CHRISTMAS IN SUNNY TENNESSEE.

Recollections of War Days by an Army Officer's Daughter.

Editor National Tribune: We left Corinth on Sunday morning, Dec. 14, 1862. When we reached Jackson, Tenn., we found both hospitals too full to receive us. They were known as No. 1 and No. 2. We were invited to dinner at No. 2, after which we went to a large hotel—the Manassas House. It, too, was crowded, and there was but one available room. It was No. 20, and belonged to a lady who was away temporarily. We occupied it until her return, when by that time No. 19, directly opposite, was vacant, and we with our belongings were transferred to it. The Manassas House may not lay claim to the same historic interest as the two buildings described in my former letters. It was not at any time used as a hospital, but was a hotel pure and simple. It, however, made some war history for itself, and at times fairly bristled with a military aspect. It fed hundreds of soldiers, and at various times housed many officers, who, tired of camp life, came there to board. The property was owned by a Mr. Tolliver, a citizen of Jackson, and was rented and run as a hotel by Messrs. Hotellen and Wilcox. It was a large frame building, with a double porch (or piazza as it was called by all true Southerners), extending around three sides, close to the depot and in sight of two rail roads. There were a number of former slaves employed about the hotel, and some of their talk and customs were very amusing to me. Mr. Tolliver's wagon and horses were frequently used for different kinds of hauling, and ofttimes one boy would say to another, "You tote the hosses to watah, and I'll carry Mistah Tollivah's wagon home;" and he would actually pull the wagon, while the other led the horses home after watering them. The women balanced baskets of laundry and carried vessels of water on their heads. At night all gathered in the negro-quarters in the rear of the hotel, and sang their own weird songs, the melody being wafted to the rooms above. They were permitted to have several dances in the large dining-room, some of the guests of the hotel going downstairs and dancing with them. There were many Northern people among the boarders, and life was very pleasant here. I do not pretend to remember the names of all with whom we came in contact, but these that are clear in my mind I give, as follows: Dr. De Forest, wife and little daughter Emma, of Troy, Ohio; Mr. James Leighton and wife, of Vermont; Capt. Ford and wife, Capt. and Mrs. Munn, Mrs. Webb, several ladies at different times by the name of Johnson, Lieut. Pease, Maj. Wynne and Dick Robinson. He was sometimes called "Camp" Dick, and "Camp Dick Robinson" was named in his honor, Union troops having camped on land owned by him in Kentucky. There were some cotton speculators by the name of Levi, a Mr. Cohn and a Mr. Coan. Elbridge Dwight Fenn, of the Corinth War Eagle, vibrated between the Manassas House and the City Hotel. There were two men who conducted a sutler's store. The name of one was Patrick; that of the other Keene. We were not destined to witness a battle, although one seemed imminent several times, and we heard heavy cannonading many days. The rebels were within a few miles of us at one time, but were driven back by the Union troops sent out from Jackson. They then went to Humboldt and Trenton, small towns on the railroad between Jackson and Columbus, Ky., tearing up the track and burning the bridges. Trains were stopped in all directions for several days. There were no mails, and food supplies became very scarce. This I have since learned was Van Dorn's run across the country, ending in his celebrated raid on Holly Springs, Miss. Great preparations were made for his reception at Jackson. Earthworks were hastily constructed during the night and troops stood in line of battle in front of the hotel all day, while cannon were planted at intervals along the streets. There was much excitement, and some of the ladies became almost hysterical with fear. I can not recall any feeling of fear experienced by myself, and my mother was as calm as a Summer's morning. We were detained at Jackson many weeks beyond our expectations, but we had become accustomed to the vicissitudes of army life and enjoyed everything that came along. On Christmas Day, 1862, a number of the inmates of the hotel (myself included) were invited by Maj. Wynne to take a little trip down to Bolivar, 28 miles south of Jackson. The 43d Ohio, my father's regiment, was in camp here, and we saw its Colonel, the late Gen. Wager Swayne. We spent the afternoon very pleasantly listening to the jokes of the soldier boys, and watching them as they prepared their evening meal. As oft as the Christmas tide comes and goes my mind reverts to the one spent in "Sunny Tennessee," and were I asked which I considered the happiest Christmas of my life, I would say the one of 1862 by all odds—looking from a car window on a railroad siding in the midst of cotton bales, muskets and boys in blue. It was a Christmas without candy or toys, turkey or any of its trimmings. The greatest luxuries the hotel afforded, on account of the recent blockade, were pickled pigsfeet and dried-apple pie, while the only Christmas gifts I received were two silver 10-cent pieces. We had with us in Jackson a colored boy whose name was Dan Weaver. He was quite a character in his way, and was very devoted to us. He called my mother "Miss Em'ly" and myself "Little Missy." Jackson was a lovely little city, and I became as familiar with its streets as those of my own town. There were many handsome dwellings, and the magnolia and the holly grew in profusion. The people at the hotel became acquainted with the citizens, and mingled with them freely. There was a large encampment across the railroad opposite the Manassas House, and from its balcony we many times witnessed drill and dress parade, the muskets and sabers of the troops glittering in the sunlight. I never knew the history of the two brick buildings used as hospitals, but judging from their size and arrangement they evidently were school or college buildings. I went to No. 1 every day except while sick with the measles, and I have never forgotten the two huge stacks of cannon balls I passed on the way. At length the railroad was repaired, and the new bridge across the Obion was near enough completion to enable trains to run. Travel was resumed, and we started for home. I remember the appearance of the little wooden buildings in Humboldt and Trenton, as the train stopped a moment in each place. Reaching the bridge, passengers and mail were transferred to a train on the other side. It was a muddy, dreary-looking place, and there were soldiers everywhere. They were here to guard the bridge; they aided in transferring passengers, as women had to be led and children carried across on the ties, many feet above the water. At a point in Indiana about 75 miles from Cincinnati, Ohio, our train was wrecked, the track having been torn up. The engineer was killed and the fireman fatally injured, dying a few days later. We stood on the track until late in the afternoon, when an engine was sent out from the city to pull us in. We were very tired and hungry, having had nothing to eat for about 24 hours. We took a boat that night, and arrived at home Sunday morning, Feb. 22, 1863.

In conclusion, I would like to ask a few questions, to be answered in The National Tribune, if perchance they meet the eyes of any who can answer them. Does any one know what became of the steamer City of Alton? In going South we went from Cairo, Ill., to Columbus, Ky., on board this vessel. To my childish mind it was a veritable palace. Returning, we made the same trip on the Rob Roy, a small vessel said to be top-heavy and unsafe. Did any who read this ever travel on that boat? Who conducted the picture gallery next to the Tishomingo House in Corinth? Does this meet the eye of any one who went on the trip to Bolivar, Dec. 25, 1862? Does any one know anything of the accident herein described? Surely, among all that train full of people there must be some living who were there that day. I would like to know in just what part of Indiana it occurred. And let some Jacksonian give us the history, both before and since the war, of the two buildings used as hospitals, and tell us if the Manassas House is still in existence. I have a vague impression that we heard it had been destroyed by fire before the close of the war.—Maud E. Morrow, Bainbridge, Ohio.

A REMARKABLE FEAT.

How Abernethy, the Famous Wolf Hunter, Captures Wolves Alive With His Hands.

(Theodore Roosevelt, in the November Scribner's.)

In a couple of miles I was close enough to see what was going on. But one grayhound was left with Abernethy. The coyote was obviously tired, and Abernethy, with the aid of his perfectly-trained horse, was helping the grayhound catch it. Twice he headed it, and this enabled me to gain rapidly. They had reached a small unwooded creek by the time I was within 50 yards; the little wolf tried to break back to the left; Abernethy headed it and rode almost over it; and it gave a wicked snap at his foot, cutting the boot. Then he wheeled and came toward it; again it galloped back, and just as it crossed the creek the grayhound made a rush, pinned it by the hind leg and threw it. There was a scuffle, then a yell from the grayhound as the wolf bit it. At the bite the hound let go and jumped back a few feet, and at the same moment Abernethy, who had ridden his horse right on them as they struggled, leaped off and sprang on top of the wolf. He held the reins of the horse with one hand and thrust the other, with a rapidity and precision even greater than the rapidity of the wolf's snap, into the wolf's mouth, jamming his hand down crosswise between the jaws, seizing the lower jaw and bending it down so that the wolf could not bite him. He had a stout glove on his hand, but this would have been of no avail whatever had he not seized the animal just as he did: that is, behind the canines, while his hand pressed the lips against the teeth; with his knees he kept the wolf from using its forepaws to break the hold, until it gave up struggling. When he thus leaped on and captured the coyote it was entirely free, the dog having let go of it; and he was obliged to keep hold of the reins of his horse with one hand. I was not 20 yards distant at the time, and as I leaped off the horse he was sitting placidly on the live wolf, his hand between its jaws, the grayhound standing beside him, and his horse standing by as placid as he was. In a couple of minutes Fortescue and Lambert came up. It was as remarkable a feat of the kind as I have ever seen.

The Effect on Animals of Contact With Man.

(Theodore Roosevelt, in the November Scribner's.)

But with all wild animals it is a noticeable fact that a course of contact with man continuing over many generations of animal life causes a species so to adapt itself to its new surroundings that it can hold its own far better than formerly. When white men take up a new country, the game, and especially the big game, being entirely unused to contend with the new foe, succumb easily, and are almost completely killed out. If any individuals survive at all, however, the succeeding generations are far more difficult to exterminate than were their ancestors, and they cling much more tenaciously to their old homes. The game to be found in old and long-settled countries is, of course, much more wary and able to take care of itself than the game of an untrodden wilderness; it is the wilderness life, far more than the actual killing of the wilderness game, which tests the ability of the wilderness hunter.

Has Files of National Tribune From 1886.

Editor National Tribune: Two or three months ago I saw a letter in "Picket Shots" from Comrade H. A. Pace, Burnside, Conn., saying he had been a subscriber since 1885, and had saved all his papers. I wrote him, and the result was bought the papers and he shipped them to me, about 200 pounds. I spent about a week putting them in good file, and I find I have almost the entire file from 1886 to the present time. I then commenced to read, and at this writing I have just finished Vol. 15, October, 1896. I have been a reader all my life (am now 59 years of age), but in all my reading I have never enjoyed anything like these old National Tribunes. I was in the army as a boy, and many articles I remember personally. If any of your readers want these papers, they are for sale. I think now I am pretty conversant with the contents of The National Tribune since 1886, but would like awfully well to secure a file prior to that time, or even one year or more. Don't all speak at once, but if any one has any National Tribunes prior to 1886 write me and tell me the price.

One item, in 1892, I think it was, says they contemplate trying to reduce the time between New York to Chicago to 35 hours; that is to be a record-breaker. Now the time has been brought down to 16 hours, less than half the time of 1892. What are we coming to?—W. S. Wolfe, Carmi, Ill.

Another of the 35th Mo.

S. C. Ferguson writes from Holstein, Iowa: "I say 'How' to Serg't Wilkinson and make known that there is another of the 35th Mo. alive and ready to 'speak out in meetin',' Smith C. Ferguson, of Capt. Fitch's Co. A, 35th Mo. The same Capt. Fitch was finally made Lieutenant-Colonel and commanded the regiment, after the upstart, Col. Foster, was hanged in effigy and buried on the levee at Helena, Ark. I suppose the Sergeant will remember the episode. I, too, would like to see a 'square deal' and all the old comrades receive a straight $12 per month pension, not excepting the recruits, who used to squeal so much because the Commissary did not issue any butter for them to spread on the single slice of bread left them after the older vets had gobbled up the biggest share from the company's table. I have been a reader of the good old National Tribune for more than 25 years and never get tired of it. I was highly entertained reading the 'War in Missouri' and 'Opening of the Mississippi River,' where so many of our comrades passed away, the result of malaria, and where the writer got his 'everlasting, never-get-over-it before he was transferred to the 57th U. S. C. I., in January, 1863, being commissioned a Lieutenant. If the 35th did not put down the rebellion, she did her part."

At Franklin.

Henry Fischer, 24th Battery, Ind. L. A., Stizer, Wis., writes that he witnessed the killing of the soldier at Franklin, Tenn., described by Mrs. E. J. Townsend in her article, "The Skeleton Uncovered at Franklin." He says the man killed was not a white soldier, but a negro, who was shot by a cavalryman from the top of a railroad car at the Franklin depot. The shooting was brought about on account of a hat. The cavalryman was wounded on his forehead and he was without any head covering. The negro had two hats and refused to give him one of them, and for this refusal the soldier shot the colored man. The body of the latter was taken away, while the wounded cavalryman went on the train to Nashville and was placed in a hospital. "If he is alive he will certainly remember the circumstance and the deed he committed at Franklin," concludes Comrade Fischer.

Served in the 4th Iowa Cav.

Comrade C. C. Morgan, 4th Iowa Cav., is now at Persist, Ore. He says that he is 45 miles from the nearest railroad station, and that there are only two veterans in that section besides himself.

A short history of a Notable Regiment will appear each week.

A Fighting Regiment.

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REGIMENTAL LOSSES IN THE CIVIL WAR.

THIRTY-EIGHTH OHIO INFANTRY.

ESTE'S BRIGADE — BAIRD'S DIVISION — FOURTEENTH CORPS.

(1) COL. EDWIN D. BRADLEY. (2) COL. EDWARD H. PHELPS (Killed).
(3) COL. WILLIAM A. CHOATE (Killed). (4) COL. WILLIAM IRVING.

Companies.	Killed and Died of Wounds.			Died of Disease, Accidents, In Prison, &c.			Total Enrollment.
	Officers.	Men.	Total.	Officers.	Men.	Total.	
Field and Staff	2	1	3	.	..	..	13
Company A	1	12	13	.	23	23	193
B	.	10	10	.	30	30	157
C	1	15	16	.	18	18	184
D	.	13	13	.	15	15	151
E	1	12	13	.	18	18	156
F	1	20	21	1	30	31	171
G	.	10	10	1	16	17	158
H	1	17	18	.	36	36	172
I	1	11	12	.	16	16	157
K	.	11	11	.	25	25	186
Totals	8	132	140	2	227	229	1,698

Total of killed and wounded, 531.

Battles.	K. & M.W.	Battles.	K. & M.W.
Decatur, Ala	2	Chattahoochie, Ga	3
Stone's River, Tenn	1	Peach Tree Creek, Ga	3
Hoover's Gap, Tenn	1	Ezra Chapel, Ga	1
Missionary Ridge, Tenn	16	Utoy Creek, Ga	16
Resaca, Ga	2	Siege of Atlanta, Ga	8
Dallas, Ga	2	Jonesboro, Ga	72
Ackworth, Ga	1	Nashville, Tenn	2
Kenesaw Mountain, Ga	8	Place unknown	2

Present, also, at Perryville; March to the Sea; The Carolinas.

NOTES.—Organized, September 1, 1861, at Defiance, Ohio. In the following month it moved into Kentucky, where it was assigned to Schoepf's Brigade, of Thomas's Division, with which command it marched on the Mill Springs campaign. In March, 1862, it moved with Thomas's Division to Pittsburg Landing, arriving too late to participate in the battle, but in time for the subsequent operations connected with the Siege of Corinth. During the summer of 1862, the regiment shared in the campaigns of the Army of the Ohio, joining in September, 1862, in the retrograde movement from Chattanooga to Louisville. At Stone's River it fought in Walker's Brigade, Fry's Division, Fourteenth Corps. It was absent from Chickamauga, having been detailed to guard a wagon train. At Missionary Ridge, it fought in Baird's (3d) Division, Fourteenth Corps, losing 9 killed —including Colonel Phelps—and 37 wounded. The regiment reenlisted during the winter of 1863-64, and went home on furlough. A large number of recruits were received, so that it entered the Atlanta campaign, May, 1864, with about 750 men; it was then in Este's (3d) Brigade, Baird's (3d) Division, Fourteenth Corps. At Utoy Creek, Aug. 5th, three companies, numbering 120 men, made a successful charge on the enemy's skirmish line, but with a loss of 9 killed, and 42 wounded. Este's Brigade distinguished itself at Jonesboro by a gallant and successful assault which cost it one-third its number, the Thirty-eighth losing 42 killed and 108 wounded, out of 360 engaged. Colonel Choate and two color bearers were killed in this battle.

The 34th Ohio.

Editor National Tribune: Please publish a short history of the 34th Ohio or 1st Ohio Zouaves. Was this a fighting regiment?—J. S. Walker, Greenville, Ohio.

The 34th Ohio was organized at Camp Lucas, Clermont Co., during the Summer of 1861, and left the State for West Virginia, Sept. 15. It had a very arduous service in that State, and in 1863 was mounted. Almost its whole service was in West Virginia, and it fought as far south as Wytheville, where it lost heavily, including its Colonel, John T. Toland. The first Colonel was A. Sanders Piatt, who was promoted April 28, 1862, to Brigadier-General, and succeeded by Col. John T. Toland, who was killed at Wytheville, July 18, 1863. He was succeeded by Col. Freeman E. Franklin, who was dismissed April 28, 1864, together with Lieut.-Col. Furney, three Captains and six Lieutenants, owing to an unfortunate controversy. Lieut.-Col. Shaw was killed at Winchester, and when the regiment was mustered out it was under the command of Maj. Alfred Butters. The organization of the regiment was discontinued Feb. 26, 1865, and the veterans and recruits transferred to the 36th Ohio. Out of a total enrollment of 1,635 the 34th Ohio lost 130 killed and died of wounds and 130 who died of disease, in prison, accidents, etc. The total of killed and wounded was 481, and those who died in prison 31. This gives it a place among the fighting regiments. It belonged to Johnson's Brigade, Duval's Division, Eighth Corps, Armies of the Shenandoah and West Virginia.—Editor National Tribune.

The 43d N. Y.

Editor National Tribune: Will you please give a short history of the 43d N. Y., and greatly oblige a regular subscriber?—George England, Jersey City, N. J.

The 43d N. Y. was also known as the Albany and Yates Rifles and Vinton Rifles. It was organized at Albany, N. Y., Sept. 24, 1861, by Col. Francis L. Vinton, of the Regular Army, and a graduate of West Point, and left the State Sept. 21. It was assigned to Hancock's Brigade, Smith's Division, Army of the Potomac, and went onto the Peninsula with the Fourth Corps. There it was transferred to the Sixth Corps and made part of the famous Light Brigade. Subsequently it was in the Third Brigade, Second Division, Sixth Corps. It was one of the fighting regiments, and lost during its service 123 men killed or mortally wounded, 94 died of disease, accidents, etc., and 27 in Confederate prisons. Col. Vinton was promoted to Brigadier-General March 13, 1863, and succeeded by Benjamin F. Baker, who was promoted to Brigadier and brevet Major-General. He was succeeded by Col. John Wilson, who was killed May 7, 1864, with Lieut.-Col. Fryer and Maj. Wallace. The 43d N. Y. was in Bidwell's Brigade, which bore the brunt of the fight at Fort Stevens, where Lieut.-Col. Visscher, commanding, was killed. The veterans and recruits of the regiment were finally mustered out June 27, 1865.—Editor National Tribune.

The 44th Ind.

Editor National Tribune: I see many of the comrades asking you to tell about their organization. I wish that you would give a short history of the 44th Ind.—Jasper Easall, Orderly-Sergeant, Co. G, 44th Ind., Fort Wayne, Ind.

The 44th Ind. was organized at Fort Wayne, Nov. 22, 1861, for three years, and the veterans and recruits mustered out Sept. 14, 1865. The first Colonel was Hugh B. Reed, who resigned, and was succeeded by William C. Williams, who resigned July 26, 1863, and was succeeded by Col. James F. Curtis, who was mustered out with the regiment. The 44th Ind. lost 80 killed in battle and 229 died of disease, accidents, etc. It belonged to T. J. Wood's Division of the Fourth Corps, Army of the Cumberland.—Editor National Tribune.

The 174th Ohio.

Editor National Tribune: Please give a short history of the 174th Ohio, and oblige a subscriber.—R. Jones.

The 174th Ohio was organized at Camp Chase from Aug. 18 to Sept. 21, 1864, for one year, and was mustered out June 28, 1865. The Colonel was John S. Jones, who was mustered out with the regiment. Maj. Benjamin C. G. Reed was killed at the Wilkison pike, Dec. 7, 1864. The regiment belonged to Ruger's Division of the Twenty-third Corps, and lost 32 killed in battle and 95 died of disease, etc.—Editor National Tribune.

Photograph Found at Spotsylvania.

R. W. Vanderveer, Hooker's Division, Third Corps, Ottumwa, Iowa, writes: "I have in my possession a picture that was picked up on the battlefield of Spotsylvania just after the fight, May 12, 1864, by a member of an Indiana regiment. I wish I could find the owner of the relic. It is of a lady sitting in a chair. She is dressed in the style of that period, with hoops and short, flowing sleeves. Her hair is parted in the middle, with a ribbon hanging down on one side of the head. She is seated near a large column in a room. I should judge she was about 40 years of age. Standing by her side is a little child about 10 or 12 years old. The child has her hand on the lady's shoulder. The picture is not a tintype, but a card photograph. On the back of it is this: 'Goodbridge's American Photographic Gallery, Cruser Block, East Saginaw, Mich.' Written on the bottom of the card is "Gusto and Bell." If this should be seen by any one who can recognize the picture, the finder will be glad to send it to them. Now, boys, stir up and let us hear more from the Army of the Potomac. I have seen the time when it was not all 'quiet along the Potomac' by a long shot."

A Patriotic Family.

A subscriber writes from Hunter, N. Y.: "I notice in The National Tribune numerous items stating how many brothers were in the military service during the war of the rebellion. Morris Lester, a respected neighbor of mine for the past 30 or more years, tells the following, which I think is worthy of mention. At the breaking out of the war, in 1861, Daniel Lester and Fannie, his wife, resided on a farm near the town of Equinunck, Wayne County, Pa. They had 11 sons, Charles, Henry, Algred, George, Erastus, Allison, Morris, Joseph, Benjamin, Warren and Nathaniel. They all enlisted in the Union army, except Morris, who stayed at home to care for his parents and the farm.

"Morris was drafted, however, and paid $300 for a substitute to represent him, thus practically making 11 brothers in the service. The 10 brothers all returned with honorable discharges after their terms had expired. Some of them have since died as the result of wounds received or disease contracted in the service. After the war had ended Morris removed to the town of Hunter, Greene County, N. Y., where he has since resided, and is now a respected citizen of Tannersville, N. Y., in his 70th year. Who can beat this?"

The 59th Ind.

Editor National Tribune: Please give a short history of the 59th Ind. in The National Tribune. I served 39 months in this regiment.—L. M. Wilkins, Marble Hill, Mo.

The 59th Ind. was organized at Gosport and Indianapolis from Feb. 11 to April 26, 1862, to serve three years. The veterans and recruits were retained in service until July 17, 1865, when they were mustered out. The first Colonel was Jesse I. Alexander, who resigned Sept. 1, 1864, and was succeeded by Thomas A. McNaught, who was brevetted Brigadier-General and mustered out with the regiment. It belonged to Quinby's Division of the Seventeenth Corps, Army of the Tennessee, and lost during its service 37 killed and 229 died of disease, in prison, accidents, etc.—Editor National Tribune.

Served With the 10th Ky.

W. I. Curby, First Sergeant, Co. I, 10th Ky., Rineyville, Ky., writes: "I am a new subscriber to The National Tribune, and I must acknowledge that I have been a loser by not beginning sooner. I enjoy reading the stories of the old comrades telling of the past. I received my first copy of The National Tribune Oct. 7, and to say that I like the paper does not express it as fully as I desire. I was a member of the 10th Ky. Our first Colonel was John M. Harlin, one of the best men I have ever known. He resigned soon after we were organized. Our second Colonel was William Hays. My Captain's name was I. B. Webster. Can you give a short history of the 10th Ky., which was organized at Lebanon, Ky., about Oct. 10, 1861? I will be very glad to hear from some of the boys of the old 'Bloody 10th.' We were with Pap Thomas's Corps, known officially as the Fourteenth Corps, Army of the Cumberland. There are very few old soldiers in this part of the country, and none of the 10th Ky. are anywhere near here. I close with love for all old soldiers and The National Tribune."

The 71st Pa.

Editor National Tribune: Please give a short history of the 71st Pa., Second Brigade, Second Division, Second Corps. —G. W. Mason, Cottage City, Mass.

The 71st Pa. was organized at Philadelphia, Aug. 18, 1861, to serve three years, and mustered out July 2, 1864. It was also called Baker's 1st Cal., and was one of the fighting regiments, losing out of its total enrollment of 1,655 161 killed in battle, 21 dying in prison and 78 died of disease. It was a part of the famous Philadelphia Brigade of Gibbon's Division, Second Corps, Army of the Potomac, and began its fighting in front of Yorktown and ended with Cold Harbor. Its severest losses were at Ball's Bluff and Antietam. The first Colonel was Edward D. Baker, Senator from Oregon, who was killed at Ball's Bluff, and succeeded by Col. Isaac J. Wistar, who was promoted to Brigadier-General and succeeded by Richard Penn Smith, who was in command of the regiment when it was mustered out. —Editor National Tribune.

Where Is This Rebel Flag?

Martin O. Holston, Chicago Dragoons, Spokane, Wash., writes to say that he is an old subscriber, and that he wishes to learn the whereabouts of a rebel flag that was purloined, or borrowed and never returned, from his saddle while he was at Newmarket, Va., the night during the Averill raid, that his command fell back from Salem, Va. He says the flag was a fine silk one, with the inscription worked in green silk, "Craig Mountain Boys." Comrade Holston's company was commanded by Capt. Frederick Shaumbeck. He is very desirous of having the flag returned to him or accounted for.

Who Commanded the Oregon?

Editor National Tribune: To settle a dispute, tell me who commanded the battleship Oregon on her long cruise at the breaking out of the Spanish-American war? Where was Bob Evans? —F. M. Taylor, Brocton, Ill.

Capt. C. E. Clark, now a Rear-Admiral and President of the Naval Examining and Retiring Boards, commanded the Oregon on her famous voyage.

Capt. Robley D. Evans commanded the battleship Iowa.—Editor National Tribune.

Killed at Gettysburg, Aged 54.

Orlando Burnett, Los Angeles, Cal., writes: "I like to read the accounts of the youngest soldier in the civil war. Although not one of the youngest, I enlisted Aug. 14, 1861, at the age of 18; re-enlisted Feb. 6, 1864; discharged Feb. 6, 1867. I had an older brother who enlisted April 11, 1861, and served two years. Now I would like to have some of the comrades tell something about the oldest man in the ranks. My father, Bernard C. Burnett, of the 150th N. Y., was killed at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, while engaged in the line of battle, at the age of 54 years."

With the Army of the Potomac.

C. R. Porton, Postmaster of Patriot, Ind., says he was one of the men who were with Lieut. Gilbert under Curtis in the Appomattox Campaign. He was also with him after Lee's surrender and the Grand Review at Washington. He says he will be glad to hear from any of the old comrades of that command.

WAR OF THE REBELLION.

(Continued from page 1.)

held. If, therefore, you are invested in Vicksburg, you must ultimately surrender. Under such circumstances, instead of losing both troops and place, you must, if possible, save the troops. If it is not too late, evacuate Vicksburg and its dependencies, and march to the northeast."

Pemberton Decides to Stay in Vicksburg.

This was Sunday, May 17. On that day Gen. Pemberton wrote a letter, which Gen. Johnston received the next day, May 18, informing him that he had been attacked and forced back from the Big Black Bridge and that he had ordered Haynes's Bluff to be abandoned. His letter concluded with a sentence which seemed to throw the blame on Johnston for his misfortunes at Champion's Hill and the Big Black Bridge, for he said:

"I greatly regret that I felt compelled to make the advance beyond the Big Black, which has proved so disasterous in its results."

Gen. Johnston had come down as far as Vernon, so as to be as near as possible to Pemberton and be able to direct his movements with promptness and celerity. At Vernon, May 19, Johnston received a reply from Pemberton dated Vicksburg, May 18, to his order to evacuate the place and join him, in which he said that he had assembled "a council of war of the general officers of this command, and having laid your instructions before them, asked the free expression of their opinion as to the practicability of carrying them out. The opinion was unanimously expressed that it was impossible to withdraw the army from this position with such morale and material as to be of further service to the Confederacy."

Thereupon Gen. Johnston gave up all hopes of a junction, and saw that his only expectation would be to gather an army outside sufficiently strong to drive Gen. Grant off and raise the siege. He sent a note to Gen. Pemberton, saying:

"I am trying to gather a force which may attempt to relieve you. Hold out."

The same day he sent orders to Gen. Gardner to evacuate Port Hudson and join him with his garrison. Gardner proved equally disobedient with Pemberton, and replied, May 21, saying that the enemy was advancing from Baton Rouge against him and asking for reinforcements. Johnston repeated his orders for the evacuation, and said:

"You cannot be reinforced. Do not allow yourself to be invested. At every risk save the troops, and, if practicable, move in this direction."

Commodore Porter Gets In His Work.

Commodore Porter, who had been left with his fleet in comparative idleness while these momentous events were occurring on the land, was burning with impatience to do something, and the instant that he received Gen. Sherman's message that Haynes's Bluff was evacuated he set his whole fleet in motion. Lieut. Walker, with five gunboats, was started up the Yazoo, and reached Yazoo City at 1 p. m., May 20. He found the navy-yard and the vessels which had been such a menace since the beginning of the war in flames. One of these vessels was the ram Republic, 310 feet long by 75 wide, and the Mobile, of similar size, both ready for their iron plating. In the navy-yard there were saw and planing mills, extensive machine-shops and carpenter and blacksmith shops. All of these were burned, and 1,500 rebels, sick and wounded in hospital, were paroled. Commodore Porter reported to the Secretary of the Navy:

"The works at Haynes's Bluff were very formidable. There were 14 of the heaviest kind of mounted eight and 10-inch and seven and a half inch rifled guns, with ammunition enough to last a long siege. As the gun-carriages might again fall into the hands of the enemy, I have had them burned, blew up the magazine, and destroyed the works generally. I also burned up the encampments, which were permanently and remarkably well constructed, looking as though the rebels intended to stay some time. Their works and encampments covered many acres of ground, and the fortifications and rifle pits proper of Haynes's Bluff extend about a mile and a quarter. Such a network of forts I never saw."

Commodore Porter has been severely criticised for this destruction of valuable war material, which would have been of great service to Gen. Grant. He should have known that Grant's army was near enough to take possession and effectively guard it.

Final Success in Sight.

About 10 o'clock on the morning of May 18, Gens. Grant and Sherman rode out on the highest point of Walnut Hills, which commanded a view of a wide stretch of country to the northeast, north and northwest. From that eminence they could look down upon the battlefield of Chickasaw Bayou, where Sherman had made his tremendous effort of the previous December to gain the heights where they now stood. The powerful works reaching from there to Haynes's Bluff, which were then filled with men and bristling with cannon and muskets, which had thrown Sherman back in bloody defeat, and which had filled five long, arduous months with bitter disappointments, and held the whole army and the powerful gunboat fleet at bay, were now silent, deserted and harmless. The sluggish Yazoo River wound its tortuous course at their feet, and far over the tops of the cottonwood forest they could see the smoke rising from the fleet of gunboats and transports. There was their line of communication, there was abundance of food and ammunition for the army, and there the channel by which reinforcements could be secured. The lowest private in the army comprehended the triumph. Everyone had looked forward to the height upon which they stood with longing eyes during the endless weeks of weltering in the slime of the morasses and struggling with the chilling rains and the surging waters which threatened at times to overwhelm and drown the army. Each regiment as it came up and caught sight of the Mississippi with the smoke rising from the fleet above, burst into tumultuous cheers, even louder and more heartfelt than those which had announced their startling victories at Port Hudson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion's Hill and Big Black. Grant sat on his horse with his accustomed calmness, and surveyed his triumph with no other outward indication than the brightness of the light in his eyes. But the demonstrative Sherman, turning from the scene of the death of so many of his gallant men, impulsively exclaimed:

"Gen. Grant, I have up to this time had doubts as to our success. I have no longer the least. It is one of the grandest campaigns in history. I do not believe it has an equal."

Gen. Grant realized that the time was too precious to waste in emotions. He had hoped that Sherman's advance would interpose between Pemberton and his fortifications, but this had not been realized, and after giving the men a couple of hours' rest and also an opportunity to close up the column, he pushed Sherman straight on toward Vicksburg on what afterwards became famous as the Graveyard road, which entered Vicksburg near a large cemetery. It was his hope to attack while the Confederates were still under the demoralization of their recent defeats and before they could get well settled down into their strong works.

Gen. Grant then rode over to meet Gen. McPherson's troops coming in on the main Jackson Road, and direct their formation.

In the meanwhile McClernand's troops were coming in by another road and deploying as they came near the rebel works. By nightfall Blair's whole Division had closed up against the outer works, and Gen. Steele's Division had gone to Blair's right to work its way down the bluff and establish connections with the fleet in the Mississippi River.

There was a great deal of desultory skirmishing in these movements, in which a number of men were killed, one being shot dead by the side of Gens. Grant and Sherman as they pressed forward with the advance.

The night of May 18 therefore closed down with Pemberton's army shut up within the defenses of Vicksburg, from which it was never to emerge except as prisoners of war.

(To be continued.)

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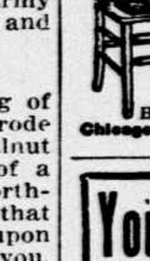

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