ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

Molding an Aggregation of Young Wolverines into a Splendid Regiment.

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

A NOTED SCOUT.

Some Memories of James Card, the Best Scout in the Army of the Cumberland.

I met up with James Card in the first months of the year 1863. He was then in the employ of Gen. Sheridan as guide and scout. A little later his two brothers joined the command: Thomas and Charles, or as they were familiarly known, Jim, Tom and Charlie. They came from up in the mountains of East Tennessee; intensely loyal to the Union, typical mountaineers, except that they were small in stature, but of wonderful physical endurance.

They not only kept Gen. Sheridan posted in all movements of the Confederate army opposed to us, but they guided many parties of Union men and their families through the mountains from East Tennessee to our camps, then near Murfreesboro, and this was where my duty came in, to meet these parties at some point in the hills and guide them safely through the outlying Confederate lines to within our lines, often a very difficult and hazardous duty.

James Card had been gone some days from camp, when he quietly stepped in one morning, going directly to the General's tent. Soon I had my orders, and with the three Cards and 50 picked men, all on foot, we left the camp, each man armed with a Colts rifle and full haversacks of hard bread, meat and coffee. Following the main road for a few miles, then by a road that led into the woods, noon found us 15 miles out, and not an enemy in sight. We made coffee, rested a couple of hours, and with James Card leading and Tom Card closing the rear we followed paths and indistinct trails all the afternoon. Then it rained, the fogs came down; night came on in silent gloom; falling over logs, tripping on tangled vines, tumbling into creeks and puddles of water. With half-suppressed curses escaping the men, Card having no mercy upon us, led on and on until the romance of the affair had vanished. Finally he said we might lie down and sleep; no fires to dispell the gloom, not even a lighted pipe. What misery was ours. But daylight came at last, and again we took the trail. Soon we came upon the camp of the refugees in the woods, about 50 men, a few old women and one girl, almost a young lady; men of all kinds, farmers, doctors, lawyers and merchants, each one with little more than a home-made blanket or bedquilt for shelter. They had come from distant mountains and valleys on their way to a locality free from war's terrors. There was not a bit of food in the camp, and there had not been of any kind, except a little corn on the ear, since Jim Card had left them there 36 hours before. So we made haste to build fires and cook our meat and coffee. And while they were eating I had a chance to look over the oddest mixture of men it has ever been my fortune to meet. The long and the short, the fat and the lean, the funny man with the smile and story and the solemn fellow who had lost none of the dignity that comprised his stock in trade, in pulpit or bar.

James Card introduced me as the commander of the expedition, and then followed with a personal introduction to a fine-appearing man, his wife and daughter, the young lady that had attracted my attention. They had lived in Lookout Valley, in northwest Georgia, and he had left to avoid conscription into the Confederate service.

I had at that time a young contraband for cook, a master hand at broiling bacon and making coffee, and while he was making breakfast, the man, his wife and daughter joined me in a visit to the creek, where we all washed and combed, all using my pocket comb and bit of soap and my not overly fresh towel. Then we sat down on the grass and ate the tempting food placed before us. We had dishes for only two, the cook and myself, but we made one tin plate do for all. There were two tin cups, two spoons, two knives and forks, so while the father and mother drank their coffee from one cup, the young lady and I used the other jointly, much to her merriment.

Well, in that brief half hour I completely lost my heart. How could I help it?—she was so pretty, such beautiful hair, such bright blue eyes, such pink cheeks and rosy lips, and she had such a bright way, and she was so hungry that my stock of hardtack rapidly vanished between the finest set of teeth I had discovered in the South.

Tom Card came along and lay down upon the grassy bank to watch the young lady. It riled me a bit, for although Tom and I were warm friends, I did not concede him any rights or favors with Miss Kate.

They were old time neighbors in the years before the war; but somehow until just now I thought he had never noticed those beautiful arms with dress sleeves rolled up to the shoulders and that long, wavy brown hair that hung in a tangled mass far below her waist. Now, much to my annoyance, he could not keep his eyes away from it.

Jim Card said we were 35 miles from the army, and for 20 miles the country was full of scouting parties of the enemy, whom we must either evade or fight. It was his business to lead and my business to fight. Between us we must get all these people safely to the army or die trying it. A long tramp even for trained and tried soldiers, not to think of the men and women with us, old and young.

We started out in single file, Jim Card leading with 20 of the men. In the rear were 20 men under my best Sergeant and Tom Card, and the other men with Charlie Card were scattered along with the refugees to assist them over the bad places. After a while we came to a creek, and the column closed up while we were trying to find a place to cross over dryshod. No place being found, the men started to wade, and the women were lifted up between the men and carried over. I saw Tom Card approached Miss Kate, who happened to be standing near me, and I didn't wait an instant, but just slipped my arm around that girl's waist, lifted her up and carried her over. Every one of those soldier boys caught onto the situation even before I did myself, and they gave Tom Card the laugh. We were all young fellows then, but I was a full head taller than either of the Cards.

We were in a dangerous country, made many long detours to keep in the shelter of the woods and away from roads and farm houses, and at noon had made but 10 miles and the people were worn out. But Tom hung around until he got a chance to quietly call my attention to a young fellow wearing a coon-skin cap with an extra long tail hanging down between his shoulders; a long, lank, red-headed, round-shouldered shambling fellow from up the cove somewhere. Tom said, "Captain, look at that cracker, then cuss and holler; for that cuss is going to marry that girl you are so stuck on. More than a regiment of likely chaps have tried to win her, but they have all laid down; don't that beat —— amazin'? That fellow has his eye on you all the time; watch out for him."

I said, "Tom, you are surely crazy; that girl is a queen, and that coon-skin chap is a galoot from nowhere."

"Sure enough she is a queen," said Tom; "the finest piece of property in the Cumberlands, but just the same she don't sense it. She ain't found out that she is good for anything but hoeing corn and feeding the chickens. I tried all last Summer to catch that girl, and every time that mountain shad headed me off. Win her if you can, Captain; but, mind me, you play fair, or Tom Card will camp on your trail until the sun turns into a snowball.

"I never met up with a man yet who had any kind of common sense that did not fall in love with Kate, and now you've got it. I've been watching you every minute since we landed in the camp. You will tumble down just the same as lots others have, and there will be a sore spot under your blouse."

The women folks were barefooted, their light shoes were worn out completely, and the soldiers were cutting up their blankets to make footwear for them. One of the boys had discovered what I had not, that my young lady friend had no soles left to her shoes, and he brought me a pair of shoes he had made from a part of his blanket. I got down upon my knees and put them on her feet, tied them about her ankles while that mountain shad with the coon-skin cap watched me from where he was lazily leaning against a tree. He did not seem to envy me my job, but just simply looked on and smiled. Tom Card went away, and I saw him shoot a glance of cool contempt at "Coon Skin."

When we left the refugees' camp I knew we had just one day's rations left. Our refugees had eaten one day's rations for their breakfast, and I gave the soldiers orders to go light and take care of their hardtack, as we would go hungry before we could get back home.

Charlie Card started away alone to guide a relief party to meet us. Jim Card again took the lead as guide. I with half the men followed close, while the rest of the command, under one of my Sergeants, made up the rear-guard, and thus we tramped along until noon, meeting no enemy. We found a place in the wooded hills where we built fires, made coffee and gave the people a much-needed rest. All the women had to be helped along. The young lady was my especial charge. I picked her up in my arms at the crossing of every creek, helped her over all the bad places, while "Coon Skin" slouched along, like a straggler in the rear of a supply train.

Jim Card with two of my best men had gone on in advance. We were getting into a locality of many crossroads and plantations, where it was very unsafe to travel in the daytime.

We had gone but a short distance from our noon camp when we were startled by the report of a gun. There was no mistaking the sharp report of the Colts rifle. There was no other rifle in the army that had that defiant tone.

The command closed up, formed about the people we were to protect, and waited; and it was only for a short time when Card and the two men came in. They had suddenly encountered a Confederate cavalryman on a crossroads in the woods. He attempted to shoot; his gun did not work, but my men firing at the same instant, the Confederate fell from his horse, and they left him there in the road, where his comrades would find him. We changed our course slightly, with Card again some distance in advance, and had made a couple of miles when the rear guard sent me word that we were followed by mounted men. I then sent the Sergeant to the front and took command of the rear-guard and planned an ambuscade along behind a rail fence that skirted a cornfield. My men had but barely got out of sight before there came out across the edge of the woods about 40 mounted men. I had only 10 men with me, but each one had five shots. They were coming on a trot and were scattered along so we had to wait until the leader was quite close before the order to fire was given and how those fellows tumbled. There was a volley then scattering fire that lasted but a moment, and there was no enemy in sight, except the poor fellows who were lying upon the ground and the horses that were galloping about the field.

But these men were only the advance guard of a larger force. I closed up upon the main party and kept them moving under Card's guidance, and again planned an ambuscade. This time it did not work so well; only two men came on as advance, and with two shots from Tom Card's rifle they were mustered out.

I had never seen Tom Card in a fight before, and the quick work he made of those two men gave me convincing proof of his nerve and marksmanship.

Before the echoes of the rifles had died away in the rear there came a yell and a volley from the front, and then they came at us from all sides, and we hurriedly closed in for united resistance. The refugees—men and women—were huddled into a group. I had many times that day planned what I would do in just such an emergency, but now, with parties of mounted men coming from all sides, there was no chance to get the helpless ones out of the range of the bullets. We were in a tract of open timber, my men in a circle. From behind trees they were taking careful shots at the enemy.

As I hurried from point to point I saw some of the refugees with their shotguns and squirrel-rifles standing with the soldiers. But I saw "Coon Skin" down on the ground behind a log. I tried to drive him out to do his share of the shooting. He wouldn't get up, and I gave him a kick in the side and he set up a howl—thought he had been hit with a six-pound shell. We had the women folks lay down on the ground, for the bullets were stripping the trees all about us.

I looked for Kate, and found her with her father and mother. From behind a small tree he was loading and firing at an advancing force of the enemy who were firing as they came on. The mother, on her knees with a prayer on her lips, raised her hands, gave a faint moan and as a stream of blood ran down her white face, sank upon the ground dead.

The father turned to look—it was but an instant, and he toppled over; clasping his arms about her neck he tried to kiss her face once again and they were gone.

Kate had taken but a step to reach her mother's side, but that step had brought her into range of a carbine shot, which crashed through her left knee.

I had witnessed it all in but the brief part of a minute. Kate, unmindful of her own injury, was moaning over the bodies of her parents. I handed her a roll of bandages I carried in my pockets, then gave my attention to the men.

There never was such another fight in Tennessee. Van Dorn's cavalrymen were good soldiers, they came at us from every point, but from behind the trees we met them with fatal shots. Our boys were cool and their five-shooters made their limited numbers as good as a full battalion. Hurrying from point to point, I passed "Coon Skin's" hiding place many times, and each time stopped to give him a kick; so many times indeed that I began to fear the seat of operations would not hold out until the last Johnny would be killed. But slowly the firing ceased. Then from out among the trees our boys advanced. With cheers they chased the scattering and defeated men in gray. Jim Card led one detail along a plantation road, Tom Card led another back over the trail we had come. The Sergeant, although one arm was dripping blood, led another, until all the survivors of the enemy had vanished. We had fared well; only six were wounded of the refugees and they all could walk. Most had fought well, but did not understand the art of self-protection. There was the old man with the high silk hat—a preacher some one said—he was dead. The short, fat man, that always had a smile for you, was stretched out upon his back, his eyes wide open and glassy, and still with the smile upon his lips; the tall man from the mountainside farm lay dying, his face a mass of blood; both eyes were torn out; how kind to him was fate, for he was not conscious, and we touched him not lest he came back to life. The woman with the auburn hair we all thought so motherly, so womanly, now sat back against a tree, not a trace of color in her face. A soldier had cut her dress sleeve open to the shoulder, turned it back out of the way, and was deftly splintering a broken arm above the elbow with splints another man was making from a green sapling.

"THE MOUNTAIN SHAD WATCHED ME FROM WHERE HE WAS LAZILY LEANING AGAINST A TREE."

And Kate. I soon found her side. She had fainted from loss of blood and grief. I carried her into the sunlight, where I placed her upon my blanket, then found the bullet had broken no bones, but had torn the flesh and ligaments of the knee so badly that she would not be able to use her limb again for weeks.

While I was bandaging the wound the men were placing the dead in a group. Jim Card said we must move and leave them. We could come back and bury them later. The enemy were sure to come back in stronger force in the morning, perhaps sooner. Poles were cut, stretchers made with blankets, and with Kate on one and the auburn-haired woman on the other we moved forward. The sun had gone down; the soldiers took turns carrying the wounded ones, and "Coon Skin," as ever, lagged behind; said he had been hit several times and was too sore to walk fast. Late at night we camped again, all too exhausted to go another rod. Tom Card had gone on early in the morning to hasten help, and just at daylight it came—my own regiment, led by our beloved Col. Mac. Three hundred rifles, haversacks full of coffee, bread and sowbelly, a Surgeon, and an ambulance.

I helped the old gray Surgeon dress Kate's wound; I thought I owned that girl, and had a right to oversee the job. The rough splints on the woman's arm were replaced with better ones, but the Surgeon said the arm would have to come off when we got to the hospital in the camp, and Kate would always have a stiff knee, as the cords were completely torn away.

Tom Card with 10 went back under a flag of truce. The Confederates were already there picking up their dead, and together they were buried in one long grave side by side.

Kate's mother and father, clasped in each other's embrace as they were found, with pine boughs for a coffin, are still sleeping in the woods far from the home 'midst the mountains.

That night we were again in camp, Kate and the auburn-haired woman in a hospital in the town. "Coon Skin" disappeared; we saw no more of him.

Every day when duty did not call me elsewhere I went there to see Kate. The good angel, a woman nurse, the first one I had ever met in an army hospital, had fixed her up nicely. She looked like a queen in her fine white robes and sheets.

She had nearly recovered and would soon leave the hospital. The army was to advance, and I told Kate I might not see her again, as my duties would keep me in the front.

The nurse went out and left us and I knew my chance had come, but her eyes had read me well. We were sitting by the window, the air was rich with the fragrance of the flowers, the mocking birds were whistling in the trees, far out in the fields the bands were playing for the dress parade. I sensed it all. How sweet! How peaceful! How grand!

Kate brought me back to earth again.

"I know, Captain, what you would say to me, but it cannot be. I am but a mountain girl, plain and simple; you are a soldier, a Captain now; before the end comes you may be a General. All my life it has been my mother's desire that I should marry the man you know as 'Coon Skin;' I have promised my mother to do this; I have promised 'Coon Skin,' although I do not like the coward.

"If my mother was living I might do otherwise; now I cannot. I would rather you would kill me than ask that I break that promise. There is still a place in the valley where I have always lived, 'tis true the house, with all its treasure, is burned; that's why we had to leave, that's why it came that we met in the woods. I loved my mother better than all else in the world. I am but a mountain girl; I must marry 'Coon Skin.' I will marry him, but I will not live with him for a single day. The Surgeon says I will always be lame; but look! here is a pass from Gen. Sheridan. I am going to Chattanooga, where there are hundreds of poor, sick and wounded Confederates without nurses. There I will work and try and forget. Come closer, Captain; kiss me before we part; it may be forever—I hope not."

I kissed her lips, her eyes, her forehead, and then again her lips. I was but a soldier and she a mountain girl.

The army advanced. Sheridan was my friend, and had many favors for me. I was one of the first to arrive in Chattanooga, and in the office of the newspaper, "The Little Rebel," we found the following letter on file:

Trenton, Ga., Sept. 1, 1863.

Editor. Dear Friend,

I write you a few lines to inform you. I have a wife in that country and she is gone astra and destroyed her living. She is fine complected long hair and criple in left leg. I forbid any body feeding or taking her in ther house or having anything or trading her. I want you to publish her in your offis advertise her face.

Yours respectfully,

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(Which translated, meant "Coon Skin.")

BLIND TOM.

He is Discovered in the Wilds of Southern Georgia by the 7th Ohio Cav.

BY D. S. BROWN, 7TH OHIO CAV.

The presence on the stage of "Blind Tom," the world-famous musical freak, recalls an episode of the closing hours of the civil war. A scouting party of the 7th Ohio Cav., in advance of Gen. James H. Wilson's 15,000 horsemen, was approaching Montgomery, Ala., in the Spring of 1865. About six miles from that city they were met by a woman on horseback. She seemed to have no fear of the "Yankees," and her appearance was, if anything, more of a surprise to the "Yankees" than theirs was to her. She was riding a magnificent black horse, and came sweeping down the road in fine style, reining up at the head of our column so suddenly as to call a halt for all of us and stated that she desired to see "the General."

An officer, equal to this emergency, being pointed out to her (this officer happened to be only a Captain in the 7th Ohio Cav.) she told him with many graceful gestures that the Yankee cavalry must approach no nearer to the Capital of her State; that the "Yankees" must give her city a wide berth, or there would be trouble; that Montgomery would never surrender and was not to be taken, and she solemnly warned the Captain (whom she supposed to be the Major-General in command) that he must choose another route and not force her people to kill us all. She stated that the citizens of Montgomery were determined, and would defend their town to the very last and would fire from the roofs of the housetops; that every piazza was a fort and every veranda an arsenal, and we would simply go to everlasting ruin if we approached any nearer to Montgomery.

She delivered her message in an extremely tragic and impressive manner, with a fervor of earnestness not to be mistaken. Then, wheeling her horse, she rode off at a gallop at a speed our jaded animals well might envy. After she had gone a little distance a chorus of voices shouted, "Let's get that horse;" but it was too late, there was not one of us who could have kept in sight of the receding horsewoman for five minutes. We looked at one another rather beseechingly, but no one having any special advantage over the other in this act of the drama, we finally concluded that our masterly inactivity was because of the messenger being a woman. Had she been a man, or even a regiment of men, we should certainly have given a better account of ourselves.

We immediately made known the purport of the tragic messenger's information to the Major-General in command, and word was at once sent into the town that if our command was fired on within the corporate limits of Montgomery the city would be reduced to ashes. We approached the place warily and with due regard to the words of the rider of the black horse; but the extra caution was seemingly uncalled for, as there was not a shot fired and the 15,000 horsemen comprising Wilson's Cavalry command rode through the principal streets of Montgomery without a word being said or a man dismounted.

We saw no more of the tragic woman (nor could we lay eyes on the black horse) and whether or not she told what she believed to be true is as much of a mystery now as then, nor can we even explain why we did not form a "hollow square" around that black horse.

There were no more serious interruptions to the march of Wilson's Cavalry until we arrived near Macon, Ga. About 10 miles out the advance of our column was met by some 30 Confederate officers carrying a flag of truce, who told us that the war was over, that Lee and Johnston had both surrendered and that Gen. Sherman had been trying for several days to get word to Wilson's 15,000 horsemen to stop. Before this word reached us, however, a detail form the main command had been detached to destroy and burn Andersonville Prison. Our regiment, the 7th Ohio Cav., was in advance of this separate column, and we arrived at Oglethorpe, Ga., only a few miles away from our destination, when we, too, met a bevy of handsome young officers in Confederate gray, carrying a flag of truce, who directed us to suspend further operations. It was Gen. Sherman's orders these Confederates were delivering, and there was no help for it but to suspend all hostilities. While near Oglethorpe we had nothing to do and a dozen or more of the 7th Ohio Cav. were entertained at a house near the town. After some conversation concerning the war, the master of the plantation said he had a black musical prodigy he would like us to see and hear before we departed. Accepting his cordial invitation, quite a number of the boys of the 7th Ohio Cav. sat for hours and listened to all the airs belonging to the South and also to every tune they could hum or whistle, from "Annie Laurie" to "Yankee Doodle," which "Blind Tom" repeated. Our boys at that time little dreamed that the black musical prodigy then entertaining them was soon to electrify the whole North, and finally cross the ocean and play before all the crowned heads of Europe and before thousands of every nationality on the globe. This freak musician to whom the veteran cavalrymen had been listening was the far-famed and well-known "Blind Tom," who, since the time I speak of, has earned thousands and tens of thousands of dollars and electrified the world with his extraordinary musical talent.

Early in July following our regiment was mustered out at Nashville, Tenn., and arriving at Cincinnati on our way home, when looking for some entertainment for the evening, the first posters we noticed on the bill boards announced "Blind Tom, at Mozart Hall for one week only."

AT APPOMATTOX.

Busy Times for the Cavalry Just Before the Surrender.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In The National Tribune, May 12, Serg't James L. Carey, Co. G, 10th N. Y. Cav., tells of whooping up the rebels at the time of Lee's surrender, April 9, '65, for which, he says, he was awarded a Medal of Honor.

I write this to call Comrade Carey's attention to the fact that he has made a mistake in the place and date. He did not win his medal at Appomattox on April 9; but he did perform an act of heroism at Sailor's Creek, Va., April 6, '65, for which he was awarded a Medal of Honor.

The records of the War Department will bear me out in what I state.

The 10th N. Y. Cav. was in the same brigade with us, and I know they were "in it" with us at Sailor's Creek, and, in fact, all the way through from Petersburg to Appomattox.

At the latter place our brigade was kept busy feeling for the enemy's extreme right and guarding our infantry movements from Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry, which was cut off from Lee's main army, and doing its best to open a passage through our cavalry to allow Lee's army to escape. I was carrying the flag of our regiment at the time. We were in line of battle, in a field in which were a number of large apple trees. We were advanced to within a short distance of a rail fence, when we were halted until the fence could be torn down. While waiting there were a number of shots exchanged between our regiment and Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry.

Just as we were ready to move beyond the demolished fence, an Aid from brigade headquarters came riding along the line, waving a white handkerchief and shouting: "Cease firing! Lee has surrendered!"

As we were between Lee's main army and his cavalry, our opponents did not get the word till one of our officers rode through the fence with a flag of truce, and informed them of the fact.

After firing ceased on our side three holes were shot through the flag that I was carrying, which I kept displayed for all there was of it.

This was about 11:30 a. m., Sunday, April 9, 1865, and at a point not far from the railroad, and east of the station. If any one has any curiosity to see those holes, they can do so by visiting the Flag Room in the Capitol at Albany, N. Y., and asking for the flag of the 24th N. Y. Cav.

I was awarded a Medal of Honor for rescuing a wounded comrade from between the firing lines at Amelia Springs, Va., April 5, '65, the day before Comrade Carey won his medal.—S. E. CHANDLER, Q. M. Sergeant, Co. A, 24th N. Y. Cav., Minneapolis, Minn.

HARD SERVICE.

The Work of the Regular Troops Before the War.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: There is a call for some items of service by the regulars to which I trust there will be a general response. I can only start it by saying that the Regulars saw some service "before the wah!" They were in the advance of the pioneers of civilization in the Great West; protected emigrant trains, surveyed the routes of future railroads, and where there are now many peaceful towns were then, for them, camping-places and often the scene of fights with Indians. There is one name on our Western maps which I always like to see—the real meaning of which is not clear to the general reader. It is found near a sharp point of a mountain, running out into the deserts of Arizona. It is "Soldier's Farewell." This was the place where the soldiers escorting the emigrant trains usually left them; as, beyond it was a country having no special danger from bad Indians. No doubt there may have been often a little touch of sentiment at parting; no doubt many a soldier has turned in his saddle to catch one last glimpse of a waving sun-bonnet—and, perhaps—"shed a tear" as the old song rhymes out!

I want to just touch on one item—the distances marched by these modest old troopers, and how they had to go to get anywhere. At first, to get to California, they went there by Cape Horn in a sailing vessel; later, by the Isthmus of Panama, or by plain, hard marching, from the Missouri River.

Just to-day is noted the retirement from the office of Records and Pension of Alfred Hartenstein, after 52 years of service. He enlisted in 1852 and "saw the West" when it was young. He was in the 6th U. S. Inf. at first, and during the Summer of 1858 they marched 2,300 miles. This was a Regular's usual Summer's outing. Much could be recalled of interest. I will only mention that Co. A, "Sappers and Miners," marched from Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri River, to Fort Bridger in Utah, and after remaining there but eight days marched back, 1,100 miles, in 55 days. There were some forced marches, to reach water in the deserts—marches in the dead of Winter; marches to save some command hemmed in by yelling Indians, or to rescue from peril a settlement or wagon-train about to be wiped out, that would stagger belief if the full story was told.—GILBERT THOMPSON, Washington, D. C.

McGILVERY'S BATTERY.

A Recollection of the Second Battle of Bull Run.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have never read anything about Capt. McGilvery's Battery, Me. Art. I do not know the letter of his battery, but I will say there was never a braver comrade in the whole army. There were brave, true comrades and officers, but none braver than he. If there is a comrade of that battery alive I would like to hear from him personally. You must remember that near the close of the last day of the last Bull Run battle, in that long line of batteries we were next to the last on the right, when a brigade of rebels came upon us, on our right and rear, firing obliquely, raking the whole line, and charging on us. The battery on our right lost five of its six guns, and we lost two—a steel rifled gun and a brass piece. In our retreat with the remaining four, two were separated from the other two, Capt. McGilvery taking two guns to a large stone house on an eminence used for a hospital, where he halted. There was a piece of artillery and some shells there. He got some stragglers, with some of his men, to fire it, with the two guns of his own. We were firing as fast as we could load, Capt. McGilvery helping us, when an officer rode up with orders to stop firing, saying that we were firing on our own men. The Captain said: "Fire away, boys; they are rebels; and I know it." The Captain gave the officer a card with his name on it, and said to hold him responsible for every Union man injured there. The Captain said again: "Fire away, boys!" After a while the officer rode off, the Captain begging not to be ordered to stop firing, and calling still again to "Fire away, boys," himself getting a shell and carrying it to the gunner. The officer soon returned with orders to stop firing, giving the same reason as before. Capt. McGilvery, at the top of his voice, yelled: "Fire away, boys! We are firing at the rebels!" So it proved; but as it was dusk, and moonlight, it was thought to be some of the Union men retreating. The Captain and officer were in sharp debate, the Captain telling him to hold him responsible. We fired every round of our ammunition, and waited for awhile. Then the rebels we had been firing at came upon us and opened fire at close range, and we retreated toward Centerville. It was moonlight now, but the moon was obscured by clouds.

You remember while at Rappahannock bridge, there were some infantrymen detached from their regiments to temporarily take the places of some of your men who were killed or wounded at the battle of Cedar Mountain, and that one stayed a few days after the battle of Chantilly, where Gens. Kearny and Stevens were killed. I was that comrade, and would have stayed until the expiration of my term of service if I could have been transferred; but the Captain could not issue any clothing to me, and as my clothes were only fit for evening dress, I had to have something to wear, and returned to my regiment. I never saw any man of that battery afterward except a Lieutenant and Capt. McGilvery. I met both several times. The last time I saw the Captain he was a Brigadier-General and Inspector-General of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, under Gen. Meade. He was a grand, loyal man and soldier. I would like to hear from him or any one of his old company. I have forgotten every name of them, but the Captain's.—H. A. VAIL, Towanda, Pa.

Misuse of May 30.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The Memorial Day suggestions of a California correspondent please me much. As far as possible May 30 ought to be left exclusively for decoration of the graves of soldiers who defended the National unity. I have known where the whole community turned out and decorated the graves of their dead, regardless of patriotic considerations. Many graves were so lavishly and profusely decorated as to completely overshadow the graves of the heroes. None may blame people for decorating the graves of their dead; all should refrain from decorating graves, save of soldiers, on Memorial Day; all should censure those who employ that day for decoration of graves if the buried were not soldiers or otherwise in the service of the Union—such as nurses, etc. In localities north of the isothermal line of lilacs there is, at the end of May, yet a great lack of flowers. In this part of the country we—the W. R. C.—can neither buy nor beg flowers enough to decorate the graves of the soldiers in the National plot at Ypsilanti!

My husband, who belongs to the Post at Ypsilanti, served in Co. I, Berdan's 1st U. S. sharpshooters.—MRS. F. E. SPENCER, at Ypsilanti!

Liver and Kidneys

It is highly important that these organs should properly perform their functions.

When they don't, what lameness of the side and back, what yellowness of the skin, what constipation, bad taste in the mouth, sick headache, pimples and blotches, and loss of courage, tell the story.

The great alterative and tonic

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Gives these organs vigor and tone for the proper performance of their functions, and cures all their ordinary ailments. Take it.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

(Continued from first page.)

attempts were skillfully met at every point,—the Confederates extending their line to correspond with the shifting of the army; so that wherever attack was essayed, the enemy bristled out in breastworks, and every partial assault made was repulsed. Day by day Grant continued to throw out toward the left, in the hope of overlapping and breaking in the Confederate right flank: so that from occupying, as the army did on its arrival, a line extending four or five miles to the northwest of Spotsylvania Courthouse it had at the end of 10 days assumed a position almost due east of that place, the left resting at a distance of four miles at Massaponax Church.

LEE'S ATTACK AND REPULSE ON FREDERICKSBURG ROAD.

After 12 days of effort, the carrying of the position was seen to be hopeless; and Gen. Grant, abandoning the attempt, resolved by a turning operation to disengage Lee from a position seen to be unassailable. Preparations for this movement were begun on the afternoon of the 19th; but the enemy observing these, retarded its execution by a bold demonstration against the Union right. It happened that this flank was held by a division of foot artillerists, under Gen. Tyler, posted in an important position, covering the road from Spotsylvania to Fredericksburg, which was the army's main line of communication with its base at the latter point. Ewell crossed the Ny River above the right flank, and moving down, seized the Fredericksburg road and laid hands on an ammunition train coming up. Tyler promptly met this attack and succeeded in driving the enemy from the road and into the woods beyond. The foot artillerists had not before been in battle, but it was found that, once under fire, they displayed an audacity surpassing even the old troops. In these murderous wood-fights the veterans had learned to employ all the Indian devices that afford shelter to the person; but these green battalions, unused to this kind of craft, pushed boldly on, firing furiously. Their loss was heavy, but the honor of the enemy's repulse belongs to them. Shortly afterward, troops of the Second and Fifth Corps coming to their assistance, pursued the fugitives up through the valley of the Po, and made prisoners of several hundred Confederates that had scattered through the woods. This attack somewhat disconcerted the contemplated movement, and delayed it till the following night, May 20, when the army, moving by the left, once more took up its march toward Richmond.

Before the lines of Spotsylvania the Army of the Potomac had for 12 days and nights engaged in a fierce wrestle, in which it had done all that valor may do to carry a position by nature and art impregnable. In this contest, unparalleled in its continuous fury, and swelling to the proportions of a campaign, language is inadequate to convey an impression of the labors, fatigues, and sufferings of the troops, who fought by day only to march by night, from point to point of the long line, and renew the fight on the morrow. Above 40,000 men had already fallen in the bloody encounters of the Wilderness and Spotsylvania,(26) and the exhausted army began to lose its spirit. It was with joy, therefore, that it at length turned its back upon the lines of Spotsylvania.

SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY OPERATIONS.

Before proceeding to follow the Army of the Potomac in its southward march from Spotsylvania Courthouse, it will be proper to glance briefly at the operations of the cavalry under Sheridan during its raid on Lee's communications. This column, consisting of portions of the three divisions of Merritt, Wilson, and Gregg,(27) cut loose from the Army of the Potomac on the 9th of May, with orders to engage the enemy's cavalry, and after destroying the Fredericksburg and Central Railroads, to threaten Richmond and eventually communicate with and draw supplies from Butler's force on the James River.(28)

To mask the march the first move was toward Fredericksburg, near which, turning southward to the right, the column thrust itself inside the enemy's lines. The clouds of tell-tale dust, miles in length, soon informed Stuart, however, of its presence; and he dispatched a force in pursuit. But the rear being skillfully covered, the blows directed thereat did not retard Sheridan's progress. Reaching the crossing of the North Anna on the following day, he captured Beaver Dam Station on the Central Railroad, destroying 10 miles of the track, two locomotives, three trains of cars, and a million and a half of rations. Here also he recaptured 400 Union prisoners on their way to captivity in Richmond. At this point he was attacked by the enemy in flank and rear, but his loss was inconsiderable, and this affair did not serve to impede his progress. The South Anna was crossed at Groundsquirrel Bridge; Ashland Station was captured at daylight of the 11th, and the depot, six miles of the road, a train and a large quantity of stores were destroyed. After this, Sheridan resumed the march toward Richmond.

To meet this advance, Stuart had succeeded by a detour in interposing himself between the assailants and the Confederate Capital, and had massed all his available cavalry at Yellow Tavern, a few miles north of Richmond. Here Sheridan immediately attacked him on the 11th, and after an obstinate contest gained possession of the turnpike, driving the Confederate force back toward Ashland and across the North Fork of the Chickahominy. In this passage at arms between the two ablest cavalry leaders of the rival armies, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, whose dashing exploits fill a brilliant page in the history of the war, was killed.

Pursuing his advantage gained at Yellow Tavern, Sheridan made a bold dash upon the outer defenses of Richmond. The first line, feebly defended, was carried—Custer's Brigade capturing a section of artillery and 100 prisoners. The second line, however, was too strong to be assailed, being thoroughly commanded by redoubts and bastioned works, and as the garrison rallied for the defense Sheridan retired toward the Chickahominy. Crossing at Meadow Bridge, he drove the enemy from his front, and repulsed an attack on his rear by Confederate infantry from the city. After destroying the railroad bridge over the Chickahominy, Sheridan moved to Haxall's Landing, which he reached on the 14th of May. Here he remained three days to refit, when he returned by way of Baltimore Store, White House, and Hanover Courthouse, rejoining the Army of the Potomac the 25th of May, on the Pamunkey.

progress. Many gallant attempts were made to penetrate the enemy's line, but without success. The Corcoran Legion of Gibbon's Division was particularly marked on this occasion, and its losses were very heavy. At 10 a. m., finding attack to be hopeless, operations were suspended by Gen. Meade. During the morning, the batteries were opened along the entire line, the enemy scarcely replying. The only apparent effect was to drive them under cover of their breastworks. Immense waste of ammunition—result nil.

May 19.—During the night of the 18th, Barlow's, Birney's and Gibbon's Divisions of the Second Corps moved to the vicinity of Anderson's Mills on the Ny (see map). Tyler's Division remained at the Fredericksburg road near the Harris House (see map). The assigned position was taken up by Hancock on the morning of the 19th, when he received orders to be ready to move at dark in the direction of Bowling Green. Preparations for this were under way, when, in the afternoon, Ewell attacked Tyler in the manner and with the results described in the text above. At the same time the Second Corps moved, the Ninth Corps also marched to the left and took post on the left of the Sixth Corps. In aid of Ewell's attack, Hill made a demonstration on the Fifth Corps, but without effect.

May 20.—The turning movement and southward march begin.

26. By the official returns, the casualties from the 5th to the 12th of May were 29,410; and from the 12th to the 21st of May (at which time the army moved from Spotsylvania), they were 10,381—making an aggregate of 39,791.—Meade: Report of the Rapidan Campaign. But to this must be added the casualties of Burnside's Corps, not then in the Army of the Potomac. Of these I have no returns.

27. The dismounted men and those with worn and jaded animals were ordered to remain and guard the trains. These constituted nearly one-half of the corps.

28. Meade: Report of the Rapidan Campaign.

(To be continued.)

out pell-mell, and were near catching Gen. Meade, who had come upon the ground. The remainder of the Sixth Corps now came up and massed around the Anderson House (see map). In the afternoon this important position was retaken, or reoccupied (it being doubtful whether the enemy had not abandoned it), by Ayres's Brigade, Fifth Corps, in conjunction with the troops of Neill's Division, Sixth Corps.

May 15 and 16.—The withdrawal of the Fifth and Sixth Corps from the right of the Second to make this movement on the left, caused the Second Corps to be the right of the whole line. But on the 15th an additional refusal of that flank was made—Hancock being directed to transfer the divisions of Barlow and Gibbon to the Fredericksburg road. Meanwhile, Birney's Division remained covering the right of Burnside's Corps, and was the right of the army.

For the other corps, the day passed in getting things in order, collecting stragglers, cutting roads, and constant skirmishing. At this time also a new base was opened at Aquia Creek, whither the sick and wounded were sent, and whence supplies and forage, much needed by the army, were drawn.

May 17.—Hancock received orders to move his command back to the works he had captured on the 12th, and attack the enemy at daylight on the 18th in the intrenchments he then held in front of that position. The Sixth Corps was directed to form on Hancock's right and assail the enemy's line at the same hour. The Ninth Corps was also to participate. The movement commenced at dark of the 17th. The withdrawal of these corps left Warren holding almost the entire front of the army. The night march was a very arduous one.

May 18.—Before daylight of the 18th the troops were in position for an assault. It had been the intention to catch the enemy napping; but he had at least one eye open, and was covered by acres of impenetrable slashings.

At 4 a. m., the divisions of Gibbon and Barlow moved forward to the assault in lines of brigades. The artillery was posted in the first line of works, firing during the action over the troops in front. Birney's Division and Tyler's Division of foot-artillerists, which had recently joined the army, were in reserve. The Confederates held a strong line of intrenchments about half a mile in front of, and parallel to, the works Hancock had stormed on the 12th. Their position was concealed by the forest, and protected by the heaviest kind of abatis. As the troops moved forward, they encountered a severe fire of musketry and artillery, which completely swept the approaches, making great havoc in their ranks. They pressed forward, however, until they arrived at the edge of the abatis, which, with the heavy fire, arrested their

Loyal East Tennessee.

A comrade who neglected to date his letter or sign his name sent to The National Tribune in an envelope bearing a post office stamp that cannot be read, a clipping which he states "is from the Libby Prison paper published in Chicago." The clipping is:

"It is a fact not generally thought of, but none the less true, as the records show, that East Tennessee had 31,092 enlisted men in the Union army during the late war—as follows: One-hundred-day men for service, 739