I believe truthfully, that a mixture of whisky and gunpowder had been issued to them, for certainly their every action indicated it.

Col. Spencer was ordered to protect the bridge across Buckhead Creek. Accordingly, the 5th Ohio Cav. was sent forward on a gallop, with instructions to hold the bridge until all the troops had passed over, then destroy it. Co. D, of the 5th Ohio Cav., was given the task, supported by the remainder of the regiment, with the mountain howitzers so placed as to rake the bridge if necessary. The rebels followed up the rear, skirmishing until the bridge was crossed.

A barricade had been built across the road some distance from the bridge, behind which a portion of the guards had lined up after crossing.

Taking his division to Reynolds plantation, Gen. Kilpatrick put about 100 negroes to work, and, with the assistance of the cavalry, a barricade was built along the brow of a hill about a mile in length, with open fields in front and flanks turned well to the rear; behind which were placed the guns of the 10th Wis. Battery, loaded with grape. The cavalry was disposed along the barricade, except two regiments of sharpshooters, one on either flank, the 5th Ohio Cav., with two mountain howitzers at the bridge, and the 8th Ind. Cav. held mounted for the purpose of charging should the occasion present.

During this time we refreshed ourselves with a substantial meal of coffee and hardtack, not forgetting to feed our horses.

About this time the enemy, who had followed to the bridge, suddenly disappeared, and although the artillery shelled the woods, it was unable to disclose his whereabouts. What was Wheeler up to now? was the unanswered query. All the troops having passed over the bridge, it was destroyed, and Co. D, 5th Ohio Cav., was ordered to escort the artillery back to the main line, a distance of about one and a half miles. The horses were started on the run.

When the rebels discovered that they could not cross the bridges they divided, and finding a ford above and one below the bridge, crossed, coming up on both flanks of the Ohio boys in an attempt to capture them. They failed, and a running fight was kept up until the works were reached.

When Wheeler discovered the barricades he dismounted a portion of his command, which moved forward to charge our position, this line to be followed by a mounted line, expecting a repetition of the affairs of the morning.

They came on, meeting no resistance until it seemed to us, who were watching them, that they would gain our works. As they neared our lines Capt. Foot exclaimed, "They are here! My God, they will come over the works!"

But, the rails being parted, eight pieces of artillery belched into the midst of the advancing line and with the boom and roar of the cannon mingled the rattle of thousands of carbines, until the surrounding hills shook from the reverberations, as volley after volley was poured into the reeling rebels, who were compelled to seek the shelter of the woods in order to save the command from annihilation, and who, falling back, left over 600 killed and wounded in our front.

When they reached the woods they reformed and an attempt was made to turn both our flanks; but our Spencers admonished them of their foolhardiness.

Wheeler having been repulsed in our front, attempted to gain our rear. The command left the barricades, taking the road toward Louisville, Ga. The rebels seemed somewhat discouraged. Although they followed us they kept at a respectful distance, while the 8th Ind. Cav., bringing up the rear, would blaze away when the rebels came within range of their Spencers.

In the vicinity of Louisville we went into camp in the swamp, tired and hungry, but strongly barricading, preparing for any move of the enemy. The infantry, hearing our cannon, surmised that we were hard pressed and started for our relief, arriving on the opposite side of the creek the following morning, when we joined them near Louisville, and I can assure you we were not sorry.

The command went into camp on the banks of Lambert Creek, where we took a few days' rest, the first since we started from Atlanta.

By Dec. 1, the wagon train having arrived, being supplied with rations and plenty of ammunition, the column was put in motion toward Waynesboro, Col. Baldwin, with the 5th Ky. Cav., moving in front of Gen. Baird's Division.

It was not long before the 5th Ky. and 1st Ala. Cav. found themselves in a wasp's nest of rebels. The 1st battalion of the 8th Ind. Cav. had been sent to the right as flankers. When Gen. Kilpatrick received a report of the condition of the two regiments, he ordered Col. Jones to proceed with the 8th Ind. Cav. to their relief, and the 2d and 3d battalions went at the rebels on the left of the road, pushing them back. The 1st battalion pushed forward through the woods about a half mile to the main road at Miller's Grove, across which the enemy had retreated, when we found ourselves confronted by a Kentucky rebel brigade, dismounted and deployed. They opened by a heavy volley, but we pushed ahead, delivering shot for shot, until we were in the woods and near their horses, but, finding ourselves flanked and subjected to a hot crossfire, were compelled to fall back. Being relieved, the rebels had a chance to mount their horses and were after us.

As we crossed the road we saw the 9th Mich. Cav. and 92d Ill. M't'd Inf. coming to our assistance on a gallop. We again formed a line along the road, and brought our Spencers into play, so occupying the attention of the rebels that they did not discover the approach of our assistance until they dashed to the front and the three regiments charged them.

We found them too strong for us, but we held our position until the entire division was sent forward, when, after a stubborn resistance, they were driven from the field, leaving their dead and wounded.

We have a statement in the Book of Books, "Then shall brother be arrayed against brother, father against son," etc. This was verified in this day's engagement, as a member of our 1st Ala. Cav. found a wounded brother of the 1st (rebel) Ala. Cav. on the field, and a father found his son; and neighbor met neighbor in that affair.

In the first charge, before being flanked, we were so close to each other that some of our boys' wounds were powderburned.

The column moved forward, our wounded being placed in ambulances, the rebels being left where they fell, and after marching about three miles we went into camp.—LEROY S. FALLIS, Co. A, 8th Ind. Cav., 312 S. Waller Ave., Austin, Ill.

SERVICE OF 22d IND.

The Limping Squad Wishes to Tender Thanks for a Lift.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: When I remember the battles reported by comrades, the elaborate details in every part of the field, I am compelled to acknowledge my utter incompetency in that respect, as I always found enough to take up my entire time and utmost endeavor in my own immediate neighborhood. I will only try to give a limited synopsis of the service of my regiment, in all of which I bore an humble part.

Our first smell of powder was a private scrap with some of our own troops, at Glasgow, Mo., usually called the Paw-Paw fight, where there was a deadly blunder by somebody. We were on an expedition to relieve Col. Mulligan at Booneville, Mo., and in the night two detachments of Federal troops were landed without each other's knowledge, to reconnoiter the village of Glasgow. The result was that several soldiers were sacrificed; among them our own Major, Gordon Tanner. We saw active service in Missouri, Arkansas, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and marched on to the Grand Review at Washington, having participated in the important battles of Pea Ridge, Ark.; Corinth, Miss.; Iuka Springs, Miss.; Perryville, Ky.; Stone River, Tenn.; Chickamauga, Ga.; Mission Ridge, Ga.; Rome, Ga., and nearly all of the battles resulting in the fall of Atlanta, including Kenesaw, Peach Tree Creek (which we crossed on the 19th and other troops on the 20th), the battles in front of Atlanta and Jonesboro; thence to the sea.

The last battle we were engaged in was Bentonville, N. C.

I am unable to give more than a very meager account of any one of these engagements, as a whole, having been always so thoroughly taken up with that part of the work in my immediate front that I hadn't time to look for the other fellows. Taking all these things into consideration, I am at a loss to conceive of any soldier being a competent witness as to what passed at a distance to either the right or left of his own position.

But, lest I be accused of criticism, I will change the subject by asking a question: Who among your readers was on the cavalry rear-guard on the day that we crossed St. Francis River, while on the march from Arkansas through Missouri to Cape Girardeau, to reinforce Grant at Shiloh? If any reader was, I ask him: Do you remember the ragged, barefooted Sergeant and his squad who were limping along, marking every step with blood, when you took pity on them and told them to ride your horses until they crossed the river and to then tie the animals and hobble along? And did you find your horses before you got to camp? Well, I will take this opportunity to say for that squad: Thanks, awfully! That was a fine ride indeed—and each individual belonging to that rear-guard was, is and ever will be, both a gentleman and a scholar.—JAS. HARMAN, Sergeant, Co. F, 22d Ind., Box 181, Fitzgerald, Ga.

HORRORS OF FAIR OAKS.

Bodies of Our Dead Robbed of Their Clothing by the Rebels.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: A solid shot fired from a rebel fieldpiece at Casey's Division about noon, May 31, '62, was the signal for the rebel advance on all their line and opened the battle of Fair Oaks.

We (Casey's Division) held them in check till nearly 4 p. m., at which time we were nearly surrounded, and what could made their escape through a terrible cross-fire to Couch's line of defense. They were slow in striking our second line.

Our camp was retaken the next day—June 1—when nearly all of our army were across the Chickahominy, facing the Confederates under Johnston and before the sun went down Johnston with his army was safe in the trenches around Richmond, which ended the battle of Fair Oaks.

All were green in those early days of the war—Generals as well as privates. Never after that were we drawn up to form line of battle in a position where sharpshooters could pick off officers, cannoneers, men and horses, as was done that afternoon of May 31. We came out without any officers. One limber which had only the wheel team not killed, was all that was saved of the Empire Battery. Our noble Col. Bailey was shot through the head at the redoubt. Some of our boys were wounded while taking his body to the rear. Our Adjutant was wounded; our Major was killed; we found his body the next day when our camp was retaken—but not a stitch of clothing remained on his person! What a sight met our eyes! Drivers and horses lying side by side, cannoneers dead where their guns had been.

Between killed, wounded and prisoners, there was not enough of us left to hold our organization; consequently, we were split up and assigned to other batteries.

Such an uneven contest I never beheld during the war, and I was in it to the finish.—GEORGE S. SCULLEN, Co. A, 1st N. Y. L. A., and 8th Ind'p't N. Y. Battery, Mendota, Ill.

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Do crusts form in the nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have pains across your forehead?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have an unpleasant discharge from the nose?
Does the mucus drop into your throat from the nose?

Answer the questions I've made out for you, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines in the Free Medical Advice Coupon, cut them both out and mail them to me as soon as possible. 'Twill cost you nothing and will give you the most valuable information. Address **Health Specialist SPROULE, 4 to 14 Doane St., Boston.** *Don't one any time. Do it now.*

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