# CLOSING DAYS OF THE WAR.

## What a New York Heavy Battery Contributed to the Finish, and How It Endured.

By A. WENTZ, Co. A, 14th N. Y. H. A.

On July 31 the camp was left in charge of a few guards. I was one of them, and did not participate in this battle. I will only mention that our regiment took the lead. All of the Color Sergeants (eight) were killed or wounded. The flag fell. Lieut. Hartley, who was mustered as Lieutenant 24 hours before, snatched it, and while on the wall of the fort, was hit with a ball and flag and man fell into the fort—the Lieutenant dead, the flag lost. It was no capture. The regiment captured a rebel flag on the same day. In the forenoon I was allowed to go to the battlefield, and while there Henry J. Ormsby, of Co. A, ventured to escape into our lines, although dozens of bullets followed him. In the afternoon I wept when I saw the little squad of the 14th N. Y. H. A., with Capt. Jones, Co. D, at the head. I do not think they numbered over 400 men, that returned to camp. On Aug. 5 I made the morning report. Present for duty were First Lieut. William R. Helms, commanding Co. A; Orlo Cheever, Corporal, and four privates—six men in all—with exception of a dozen or so on detached service, mostly in filling up the quotas of light artillery batteries. Thus, 155 officers and men, in three months and three days, dwindled to a dozen or so. From this time on we did not move so much, but guard and picket duty was onerous in the extreme, and nearly every day we lost men.

TOSSED A LIVING SHELL.

Here it was where one day an unexploded round shell dropped into our line, and Private Alex. McKinnon, Co. A, quickly grabbed it, and threw it over the breastworks, where it exploded. It was a daring deed, and no doubt saved some lives. There was a good-sized tree standing about eight or 10 feet from the breastworks, inside, under which Serg't Nelson L. Trussell, Co. A, had built a small bunk of pine boughs. One afternoon he lay on it, and talked with us, when a musket ball struck a limb in the tree, glanced downward, and struck Trussell in the fleshy part of the hip, and stuck there. None of us thought it any serious wound, but the man suffered for three months, and several times mortification or gangrene set in, and all but took his life.

Our regiment during this month was stationed a few miles south, as the line was extended, and lay near "Fort Hell," as the boys called it. The contending lines were here in full sight of each other and only a few hundred yards apart, but as there was no firing, there was no danger. About Aug. 19, we were ordered on the move, and quite early in the day. The Sixth Corps had on the previous day succeeded in reaching and destroying the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad near Blick's Station, and during the night scouts reported a movement to retake the same. When a few miles out we were hurried faster, and the last mile and a half we double-quicked, and out of breath, we formed in a small ravine facing north, and as we advanced we met a rebel line about to make a left wheel move to take the Sixth Corps and its wagon train from the rear. We met them, and the meeting was terrible. We advanced a quarter of a mile to the seam of a woods, into which we drove the enemy. After the battle I went up to the dead body of a rebel Third Lieutenant and found on him a pass to Petersburg, and a good report of him. He looked like an honest, good-hearted man.

WATCHING A SUNDAY BATTLE.

We found the south side of James River more level, and south of Petersburg a very pretty country, though destroyed by war. I was back on a hill on Sunday, the 21st of August, and while in full view of the battlefield of Friday, I saw the rebels make a most persistent attack on the Sixth Corps, facing west; but it was too late, the strong works behind which this corps now fought could not be retaken. After an hour's fight the enemy withdrew. On Wednesday, the 24th, another attack was made upon our extreme left, east of Ream's Station, where by this time the Second Corps was stationed, and with good success, as they took some batteries and the Second Corps sustained quite a loss. However, nothing was gained toward the main object—to retake the railroad from Petersburg south. We lay here until Sept. 30, when we moved upon Gen. Pegram's farm and Poplar Grove Church. The fight was skirmishing and manuvering. The rebels did not seem to wish to come too near us, and our line was extended westward along the Petersburg Southside Railroad, which now became the bone of contention. We moved about, extending and fortifying the extreme left of the line, until Oct. 4. During these four days we had no time to dry our

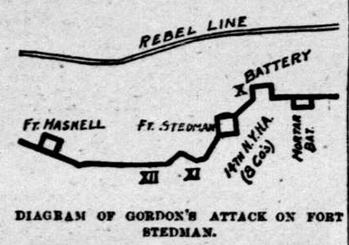



DIAGRAM OF GORDON'S ATTACK ON FORT STEDMAN.

clothes or feet, crossing and recrossing creeks constantly. On that day I pulled my shoes and socks off, and the skin being kept wet so long, went with the duds.

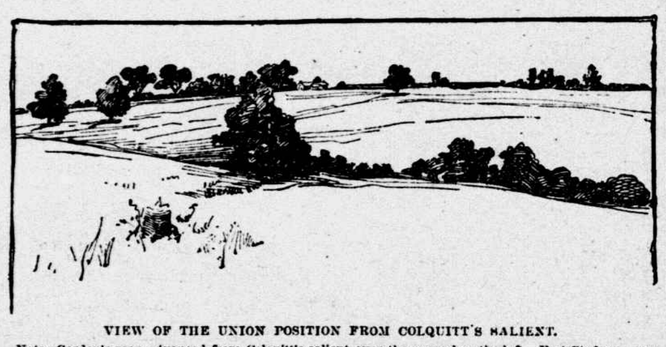
During the Pegram Farm fight a lot of recruits, mostly Germans—one-year men—arrived and six or eight of them came to our company. As the bullets flew about the old boys would tell the recruits that they must dodge them, they are dangerous, and some even showed them how to dodge. Of course it was simply to have fun. It was fun to see the serious faces some of them exhibited. However, only two of them ever came out alive; sickness and bullets mustered them out. About Oct 27 and 28 we supported Crawford's Division in a grand reconnoissance up the P. & S. S. R. R., of which nothing came, except that we extended the line to Hatcher's Run.

GRAND FEASTINGS FOR???

I must here relate what we received at this place of the great "Thanksgiving" that our Northern people sent to us. Four of us received for division, a half-grown chicken, 11 of us had a really good blackberry pie to divide; and a few pint cans of jam came to our company, but they were too small to give any one more than a taste. A Christian Commission Committee handed every man in camp an apple. Two or three months after this I had occasion to do some writing for a Captain at brigade headquarters, and, glad to have the job done, he asked me what I would like; whether I would like tomatoes? Yes! I will give you two cans of them. Thankful for these, I accepted them. Afterwards the cook told me he had some 12 or 13 cases yet—two dozen cans in a case. They were retained from the Thanksgiving of November, 1864, for the use of headquarters. I regarded those tomatoes as stolen from us. I presume no remarks would have been made if he had kept one or two cases, but 25 dozen cans still on hand after several months! I did not feel very friendly towards him after that. I understood that five or six wagon-loads of roasted chicken and turkey were dumped out, being spoiled on the journey. Of course, that could not be helped; but it made us feel very hungry.

HIS BULLET WAS CAST.

On Nov. 29 we relieved the Second Corps in front of Petersburg, where everything was changed, and Cos. A and E occupied Fort Stedman; other companies the battery to our right—No. 10, and to our left batteries 11 and 12, and Fort Haskel, where the line made a bend to westward and southward again. The picket line was in a small valley—the opposing lines about 400 feet apart, on rises of ground. The fort opposite us was called the fort on Spring Hill; our Fort Stedman the fort on Hare's Hill, by the rebels. This was a dangerous place, and we had to report many casualties from the fire of sharpshooters. We paid with the same coin usually. Among the casualties was Henry Talbot, Co. A, who, on March 2, '65, left the picket line to draw his pay, and did not use the covered way out of the picket line. He was shot and lost one leg above the knee. Another was Lieut.



VIEW OF THE UNION POSITION FROM COLQUITT'S SALIENT.

Note—Gordon's men advanced from Colquitt's salient over the ground on the left. Fort Stedman was located in front of the clump of trees in the left background.

Andrew Goslin, who, acting Officer of the Day, remained in a little log cabin outside the line. Standing outside of it he was a conspicuous mark, but as it rained he had no fear. He was warned, but answered, "The bullet for me is not yet made." A sharpshooter was seen to draw a bead on him; twice the cap snapped, but the third time it did not and Lieut. Gaglin was a corpse.

LIFE OF DEADLY ACTIVITY.

We tried hard to avenge him and surely we made the rebel line in the bend just below a hot place for them. They could not cook their meals even. One big, burly fellow of our regiment dug a pit upon the top of a small knoll in front of Fort Haskell, and for a day kept firing through two loopholes, as far apart as possible, and all the sharp practices of the rebel sharpshooters could not dislodge him. Every evening about 4 o'clock an artillery duel would begin and last until way into the night. One long-range gun from opposite Fort McGilvery, on the Appomattox, a mile away, had a fine range on our fort, and would regularly send a long percussion shell into the tree, near the entrance under which I had my tent. Two mortars, one throwing a heavy and the other a lighter shell, always sent some of them right in front of my tent, and between it and the long bombproof that divided the fort into halves lengthwise. Their explosion would shake the earth and gradually deepened a hole in this company street; but as we shifted when the duel began, no one was ever hurt. For a long time during this Winter I was clerk at regimental Headquarters, during which time I began a history of the regiment in which our Lieutenant-Colonel, now Gen. George M. Randall, encouraged me; but during the struggle of March 25, when the fort was surprised and for a few hours in the hands of the enemy, that history disappeared.

We had a good-natured man, but careless. He would draw pictures of soldiers being discharged and going home. One day he pulled a big wad of bills—greenbacks—from his pocket with other things, and they fell upon the ground. I warned him not to be so careless and he handed the wad to me to take care of, for "I will surely lose it," he said. A few weeks after occurred the sortie of the Confederates upon our fort and he was taken prisoner. I had his money ($50) and not wishing to carry it around or possibly lose it, I sent it to his mother, stating that Peter Scheib, her son, was a prisoner, and left this in my charge. It arrived one day after he did—he and the dozen of the company who were taken prisoner were paroled on March 30 and sent home. So the money came to him just in time.

SURPRISE OF FORT STEDMAN.

We now come to the surprise of Fort Stedman and Batteries 10, 11 and 12, and the unsuccessful attempt of the rebels to take Fort Haskell. The First Division, Gen. Wilcox, to which we now belonged, was stationed in front, with the Third on our left, and about 100 batteries (400 guns) of several batteries—the 34th N. Y. in our fort—while 800 more guns were three quarters of a mile to our rear, in reserve. The Second Division, Gen. Hartranft, lay in various positions in our rear for support—three new Pennsylvania regiments of one year men, lay just in rear of Fort Stedman. Companies A and E were inside the fort, Companies D, F, G and H in the batteries and in bombproofs in a hollow in right rear, as also Headquarters and officers' quarters back of this; eastward was another very gentle knoll, from which you could see along the whole rear reserve line and Gen. Wilcox's headquarters. The only true sketch I saw of this fight was in Harper's Weekly at that time, and the artist had a position near Wilcox's headquarters. So many deserters kept coming in nightly that our boys got careless, or else this sortie would have had even less success. As it was, it was a rebel failure, and lost them 2,000 prisoners. Companies J, K, L and M lay in Fort Haskell, I think. Around the fort a 10-foot ditch ran, with the gate, a bridge of round saplings, in right rear. The shell bombproof was on the right (northwest) corner, near a large tree, and just outside. On the northside was an open shaft 35 to 40 feet deep, a safety-valve in case of a blow-up. The fort was in a good position for mining.

HOW IT WAS LEARNED.

On the morning of the 25th of March, 1865, about 4 o'clock, several rebels appeared in front of our pickets, saying: "Boys, we want to come in; don't shoot." Of course the boys were willing to have them come, but as it was a chilly, wet and somewhat foggy night, they did not see until too late that they kept their muskets, and came six to our three. Thus they surrounded the pickets of a line 400 to 500 feet long, saying: "Don't make any noise; lay down your guns, you are prisoners!" About this time I was, as Lord Byron states in Marco Bozzaris: "The Turk lay sleeping in his tent," but being nearly day, sleep was not sound and I heard a fine, round voice shout: "Forward, men; forward!" It was Gen. Gordon with 3,000 axmen and sharpshooters. I awoke at once, jumped from my cot, and out, calling in a loud voice: "Fall in, Co. A!" At the same moment Orderly-Sergeant Sol. Yerden leaped out of the bombproof and did likewise. The word "men," and the unusual hour for such an order confirmed at once that the rebs were up to some trick. Our officers always called us "boys." The next minute there was a rush, and a thousandfold stroke of axes, and our abatis was down. Our boys went to the front where two guns of the 34th N. Y. Battery stood facing west—one in the southwest angle, and one in the southeast. As soon as I got there we got ready to fire the two guns—more to give the alarm than anything else. Only one could be used, and the gunners, who seemed to be recruits, kept for training, began to leave. One, a handsome, dark youth with black, curly hair, looked fright itself, had a rammer on his shoulder and followed. I called back: "Leave that rammer here; we want to use it." He turned, looked a moment, and fled. We ran one gun out. I found the lanyard and cap, and we fired the only gun that the Union troops fired from Fort Stedman. In five minutes Col. Randall came and asked if our men were out in the works. I told him they were there for 15 minutes. We heard the rush outside, but could see nothing. Poor Alex. McKinnon, Co. A, shouted loud—"Here is a reb; here is a reb!" A shot came from close quarters and shattered his arm near the elbow. He died that afternoon, a prisoner, in Petersburg. Capt. Foote, Co. D, came in and ordered one gun to be taken to brigade headquarters (Gen. Bartlett's). I told him it was impossible, the batterymen were gone, and our men could not leave their places. He was convinced and quickly left. I understood that so long as they could officers and men fled to Fort Haskell. Soon the tumult began in the rear. On the northside near the shaft, two men stuck their heads over and leaped on the wall, just as I was fleeing for some nails to spike the gun we could not use.

HOW FAR IT SUCCEEDED.

One said: "I believe there is nobody in this fort." A Co. E boy and I jumped to the ammunition chamber and fired and both disappeared. By this time the tumult increased behind the fort, and after a short consultation, some 15 or 20 of us concluded that we could be of no possible use there, and started to leave by the southside. On the way one said: "Boys, turn your belt plates," which we did at once. By this time you could distinguish men, but not Union and Confederates. As we turned the corner of the long bombproof we saw the rebels crowd in like a flock of sheep—the first ones had reached the tree and my tent. One called "Come out, here;" another, "fetch a light;" a third knocked my tent-pole down. We looked at each other a moment through the 50 feet of space, but neither shot. To our right we had made a cut to let the stagnant water out of a hole made by using the dirt for a gun platform. This led to the rear along a short link of the breastworks. Through this we came. Here Tom Tarvey, Co. A, who had been on picket but slipped away in the confusion, met me, and told me what I have said of the picket line, and he turned around with us. Just as we emerged between Co. D bombproof and the main works, near two tents used by Cos. A and E drummers, Harvey turned, saying: "Let me shoot off my gun?" Seeing two men lean against the works—strangers—I was afraid any shooting towards the rebel lines would betray us, and answered, "Don't you do it, Harvey!" but he was too quick—and as the shot rang I made a few leaps down hill, while I heard a rush, the word "Surrender," and one or two shots went over my head. Harvey was taken prisoner by the two men I saw. Another surprise came behind me in the shape of our old cook, Orin Elmore—the one who always smoked a stub clay pipe. He, three camp kettles, clay pipe and all, came rattling down the hill to the east, and in a few minutes we had the two Goodmans, Scofield and a dozen others of Cos. A and E with us, but no officer. The rebels now formed behind the fort, and advanced across the cut of the Jerusalem plank road on the other side of which the 59th Mass. lay.

HOW IT WAS MET.

We concluded to give them our bullets on their flank, and we did; but a mortar battery near the south end of our fort was aimed at us, and two shots dropped among us. This game we tried four or five times, and several times created some confusion; but an officer with field glasses watched us, and drove us a few steps farther. The 59th now was aroused, but the rebs shooting from the top of the cut, killed some 50, including the gallant Maj. Dougherty, before they were prepared to fight. They fired right into the bottom of the tents. By this time it had grown lighter; the officers urged their men with drawn revolvers; the men running forward and backward constantly. The roll of musketry about Fort Haskell became terrific, and in the rear clouds of dust rose from batteries galloping into position on an eminence a half mile from us, and regiments hurrying forward at double-quick. We aimed a number of shots at the rebs on our right, who with their ragged flag, having a square in center, kept working on the 59th tents. Cos. G, H and F were in rear of Fort Stedman in their bombproof, and were pulled out of bed as prisoners. But as soon as they found that the Fort was in the rebels' hands such a shelling began as I had never heard or seen. I counted 22 shells bursting within one or two seconds of time over the fort. My own tent had 12 bullet-holes and one shell-rent. As there was no protection in the bombproof, opening to the rear, and the fire was from the rear, I never saw such havoc—the brains of men spattered all over the bombproof; wooden buckets were full of blood and bloody water. One shell wound itself around an inner log and stuck there. We picked up a pile of shells and parts that was three feet high. The ground was plowed up in every direction; branches of trees, enough to make a carpet.

HOW IT WAS DEFEATED.

During this we saw Gen. Hartranft form three Pennsylvania regiments into an attacking line—one from front, east, one from northeast and one from southeast—and ascending the knoll behind which our regimental headquarters were. About 2,000 rebels lay on the brow of the hill awaiting the attack. While this was going on the fire at Fort Haskell slackened and I could see the men make a beeline for Fort Stedman. We followed them. Hartranft brought up his troops in good style, but being new they stopped to fire, instead of rushing right ahead when they got close. They retreated a few rods, reformed, made a second attempt and made this time a better show. Now began a fire from Fort Stedman into the rear of the rebels who again repulsed those three regiments. Just as I got on top of the knoll close to the Pennsylvania regiment with guidon they made the third attack and leaped almost upon the rebs, who rose, threw up their hats, and shouted. They were prisoners, and as they came up they almost shook our arms off in shaking hands. They formed in line. The 3d Md., one of our own brigade, was detailed to take the long line of prisoners to the rear.

Going into the fort I saw a blue coat float on the stagnant water near a gun platform. I pulled, and poor John Lapeer, a leg off and an arm off—on same side—and he had to drown! By noon all was over. We had possession of all we had yesterday. We lost 1,700 men—mostly prisoners—and the rebs lost many more. One of our heavy shells exploded on a level between the two forts, while an officer of the rebel army on a white horse gave orders. When the smoke cleared I saw nothing of him, but he surely must have suffered.

Among the wounded was Morris Fitch, a veteran of the 16th or 60th N. Y., with three bullets through him. Among the prisoners lost on that morning was Sergeant N. L. Trussell, Co. A. I looked over our traps that the rebs left, but found very little, except Trussell's razor, which I kept for him, and which I received from him as a present after his return. It was in my possession for many years. They took a fine pair of pants I had just bought of Lieut. Shubert, Co. E, and cleaned up my tent to perfection.

TRADING NEWSPAPERS.

From this time we had no more roll call, no drill, slept in daytime, and were kept on the line at night. This 25th of March, in the afternoon, a paper was held up by a rebel and 10, 20, 30 hands went up on both sides; a rush over the lines; a grasping and letting go of a paper by each and the exchange was over. Col. Randall made strenuous efforts and gave orders to arrest all offenders—and the officers made strenuous pretenses, looking over the heads of a number of the guilty ones, but caught no one. Ten minutes later some 10 men and four or five officers sat in Battery No. 10 hearing the rebel news read from a sheet of wall paper. We sent over a number of wounded; the rebs were to send a like number of our men back, but only one arrived; the rest were, it was stated, already on the march to Richmond. On April 1, Saturday evening, we began the grand bombardment of Petersburg and Richmond. On Sunday two or three select men were ordered from each company for a heavy skirmish line to feel the enemy. The fort on our left—Fort Mahone—was captured and the Michigan Indian Sharpshooters held it against eight persistent attacks. At 3 o'clock p. m. all was over. Green smoke began to rise from Petersburg, and noise of many vehicles could be heard. Our excitement began to increase. The end of the long and bloody war we felt was near. When night came the fires of Petersburg lit up the sky. About midnight we sent skirmish lines out, one after another, who found no resistance even when the line began to tumble the chevaux-de-frise into heaps. But we were not allowed to go beyond their breastworks.

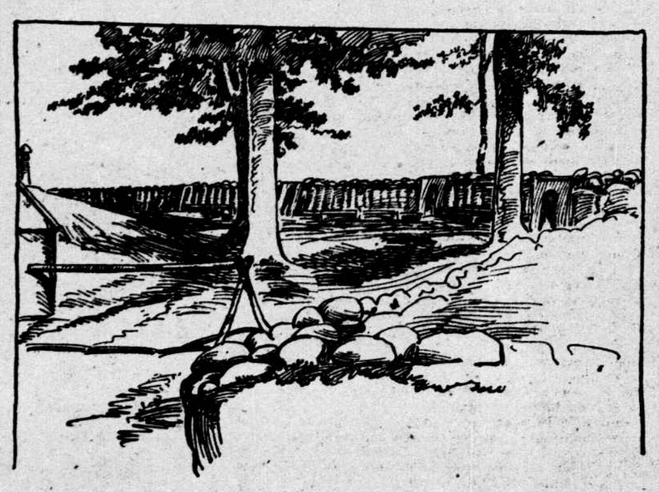
TOO QUIET TO SLEEP.

In the morning they were gone. At daylight we followed and saved a railroad bridge which had just been fired, and then we occupied the town. We could not sleep the first night, although we had leaves and a very quiet time. It was too quiet, in fact. We missed the constant picket fire to which we had become accustomed in the five months.

Our boys did not behave as they ought to, and we were ordered west, 25 miles, where we lay near Sam Northington's tobacco plantation, and while there we received tidings of Lee's surrender, and the sad news of Lincoln's death. Gen. Custer with his cavalry also stopped on this plantation on his way east. It was the only time I had a chance to see him. His wife was along riding in a hack. We slept on beds of tobacco, smoked cigars of our own make, real Havanas—sometimes eight to 12 inches long—until we got sick of it. Here, or a few miles east, our boys got into a row one night and felt the heavy hand of Lieut. Col. George M. Randall.

In time we returned to Washington, D. C., where we lay at Forts Reno and Kearny until discharged.

From this place I went for many days to see the sights of Washington, the Capitol with its beautiful and historic pictures and statuary; the parks; the Post Office, the Patent Office, the War Department and the White House.



INTERIOR OF FORT STEDMAN.

On the 20th of August our "Request," a petition 14 1-6 feet long, containing over 600 names, demanding that we be discharged and sent home, was complied with. On cattle cars we arrived at Elmira, N. Y.—600 of us. We somehow were not expected, and therefore we were treated somewhat coolly.

On Sept. 6, our boys shook hands with each other and left town for their several homes.

(The end.)

### From One of Smith's Guerrillas.

B. Van Dyke, Co. D, 14th Iowa, Fountain, Okla., responds to a call for Gen. Smith's Guerrillas: "Comrade W. V. Nevens, of Reader, Ill., wishes to hear from some of Gen. A. J. Smith's Guerrillas? I think there are not many of them left; or perhaps they have forgotten how to write. If they could only write as well as they could fight! Ah, The National Tribune would have a guerrilla story from them every week. I was one of them myself; belonged to Co. D, 14th Iowa. Our brigade was 14th, 27th, 32d Iowa and 24th Mo. Yes, I remember Pleasant Hill, April 9, 1864. There I was wounded and taken prisoner. Remained there in an old double log cabin until April 27; then I bade forewell to Pleasant Hill. As our troops were only 20 miles away, down the Red River I headed for them; but Gen. Banks had ordered a further retreat, and I had to go on. I reached my regiment at Yellow Bayou, May 18, after 21 days' travel through a rebel country, on crutches. I saw the fight at Yellow Bayou, May 18, 1864. Guerrillas, come to the front!"

## HARPER'S FERRY GUN MACHINERY.

**Some Additional Valuable History and Some Inquiries for Further Data and Information.**

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Referring to Mr. W. J. Nelson's history of the Harper's Ferry gun machinery; I am pretty sure that there is some mistake, and I wish that you would give us an account of it that will settle the matter. I was with my regiment in the three months' service at Harper's Ferry in July, 1861. At that time only the ruins of the Arsenal remained—no machinery. I would like, very much, to know how Jackson could ship from there machinery in September, 1862.—GEO. F. WALTER, Co. B, 5th N. Y. S. M. (three months), and Co. H, 40th N. Y., Crown Point, N. Y.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In your issue of Jan. 21 is an interesting article, giving, I believe, heretofore unprinted information, entitled: "Harper's Ferry Gun Machinery," by W. J. Nelson. Mr. Nelson does not give his present address, and we ask him through The National Tribune for more information.

Very little is to be read regarding Harper's Ferry—the machinery and men there prior to the war, and the whereabouts of both after 1865. Mr. Nelson cannot be mistaken in his account of the recovery of the machinery, for he was there. His story of the recapture of the property and its removal to Washington, D. C., via Raleigh, is new. It is the first part of his story I wish to question.

He writes: "It will be remembered that on Sept. 15, 1862, Col. Miles, then commanding at Harper's Ferry, surrendered with 1,200 men to the rebel Jackson. Jackson at once proceeded to ship the machinery used by the U. S. * * * to Fayetteville.'

Right here we "call" Mr. Nelson. He may be right. What we fail to understand is why the Confederates who arrived in Harper's Ferry on the evening of April 18, 1861, after Lieut. Jones had attempted the destruction of the place and retreated north did not remove the machinery—valuable, even priceless machinery, etc—then? As a matter of history, I believe they did; and by Sept. 1, 1861, had finished removal.

I am preparing for publication an account of the "Manufacture of Arms in the U. S.," to be added to a Catalog of Arms to be exhibited at the World's Fair, St. Louis, and would be pleased to be corrected if wrong in my story of Harper's Ferry.

Another point I fail to understand is the "U. S. A." etc., stamped by the die on lock plates. I wish Mr. Nelson would write again, and tell us all the changes made on that die. How about the name Harper's Ferry—did the die stamp it originally or not? Did it, after alteration, stamp "Fayetteville?" Did it ever stamp "U. S. A.?" I should be delighted to see this die; and if Mr. Nelson will express it to us, care of Adj't John W. Bates, Post 58, G. A. R., Weymouth, Mass., late Lieutenant, Co. G, 4th Mass. H. A., we will pay all charges and promptly return it.—EDW. N. BATES, Bates & Co., Fire Arms, Boston, Mass.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: W. J. Nelson has an interesting article in The National Tribune, Jan. 21, about the Harper's Ferry gun machinery; but he is gravely in error as to some of his statements. Let us have the truth of history; otherwise, it has no value. With some knowledge of military small-arms, and of the history of the civil war, I may be permitted to offer a little information in this matter.

It is true that Col. Miles surrendered the post on Sept. 15, 1862; but beyond the large number of prisoners taken, their equipment and arms, and the stores on hand, the captors obtained nothing. Early in April, 1861, the Government authorities in charge of the Arsenal and shops at the Ferry, learning that an attempt would be made by military companies in the neighborhood to capture the arms, decided, April 18, 1861, to abandon the shops, and did so after setting fire to them and the building, where 17,000 finished muskets were stored. These were destroyed, but the fires in the shops were put out by citizens and militiamen, and the valuable machinery, tools and large quantities of material and many thousands of unfinished musket parts were saved. All these items were of priceless value to the proposed Confederacy in its attack upon the Union.

Joseph E. Johnston, in his narrative, states that by order of the authorities at Richmond he took charge at Harper's Ferry, May 23, 1861. Steps were at once taken to remove the machinery and material secured to a place of safety, for Johnston saw that the post could not be held against an enemy who would place artillery on any of the commanding hights. The machinery and property were sent by rail to Winchester, the terminus of the railroad, thence by wagons to Strasburg, where the Manassas Gap Railroad received it. It was not until June 18 that all of the material was removed.

At this time there were in the South arsenals at Fayetteville, Charleston, Augusta, Mount Vernon and Baton Rouge, in which were stored about 75,000 muskets of discarded pattern. The State of Virginia had about 40,000 muskets in process of conversion from the flint to the percussion pattern, and there were about 20,000 newer arms that Georgia had recently obtained. In an article published in the January number of the Confederate Veteran, Nashville, Tenn., as part of a report made by Lieut.-Col. W. LeRoy Broun, who served as an officer of ordnance in charge of the Arsenal at Richmond, Va., in 1863, it is stated that the Richmond Arsenal was established in tobacco warehouses; that the machinery brought from Harper's Ferry was removed to Richmond and established in this improvised armory, and that it was used to turn out muskets of the Enfield pattern, at a rate of about 500 per month. From other sources of information I am satisfied that while a large portion of the machinery was taken to Richmond, a portion was also sent to Fayetteville and there used in making and repairing muskets for troops in the field. Broun's article gives an interesting list of the supplies issued from the Richmond Arsenal. The issue means, of course, the large quantities of arms gathered from battlefields, and sent in for repair, as well as the articles manufactured there. The means of manufacture were limited for want of proper tools and materials, as shown in the raiding of stills to get copper for caps, and in the incident that when a lot of Spencer rifles were captured, later in the war, and sent to this Arsenal, they could not be reissued for want of the copper cartridges needed for them, with no means of manufacturing them. The list of issues given is as follows: Columbiads and siege guns, 341; fieldpieces, 1,306; field-gun carriages, 1,375; caissons, 875; forges, 152; sets of artillery harness, 6,852; rounds of field-gun, siege and sea-coast ammunition, 921,441; friction primers, 1,456,190; fuses, 1,110,966; port fires, 17,423; rockets, 3,985; infantry arms, 323,231; cavalry arms, 34,067; pistols, 6,074; swords and sabers, 44,877; sets of infantry and cavalry equipments, 375,510; knapsacks, 188,181; haversacks, 478,498; canteens and straps, 328,977; gun and carbine slings, 115,087; small-arm cartridges, 72,413,854; percussion caps, 146,901,255; cavalry saddles, 69,418; cavalry halters, 75,611.

As to the steel die used for stamping the eagle on the musket lock plates, there were a great many different forms of it. The oldest specimen of musket I have (outside of flint-locks) bears the mark of "Harper's Ferry, 1809," and was one of the muskets altered from flint to percussion. This lock plate, then, is of the oldest series used at the Ferry Arsenal. The eagle stamp is quite large and bears on its breast a plain shield, with the letters U. S. on the shield.

Another specimen is a 69-caliber smoothbore musket, 1847—one of the first of the then new precussion arms. The eagle is small—regard to the left, has shield on breast, claws holding a spray of laurel and two arrows, with letters U. S. underneath. Another specimen is a 54-caliber rifle—zouave model—dated 1847; small eagle regard to left, shield on breast, three arrows in right claw, laurel in left, with letters U. S. below. Another, a rifle, 1858, 58-caliber, has very large eagle, with shield on breast, regard to the right, with laurel in right claw and four arrows in left claw, letters U. S. above, the words Harper's Ferry—placed on forward part of lock plate. At Spotsylvania I obtained a Confederate musket, with the letters N. C. on the lock plate; rust has eaten the surface so much that the Fayetteville mark is no longer visible. This musket is in form about the same as the regular model.—ALBERT KERN, Dayton, O.

### Army Music and Big Type.

Comrade Geo. Prior, Co. H, 40th Ill., writes from Camas Valley, Ore.: "When any comrade writes about a 'band struck up,' it is 'Yankee Doodle' or 'Hail Columbia' that his band toots. Did any of you ever hear anything else played? I heard the 12th Ind. band play 'E Pluribus Unum' more than any other piece, and think the men all liked it. Joe Johnston, at Jackson, Miss., had a band that at evening would play the 'Mocking Bird,' and us Yanks on the skirmish line would listen in delight and be quiet if let alone. I wonder how many of the old band boys are on top of ground now? Their grand, thrilling notes, come out of the past, and we may hear them again; but we are old men now, and one bugle alone will sing the beautiful weird melody of Taps for the last of us soon.

"Now, will The National Tribune give an old comrade a chance to have his say on something the old boys don't mention? Can't we persuade you to print The National Tribune in larger type? No matter if we don't get so much reading matter. Nearly all your subscribers, no doubt, are the old comrades, and a large print would be a boon to them. Right here I will say you ought to have 500,000 subscribers instead of the 100,000 you have; and the old boys ought to be ashamed of themselves that do not see that you get them for the gallant efforts you make for them. I do not believe we would have had as favorable pension legislation as we have but for your struggles for us."

### Who Were That White Hat.

Chas. Hamlin, Co. G., 57th Mass., Chicago, Ill.: "Would like to hear from a soldier of the 21st Mass. He wore a white hat, and the rebels shot a hole through the hat. He was at the left of the Crater, July 30, 1864, and the hole was made while he was looking over at the rebels. He had nerve enough to do him in most any situation. I would also like to hear from the comrade of Co. K, of the 57th, who told me how many men the company had left. G, E and I had but one officer among them, and he was taken prisoner and never came back. But one line officer was left in the regiment."

### Incurred Disease and Wounds.

Comrade T. S. Hiestand, Co. G, 13th Ind., Marengo, Ind., writes: "Inclosed find price of subscription renewal. You must count me a life subscriber. Of course, I am in favor of the best pension legislation possible. If I had great influence I would use it for all it was worth for pensions for the boys. I served three years at the front, contracted the chronic disease that killed vast numbers and destroyed and destroys the strength of other vast numbers by its weakening drain upon the digestive organs. I received a gunshot wound in left thigh, May 10, 1864, at Chester Station, Va. I am not able to work any more; I think we ought to have more liberal laws for those who have lost their health and strength from disease and wounds contracted or received in the service of their country."


# ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WEAK?

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If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the great kidney remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are getting better they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

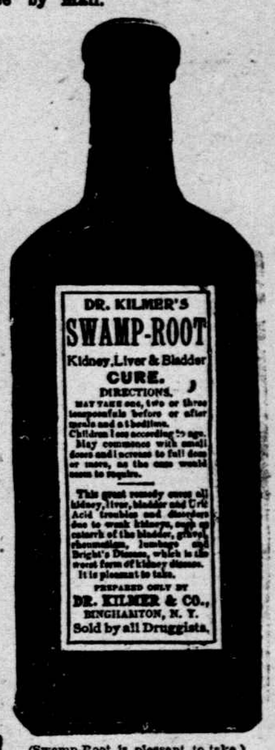
**I was a constant sufferer for a number of years with weakness of the kidneys and back and frequent desire to urinate, but after using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, I am entirely cured and cheerfully recommend this wonderful remedy to any who may suffer from these common complaints. Most truly yours, W. C. Baily, 2d Lieut. of Police, Columbus, Ga.**

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for many kinds of diseases, and if permitted to continue much suffering with *fatal results are sure to follow.* Kidney trouble irritates the nerves, makes you dizzy, restless, sleepless and irritable. Makes you pass water often during the day and obliges you to get up many times during the night. Unhealthy kidneys cause rheumatism, gravel, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints and muscles; makes your head ache and back ache, causes indigestion, stomach and liver trouble, you get a sallow, yellow complexion, makes you fell as though you had heart trouble; you may have plenty of ambition, but no strength; get weak and waste away.

The cure for these troubles is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the world-famous kidney remedy. In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science.

If there is any doubt in your mind as to your condition, take from your urine on rising about four ounces, place it in a glass or bottle and let it stand twenty-four hours. If on examination it is milky or cloudy, if there is a brick-dust settling, or if small particles float about in it, your kidneys are in need of immediate attention.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is used in the leading hospitals, recommended by physicians in their private practice, and is taken by doctors themselves who have kidney ailments, because they recognize in it the greatest and most successful remedy for kidney, liver and bladder troubles.




(Swamp-Root is pleasant to take.)

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