ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

Molding an Aggregation of Young Wolverines into a Splendid Regiment.

By CAPT. C. E. BELKNAP, 21st Mich.

Black Bob and His Son P'Simmons.

Black Bob was the Surgeon's striker, and P'simmons, his son, occupied the same official position with the Colonel. They were "contraband of war" "grafted onto the army" during the Summer campaign of 1863. They earned transportation, leading the pack mules in our marches over the mountains, grooming the officers' horses, toting wood and water in camp, cooking the scanty rations of coffee and bacon that were rationed out to us from the supply train occasionally, and when the rebel cavalry under Wheeler and Forrest raided in our rear and fed their hungry troopers on our supplies, leaving the highways blockaded with dead mules and burned wagons, Bob and P'simmons had to hustle for roasting-ears and blackberries to feed the field and staff, and a stray shoat and a few chickens now and then, to relieve the monofony, made the corners of our hearts leak great streams of gratitude to the foragers.

Headquarters mess always claimed that Black Bob was a "prize nigger," to use common, every-day army slang; but when he gave roast pig for dinner he was rewarded with the title "Black Prince." Some housekeeper away back in Middle Tennessee, where we adopted Bob, had contributed to our outfit a bake kettle, that held, when full, at least half a bushel, and it was a field day in our lives when it contained a nice fat shoat and sweet potatoes.

Fearing lest some of the mess have forgotten how it was done, I will give you the recipe. First be sure the shoat is dead; then put him in the kettle, set the kettle on a heap of hot coals, and put more hot coals about the sides and on top, and when the meat is nearly done fill all the vacant spaces inside with sweet potatoes, then more hot coals, and blow the dinner call. Then when the Colonel and his hungry staff collect about with their tin plates and gold-band appetites, lift the cover and season the banquet with a pint, more or less, of mountain dew, and if that is not handy, commissary whisky will do, turned evenly over the pig. He is in Paradise. Oh! those happy days, with their appetites for roast pig and no dyspepsia anywhere about the camp. Oh! Black Bob, prince of cooks, where art thou now? Outside, you were but an angular, bony specimen of the colored American. Inside, you were a man fresh from nature, a believer in hearts, a color lover, and in rank a Major-General—when it came to roast pig.

And P'simmons, his son and lieutenant about camp, was a half-grown youth with a complexion like an overripe plum; his eyes, like young turnips, rolled and laughed at every one who passed; and when he laughed his mouth disclosed a row of ivories that looked like the keyboard of an old-time melodeon.

The songs with which he charmed the soldiers' ears were refrains from the forests and the rippling brooks of the mountainside.

He was that loose-jointed that he shambled along the road to the time of the music of the frying-pans and coffee-pots that jangled on the pack mule's load in musical misery. But P'simmons carried in his legs the traditions of Africa, and the tinkling pots and pans, clanging in time and motion to the pace of the mules, was music to the feet that hung on the ends of his legs and that were as long in the heel as the toes. The whistling of a "chune" set his entire body in motion, and when the band played his soul did not worry with thoughts of an improved future existence, for he had no borrowed ideas of Heaven.

We had marched and skirmished and fought for days and months, and finally found ourselves at Bridgeport, Ala., with only the Tennessee River between us and the enemy, and for the first time that Summer the officers' tents came up from the rear and a camp was made in the woods but a short distance from the river.

First, there were the little pup tents of the enlisted men, then the line officers, and back of them the field and staff, and still further back in the woods the corral where the pack mules, wagons, teamsters and darkies, of which there was a large number belonging to each regiment.

Our good Chaplain, after two years' struggle, had divided the regiment into two classes, the cured and the incurable. He then entered into a new field, plowing deep; missionary to the contrabands. Prayer meetings, with discourses upon the Emancipation Proclamation, was the text every night, "when it did not rain," all leading up in a short time to more trouble and "cuss words" than could be washed out of camp by a June freshet.

In a very short time the contrabands were taught the meaning of the Proclamation, and that there was "provision in the Constitution for the colored race," which caused every coon of them to strike for wages. Ten dollars per month. There was not $10 in loyal money in the Army of the Cumberland that Summer; consequently it was just as easy to pay $10 as 10 cents. We worried about nothing but bread and meat. So we filled the tents with hay and straw, and for the first time in months, took off our clothes and boots when we turned in for the night, lulled to sleep by the music of the corral. In the first light of the morning, when sleep is so deep and refreshing, the entire camp was aroused by agonizing cries for help from the quarters of the contrabands. Wails of anguish echoed through the woods in the quiet, peaceful air, as though murder most foul was being done. The soldiers leaped from their tents at first alarm, each man grasping his trusty musket and cartridge-box, to repel invasion, thinking of nothing else in the way of clothing or equipments. Directed by the cries they charged in undress uniform to the rescue. The Colonel was one of the first out of his tent; carrying trousers in one hand and saber in the other, he joined the excited throng as they came rushing by, scarcely a man of them having more than a cotton shirt on. In those days of high-priced cotton, army shirts were worn very short. In the first light of day charged the gallant 300. Saw mortal man ever such battle array—a veritable shirt-tail brigade? And what was the matter? The Colonel, as one of the first to reach the scene of disturbance, found Black Bob holding P'simmons by the neck with one hand, and lashing his bare legs with a halter strap in the other. Blood was running down the plum-colored flesh, and howls of agony echoed through the woods as blow after blow was dealt in rapid succession. The old man was so deeply interested in the job in hand, that he did not notice the commotion he had created, until the Colonel caught him by the shoulder and hurled him to one side. "What are you whipping my boy for, you black villain?" shouted the Colonel. "I'll break your neck, you black rascal. I'll have you shot. Yes, —— you, I'll have you hung and cut up and fried, blast your black hide." Old Bob pulled himself away from the Colonel and shouted back at him: "Ain't dis yer P'simmons my boy? Ain't I dis boy's fadder? An' if Ise his fadder, an a free niggah, ain't I got a right to strap him? Seems like de time cum right now when I bleeged to whip dis fellah. Wat's de Proclamashun for if 'taint dat a-way?" About this time the Surgeon arrived on the scene. He was clad in a long red flannel night shirt, the only one in the Fourteenth Army Corps, and when he interfered and took Bob's part, he was the admiration of the assembled regiment. Everybody, with the exception of Bob and P'simmons, gave vent to their feelings in various ways, some laughing and cheering, others cursing the luck that had robbed them of half an hour's sleep. At reveille the men were modestly retiring to their quarters, leaving the Colonel and Surgeon thoroughly demoralized, fighting it out between themselves.

They say to this day that the jangle was a hot and wordy one, but all was forgotten that night over a game of checkers and a canteen of "dew," at which time the shouts of laughter and merriment were ringing away across the river and heard by the Johnnies, whose pickets said: "The Yanks must be having a right smart of licker—they feel so gay."

Black Bob explained the cause of the trouble that evening to one of the Lieutenants in this manner: "You see, Massa, I'se a old niggah now, but de time was when I was young and peart, and I coted an' married a likely gal; sho' nuff you ought to see dat gal dat ar' time; she was a powerful fine woman, but she's gittin ole like me, now. Well, 'bout once evvy Summer deres a pickaninny cum to us regular as de sezun, an' dat's de way it was 'til dere's so many it bodder me to find names to know 'em by, an' I clar to man, I can't count dem chilluns; but massa he keep 'em in a big book, so dat don't bodder me. Well, dat goes on likely like 'til dere comes de year when de sun an' de dry weather busted up de corn crop, an' 'bout dat time, when I cum in from de field one day, I heah'd a noise in de cabin no stranger to me, an' I knows what happen sho' nuff, an' I goes in smiling, an' say 'Howdy' to all de oomans dat was dere, an' dey all look so cuyus at me, an' smile an' shake dere heads, an' dat rile me up, an' I gin to look 'roun', an' 'most de fust thing dat I put my eyes on was a yaller baby. Dat 'stonish me, for all de odders was as black as de pot dat's hanging ober de fire. Old Sister Cherry 'lows dat de chile be conjured, an' anoder old sister, she lows dat it was de dry wedder, an' dat it change when de moon's in de dark; but dat chile nebber turn black, an' dat's what bodders me. My ole massa, he say dat he jist de color ob ripe p'simmons, an' dats de name he made in de book. By an' by, all de niggahs on de plantation git er holt ob it an' cum roun' to look at de boy, an' dey goes way wunkin, one at de odder, but after awhile nobody said nuffin 'bout de boy, ceptin massa, he say dat he lows 'dat dere's bin a female indescreshun in my fambly,' an' I said den it's all right, but somehow I nebber took well to de boy, but de ole ooman sot a heap by de yallar coon, an' lows dat he's de best one on de plantation, an' dat makes me mad agin, an' when de preacher tole us all las' night 'bout de Proclemashun an' dat we gwine to hab rights, dat yaller coon P'simmons bodder my head. Now, if I's dat boy's fadder, I has a right to bang him wid a halter strap—dat's what de Proclemashun say—an' if 'taint dat-a-way what he doin' in my fambly? Dat's what bodders me. Seems like I bleeged to lick dat boy, ef I has to die for it."

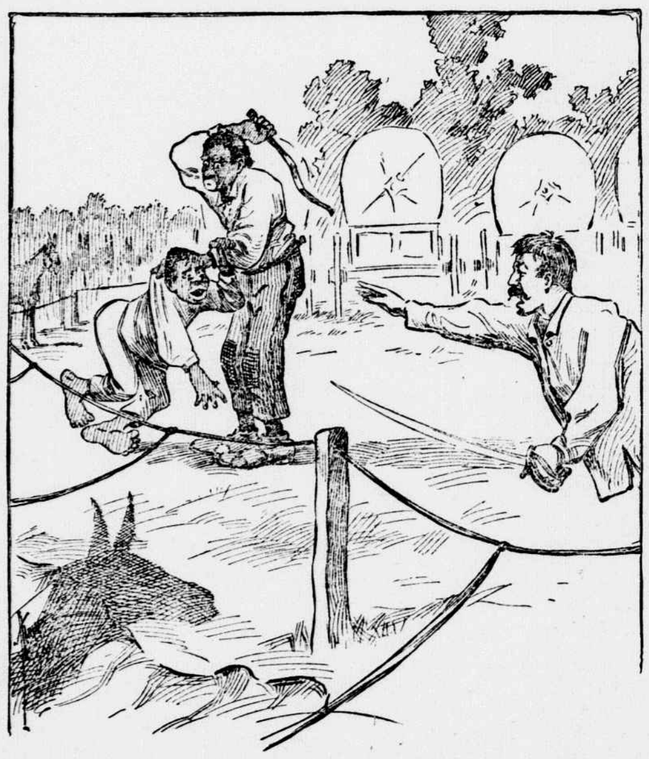
That night P'simmons vanished in the darkness, and along with him one of the Colonel's best wool blankets. Every man in the regiment had orders to look out for him, not that he was valuable, but the Colonel didn't want to lose the blanket.

It was several months ere we set eyes on him, and then he himself was a soldier, a member of a colored regiment. He wore a new suit of blue, and carried a bright new musket on his shoulder.

To our great humiliation he did not recognize or remember any of us. His bearing indicated that he had borrowed no ideas from our regiment, and was not worrying his soul with thoughts of the past or fears for the future.

Black Bob went over the mountains with us to "Chickamauga." When the regiment was so nearly exterminated in that cyclone of death near the Bloody Pool, he lifted up in his strong arms one of our boy comrades who was seriously wounded, and started for a place of shelter. A few steps, when a shower of leaden hail stretched them both upon the ground under the trees, clasped in each other's arms, the soldier boy of Michigan and the emancipated black man of Tennessee, each dying for the other.

(To be continued.)



"WHAT ARE YOU WHIPPING THAT BOY FOR, YOU BLACK VILLAIN?" SHOUTED THE COLONEL.

Massachusetts Ex-Prisoners.

The Ex-Prisoners of War of Massachusetts had their Annual Meeting for 1904 at Northampton, April 19, and elected these officers of the Association: Commander, Elias S. Bradford of Conway; Vice Commander, Geo. W. Dockham of Springfield; Adjutant and Quartermaster, C. H. Heald, Northampton; Chaplain, P. A. Streeter, of Holyoke; Executive Committee, E. C. Cowles of Deerfield, Nathaniel Smith of Springfield, Wm. A. Snow of Belchertown; Delegates to the National Convention, C. H. Heald, C. H. Emerson; Alternates, John W. Martin of Florence, Charles M. Smith of Worcester.

Resolutions were passed in honor of the late Commander of the Association, George H. Ray, who died last November. The following is one paragraph:

"Resolved, That in his departure the community, the town, the State, have been deprived of the counsels, the services, the fellowship of a strong and noble man; but next, and akin to the family tie, is the tie of comradeship; the press has given expression to public sentiment and sympathy; but we mourn for a comrade and brother gone.

"Good comrade, sweet Christian gentleman, Hail and Farewell!

"'Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.'"

OF INTEREST TO PENSION ATTORNEYS.

The National Tribune is prepared to furnish to attorneys and others blank forms of application under the recent order of the Commissioner of Pensions. Price, 65 cents per hundred. Address The National Tribune, 339 Pa. Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C.

A Bohemian Comrade.

Comrade T. J. Rohann, of Ladysmith, Wis., writes: "I was born in Bohemia, Dec. 7, 1842. I came to this country in 1854. In the Fall of '59 I started to learn the harness trade, but in the Spring of '60 found that the indoor work would not agree with me, so I quit and started to learn the carpenter's trade, where I worked till the Spring of 1862, when I quit in order to enlist, but being under age my mother protested. I did not give it up, but worked around until harvest, when two of the boys of the town rode up to the field where I was at work to tell me they would have a meeting that night, Aug. 14, to organize a company. I was right with them, but not being able to organize there, six of us drove to Oshkosh next morning and enlisted in Co. B, 21st Wis., Aug. 15, '62. We were mustered into the U. S. service Sept. 5, and Sept. 11 left for Covington, Ky. From there we were ordered to Louisville, Ky. We started on our march after Bragg Oct. 1, and Oct. 2 I was taken down with typhoid fever, but kept with the company till we got to Bloomfield, Ky., where I was left about two days before the battle of Perryville. I returned to my company in about four weeks, overtaking the regiment at Bowling Green, and was in every battle (about 20) with the regiment after that, with many skirmishes chipped in between, until the battle of Peach Tree Creek, Ga., July 20, 1864, where I was wounded and sent back to the field hospital. While there I lost my knapsack with all my belongings, including the picture of my best girl. I returned to the regiment Sept. 20 just in time to help chase Hood back towards Chattanooga. Then I returned to Atlanta and got ready for the march to the Sea through the Carolinas with Si and Shorty, and was in the Grand Review at Washington. After returning home tried to work at the carpenter's trade, and found that I was nearly used up with rheumatism and unable to follow that profession, so I got a chance to finish the harness trade, at which I have worked ever since. I have belonged to Geo. N. Morgan Post, No. 4, Department of Minnesota, since April 4, 1884. In G. A. R. circles and in my army life was known only as plain 'Tom Rohann.' I have taken The National Tribune since April, 1884, and it's O. K."

What About the 67th Pa?

Comrade S. P. Miller, Co. E, 67th Pa., now living at Barrs Mills, Ohio, feels as though he was the last survivor of his regiment. "I can not hear or see anything in print of any of them," he says. "I was born in Westmoreland Co., Pa., Sept. 1, 1843. Enlisted September, 1862, in Co. B, 67th Pa.; later was transferred to Co. E. Served under Gen. Milroy in Shenandoah Valley till Lee made his raid to Gettysburg. I was captured in June, '63, near Winchester and was a prisoner 34 days in Libby Prison and Belle Island. I rejoined my regiment in the Fall of '63; I was then in the Army of the Potomac, Second Brigade, Third Division, Sixth Corps. When the army was reorganized our regiment was engaged in the battles of the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg, back to the Valley, all through Sheridan's Campaign. I was again at Petersburg and Sailor's Creek, Va. Served to close of the war and was never wounded. I moved to Holmes Co., Ohio, in 1867. I engaged in the mercantile business in 1868. Moved to Barrs Mills, in 1877, and am engaged in the mercantile business in partnership with my oldest son, James M. Miller. I held the office of Assistant Postmaster from 1868 to 1877, and have been Postmaster at Barrs Mills since 1877.

Long Journey on a Stretcher.

John W. Loomis, Fairhaven, Mass., comes from a patriotic family, judging from its war record. "Four of us brothers, my sister's husband, and my wife's two brothers were all in the service," he says. "Two brothers were wounded, my sister's husband was killed and my wife's two brothers badly wounded. I have four brothers living and my wife one brother living out of these.

"I was brought all the way from Winchester, Va., on a stretcher to Baltimore, Md., to Jarvis Hospital. On hearing I was alive and in hospital at Baltimore, Md., my wife immediately came to take care of me, and helped take care of other wounded soldiers as well. The officers in charge offered to pay her for her services, and fairly urged her to accept pay, but she replied that she wished no pay and would not accept any, as she was able to take care of herself and husband; that all she wished was the privilege of going out and in the hospital whenever she chose, and her services would be given freely without compensation. Her wish was granted. A short time since we passed our 40th anniversary of wedded life."

An Illinois Artilleryman.

Comrade Samuel Scism writes from Leora, Mo.: "I was born in Hawkins County, East Tenn., Aug. 15, 1841, and moved to Stoddard County, Mo., in 1854. I enlisted in Capt. F. W. Powell's Company (F), 2d Ill. L. A., Nov. 16, 1861. I was captured at Shiloh, Tenn., April 6, 1862, and paroled at Libby Prison, Richmond, Oct. 19, 1862. I was sent to the general hospital at Portsmouth Grove, R. I., and after convalescing I returned to my company at Colliersville, Tenn., Jan. 7, 1863. Our battery was attached to Gen. Ransom's Brigade during the Vicksburg Campaign. I was on the Meridian (Miss.) raid, 1864. In May, 1864, I went to Georgia and took part in the Atlanta Campaign, our battery being attached to Gen. Belknap's Brigade, known as the 'Iowa Brigade.' I want to say I would sooner take my chances for life in battles like Shiloh, Vicksburg or Atlanta than in those Southern prisons. I was discharged at Springfield, Ill., Dec. 14, 1864; am a farmer by occupation, and a Republican all my life."

PICKET SHOTS.

From Alert Comrades Along the Whole Line.

FIRST UNION FLAG ON LOOKOUT.

J. M. Francis, 68th Ind., who fails to give his whereabouts, the envelope stamp being illegible, writes: "Picket Shots Jan. 11, contains a claim by Comrade Cole, 96th Ill., that the flag of his regiment was placed on Lookout before that of the 8th Ky. While it made but little difference to the boys who lay in the valley in front of Missionary Ridge, what regiment first placed the flag there, the fact that it was there helped us to face the storm of shot and shell in capturing the Ridge that day. It does make a difference to the few brave boys of the 8th Ky., whether their brave act shall count in history to their credit or to the credit of another. That flag was placed there by five boys of the 8th Ky., who volunteered to do it. For that act each of them was awarded a 30-days furlough. At this late date I can only give the name of Will J. Witt. After his return from furlough he was detailed to the Post Provost-Marshal's Office at Chattanooga, where I became his bunkmate. His home address at that time was Barboursville, Ky. I have written to him two or three times, but never heard from him since my discharge. His furlough stated the reason it was issued, and I presume that the other furloughs did the same. Those five volunteers from the 8th Ky., after climbing up through the rocks and over the two short ladders, gained the top, formed a skirmish line, and advanced several hundred yards along the top of the mountain. There was not a rebel in sight; nor did they fire a gun. They were armed with five-shooters—a gun that had a revolving cylinder similar to the revolver. The abandoned guns, and some scattered camp equipage was all that remained on the point of Lookout when the Stars and Stripes was planted there by those five brave volunteers from the 8th Ky. So far as I know they may have answered the last roll-call years ago; but that one act will stand as long as history tells the story of how Old Glory opened her folds to the breeze that morning. May she ever wave, not only there, but all over this great land of ours, is the wish of one that lay in line at Orchard Knob and gazed upon her colors that morning."

GOOD, PATRIOTIC STOCK.

Comrade Alex. H. Rambo, Co. D, 54th Pa., who omits his address—fires a shot from ambush or from the dark, so far as his present location is concerned—writes: "I think the 54th Pa. did as much at Fort Gregg as any regiment. It should have the share of credit it earned. I was but 16 years old when I was Captain of a company of Wideawakes, although my father was a hardheaded Democrat. I was sent away to study dentistry, but I enlisted June 4, 1861, for three years in the 3d Pa. Reserves. November, 1863, I reenlisted in the 54th Pa. After Fort Gregg we were sent to High Bridge, where we fought the whole of Lee's army for several hours, and we were all taken prisoners on April 6, 1865, and Lee surrendered on April 9.

"May 10, 1864, I was wounded at Cloud Mountain, and eventually reached the hospital at Annapolis. I was there when Early raided Washington suburbs, and volunteered to go to assist in the defense. I was given a squad from the hospital, and we set out to save the Capital and prevent the rebels from carting off the Capitol.

"Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution, was my father's grandfather; both of my own grandfathers fought in the War of 1812. I enlisted in the Civil War June 4, 1861, and was discharged June 4, 1865. My son served two years in the Philippine war. I have been sick since September; the M. D. says that I will never be good for anything again in this world. I favor the $12 service pension, and think it should be paid in gold. Our Major, Gump, of the 54th Pa., was on the Pit, and was killed there."

FROM SOMEWHERE ON NOCREEK.

Comrade Wm. Johnson, Co. E, 48th Ill., writes from Nocreek, which is somewhere in Kentucky: "I am with the few who are yet on this side of the river where we occasionally have a chance to forage and generally have to skirmish pretty briskly for anything we get. I am still reading The National Tribune; got a habit of it; been at it 20 years. I couldn't do without the stories from the old boys—about the battles they fought, the batteries they took, the forts they got, and the foot races they run with the rebs; about the chickens they plucked and the pigs they skinned; but I don't see any account of any they ever paid for! I suppose they were like me. I never have paid for the hen I took from a South Carolina farmer. He wasn't there to say what he wanted for her; but if he had been he wouldn't have got anything, for I was out of change. Any way, I tried to eat her too soon; didn't cook her long enough; ought to have her bilin' yet. She was old enough to get a pension under the G. A. R. Committee Age Limit Prohibitive Bill. I want to have the 48th Ill., 70th Ohio, 15th Mich., and 99th Ind. rouse up and tell who killed Gen. Polk at Pine Mountain. I didn't; but I know who did, and I've a mind to tell on the 5th Ind. Battery, for I was within 30 yards of their gun that did it when it did it. I haven't seen that Si and Shorty claim that they did it. I want to tell them that they didn't get all of Maj. Anderson's grub at Fort McAllister; I got a slice, and five fine shirts and 25 plugs of tobacco and a bottle of applejack. I didn't try the latter, but Maj. Adams said it was good.

"Come, now, Co. K, roll or lay the ball down and get off the alley. Don't be dead while you are alive!

"The Fifth Corps was the best in the army, and The National Tribune is the best paper in the United States. If there are any old vets hiding about anywhere who don't take it, they ought to be hunted up and put in the guard-house."

COULDNT STAY OUT.

Comrade A. J. Moorman, Co. A, 81st Ohio, writes from Delphos, O.: "The 81st Ohio was with Sherman on the Atlanta Campaign, to the sea, and through the Carolinas to peace. What Gen. Sherman could not do in war was not worth a try from anybody else. His men had confidence in him. If he gave orders to take a fort it was taken. Sherman's army knew what hardships were. I do not know how many rebels I helped out of this world, but I am positive that I saved the life of one of my comrades who was wounded at the battle of Rome Crossroads. I enlisted in April, 1861, when a mere boy, and by some cause we were crowded out of the place we calculated to fill. They had stopped enlisting men for three months, and we were disbanded and sent home. In July, 1862, I enlisted for three years; was mustered out in July, 1865, at Louisville, Ky.

"We have a good Post here; took a vote on The National Tribune Service Pension Bill and it carried unanimously. Through cause the action was not reported for publication. We all heartily indorse the bill. I would love to have a talk with Si and Shorty, as they bring to mind a great many happenings. I am truly glad they are married and happy. I prize The National Tribune very highly, because it is the soldier's friend. I congratulate you.

"I hope to hear from my old comrades."

JOHNS TO THE FRONT.

John Tribe, Q. M. S., 5th N. Y. Cav., writes from Nicholas, N. Y.: "In your issue Jan. 7, Serg't Hummel, Co. H, 8th Ind., gives a roster of the Johns of his Company. I am very glad there were so many fighting Johns during the war; Uncle Sam needed every one; there were none to spare. I modestly call Comrade Hummell to a halt until I make a statement of the Johns in the 5th N. Y. Cav.; Total number enlisted men, 2,138; the number of Johns in the several companies was: A, 23; B, 29; C, 24; D, 20; E, 23; F, 19; G, 24; H, 16; I, 25; K, 23; L, 17; M, 25. Total Johns in the regiment, 268. About one-eighth of the total enrollment were Johns. I cannot tell what has become of them all, but hope they have severally done as well since the war as they did during the war. I think Serg't Hummell will gracefully accept this statement as outdoing his own, just a little; be that as it may, I hope every surviving John will help The National Tribune by subscribing for it, and assist all they can in advocating The National Tribune Service Pension Bill."

FIRST BRIGADE, KILPATRICK'S DIVISION.

Comrade H. L. Wanbaugh, Co. K, 9th Pa. Cav., writes from Columbia, Pa.: "In reply to Comrade M. C. Mills, First Lieutenant and Adjutant 8th Ind. Cav., in issue of May 5, I would say that he is in error as to who commanded the First Brigade of Kilpatrick's Cavalry Division from Atlanta to the Sea and through the Carolinas. When in camp around Marietta, Ga., Col. Thomas J. Jordan, 9th Pa. Cav., was brevetted Brigadier-General and placed in command of the First Brigade. Col. Murray commanded the 3d Ky., but not the First Brigade. Col. Jordan had charge of the First Brigade during the Waynesboro mix-up. I am sorry to say that the 8th Ind. did not belong to the First Brigade, as Comrade Mills says it did. It belonged to the Second Brigade, and was a grand regiment, as Capt. L. G. Estes says; no better existed. Being armed with Spencer carbines, when they opened fire we could always tell who was engaged."

CORRECTING HISTORY.

T. C. Murphy, 31st Ill., who, judging from the stamp on his envelope, lives at Enterprise, Miss., writes: "In the article 'Vicksburg and Elsewhere,' Comrade Edmonds corrects history with a vengeance. He says we were in the charges of June 19 and 22. What charges? Perhaps you mean May 19 and 22? If so, the Fifteenth Corps was in it all right. Uncle Billy was looking for a head to hit, and he usually found it. All the boys who were up in front of Vicksburg were heroes; no one regiment alone captured Vicksburg. Let all have due honor at this late day, and work for the service pension for the boys who need justice, not charity, in their old age."

GOT INCREASE AT LAST.

Comrade Geo. Osterhaut, Conway Springs, Kans., is relieved and says: "At last I have had my pension increased, under Ware; should have been under Lochren; Evans wouldn't so much as consider for a minute the question of even considering my application. For him I didn't exist! The next happiest event for me is that I have rid my house of the name of Hoke Smith, which was on my old certificate.

"Now, I want to see the service pension bill passed while there live a few of the boys who need the relief of their country's gratitude."

WHERE IS HE?

Comrade Sam Kutz, Deputy Clerk, Los Angeles, Los Angeles County, Cal., is very desirous of finding Robert H. Langton, 5th Wis., in the interest of Comrade Brimhall, Co. F, same regiment. Comrade Brimhall is now very aged and disabled, and wishes to correspond with Comrade Langton. Langton was last heard of in Chico Co., Ark. Comrade Brimhall's address is 246 30th street, Los Angeles, Cal.

ORIGIN OF "UNCLE SAM."

Emily C. Bradley writes from West Menton, O.: "My mother was a lineal descendant of that branch of the Wilson family in which originated the appellation 'Uncle Sam.' I do not find the story printed anywhere exactly as I understand it. Gen. John E. Wool, of Troy, N. Y., and Ebenezer Wilson married sisters—the Misses Moulton. When I was very young my mother's aunt, the widow of Ebenezer Wilson, visited my mother here. I may not have understood correctly what I heard about the matter then, when it chanced to be discussed. If any one really knows the facts I would be glad to learn them, from personal interest and for historic accuracy."

AS TO THE 1ST DEL.

Remi Boerner writes from Philadelphia: "About the 1st Del., what Comrade S. T. Thomas writes, Jan. 14, is correct. I enlisted with 15 others from Philadelphia on May 21, 1861, in Co. K, 1st Del., for three months. We belonged to a battalion that disbanded on account of not getting the uniform they wanted. I would like to hear of some of my comrades of Co. K, of that regiment."

SERVICE PENSION.

S. A. McNeil, Richwood, Ohio, thinks The National Tribune Service Pension Bill the practical measure for Congress to pass at the next session. Among Grand Army men who have given the subject thought, it is considered the best pension bill yet proposed. Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, let us unite in urging the passage of The National Tribune Service Pension Bill.

WHAT IS HIS ADDRESS?

We have on our desk a letter and pamphlet addressed to "Mr. Robert Welsh," with no further address. Both letter and pamphlet are from U. B. Pemsall, National Military Home, Kansas. They will be forwarded upon the reception of the complete address.

WHO KNOWS CHARLES GARDNER?

We have a communication for Charles Gardner, Philadelphia, Pa., which we will forward on receipt of full address.

SCATTERING.

J. W. Griswold, Scottville, Mich., hopes that neither political party will introduce into their platforms that old fossilized plank, "We are in favor of liberal pensions, etc.," for it has fooled people long enough and the soldier is disgusted with it. The thing to do is to give the cold shoulder to those we have trusted but who have not done their duty, whether it is the Chairman of the Pension Committee or some one else.

Comrade D. H. Gracey, 21st Pa. Cav., writes from Muncie, Ind., that he would be glad to hear from comrades of that command.

Comrade A. J. Johnson, Neodesha, Kan., seems to have prospered pretty well. He is Past Commander of Humphrey Post, Neodesha. "I was born in Hendricks Co., Ind.," he says. "June 17, 1831, and have lived in Indiana and Kansas. Up till the last five years have been a farmer; since then have been resting.

"I have been Justice of the Peace 20 years and Notary Public 16. I was a Corporal in Co. F, 5th Ind. Cav., from Aug. 18, 1862, till June 15, 1865. I was under Gen. Hobson in Kentucky, and on the raid after J. H. Morgan to Buffington's Bar, Ohio, then went with Gen. Burnside to East Tennessee. Took part in all the engagements in the East Tennessee campaign. Was wounded at Rheatown, in left hand and jaw. Reinforced Gen. W. T. Sherman at Ringgold, Tenn., May 12, 1864, and was in all the engagements from there till the 22d of July, at Peach Tree Creek, Ga."

Comrade H. F. Armstrong, of Denver, Col., writes: "I was born in Cherry Valley, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1833. My parents moved to Michigan in 1837. I am a carpenter by trade.

"I enlisted in Co. C, 8th Mich Cav., in 1862 and was chosen Color-Sergeant for the regiment. I was not in any heavy engagements, but scouting most of the time, running John Morgan over the State of Kentucky. I was injured by my horse falling on me, and was taken sick and discharged from Woodward Hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio, the last of 1863."

Comrade George Petry, of Robison, Ill., writes: "I enlisted in August, 1862, in Co. G, 123d Ill., and was with the regiment until mustered out at Edgefield, Tenn., in June, 1865, as Sergeant. We were attached to the Wilder Brigade in the Spring of '63. I was in all the battles of the Army of the Cumberland in the Atlanta Campaign, and to close the thing up was on the Wilson raid and had the pleasure of seeing old Jeff Davis brought in through our camp at Macon, Ga."

Comrade James Pence, Bradys Bend, Pa., writes: "I was born in Armstrong Co., Pa., in January, 1842. I enlisted on the 4th of July, 1861, and reenlisted on Feb. 8, 1864, in Co. C, 62d Pa., and served over four years. I saw some hard service. I was wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1862, and was wounded again at Petersburg, June 23, 1864. The latter wound laid me up until after the war was over."

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

(Continued from first page.)

along the railroad, and reached Bristoe Station only to encounter Hill.

Warren's position was again a critical one; for, instead of finding Bristoe Station held by the Fifth Corps, as had been indicated to him in Gen. Meade's orders, he discovered that he was there alone, in the immediate vicinity of the whole army of Lee, and found himself suddenly assailed while marching by the flank. But Warren was equal to the occasion, and by a remarkable vigor of action not only extricated his command from a perilous situation, but inflicted a severe blow to the Confederates. This action, known as the battle of Bristoe, I shall briefly detail.

HILL REPULSED.

As the head of the column of the Second Corps approached, Hill threw forward a line of battle towards the railroad; but Warren knew the locality with the critical knowledge of an engineer, and forming Webb's Division on the right along the embankment near Broad Run, he ordered Hays's Division to run for the railroad cut, invisible from the position of both opposing Generals. This it quickly did, and the point was reached just in time to meet Hill's advancing line of battle, which, receiving a severe fire from the troops covered by the cut and embankment, and raked by the fire of Rickett's Battery, fell back with heavy loss. Warren immediately advanced a thin line in pursuit, and secured 450 prisoners, two standards, and five pieces of artillery. The attack fell mainly on the First and Third Brigades of Gen. Webb's Division—the former commanded by Col. Heath, and the latter by Gen. Mallon, an accomplished and patriotic officer, who was killed in the action—and on the Third Brigade of Gen. Hays's Division, commanded by Gen. Owen. The division of Gen. Caldwell, which had formed the rear-guard, came up for a mile or two on the run, and took position on the left of Hays; but the action had already been decided. Warren's loss was comparatively slight.

WARREN MOVED ON IN THE NIGHT.

Effectual as was the check which Warren had given Hill, the position of the former was not one in which he could remain, while, at the same time, it was difficult to withdraw. And now his situation became more dangerous; for just as towards sunset the combat closed, Ewell's Corps, which had pursued by-roads between the columns of Warren and Hill, came up, and this brought the entire force of Lee in front of the Second Corps. Nevertheless, before Lee could make dispositions for attack, night came on, and, under its friendly cover, Warren retired, and next morning joined the main body of the army massed at Centerville.(15)

MEADE WON THE FOOT RACE.

Meade was now strongly posted on the hights of Centerville, and if compelled to fall back from there, would do so into the fortifications of Washington. As no additional turning movement could be of any avail, Lee pushed his advance no further. His intention had been to gain Meade's rear, and as this was now completely foiled, he was not minded to essay assault on the army in position. Resolving, however, not to have made an utterly useless campaign, he threw forward a thin line as far as Bull Run, and thus masking his design, he proceeded to destroy the Orange & Alexandria Railroad from that point southward to Warrenton Junction. Having effectually accomplished that object(16) he, on the 18th, began a retrograde movement.

LEE RETIRED TO THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

Meade commenced pursuit on the following day, but without overtaking Lee; and in this movement there occurred no encounter of a more serious character than the wonted indecisive cavalry combats. Stuart, with his two divisions of horse, covered the retrograde movement, and during the entire march was constantly engaged in skirmishes with the Union cavalry. One of these affairs was of some importance. While on the advance towards Warrenton, on the 19th, Kilpatrick's Division skirmished warmly with Hampton's Division up to Buckland Mills, at the crossing of Broad Run, on the south bank of which Hampton took post, under the personal direction of Stuart, who here planned a skillful manuver to defeat his opponent. Kilpatrick having forced the crossing by turning the flank of Hampton, Stuart fell back slowly towards Warrenton with the view of permitting Fitz Lee's Cavalry Division to come up from Auburn and attack the Union cavalry in flank and rear. This plan was carried out with some success. Fitz Lee arriving just below Buckland surprised Kilpatrick's force on the flank, and Stuart, hearing Fitz Lee's guns, pressed vigorously in front with Hampton's Division. A stubborn resistance was offered, but a charge au fond finally forced Kilpatrick's command to give way, and he retreated in some confusion.(18) Lee retired behind the Rappahannock.

FIGHT AT KELLY'S FORD.

The Army of the Potomac being pushed forward as far as Warrenton, Gen. Meade was compelled to halt there to await the repairing of the Orange & Alexandria Railroad. This work, undertaken with much energy, was occomplished early in November; and on the 7th the whole army continued the advance towards the Rappahannock in two columns. Gen. French had command of the left wing, composed of the First, Second and Third Corps, and Gen. Sedgwick had command of the right wing, composed of the Fifth and Sixth Corps. The left column was directed to cross the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, and the right column at Rappahannock Station. Lee held position south of the Rappahannock, in the vicinity of Culpeper, with outposts at Kelly's Ford on the south bank, and at Rappahannock Station on the north bank. The Third Corps under Birney had the advance on Kelly's Ford, and on reaching that point, Birney crossed over a division by wading, without waiting for the laying of the pontoon-bridges, and advancing an attacking party, composed of Berdan's Sharpshooters, the 40th N. Y., the 1st and 20th Ind., the 3d and 5th Mich., and the 110th Pa., carried the rifle-pits and captured 500 prisoners. The enemy was prevented from strengthening the force in the works by the fire of batteries on the hights on the north side, which swept the plain on the southern bank. Birney's loss was trivial.

SEDGWICK'S SUCCESS AT RAPPAHANNOCK STATION.

While the left column was thus passing at Kelly's Ford, the right wing was forcing a crossing against more formidable obstacles. The Confederates occupied a series of works on the north bank of the river at Rappahannock Station, which had been built some time before by the Union troops, and consisted of a fort, two redoubts, and several lines of rifle-trenches. These works were held by 2,000 men belonging to Early's Division of Ewell's Corps. Commanding positions to the rear of the fort having been gained, heavy batteries were planted thereon, and a fierce cannonade opened between the opposing forces. Just before dark a storming party was formed of Russell's and Upton's Brigades of the Sixth Corps, and the works were carried by a very brilliant coup de main. Over 1,500 prisoners, four guns, and eight standards were here taken. Sedgwick's loss was about 300 in killed and wounded.

LEE RAN TO THE RAPIDAN.

This brilliant opening of the campaign should have insured a decisive operation; and it is probable that, if a rapid advance had been made either towards Culpeper or to the south of it by Stevensburg, the Confederate army, which lay in Winter quarters in echelon from Kelly's Ford to the west of Culpeper, might have been cut in two. But the army having crossed on the night of the 7th and morning of the 8th, the whole of the day was wasted in useless and uncertain movements.(19) and Lee, not courting battle, availed himself of the opportunity that night to withdraw again across the Rapidan. Meade then advanced and took up position between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, which was nearly the same ground he held before his retreat.

LEE'S CONDUCT CONSIDERED.

This campaign may be regarded from two points of view, and from each is susceptible of a different critique. Considered as a movement to meet Lee's advance, it was perfectly successful, and its conduct highly creditable. Lee's line of manuver was, it is true, exterior to that of Meade, and as it was necessary for him to pursue circuitous routes in order to effect his turning movements, this imposed on the former considerably greater marching. Yet he had a clear object in view, whereas his antagonist was necessarily delayed by ignorance of his opponent's real design. The very success of Lee's plan depended on being pushed impetuously. Nevertheless, he delayed at Madison Courthouse, which thwarted the success of his first flank movement; and he delayed again at Warrenton, which baulked that of his second. But even in view of these halts, which Gen. Lee partly explains on the ground that they were necessary in order to supply the troops, the operations of the 14th were