MORGAN and his MEN

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

By GEORGE DALLAS MOSGROVE.

TWO BRIGADES.

At the time of his marriage, Morgan was in command of about 4,000 men, and, about Dec. 18, he divided this force into two parts, making two brigades. The First Brigade, commanded by Col. Basil W. Duke, was composed of the 2d Ky., Lieut.-Col. Hutchinson; the 3d Ky., Col. Gano; the 8th Ky., Col. Cluke; and Palmer's battery of four pieces—two 12-pounder howitzers and two 6-pounder guns. The Second Brigade, commanded by Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, was composed of the 9th Ky., Lieut.-Col. Stoner; the 10th Ky., Col. Adam R. Johnson; the 11th Ky., Col. Chenault; and the 9th Tenn., Col. Bennett; one 3-inch Parrott gun and the two mountain howitzers were attached to the brigade. Quirk's Scouts, reporting directly to Gen. Morgan, were not a part of either brigade.

Gen. Morgan at this time had under his command the largest force he ever handled previously or afterward—a magnificent body of cavalrymen, the pick of the youth of Kentucky.

Gen. Rosecrans had repaired the roads in his rear, and Gen. Bragg, desiring that his adversary should again be embarrassed by broken communications, was anxious to have Morgan make another raid to the Federal rear, previous to the impending battle of Murfreesboro, or Stone River. Morgan and his men were delighted when Gen. Bragg's desire was made known to them—nothing could please them better, especially as the expedition would involve another trip to Kentucky. The regiments, however, were carefully inspected, none but stout men and serviceable horses being permitted to take part in the enterprise; therefore Morgan made what is known as the "December raid" with about 3,100 effective men.

THE PASSING OF GEN. GRENFELL.

There was a grand review of the division at Alexandria, Tenn., on Dec. 21, the day before the raid was to be undertaken, and upon that occasion the eccentric "soldier of fortune," Col. St. Leger Grenfell,

"In peace the gale of spring,
In war the mountain storm,"

resigned his office of Adjutant-General, and emphatically and resolutely declined to accompany the expedition, the cause of his dissatisfaction being the appointment of Col. Breckinridge to the command of the Second Brigade. Says Duke:

"A great many believed and said that he was disappointed in not obtaining command of the brigade himself, but I am satisfied that such was not the case. It is difficult to understand how a practical man can behave as he did on that occasion, unless his own interests, or those of a friend, are involved, and there is, consequently, a general disposition to attribute such conduct to interested motives. I talked to Grenfell, and believe that he had, from some cause, conceived a violent dislike for Breckinridge, and, moreover, he had come to regard an interference in the affairs of the command as his right. At any rate when Gen. Morgan declined to accept his suggestions upon the subject, and requested him to desist from agitating it, he became so thoroughly disgusted that he declined to act longer with the command. As he was not regularly in the Confederate service, there was nothing to be done but let him go when and where he pleased."

This accomplished Englishman, and reckless "soldier of fortune," had displayed an audacity and love of fighting, simply for its own sake, that amazed the wildest and boldest of the Kentucky and Tennessee cavalrymen, and now, after having served nearly two years with Morgan, he had once more come to "the parting of the ways." Shaking the dust of the Confederacy from his feet, Col. Grenfell went North, seeking other fields of adventure. Capt. Thomas H. Hines, who was then in Canada, prominent in the "Northwestern Conspiracy," says:

"When Col. St. Leger Grenfell left the Confederacy he ran the blockade and arrived in New York. Apprehensive that his name might be observed and recognized, he immediately reported to Gen. Dix, explaining that he did so in justice to himself. He said that he was a British subject, and while he had voluntarily served more than two years in the Confederate armies, his connection with the Confederacy was permanently terminated. Gen. Dix told Grenfell that he would not molest him if he would go to Washington and report to Secretary Stanton. Grenfell consequently visited Washington, where he had an interview with President Lincoln and Messrs. Seward and Stanton. In answer to inquiries addressed him he doubtless furnished much fictitious information in regard to the condition of affairs around Richmond, about which he did not think they had a right to question him. Mr. Seward agreed that he should not be arrested on his pledging himself to give no further aid to the Confederate cause; and it was under these circumstances that he made his way to Canada, and learned of the plans of the 'Northwestern Conspiracy,' an enterprise that would appeal strongly to an adventurer of Grenfell's temperament. When he had become fully informed of what was going on, he said: 'I see that in all this lives will be sacrificed. I can not take part in it, but I will go along and witness the executions.'"

Grenfell's love of excitement and adventure led him to Chicago where he was subsequently arrested, charged with complicity in a movement to liberate the Confederate prisoners at Camp Douglas. He always claimed, as did the officers engaged in the Northwestern Conspiracy, that he never, by any act, violated his promise to Mr. Seward although he did fail to reveal to the United States Government what others were doing. He declared that he was simply "standing around to see the fun, and witness the executions." However, the Government was unable to appreciate a man of Grenfell's peculiar genius and adventuresome spirit, and therefore, he was sent to the Dry Tortugas, where, not unexpectedly to those who knew the man, he met with a tragic fate, drowning himself in the sea, while attempting, I believe, to effect his escape.

The need of an Adjutant-General, because of Grenfell's defection, became suddenly urgent, and Morgan selected Capt. W. M. Maginis, Adjutant-General of Breckinridge's brigade, to supply the deficiency. Maginis was very young, but he was a very gallant and accomplished soldier, who had seen much arduous service. In the office vacated by Grenfell he gave eminent satisfaction, Morgan retaining him as his Adjutant-General until his tragic death, which occurred on the eve of crossing the river on the "Ohio raid."

THE DECEMBER RAID.

"The Winter from his silent wing
Had shed the stainless snow,
And crowned each forest trees a king
And sealed the wild streams' flow."

On the morning of Dec. 22, Morgan started from Alexandria, bound once more for the land where the "meadow grass is blue." Never, perhaps, was the cavalry chieftain so supremely happy. Only 10 days before, he had been married to a beautiful and accomplished lady, and now, wearing an elegant uniform that designated him a Brigadier-General, he was in command of the first cavalry division in the Southern army, going back to Kentucky upon a carefully conceived, but daring expedition. As usual, with hat in hand, bowing and smiling, he greeted his cheering young soldiers, as battalion after battalion moved from its encampment and took its place in column on the road, their faces turned toward their homes in the Blue Grass State, Duke, alert and restless, gay and handsome, leading the advance. Morgan was in the zenith of his fame, and about to add another green leaf to his chaplet, another thrilling page to the history of his already world-renowned achievements.

Experience had taught the Federal commanders to leave strong garrisons at the important points along the line between Louisville and Nashville. Morgan's plan on this raid was to adroitly avoid the larger garrisons and swiftly and unexpectedly assail and capture the smaller ones, in the meantime cutting the telegraph wires and inflicting all possible damage upon the railroads—the primary object of the expedition being to destroy Rosecrans's communications; all this to be done if possible without fighting hazardous battles. Such, at least, was Gen. Bragg's idea, but it was always a difficult matter for Morgan to avoid an engagement where an enemy was in sight. If he avoided attacking a garrison at all, he generally went very close to the point of danger.

Marching about 30 miles a day, not being able to march faster and keep the artillery up, on the 24th Morgan went into camp within five miles of Glasgow, Ky. Capt. Jones, with his company of the 9th Ky., supported by Duke with two companies, was sent into Glasgow on a reconnoissance, arriving there after dark. Just as Jones entered the town a Michigan regiment came into it from the opposite side. The two forces encountered each other in the center of the town, and in the skirmish that ensued, Capt. Jones was mortally wounded. Will Webb, only a private soldier, but a noble hearted and cultivated gentleman, was also mortally wounded. A singular act was that of Lieut. Samuel O. Peyton, who, after being shot in the arm and in the thigh, shot one assailant and grappled with another, bringing him to the ground and cutting his throat with a pen-knife. Peyton was an educated young man, notably good natured and inoffensive, except when provoked or attacked. The Federal cavalry retreated from the town by the Louisville pike.

On the next morning—Christmas—the command marched from Glasgow, following the Federals on the Louisville road. Quirk's Scouts and the advance-guard kept the pike clear of contesting detachments of Federal cavalry, Morgan's column not even being delayed in its march, it at no time being necessary to make any formation for fight. During the day, Col. Johnson's regiment was detached and marched toward Munfordsville to induce the belief that Morgan intended to attack that place. With some difficulty Green River was crossed that night, the command going into camp, toward morning, at Hammondsville.

A CHRISTMAS FEAST.

An enormous wagon, loaded with an almost fabulous amount of Christmas stores, not only generous in quantity and variety, but excellent in quality, was captured near Green River, the enterprising sutler being on his way to supply the Glasgow market. The wagon was emptied by unexpected, but appreciative, customers, who, however, demanded long credit. Every mess in the division enjoyed a Christmas repast, and, incidentally, a "feast of reason and a flow of soul."

GALLANT DEFENSE OF A STOCKADE.

On the next day the column moved through mud and a pouring rain toward the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. There was a stockade at Bacon Creek, garrisoned by probably 100 men, to protect the bridge at that place. Lieut.-Col. Hutchison, with several companies and two pieces of artillery, was sent to assail the stockade and destroy the bridge. Hutchinson was given a force that was thought more than necessary to capture the stockade, in order to be able to repulse any movement that might be made upon him from Munfordsville, only eight miles from Bacon Creek. A battalion of cavalry did come out from Munfordsville, but it was driven back by a squadron commanded by Capt. Castleman. Contrary to expectation the Federals in the stockade fought obstinately and gallantly, and, notwithstanding they were severely shelled, they stubbornly refused to surrender. The bridge was within 100 yards of the stockade, and commanded by the rifles of the garrison. Hutchinson, ever impatient and prone to recklessness, ordered the bridge to be fired at all hazards. A fire was started, but the unceasing rain made it necessary for the men to keep replenishing it with light wood, thus exposing them longer than had been expected to the fire of the garrison. Capt. Wolfe, of the 3d Ky., boldly mounted the bridge, and, being a fair target, was shot in the head and lay unconscious for two hours, every one thinking him dead, until the beating rain revived him and he returned to duty, suffering no further inconvenience. Some of the men got behind the abutment of the bridge and thrust lighted pieces of wood into it, which the men in the stockade frequently shot away. Finally, Gen. Morgan arrived and in his own name demanded a surrender, assuring the gallant fellows of liberal terms and good treatment. When they became satisfied that it was indeed Morgan who confronted them, they surrendered. The garrison made a notably gallant defense. A number of shells had burst within the inclosure, some shots penetrated the walls, and an old barn, which had been foolishly included within the work, was knocked to pieces, the defenders being in dangerous proximity to the falling timbers and flying debris.

I shall let Gen. Duke tell in his own way how he persuaded the commandant of the stockade at Nolin to surrender:

"The stockade at Nolin surrendered to me without a fight. The commandant agreed to surrender if I would show him a certain number of pieces of artillery. They were shown him, but when I pressed him to comply with his part of the bargain, he hesitated and said he would return to the stockade and consult his officers. I think that, as two of the pieces shown him were the little howitzers, which I happened to have temporarily, he thought he could hold out for a while, and gild his surrender with a fight. He was permitted to return, but not until, in his presence, the artillery was planted close to the work, and the riflemen posted to command, as well as possible, the loop-holes. Within a few minutes he came to me again and, without any hesitation, formally surrendered. The Nolin bridge was at once destroyed, and also a number of culverts and cowgaps within three or four miles of that point."

CAPTURE OF ELIZABETHTOWN.

That night Morgan encamped within six miles of Elizabethtown, and on the morning of the 27th he moved upon the town, which was garrisoned by about 600 men under a Lieut.-Col. Smith. Before reaching the town Gen. Morgan received an intensely amusing note from the commandant conveying the astounding (?) intelligence that he accurately knew Morgan's strength; that he had him surrounded and could easily compel his surrender; that under the circumstances he trusted that Gen. Morgan, seeing the futility of resistance, would promptly capitulate and thereby spare him the disagreeable necessity of resorting to force. Morgan laughingly commented on the admirably rare document, which was brought to him by a Teutonic Corporal who spoke uncertain English, saying that he admired the spirit that dictated such a bold effort at bluffing, and that he would "call" the gentleman and make him show his "full hand." He answered Col. Smith by assuring him that he was laboring under an hallucination; that the strength of the Federal force was known to him; that Lieut.-Col. Smith had stated the exact reverse of the relative positions of the two forces, and that he demanded the immediate and unconditional surrender of the Federal garrison. The commandant, however, refused to surrender. Says Duke:

"During the parley, the troops had been placed in position, Breckinridge's brigade being on the left of the road, and mine on the right. I dismounted Cluke's regiment and moved it upon the town, with its left flank keeping close to the road. I sent several mounted companies to the extreme right of my line, and to the rear of the town. Breckinridge's formation on the left was similar to mine, with the exception that he sent no regiment into the town. The Parrott gun, placed in the pike, had opened immediately after Col. Smith sent his declination to surrender, and as suddenly as if its flash had ignited them, Palmer's four guns roared out from the hill on the left of the road, about 600 yards from the town, where Gen. Morgan himself was superintending their fire. Cluke moved warily, as two or three stockades in his front were thought to be occupied. When he entered the town, he had little fighting to do, and that on the extreme right. Lieut.-Col. Stoner dashed in on the left with the 9th Ky., at a swift run. The enemy had no artillery and our guns sent the bricks flying about their heads in fine style. Palmer, who was a capital officer, cool and clear-headed, concentrated his fire upon the building where the flag was flying and the enemy seemed thickest, moving his six-pounders into the very edge of the town. I sent for one of the howitzers and had it posted upon the railroad embankment, where it crossed the road. From this point the gun played like a fire engine upon the headquarters building. The enemy could not well fire upon the gunners from the windows, on account of the situation of the piece, but after each discharge they would rush out into the street and open upon them. The company lying behind the embankment, supporting the gun, would retaliate in kind. It happened, however, that a staff officer of Gen. Morgan passed that way, and conceiving that this company was doing no good, ordered it, with more zeal than discretion, to charge. Instantly the men obeyed. As they ran forward they came within fair view of the windows, and a heavy volley was opened upon them, fortunately doing little damage. Their officers, knowing that the man who gave the order had no right to give it, called them back, and they returned in some confusion. The enemy then emerged from the houses and poured a sweeping fire down the street. The artillerists were driven away from the howitzer, but Lieut. Corbett maintained his place, seated on the carriage, while the bullets were actually hopping from the reinforcement of the piece. Calling his men back, he started the 'pup' to barking again. I do not think I ever saw a finer exhibition of courage than Corbett displayed upon that occasion.

"Shortly after this we could see that there was an unusual commotion among the garrison, and almost immediately a white flag fluttered from one of the houses; whereupon Maj. Llewellyn, Division Quartermaster, recklessly galloped into the town, waving a white handkerchief, the enemy not having ceased firing. The commandant was not yet ready to surrender, but his men, disregarding him, rushed out of the houses and threw down their arms. The bulk of our two brigades were still in reserve not having been brought into the fight. The entire garrison was captured; also 600 fine rifles and some valuable stores were among the fruits of victory.

"On the next day, the 28th, the command moved leisurely along the railroad, destroying it thoroughly. The principal objects of the expedition were the great trestle works at Muldraugh's hill. The Second Brigade captured the 600 Federals who were guarding the lower trestle, and the garrison defending the upper trestle, 200 strong, was captured by the First Brigade. Both of the immense structures were destroyed, it requiring some hours to burn them. These trestles were, respectively, 80 and 90 feet high, each of them being 500 feet long.

"Cane Run bridge, within 28 miles of Louisville, was destroyed by a scouting party. Two bridges on the Lebanon branch road, recently reconstructed, were also burned. Altogether, Gen. Morgan destroyed on this expedition 2,250 feet of bridging, three depots, three water stations, and culverts and cattle guards too numerous to mention.

"With the destruction of the great trestles at Muldraugh's hill, Gen. Morgan's contract with the road expired and, consequently, he prepared to return to Tennessee. He was strongly tempted to pay another visit to the region about Lexington, but Gen. Bragg urgently demanded his return, after the completion of his destructive work at Muldraugh's hill."

(To be continued.)

"A FIRE WAS STARTED, BUT THE INCREASING RAIN MADE IT NECESSARY FOR THE MEN TO KEEP REPLENISHING IT WITH LIGHT WOOD."

AN UNCONSCIOUS HERO.

One of Thousands Who Bravely Endured and Bravely Did.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: A little after noon on Monday, Feb. 10, 1862, we had orders to prepare three days' rations, and be ready to march at 4 p. m. The time came, and we were ready, but it was a poor ready for me, as some good comrade had confiscated (not stolen) my haversack, and I had to leave most of my three-days' rations in camp at Fort Henry. I filled my pockets with hard tack. We left in camp our tents and extra baggage. I took one blanket and my overcoat with me, and I found good use for them. At 4 p. m. we marched. We went through the swamps, to the top of the bluffs, and went into camp for the night in a paw-paw grove. I ate for my supper paw-paws and hardtack. The next morning, Feb. 11, for my breakfast I ate a few more paw-paws and the last of my three days' hardtack, and we began the tramp along the ridge road. Before noon we arrived at a little town with a flour mill; some of the boys went to the mill and found the cash-box. I got a little of the cash, which was little bits of pasteboard marked good for 50 cts., 25 cts., 15 cts., 10 cts., and 5 cts. Some of the 4th Ill. Cav. passed us on the road, and between 12 and 2 p. m. pop! pop! came the sound of rifles back to us. It was the cavalry driving in the rebel pickets, and our pulses went a little faster, as we went over the hills toward Fort Donelson. It was after dark when we came to a halt for the night, and I lay down without any dinner or supper. Our officers found out we were within 100 yards of a rebel redoubt; it was to the left of the slaughter-house in the valley, in the center. Before daylight the next morning, Wednesday, Feb. 12, we moved to the right, across the valley to the woods. About 9 a. m. we returned to the same hill to support one of our batteries in a little fight with the rebel redoubt. I think it was Graves's Battery; the name of our battery I did not learn. It was not much fun for our boys when the rebel shot came close to us.

While we were there our Commissary sent us up a few hardtack and that was the last time I heard from him until Feb. 17. After a sharp fight for about one hour, we returned to the right again, into the woods, where we had a quiet afternoon; but late at night, while moving to the right through the woods, the command to fall back was given. Officers thought that we had got into the rebel lines.

I took about 15 steps into the woods, then returned to the road, when I found that it was a false alarm. We had come up to our own pickets. The first thing that came to my mind was Bull Run. Before you could say "Scat," the 17th Ill. was all broken up. Some went one way and some another. I lay down on the ground, with a few of my comrades, without anything to eat since 10 o'clock that morning. The next morning, Feb. 13, Thursday, found the 17th Ill. on hand all right.

In the forepart of the afternoon we had a hot job on hand. The 17th, 49th and 48th and I think the 25th Ill., with Col. Haynie, of the 48th, and Col. Morrison, of the 49th, in command. We went to the abatis and the redoubt, and silenced their guns and batteries, and so far as I could see the rebs did not show their heads, except one, and he was shot. If we had taken the redoubt we could not have held it, because the rebs had command of it to the right and to the left and they would have made it too hot for us. After a while we got up and went back to our starting point. Co. H had 11 wounded there. Comrade Geo. Shinn was one of them. He was shot by my side. I saw some comrades carry him by us when in the road. Col. Morrison was wounded.

About 4 p. m. rain began to fall; then came snow and sleet; at 10 p. m. a cold wave from the north lowered over us, and the boys suffered very much from the cold, while suffering also from hunger and want of rest. I had nothing to eat that day. We were in the front, and could not have any fire.

That night we moved further to the right and I was detailed to the regimental picket guard. The next morning, Friday, Feb. 14, we moved to the left. That afternoon and night we supported Taylor's Battery. The next morning, about 7, the rebels sent a shot into our regiment, and hit a few of our boys. About 10 a. m., Taylor's Battery went to the left, and so did our regiment. From 5 a. m. until 10 a. m. was a warm time for our boys on our right; also for our regiment. What few officers we had left (most of ours were wounded, sick, or absent on duty) looked pale. You could tell by their looks that a crisis was near; but good fortune was on our side; about 9 a. m. reinforcements from the center came past our regiment, and went to the right to support our tired but brave boys. The first old gray headed men I had seen carrying guns in the ranks were in an Ohio regiment that went past us. It proved to me that the old men in Ohio were as patriotic as the young men. They were more so, for they left more at home and had less youth and endurance. The rebels seeing reinforcements coming gave up the contest and went back into their works. There was great loss of life on both sides. About 1 p. m. our Colonel (L. F. Ross) rejoined us. How good it made the boys feel to see his bright face once more! The cheer that we gave him was proof that we felt good to see him again.

About 3 p. m. the 17th and another regiment, both under Col. L. F. Ross, moved to the right and advanced up a hill, to see if any rebs were to be seen. After we got part of the way up the hill Col. Ross rode past us to the top, and soon came back, and as no rebs could be seen, we moved back again. Saturday night we moved to the left to take a rest; but no rest was to be found, for we had to stand up all night on account of the cold and the snow that lay on the ground. We could not have any fire, so we had to get along the best way we could and we were glad when the next daylight came.

Feb. 16th the rebs had the white flag on their fort. What a happy day it was to us!

Early in the morning our army marched into the rebel fort. The sun shone bright, and it began to get warmer. Bands were playing and our flags were floating in triumph. The Stars and Stripes looked more beautiful to me on that beautiful Sunday morning than ever before! Not a rebel flag was to be seen.

When we arrived at the main fort the gunboats and the transport boats were going past, up the Cumberland River, with bands playing, and all were dressed in their holiday attire. It was a grand sight to me, and will not be forgotten as long as life lasts.

But the poor rebels; I felt sorry for them; they stood up, in line with their guns stacked. Their hopes were blasted, and they felt very bad. They did not say a word unless you spoke to them. I did not hear a word said by our boys to hurt their feelings. For overcoats the rebs had pieces of carpets on their shoulders. Just before we went to our campground I saw one poor rebel shot by accident. Everything the poor man had on his person was turned over to his Captain.

That night I was detailed for picket duty. I stood picket at the backwater from the Cumberland River, where Forrest escaped with his cavalry. Having had nothing to eat for almost a week, I did not feel very well. I went out and staid until relieved. Then returned to camp, hungry, tired, and used up.—ALFRED STENSON, Co. H, 17th Ill., Canton, Ill.

INTERRUPTED FORAGE SCOUT.

Chased Through West Virginia by Active Rebels.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Recurring to the battle of McDowell, or Bull Pasture Mountain, W. Va., I remember it vividly. Lost my knapsack containing my journal, keepsakes and trophies there. I am therefore not certain of the date on which the 32d Ohio set out on the reconnoissance. It was, however, the only regiment that left McDowell on that errand.

We marched south on the Staunton pike about 15 miles and went into camp about 4 o'clock p. m. A detail of 20 for picket duty was made, and I went as a Corporal. Lieut. E. B. Adams was in command. We proceeded down the pike two and a half or three miles, and established headquarters at the road branching from the pike leading to Buffalo Gap, distance about 12 miles. I took a squad on this road about a quarter of a mile. We could hear locomotives whistle at the Gap, but all was quiet during the night.

After the day began to break two of the boys asked permission to scout down the road for something to eat. They had not been long away when I heard a shot, and soon we saw them coming back at lively speed. They said that the country below was full of rebels. Another shot was fired, and we started for our reserve. Arriving there we fell into line to give the enemy as warm a reception as possible.

About half-way between the reserve and our post was a small stream spanned by a bridge, and beyond this bridge the road passed over a hill. As we stood in line ready for business, we could see rebel bayonets glistening in the sunlight over the hill, but could see no rebels. A courier came with orders for us to return to camp immediately, as no relief would be sent.

The road to camp lay along the valley formed by this creek, with steep mountains on the right and low bottom land on the left, covered with a thick growth of laurel bushes. We had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile, when, from this laurel swarmed about 100 rebels, maybe 100 yards in our front. They ordered us to surrender, at the same time firing a volley at us. No one was hurt, and we returned their fire and then started up the mountain. When out of range, and out of wind, too, we stopped to rest and reload.

The enemy did not follow, but contented themselves with shooting at us from the road. After a volley or two at us they fell back into the brush and waited for the cavalry scouts that had been out below our reserve on the other road. They had not long to wait, for the scouts soon came and charged by the rebs and went on to where our troops had been encamped, who had started back to McDowell.

The 32d Ohio left all their camp equipments, which fell into the hands of the enemy, and there I lost my knapsack.

We kept to the mountains and marched all day, guiding our course by the occasional boom of cannon, camping at night on the mountain, starting again next morning, hungry and thirsty, for McDowell, reaching the vicinity of town about 5 p. m., not having had anything to eat for 40 hours but wintergreen berries.

We worked our way around the rebel army as it was getting into position, and reached our old camp in the valley as our troops were marching out to attack the rebels.

This was about 6 p. m. The battle began soon after and continued until 9 p. m., at which time our forces drew off.

Our casualties were slight. We remained in camp until about midnight, when the whole force started for Franklin, Va., where we arrived after two days' fast marching, hurried along by rebel cavalry that followed us all the way.

The battle of McDowell, or Bull Pasture Mountain, was without any beneficial results to the Union cause, as were many of Gen. Milroy's adventures in West Virginia.—O. F. WEEKS, Co. I, 32d Ohio, Sunbury, O.

Saw Polk Killed.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Joseph E. Johnston, C. S. A., says: "On the morning of the 14th of June Gen. Hardee and I rode to the summit of Pine Mountain to decide if the outpost there should be maintained. Gen. Polk accompanied us. After we had concluded our examination and the abandonment of the hill that night had been decided upon, a few shots were fired at us from a battery of Parrott guns a quarter of a mile in our front. The third shot passed through Gen. Polk's chest, killing him instantly."

We were following the rebels very close; so close, in fact, that our advance was continually skirmishing with the rear-guard of the enemy. On this occasion we had ascended a little knoll at the foot of Pine Mountain, on June 15, directly in front and about a half mile distant. While watching the rebels in their works, our attention was attracted to a group of horsemen appearing on the extreme point of the hill, in plain view of us. About that time Gen. Geary, Gen. Sherman and Maj. Reynolds, with their several staff officers, came up to us and inquired for our Captain. After the Captain appeared Maj. Reynolds, Chief of Artillery, said to the Captain, at the same time pointing to the group of rebel officers: "See what you can do for those fellows up there?" The Captain turned to the left section of our battery, where he happened to be standing, and said: "Unlimber and give those fellows our compliments." Wm. R. Atwell, Sergeant, gave the command to prepare for action, and we went into position, loading No. 4 gun. Serg't Atwell glanced along the gun and turning to the Captain said: "Look over the sights and see what you think of the elevation." The Captain did, and Maj. Reynolds got down from his saddle and glanced along the gun, too, and the Captain said he thought it about right, and we were ordered to fire; which we did, watching the effects of our shot. We saw a commotion among the group of horsemen as though a bee had stung one of them. It seemed that our shot had come uncomfortably close. We fired again, with about the same results; but after the third shot we saw them scatter and dismount and then gather around one of their number, who had been knocked from his horse.

In about 15 minutes we learned through the Signal Corps that Gen. Polk had been killed by that battery on that knoll in front of Pine Top Mountain. Now, comrades, with these facts before you how could Gen. Sherman be in two different places at the same time, for he says that Gen. Sherman came riding up, or at least some one told him he did, and ordered a different battery on another part of the line to fire. You must necessarily conclude that it was Knap's Pa. Battery that killed Gen. Podk.

This is not hearsay. I was in every scrimmage from Resaca to Jonesboro, N. C., where I was wounded.—DAN SIMS, Knap's Battery, California, Pa.

THAT CAMPAIGN FOR COTTON.

Good-Natured Response to Comrade Brinkerhoff From a Comrade Who Thinks Otherwise.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Being just 70 years old to-day, Nov. 9, 1903, I begin to feel great sympathy for the sorrows of the aged, and after reading Comrade Brinkerhoff's description of Gen. Banks's Red River campaign, in your issue of Nov. 5, think I have reason to be proud that, while I don't feel much release from the pangs of dyspepsia, I try to keep the spasms out of my letters on historic events. Comrade Brinkerhoff must have been badly saturated with the dead copperhead, Brick Pomeroy's ideas of the war for the suppression of the great rebellion when he rehearsed the "La Crosse Democrat's" charge that the war was carried on in the Southwest merely as a gigantic raid for cotton and "niggers." Gen. Banks was ordered, according to history, to form a junction with Gen. Fred Steele, who was to march from Little Rock, and meet him near Shreveport, La. The object of the campaign was to crush or capture the rebel forces in that section—one that was continually sending recruits and supplies to their army on the eastern side of the Mississippi River. Gen. Steele failed to execute his part of the campaign—for sufficient reasons, which enabled Kirby Smith to concentrate his forces against Banks's scattered columns, in detail. Cotton, corn and sugar, and all other supplies that helped to feed or cloth an army were, I believe, contraband of war; but I saw no cotton on Porter's gun boats. I helped to build the Red River Dam, and I saw all the boats pass over the falls at Alexandria. At one time, while we were building that dam, I held the very important position of Officer of the Day, Officer of the Guard, Sergeant of the Guard, and Corporal of the Guard, in my own regimental camp, but I was not lucky enough to take part in the Banks and Porter consultations; and am not authorized to deny what Comrade Brinkerhoff says about Banks threatening to leave Porter in the river if he did not whack up in that cotton deal; but I think he is mistaken. Now, about the faded courage of Banks's troops—who had been fighting, skirmishing and marching all the time that the good old 47th was eating canned goods on its veteran furlough? It may be so; I know I was worn out and dead tired, but I don't think it good form, at this late time, for my comrade to twit on what might have been a fact, and growl because he was forced to get in with his regiment and whip Dick Taylor's army back home. Dick had harrassed us considerably, and the loss of sleep and the hard work on that dam must be our excuse for faded courage.

To conclude: Please, Brother Brinkenhoff, don't drink such strong, black coffee at your Post banquets; it makes you irritable and nervous, and you dream.—GEO. P. WOOD, Orderly-Sergeant, 29th Miss., Roy, Wash.

THE KILLING OF COMSTOCK.

Beginning of an Indian War.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In the Spring of 1868 the military authorities, Department of the Missouri, learned that some Indian tribes, especially the bad Arapahoes and Cheyennes, were preparing for war. At Fort Harker, where I was post scout, word was received in May that Chief Roman Nose, with his "dog soldiers," had attacked an emigrant train on Monument Creek, between Fort Wallace and Fort Hayes.

To ascertain the extent of the outbreak, and, if possible, to make a treaty of peace, the Department Commander determined to send an envoy, in whom the Indians had confidence, to their camps.

Comstock, one of the most trusty and fearless scouts in the Department, was selected for this hazardous service. He had married a Cheyenne woman, and was familiar with the Cheyenne tongue, speaking it fluently. To accompany him he selected Jack Sharp, a notably brave and reliable scout.

About June 1, Comstock and his companion set forth for the nearest Cheyenne camp, that of Chief Black Kettle, some 75 miles northwest of Fort Hayes. When they rode into the encampment, on the third day, there was much commotion and abundant evidence that the Cheyennes were already on the warpath. Black Kettle was absent in consultation with an Arapahoe Chief, and a part of the band had accompanied Roman Nose on an expedition characterized by atrocity and thievery. By hostile demonstrations the excited and bloodthirsty young braves indicated their desire to kill the scouts without delay, but the older men interposed in their behalf, declaring that the visitors should be given an opportunity to make known the object of their mission. Comstock then informed them that the Government had sent him with a message that he could deliver to no one but Black Kettle in person. While awaiting the return of the Chief the scouts were confined to the limits of a lodge, and supplied with buffalo meat to appease their hunger. They were permitted to retain their arms, each of them having a Henry rifle and two revolvers. Apprehensive that some of the young warriors would attempt to kill them, the wary scouts were watchful, by turns, during the night, determined to send some of the Indians to the "happy hunting grounds" before dying themselves. However, they were not molested. Breakfast was given them, after which they had an interview with the minor leaders in charge of the camp. When Black Kettle arrived, about 2 p. m., there was a consultation, followed by another in the evening. Having acquired all necessary information, the scouts were ready to depart, but they were detained until the morrow, being guarded, meanwhile, as on the previous night. Black Kettle assured them that the war had already begun; that there was an alliance of Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, Comanches, Sioux, Apaches and Poorbears.

Early the following morning Comstock and Sharp left the encampment, accompanied by an escort that Black Kettle ordered to safeguard them until they had gone a half day's journey. They traveled due south toward the railroad, some 45 miles distant. At noon the party halted and roasted a generous portion of an antelope, which was eaten in a sociable way by the scouts and the escort. After the feast the party mounted their horses, shook hands and separated, the Indian warriors, seven in number, being seemingly friendly. When the Indians had gone a short distance, probably 30 feet, they turned and fired a volley, killing Comstock, both horses, and wounding Sharp in the thigh and shoulder. Fortunately Sharp fell between the horses, their bodies serving as breastworks. Immediately firing his Henry rifle, he killed an Indian pony. A number of shots were exchanged and then the warriors withdrew for consultation. In the meantime Sharp succeeded in securing Comstock's rifle and revolvers, and made preparations to sustain a prolonged siege. While his enemies were yet in consultation, some 400 yards distant, he opened upon them with his repeating rifle, firing so rapidly that they retreated to a safer distance. Having held another brief consultation they began to ride around him, firing the while. The rapid and continuous fire of the two Henry rifles, well aimed, discouraged them, and they again withdrew beyond range. The fight being in the open on level ground, the Indians were unable to adopt their usual and favorite tactics. Without returning to fire another shot, they rode away toward their rendezvous.

Sharp washed and bandaged his wounds as best he could. When darkness came he managed to walk to the railroad, 20 miles, where, on the next morning, he signaled a train and rode to Fort Hayes, arriving there before midday.

Thus began the Indian war of 1868-9, resulting in the Solomon Valley and Saline River massacres; Col. Geo. A. Forsyth's battle, in which Roman Nose, Big Medicine Men, and more than 150 Indian braves were killed; the battle of Washita, in which Custer killed Black Kettle and 125 of his warriors; the capture of Satanta and Lone Wolf, of the Kiowas; Yellow Bear, Gray Goose, and seven others of the worse Cheyenne Chiefs. Satanta and Lone Wolf died in a Texas jail. The Cheyennes murdered Sergeant Armstrong, who had them in charge at Fort Hayes, for which atrocious deed they were killed.—LOUIS A. MCLOUGHLIN, Fontana, Kans.

Smallest Living Grand Army Man.

When Comrade Thomas Meierstein, of Sioux City, Iowa, was at the National Encampment, San Francisco, he and his friends thought he was the smallest living G. A. R. man, his hight being five feet, two inches.

A new Richmond, however, has appeared in the field to contest Comrade Meierstein's claim. At Lake City, Iowa, lives Comrade John Brown, a member of Lander Post, 156, whose hight is only four feet 11 and five-eighths inches; therefore he is two and three-eighths inches shorter than his Sioux City comrade. A native Scotchman, now in his 68th year, John Brown enlisted in Co. H, 94th Ill., August, 1862, and was honorably discharged in July, 1865.

The smallest man enlisted, now dead, was an Ohio comrade whose hight was only three feet four inches.

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PICKET SHOTS

From Alert Comrades Along the Whole Line.

A SOLDIERS' NEWSPAPER.

Comrade A. B. Straw, Co. M, 9th Pa. Cav., Ansonville, Pa., has a war souvenir that has value as such. It is a soldiers' newspaper, edited and issued by soldiers for soldiers and everybody else. It is a war paper made in time of war at the scene of war about war, by warriors for warriors. It is a copy of a newspaper, "Mitchell's Cavalier," of July 25, 1863, issued at Fayetteville, Tenn., by soldiers of the 2d and 4th Ind. Cav., on presses and type captured in a rebel newspaper office. The editor was Lieut. W. C. McGonigal; Associate Eds.: J. Milton Hughes, and Peter Griffin, 2d Ind. Cav.; Curt K. Ermie, W. L. Jans, H. S. Evans, 4th Ind. Cav.

The following is the leading editorial: "BATTLE OF SHELBYVILLE.—We see by Northern papers, that the honor of driving Wheeler's rebel cavalry out of Shelbyville and the taking of 900 prisoners is given to the 'infantry' under Gen. Gordon Granger. Such a mistake could not have been unintentional. The 'infantry' were not within six miles of Shelbyville on the day of the fight, and the brilliant and daring achievement was done exclusively by the cavalry command under Maj.-Gen. Stanley. It was cavalry against cavalry, and let the decimated ranks of Gen. Wheeler's rebel cavalry tell who won the day."

VOTED FROM PATRIOTIC MOTIVES.

Corp'l G. C. Thompson, Co. H, 1st Iowa Cav., Albia, Iowa, recalls election facts of 1864. "We returned to Jefferson City after pursuing Mr. Price and his rebels to the vicinity of Lexington, and, after capture of Marmaduke with about 2,000 of Price's command, were in Jefferson City during the election. I remember that in our regiment but two votes were cast for Little Mac by our veterans of three years. We all voted, as all were supposed by virtue of their service to be over 21 years of age; but I know that several were under that age when they voted that day."

WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

M. V. Nevins, Co. D, 122d Ill., Reader, Ill., wishes to hear from old comrades, and writes: "I would like to hear something of Smith's Guerrillas through The National Tribune. Who was the signboard man on the march from Memphis to Tupelo? He would put up signs which ran as follows: '7 miles to Po.'; '100 miles to Spoilt Meat'; '200 miles to Good Living,' etc. I would like to know the whereabouts of Oscar Beck or Oscar Graham—he was called by both names—drummer boy of our company."

EPITOMIZED AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Here is personal history abbreviated to the limit of evanishment: "Squire D. Rhodes; Co. G, 14th N. Y. H. A.; enlisted Oct. 18, 1863, Hermon, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.; captured March 25, 1865, Fort Stedman, Va.; paroled March 30, 1865, Richmond, Va.; mustered out June 9, 1865, Annapolis, Md.; present residence, Hermon, N. Y."

CARRIED A SPENCER 7-SHOT.

Comrade C. M. Hamlin, Chicago, writes: "I am not the man who carried that rifle from Manchester, Mass., and home again. Dan Welch, of Co. G, 57th Mass., is the man. I carried a 7-shot Spencer, but found it impossible to take it home. I was captured on March 25, 1865, and confined at Libby. I would have been glad to have kept it there—I could have eaten it sometimes, had I had it."

NOTHING TO APOLOGIZE FOR.

Comrade A. W. Fenton, Captain, 6th Ohio Cav., Cleveland, O., philosophises in this manner: "The average old boy of 1861 doesn't enthuse very enthusiastically over getting ready for an Encampment or such thing; only a few usually take hold lively, but they always accomplish in the end. But, we are back numbers, and everybody knows it; but not one of us regrets the hand he took in his day of strength when his country needed his help; and we don't expect to live on this earth forever—whether we get a pension or don't!"

WANTS TO ORGANIZE.

A. Eppenauer, Co. E, 37th Ohio, Iola, Kan., writes: "Will you ask all old comrades who were, as I was, shot through the lungs, to write to The National Tribune. I hope to some day form an organization."

MERRIMAC RELIC RING.

W. B. Leut, Co. K, 149th Pa., and Co. D, 14th V. R. C., Mills, Pa., writes: "Comrade D. J. Sutherland, Co. A, 9th Mich., describes a war relic ring, made from laurel root that he has and values highly. I have a ring that I would not exchange for any gold and diamond ring I ever saw. Mine is made of a piece taken from the top band or hoop around the top of the smokestack of the rebel ironclad Merrimac while she lay where she was sunk by the rebels. The metal appears to be a composition of brass and copper."

SCATTERING.

Daniel S. West, 24 Rockaway Court, Lynn, Mass., has in his possession the discharge papers of Henry L. Larkin, Musician, Co. G, 24th Conn., which the proper person can obtain.

Wm. Lee, of Manhattan, Kan., had an experience in battle that was not duplicated by many. At Prairie D'Ane he was shocked to insensibility by a cannon ball that did not touch him. He was left on the field for dead, but recovered in time to escape capture when the enemy advanced. He was a member of Co. A, 40th Iowa, having enlisted Aug. 15, 1862, when just past his 21st year. He participated in the siege of Vicksburg and the capture of Little Rock, Ark.; was on the Camden expedition and in the battle of Jenkins Ferry, on Saline River, Ark.

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn. (The Clothier,) says if any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder Disease will write him he will direct them to the perfect home cure he used. He makes no charge whatever for the favor.