RECITALS AND REMINISCENCES.

Stories Eminently Worth Telling of Experiences and Adventures in the Great National Struggle.

ARKANSAS POST.

The Effective Work Done by the 1st Wis. Battery in Reducing the Fort.

Editor National Tribune: Allow me to congratulate you and Comrade McElroy upon the good work he is doing in writing and publishing through the columns of The National Tribune the best popular history of the war of the rebellion yet published. There are, however, some minor errors for which Comrade McElroy is not responsible, as his information is obtained from the reports of officers and correspondents relative to the incidents narrated. One of these errors is found in his report of the capture of Arkansas Post, or Fort Hindman. It is this: "The gunboats moved up within a few hundred yards of the fort and opened a terrific fire, which speedily knocked the guns and bomb-proofs to pieces." The trouble with that piece of history is that it is not true, notwithstanding the reports of Gen. Sherman and Admiral Porter say it is. As for the position of Admiral Porter during the engagement I am not informed, but I doubt if he had as good an opportunity to observe the effect of his shots as I had, while I know Gen. Sherman could possibly not have had any personal knowledge of the effect of the fire from the gunboats, as he was at the extreme right of the army of attack and fully half a mile from the river, and the banks of the river were fully 25 feet high, so that only the smokestacks of the boats could be seen 100 yards from the stream. Gen. McClernand says that at the request of Admiral Porter he had placed a section of 20-pounder Parrott guns about 800 yards below the fort on the bank of the river for the purpose of dismounting the guns in the lower casemates of the fort, which had given the gunboats so much trouble the evening previous. Those were two guns of the 1st Wis. Battery, and I had the honor of being in command of them. My instructions were to keep under cover of some brush growing near the bank of the river until the gunboats should move up the river opposite, when I was to run them out and open fire upon the casemates, as the gunboats would take care of the nine-inch gun in barbette. At the approach of the first boat the Parrotts were uncovered and run out in plain and unobstructed view of the fort and prepared for action. So accurate was the aim of our gunners, Gabriel Armstrong and Ira Butterfield, that we were soon putting 20-pound shell into each casemate at such a rate that the rebels could not load their guns, and the guns were soon dismounted and the casemates knocked in pieces. In the meantime the gunboats were trying to reach that gun that was to be their special game, but had not succeeded to any alarming extent. After we had silenced those casemates we turned our attention to a field battery that was giving some trouble to the infantry in our front, dismounted a gun, blew up a caisson and killed six horses. In the meantime this same gun that was to be the game of the gunboats had put a shell into the Louisville or De Kalb, I forget which, and upset a gun carriage and set the boat on fire, besides killing several men. At this Gen. Osterhaus sent orders to me to silence that gun before it sunk the fleet. The Parrotts were loaded with solid shot and trained upon the offender, and soon put it out of commission, with about 100 pounds of metal knocked off its muzzle and a solid shot through the cheek under one of the trunnions. After this was done the gunboats moved up and poured broadside after broadside into the bank of the river under the fort, and then boasted of "what a big bear me and my Betsey killed." The fact is, the fort was so much higher than the boats in the river that the latter could not elevate their pieces at short range to do effective work. I do not make this claim upon my own unsupported evidence, but on the authority of others who were there and saw. Gen. L. A. Sheldon, then commanding a brigade, was present and said to me: "I saw your guns silence one casemate gun and dismount the barbette gun and also explode the caisson a little to our right of the fort."

Serg't McKeeth says: "From my position on the bank of the river I had the guns on my right, the gunboats on my left and the fort in my front."

Gunner Armstrong would ask me the effect of each shot, which was not difficult for me to give, as I could see every shot from the time it left the smoke of the gun until it struck. I know our guns silenced the casemate guns, and I know it was a shot from Armstrong's gun that broke the piece from the barbette gun, for I saw it from the time it raised from the smoke until it struck."

Gen. Osterhaus in his report says: "I heartily congratulate Lieut. Webster and his men upon their reduction of the lower casemates. The silencing of four formidable guns is their exclusive merit."

In talking with a Lieutenant who was in charge of one of the casemates, soon after the surrender, he said: "That little battery on the bank of the river did them more harm than all the gunboats, as their firing was so rapid and accurate that the men could not load our guns."

So sure were the battery boys they had fired the shot that broke the piece from the big gun that they had the piece boxed and shipped home to La Crosse, Wis., where the battery was recruited, and where it was on exhibition in a show window for many months. These are the plain, unvarnished facts in the case, and if you think they are of interest enough to warrant you in so doing you can publish them.—Daniel Webster, 1st Wis. Battery L. A., Salem, Ore.

The Fight at Wauhatchie.

Editor National Tribune: I read in a recent issue of The National Tribune an account of the Wauhatchie fight by Comrade E. A. Kreidler. I was a member of the 141st N. Y. and was present. I write this only to correct dates. The comrade says we were more than two weeks on cars from Virginia to Bridgeport, Ala. I write to correct him by saying that the regiment was at Bealton Station, Va., Sept. 24, 1863; broke camp and marched to the Rappahannock that day, when the order came to march back to Manassas that night, where we arrived the next day. There we were put in box cars and started for the relief of Chattanooga, and arrived at Bridgeport, Ala., Oct. 2, having been on the cars seven days, instead of over two weeks, as the comrade says.

We broke this camp on Sept. 27, not the 26th, as he stated. We encamped, as stated, near Whiteside that night, and at 6 a. m. of the 28th were on our way to Lookout Valley, but not without some resistance from the Johnnies.

We encamped as stated, when about 10 p. m. a detail for patrol was made under the command of Maj. Clauharty, of which I was not a member. The Corporal mentioned was Wellington C. Hurd, of my company (B), who was taken prisoner while giving the countersign, and died in prison. One other member of Co. B, Manley Van Gelder, was never heard of by the company after that night. The comrade does not mention Lieut. Eckles. It was related to me by members of the patrol that he (Eckles) was the man who saved the patrol from capture.

I would say that when the firing commenced the bugle called the regiment to arms, a skirmish line was formed, of which I was a member, and we advanced, when soon thereafter the fight commenced, as the comrade stated. The time of our arrival at Gen. Geary's camp was just at dawn of day, and a sorry sight awaited us. Thirty-six battery horses lay piled one upon another, all dead. The field in front was strewn with rebel dead and wounded.

The comrade also says we opened up the Tennessee River. Not only did we do that, but we carried provisions to the beleaguered army at Chattanooga. I would also state that Maj. Clauharty is dead and his memory we revere.—Thomas D. Goundrey, Sergeant, Co. B, 141st N. Y., Beaver Dams, N. Y.

THAT DUMMY MONITOR.

Her Career After Passing the Vicksburg Batteries.

Editor National Tribune: We have noticed the article in The National Tribune by John McElroy about the opening of the Mississippi. It goes on to say that the Queen of the West and other gunboats captured the Indianola, which was tied to the river bank and being repaired by the Johnnies. Now, the article does not mention what the Queen of the West was doing between that time and the night of the 26th, when the "dummy" made its appearance.

Co. C, 55th Ill., was detailed on the morning of the 27th to do picket duty from the mouth of the canal down the river on the levee. We relieved Co. I of the same regiment. When we came in sight of the mouth of the canal we saw that monster "dummy" lying right in an eddy at the mouth of the canal, and down the river in plain sight between us and Warrington lay the Queen of the West. J. C. Garner, Henry Woodring and Scott Wright made a raft of floodwood, on which they crossed a bayou on the highland on the bank of the river where the dummy was lodged. We examined the dummy carefully and found not a scratch or sign of cannon ball—she had not been hit in running the Vicksburg batteries. We then got long poles and shoved her into the current and started her on down stream toward the Queen of the West, expecting the Queen to at once attack the dummy and blow it into kindling wood. It was rainy and misty weather, but not so bad but what the gunners at Warrenton saw the dummy move off, and the Warrenton batteries immediately opened a terrific fire on the dummy, which made it decidedly hot for Comrades Garner, Woodring, and Wright, who had to hustle behind the levee till the dummy got out of range. To our surprise the Queen of the West turned tail and under full steam sailed down the river, which was the last we ever heard of her.

In regard to the effects produced by Porter's dummy, the Richmond Examiner of March 7, 1863, says:

"The telegraph brings us tidings of something which is tremblingly described as a 'turreted monster.' Gunboats are deemed not more dangerous than dugouts, but when the case is altered to an interview with a turreted monster, then the brave defenders of the Father of Waters can do nothing better than make two-forty toward the mountains.

"The reported fate of the Indianola is even more disgraceful than farcical. Here was perhaps the finest ironclad in the Western waters captured after a heroic struggle, rapidly repaired, and destined to join the Queen of the West in a series of victories. Next we hear that she was of necessity blown up in the true Merrimac-Mallory style, and why? Laugh and hold your sides, lest you die of a surfeit of derision, oh, Yankeedom. Blown up because, forsooth, a flatboat or mudscow, with a small house taken from the back garden of a plantation put on top of it, is floated down the river before the frightened eyes of the Partisan Rangers. 'A turreted monster.'

"'A most unfortunate and unnecessary affair,' says the dispatch. Rather so. 'The turreted monster proved to be a flatboat, with sundry fixtures to create deception.' Think of that.

"She passed Vicksburg on Tuesday night, and the officers (what officers?) believing her to be a turreted monster, blew up the Indianola, but her guns fell into the enemy's hands. That is passing odd. Her guns fell into the enemy's hands after she was blown up. Incredible. Mallory and Tatnall did better than that with the Merrimac.

"The Queen of the West," continues the facetious dispatch, "left in such a hurry as to forget part of her crew, who were left on shore.

"Well done for the Queen of the West and her brave officers.

"Taken altogether," concludes the inimitable dispatch, "it was a good joke on the Partisan Rangers, who are notoriously more cunning than brave. Truly an excellent joke—so excellent that every man connected with this affair, if any resemblance of the truth is contained in the dispatch, should be branded with the capital letters 'T. M.' and enrolled in a detached company, to be known by the name of 'The Turreted Monster' henceforth forever."—J. C. Garner and Henry Woodring, Co. C, 55th Ill., Waverly, Iowa.

Another Fighting Joe.

Editor National Tribune: The letter of Comrade R. W. Burt reminds me of what Gen. Grant thought about the fighting above the clouds on the face of Lookout Mountain. While directing movements of the several fighting lines from Orchard Knob an officer from the Eastern Army of the Potomac remarked several times in the hearing of Gen. Grant, "Just look at Fighting Joe," meaning Hooker, and finally Grant remarked dryly, "Yes, Peter Joe," meaning Peter Joe Osterhaus. So much for historical facts, and which settled the matter as to who was who.—L. D. Immell, Inspector of Artillery, Fourth Corps, Army of the Cumberland, St. Louis, Mo.

WITH HUNTER AT LYNCHBURG.

Served With the 15th N. Y. and 2d N. Y. Provisional Cav.

Editor National Tribune: I have been a subscriber of The National Tribune, the American soldiers' best friend, for more than 20 years, but in that time I do not remember of having read a line from any of my old comrades of the 15th N. Y. and 2d N. Y. Provisional Cav. My mind goes back to the vicinity of Lynchburg at the time of the first day's actual engagement of Hunter's command. Our company (D, 15th N. Y.) was on rear-guard duty. Part of this duty was to shoot wornout horses and mules that had been left behind by our army. We found a number of animals branded U. S. which had been concealed by the natives, who in some instances were grooming or feeding the disabled beasts.

"THE THING IS OUT," HE REMARKED IN A DRY TONE.

Those who had the horses generally explained that they thought "Yo-'uns had all gone." Of course, obeying orders, we led the animals out and shot them. One night we of squad B of Co. D had gone into camp nearby Gen. Hunter's headquarters, when, after supper, Orderly-Serg't Miller and Serg't Gibbs came to me, smiling broadly. They handed me two canteens and a note, and ordered me to carry them to the Captain. I read the note after leaving their presence. It was as follows:

"Squad B of Co. D sends greetings to their commanding officer and most humbly request an order on the Commissary for one gallon of commissary whisky on this day's deal."

I found the Captain in his tent busily engaged in writing. After saluting I handed the note to the Lieutenant. He read it, smiled, and handed it to the Captain, who glanced it over. Without raising his eyes or noticing me he whote the following:

"Please let the bearer have two (2) canteens of commissary whisky and charge the same to me."

This he passed to the Lieutenant, and he handed it to me. I saluted and passed out. During the entire transaction not a word had been spoken, but all had smiled, and there was more "smiling" after we had gotten the liquor.

Comrade Gilman also describes an incident which happened near Louisville. He had accompanied his Lieutenant to the bank of the river where the levee was precipitous. The horse ridden by the Lieutenant was both clumsy and thirsty, and at the sight of the flowing river the animal stumbled and fell overboard, carrying the officer with him. The Lieutenant was smoking his old army pipe when he went down into the river. After sinking twice he was finally rescued with difficulty. During all his struggling in the water the pipe had never left his mouth. Immediately upon reaching the bank he blew a lot of muddy water from his mouth and nostrils and took a long pull at the old pipe.

"The —— thing is out," he remarked in a dry tone.—E. J. Gilman, Co. D, 15th N. Y. Cav., and 2d N. Y. Prov. Cav., Jerico Springs, N. Y.

Sheridan's Famous Ride.

Editor National Tribune: In reply to the latter clause of G. W. Mattoon's letter of inquiry in The National Tribune of Sept. 21, 1905, "Sheridan's ride from Winchester," he says:

"Several writers, in speaking of that day, imply, if they do not say directly, that he (Sheridan) was alone when he reached the front."

So he was. The position occupied that morning by the brigade of Regular cavalry, commanded by Charles H. Lowell, and two regiments of Gen. Averell's old Brigade, the 14th Pa. and 8th Ohio Cav., commanded by Col. David H. Moore, was at the base of the hill north of Middletown, on the Valley Pike, and at that time were the closest troops to the enemy, who occupied the hill in our front. The courageous Sheridan dashed up the pike alone on his famous black charger, Rienzi, and halted on the pike in rear of the cavalry, and was warmly greeted by both officers and men. He remained there but a few minutes, and rode back to Getty's Division of the Sixth Corps, who had formed line of battle on the right of the Valley Pike, 150 rods or more to our rear. Some of his escort may have followed him up as far as Getty's Division that morning. However, no escort was with him when he reached the cavalry at the base of the hill north of Middletown. I was within 12 or 15 rods of him when he checked up his black charger, so that I know he reached the front of the army that morning alone.—J. J. Frazier, Co. K, 14th Pa. Cav., Clarion, Pa.

The 71st N. Y.

Editor National Tribune: Please give in The National Tribune a short history of the 7th N. Y., Sickles's Brigade, Hooker's Division, Third Corps.—Henry Oglesby, Soldiers' Home, Bennington, Vt.

The 71st N. Y. was organized at Staten Island, N. Y., and Washington, D. C., Aug. 4, 1861, to serve three years, and was mustered out July 30, 1864, the recruits being transferred to the 120th N. Y. It was called also the 2d Excelsior regiment. The first Colonel was George B. Hall, who was discharged April 28, 1863, and succeeded by Col. Henry L. Potter, who was in command of the regiment when it was mustered out. The 71st N. Y. belonged to Hooker's Division of the Third Corps, Army of the Potomac, and lost during its service 88 men killed and 75 died of disease, accidents, etc.—Editor National Tribune.

"WHISTLING DICK."

A Reminiscence.

(By Jas. A. Greer, Rear-Admiral, U. S. N.)

One day in May, 1863, while Gen. Grant was completing the investment of Vicksburg, the Benton, an ironclad gunboat belonging to the Mississippi Squadron, was lying at the bank of the river on the Louisiana side. An army officer was ushered into the cabin of the commanding officer of the vessel, and after a courteous reception stated that he was a member of the staff of Maj.-Gen. ——, whose division was en route to the crossing point of the river; that several hours would elapse before the crossing could be effected, and that the General, being very much fatigued, had sent him with his compliments to ask if he could come on board and have a few hours' rest. Reply was made that the commanding officer would very gladly receive him and such officers as he chose to bring, and would do all in his power to make them comfortable, but he was about to start up the river to ascertain the position of Confederate batteries.

The Aid replied that he was sure the General would like to see how they did things in the navy. Shortly afterwards the General, with one or two other officers, went on board. The vessel immediately proceeded up the river, all hands being at quarters. There was no one on the upper deck but the commanding officer, his two Aids, a Quartermaster and the army officers.

In action no one should have been exposed on that deck, but sometimes, when at long range and with the firing slow, risks were taken. There was a good (for those times) pilot-house, very solidly built and sheathed with iron, in shape nearly a truncated cone. The outside was thoroughly greased, as an idea prevailed that it might cause shot to deflect. Presently the Pilot called out to the Captain "to look out," as the vessel would soon be abreast of a large tree, which on former visits up the river had been found to be a range mark for a heavy gun in the Confederate works to which had been given the name of "Whistling Dick." Those on deck belonging to the vessel immediately placed themselves on the lee or off-side of the pilot-house, ready, when they should see the flash of the gun, to stoop down and find at least some protection. There were pieces of canvas handy for use in protecting one's clothes from the grease, which was black with coal dust.

The Captain told the army officers what his custom was, and advised them to follow his example. Upon this there was a deal of snickering and nudging among the guests, but not in an offensive manner. One remarked in a somewhat facetious tone that "they did not dodge in the army;" "This is something new," etc., etc.

No reply was made. Soon the Quartermaster called out, "There she comes," and the Captain said, "Down." Quickly those belonging to the vessel took canvas and crouched down behind and close to the pilot-house. In a few moments was heard the whir-r-r-r-plunk of the heavy long seven-inch shell from Whistling Dick, as it came toward and passed over the vessel, striking the water not more than 60 feet beyond. Glancing up, the Captain observed that there was an addition to the number of those seeking protection behind the pilot-house. In fact, so rapidly did the army officers join their naval friends there that they neglected to protect themselves from the grease, but crouched down so closely that some of them bore the marks upon their foreheads, noses and chins, not to count their clothes. As all rose, the Captain, laughing a little spitefully, said: "Well, General, what do you think now of the way they do these things in the navy?" to which reply was made with a Scottish accent: "I didn't know the —— things made such a noise."

It is proper to state that the General had probably never heard anything heavier than a 12-pounder shot coming toward him, and he before, as he did frequently after this incident, proved himself to be one of the bravest of men. The next time "Whistling Dick" was fired the army gentlemen were very prompt in seeking the same shelter as their friends of the navy.

FATE OF UNION PRISONERS.

Shot Down for a Pittance, and How a Guerrilla Captain Was Saved From Being Lynched.

Comrade H. J. Fuller, Co. E, 60th Ill., writes from Marion, Ill., to say he read in a recent issue of The National Tribune a communication from a Tennessee comrade requesting the boys to speak out and say what they think of the resolutions adopted at Nashville, Tenn., in reference to the rebels treating the Union soldiers humanely. Comrade Fuller says he is a Tennesseean, and declares the statement that Union troops were humanely treated, as stated in the resolutions, to be an untruth. He adds:

"While 40 members of my company were guarding a train loaded with ammunition from Bridgeport, Ala., to Chattanooga, we were attacked at Anderson Crossroads by Wheeler and his command and were captured. Of course, the usual demand was made to give up our money and valuables. One of our men informed his captors that he had but $2.50, and asked to be treated as a prisoner of war, whereupon a rebel sent a bullet through his breast, killing him. Then the rebel went through the dead man's pockets and took his money.

"In the Spring of 1864 I was detailed to the Fourteenth Corps headquarters as an orderly or escort for Gen. J. M. Palmer, at that time commanding the corps. I remained on this duty after Gen. Jeff Davis took command of the Fourteenth Corps, and when we had turned Hood and his army over to the care of old 'Pap' Thomas, and had started back toward Atlanta, Sherman's army stopped a few days at Kingston, Ga. While there a guerrilla Captain was brought before Gen. Davis with a charge against him of having captured three of our boys, and after hanging them up by their heels, cut their throats, leaving their bodies hanging.

"I had an exciting time that night saving the life of that guerrilla Captain. He was turned over to me for safekeeping, and I was given six men as guards. I placed him in a house just east of the depot, and about dark a crowd of our boys came to me and demanded that I surrender the Captain to them. I ordered them to get away from there and be quick about it. They declared they would have him at all hazards.

"I notified Gen. Davis of the situation, and he sent a company of armed men to reinforce my little guard. Even the reinforcements did not subdue the excitement, until an officer rode up and commanded the men to disperse, informing them that Gen. Sherman would have the prisoner executed in the morning. The crowd left the place, and about 2 o'clock in the morning Gen. Davis sent me a pair of handcuffs, and I placed them on the Captain and slipped him on board a train bound for Chattanooga, and that was the last I heard of him."

He "Fit" at Fort Gregg.

Comrade J. B. Fairchild, Co. C, 123d Ohio, writes from Norwalk, Ohio: "It is amusing to see how many different regiments and brigades took Fort Gregg. One thing I have always contended is that the 123d Ohio, 116th Ohio, 34th Mass. and 12th Va. were in the First Brigade, First Division, Twenty-fourth Corps, and that we did actually charge Fort Gregg, and after a hand-to-hand conflict victory was ours. How many others took part in that struggle that Sunday afternoon I do not know, neither do I care; nor do I care whose flag was planted on the parapet first. There was fighting enough for us and glory enough for all who took part in the capture, and I have more than a faint recollection of being one of the party."

THE 27TH MO.

Some Puzzling Things to a Member of the Regiment.

Editor National Tribune: In your edition of Aug. 10, P. B. Williams, of Omaha, Mo., requests you to give a sketch of the 27th Mo. In reply you stated that there were two regiments which bore that number. Now, I was on scout duty from early in 1861 to Aug. 10, 1862, in Missouri, and during that time I perambulated over much territory; into rebel camps and out again, when I could. I was captured while on one of my visits to the Johnnies, and had quite a lively time in making my escape. But that is another story.

I never heard until now that there were two regiments known as the 27th Mo. This is not in contradiction of your answer to P. B. Williams, but if the records are wrong in one particular, as I shall endeavor to show, why not in another? I was with the only regiment that to my knowledge bore that number, from the beginning of its service to the ending thereof.

Your account of the movements of the regiment are, in the main, correct. The 27th Mo. was raised, as you have stated, in the Fall of 1862. Its first move after being mustered in was from Benton Barricks to Chillicothe, Mo., where we remained until late in the Fall. From there we were ordered to Rolla to repel a threatened invasion of the enemy.

Early in the Spring of 1863 we were sent to St. Louis, and part of the regiment placed on provost guard and the remainder on duty at the Gratiot Street Prison. The regiment was made up of six companies, A, B, C, D, F and G, of about 100 men each, enlisted in 1862. The other four companies were: E, enlisted in 1861, at St. Louis, and composed of Irishmen; Cos. H and K were overflows from Illinois and all German, while Co. I was an independent company from Arkansas. These last four companies numbered from 75 to 80 men each.

We were relieved by the "Graybeard Regiment" from Iowa, and then we were placed in F. P. Blair's St. Louis Brigade and sent down the river to Vicksburg, where we were assigned to Steele's Division, Thirteenth Corps. We remained there until after the surrender of Vicksburg and the battle of Jackson, when our brigade was transferred to the Fifteenth Corps, Blair being promoted. Brig.-Gen. Fletcher took command, and retained it until he was elected Governor of Missouri.

Col. C. R. Wood, of the 76th Ohio, succeeded him, and was shortly afterwards made Brigadier-General and remained in command until the end of the unpleasantness, with the exception of a few periods, when he was in temporary command of the division, which was known as the Osterhaus Division of the Fifteenth Corps.

We lost the four companies (E, H, I and K) after the Atlanta campaign, but we still retained our original organization, neither receiving any other companies nor being consolidated with any other regiment, and were mustered out as the 27th Mo. at Washington in June, 1865, commanded from the time we were mustered in until we left the service by Col. Thos. Curley.

As to the losses sustained by the regiment, I have no record. I find in my diary, which was not very well kept, only three battles in which the losses were mentioned, namely, Lookout Mountain, five killed and wounded; Missionary Ridge, seven; Resaca, 45. But that does not give the total figures, for we were engaged in over 20 battles, besides skirmishes, in which there was more or less loss.

As to the number who died from sickness there is no reliable record, not even that of the Government, as I shall endeavor to show, and while my statement may surprise some, it will not be a surprise to those of the regiment who were compelled to go through the swamps of Black River and the Yazoo and the pestilential lowlands about Young's Point and Milliken's Bend. I will quote from a letter I sent home from Young's Point March 31, 1863:

"This is an awful sickly place, and hundreds of our brave boys are sick and are dying by scores. They have made a cemetery of the levee, and the poor fellows are lying thick for a long distance up and down the river bank. You may have some idea of the condition of this place when I tell you that out of 85 who came down the river in one company only about 25 are able to perform duty."

"And it continued in that way even after we had gotten to the highlands about Vicksburg, for the seed of disease sown in the men's systems in the lowlands caused additional havoc in our ranks. The hospitals were crowded and the medical service was poor. The names of soldiers taken sick and sent to the hospitals were not recorded, consequently if they died, which was almost a sure thing, they were never afterwards heard from officially by the officers of their companies.

To illustrate the carelessness of the Surgeons, I was sent in company with one John Everhart to a smallpox hospital at Milliken's Bend; but by good luck there was a physician at that place who knew his business, so I was treated for my real complaint, lung fever. Under his treatment I was enabled to return to my command in a comparatively short time.

But this is only a sort of preface to the point I wish to make, and that is that it will never be known to any degree of certainty how many soldiers died of disease. In making out our last muster rolls at Washington, in June, 1865, I assisted in performing the work, and to my surprise there was name after name of men of my company, known to be dead, carried on the rolls as sick in hospital at Vicksburg. I said to the officer in command: "What shall we do with these names? The men are dead." "What can we do?" he replied. "They have never been officially reported to us as being dead. Of course, we know as individuals they are dead, but they have been carried on the rolls for two years as sick in hospital, and it would never do at this late day to change the rolls."

Other officers of the regiment who were perplexed over this same question were finally convinced it would not do to change the rolls. I believe this was also the experience of every company that served in and around Vicksburg.

Let us recapitulate: In the beginning the regiment numbered 919 men. You say there were two officers and 35 men killed and 139 died of disease. That would be 176 divided between 10 companies, and would leave in the neighborhood of 75 men each, remembering that four companies were short of their quota of men in the beginning.

Of course, we had a few to desert while they were near home in Missouri, and some were transferred to the Invalid Corps; but would that bring the number down, of the six remaining companies, to 106 men in all? It is a problem I cannot work out. Perhaps some one who may read this can, but I have my doubts.—A. C. Harter, Co. A, 27th Mo., Dayton, Ohio.

The 8th East Tenn. Cav.

Editor National Tribune: I have been a reader of your most valuable paper for several years. I was a member of Co. A, 8th East Tenn. Cav. Will you please give a little history of this command? I have not seen any account of the regiment or its members in The National Tribune.—C. C. Shouse, Hanna, Ind. T.

The 8th Tenn. Cav. was organized from a number of companies raised for various regiments and which were finally consolidated and designated the 8th Tenn. Cav. The beginning of the organization was at Camp Nelson, Ky., from June 30, 1863. It was mustered out of service Sept. 11, 1865. The first Colonel was Jesse H. Strickland, who was missing from Oct. 31, 1863. Col. Samuel K. N. Patton commanded the regiment the last year of its service, and was mustered out with it. The regiment belonged to Gillem's Division, Cavalry of the Army of the Ohio, and lost during its service 38 men killed and 242 who died of disease.—Editor National Tribune.

THE 83D ILL.

The Regiment Which Made Such a Gallant Defense of Fort Donelson.

Editor National Tribune: In your issue of Oct. 12 Comrade Seth B. Kinney, of Pawtucket, R. I., asks for a history of the above regiment, and having some personal knowledge of it, and having also a great many personal friends and schoolmates in it, I take great pleasure in telling what I know of it. It was mustered into the service at Monmouth, Ill., in the month of August, 1862. I was present when the different companies were sworn in by a U. S. officer in full uniform on the public square at the time of its organization. As soon as each company was mustered in it was marched to the depot and drew clothing and then went into camp at the Fair Grounds. The regimental organization was as follows: Abner C. Harding, Colonel, and a Mexican War veteran; Arthur A. Smith, Lieutenant-Colonel; Brott was the name of the Major, and W. B. Corey, Adjutant. The name of the Quartermaster has slipped my mind. I was at the camp almost daily, as my brother was a Sergeant in Co. F. I must be allowed to say that the personnel of the regiment was equal, and no doubt superior, to any other from Illinois. Who were they and what were they? Co. C was made up almost wholly of college students, young men in the prime of life, full of activity and possessed of every virtue that made good men and became the true type of Christian patriots. Co. B was composed of a fine class of young men from the northwest portion of the County and mostly were young farmers of good, steady habits, and were pious, good men also. The regiment was mostly from Warren County. The company officers were a good class of men, and from Colonel down to private every man went in with the expectation of doing his duty, and enlisted on conscientious principles only. I had more acquaintances in the 83d than in any other regiment, and am free to say that they were made of the qualities that make good soldiers. Probably no other regiment was composed of men so free from vice and bad habits, and I only wished at the time that I could go along too, as it was an honor to serve with such men; but my turn came somewhat later on. They went into camp about the middle of August and settled at once and in good earnest to the duties of soldiers and drilled, paraded and also prayed, as all good men should do, and served their time out faithfully, and I doubt if any regiment came home with character so untarnished. I knew many of those men in after life, and they possessed characters almost spotless. They left Monmouth early in September and soon reached Cairo, and from thence to the Tennessee River and to Fort Henry, and from there marched across country to Fort Donelson, the scene of Gen. Grant's first great victory. Here they settled down to a strict routine of camp duty and from the first became known as a regiment with good discipline, and the Inspection Officer always graded them No. 1. They went on scouting excursions and made many reconnoissances in the surrounding country. They belonged to the command of Gen. Rousseau, and made surveys of that portion of Tennessee, and also scoured the country for guerrillas and made it unpleasant for rebel sympathizers, who were numerous in that portion of Tennessee. After remaining at Fort Donelson for nearly a year, three companies were detached from the regiment and were sent to Clarksville. As far as I know the headquarters of the regiment was Fort Donelson until the end of their term of service; but this does not imply that they failed to do their duty, for they showed their mettle in February, 1863, when only seven companies were present at Fort Donelson, and at noontime were attacked by three brigades under Gens. Wheeler, Wharton and McNary, the latter of whom was killed that day. They were poorly fortified for such an attack, but stood their ground nobly, and before sundown had completely silenced them. The gunboats arrived, I think, from Paducah, or perhaps from some point near enough to hear the roar of the artillery. The 83d was, of course, driven back, but fell back firing almost into the faces of their foes and hotly contended every inch of ground, and killed and wounded more men than the seven companies had. At one time near the close of the day the enemy made a desperate charge to take a piece of artillery and came pretty close to the muzzle in great numbers and boasted that they had gotten the gun; but the boys shouted to them: "Yes; you have gotten the wrong end of it!" The last friction match was gone, but one of the gunners rushed into some one's quarters and picked up a shovelful of hot coals and placed on the heavily-primed tube and the gun went off and made a terrible havoc of all who were near and in front of it, and at this juncture Co. B was lying in ambush with double-loaded guns, and suddenly arose and emptied their pieces at pretty close range and killed and wounded probably more men than they numbered. Almost immediately the enemy fell back and the firing ceased. Really Col. Harding and the artillery (which I think was not more than Steinbach's Battery) had silenced the enemy before the gunboats arrived; but many of those brave Christian patriots laid down their lives that wintry afternoon in the holy cause of liberty and right.

Only a year previous the 17th Ill. had fought over the same ground under Gen. Grant and had lost many men, and after this brilliant defense they assembled and passed resolutions praising and thanking them for defending the graves of their fallen comrades so faithfully and well. I am sorry that I cannot now give the names of those who fell. I remember of attending the funeral services of the remains of three brave men who had fallen and had been sent home for interment; viz, James M. Campbell, Bryson and David Allen, the latter being brothers and in the same company. During the following Summer a surveying party was sent out, detached chiefly from Co. B, and were suddenly attacked by a band of guerrillas under a guerrilla chief by the name of Woodward, and were nearly every one killed. Among those who fell I recall with sadness Mitchell A. Thompson, William Findlay and a young man by the name of Nichol. The regiment was retained so long in one place on account of their devotion to duty and fine appearance and good discipline and habits, and because they were guarding important points and holding down large numbers of guerrilla forces, and had they been called to the defense of Nashville under the gallant Thomas, or to Franklin under Gen. Schofield would have soon gone there and made their presence felt. They were, if my memory serves me correctly, ordered to Nashville and vicinity, being at Tullahoma and at one time were sent to Franklin. But here my knowledge of this gallant band has come to an end, and, comrades, do you blame me for wanting to serve with such men?—A. A. Mannon, M. D., 47th Ill., Stewart Home, Franklin, Ky.

The 26th Wis.

Comrade T. H. Allen, R. F. D. 1, Hoisington, Kan., writes: "Does any reader of The National Tribune know anything about the 26th Wis.? I have not seen anything from survivors of that regiment in the paper. Guess they are all dead. I was at Denver, but saw none of the old command."

The 30th Ind.

Editor National Tribune: I have been looking for a statement of the losses of the 30th Ind. Was this regiment one of the 300 fighting regiments?—Thos. Hogareth, Stewart, Fla.

Several times lately we have published the history of the 30th Ind., which was one of the fighting regiments, and lost 137 killed out of a total enrollment of 1,126. It belonged to the Fourth Corps, Army of the Cumberland.—Editor National Tribune.

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains the linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it, or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What To Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, and a book that tells all about it, both sent absolutely free by mail. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing be sure to mention that you read this generous offer in the Washington National Tribune. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

PICKET SHOTS.

From Alert Comrades Along the Whole Line.

Wants to Hear From Comrades.

Abner R. Gill, Co. I, 4th Ky., writes from Rarden, O.: "Aug. 18 found me in Co. I, 4th Ky., commanded by Capt. W. B. Riggs. We formed a portion of the Second Brigade, Second Division, Fourteenth Corps, under 'Pap' Thomas. We experienced our initial fight at Mill Spring, Ky. Following this came the race for Louisville and the interception of Bragg's advance on the Ohio. At Louisville we went aboard boats and proceeded up the Cumberland to Nashville.

"Then followed the battles of Stone River, Shiloh, Corinth and the retreat into Kentucky. After the fight at Perryville, we proceeded to Crab Orchard, Cumberland Gap and Chattanooga. Being defeated at Chickamauga, we shared the hardships of the siege of Chattanooga, and vanquished our besiegers at Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge.

"Our next move was by way of Kenesaw, Resaca and Dalton to Atlanta. Our regiment was detached from Thomas's command, mounted, and made a part of McCook's Cavalry, which, in connection with Stoneman's command, made the unsuccessful raid south of Atlanta, into Mississippi.

"At Jonesboro, Miss., I was captured with a number of my comrades, and we were sent to Andersonville, where I remained four months, being then exchanged. Having spent a short furlough at home, I rejoined my command in April, 1865, having served four years altogether, when mustered out in August, 1865.

"My object in sending this small contribution to The National Tribune is to attract the attention, if possible, of some of my comrades. Should this come to the notice of any members of the 4th Ky., 10th Ky., 10th Ind. or 14th Ohio, I would be much pleased to correspond with them. Especially would I like to hear from my old Captain, W. B. Riggs."

Made Gen. Wheeler "Hump."

Comrade David Fortney, Co. G, 10th Ohio Cav., writes from Winston, N. C.: "I noticed in The National Tribune an account of the capture of 27 rebels by Corp'l Smith and 10 men of Co. G, 10th Ohio Cav., while on picket down in North Carolina. That circumstance calls to my mind the capture of a Lieutenant and seven rebels near Dallas, Ga., by myself and six comrades, also of Co. G, 10th Ohio Cav. We slipped away from the column in the afternoon to do a little foraging on our own hook. We were on a road to the right of the column, perhaps two miles away. As we passed a cabin an old colored man came to the door and beckoned to us. He told us that some rebels were sleeping in the brush near by. We investigated, and found them sound asleep; took their guns; aroused them—and how they were scared. The method we adopted for their awakening was what frightened them, for after taking their muskets we concealed ourselves in a clump of bushes. Then we all yelled at the tops of our voices, and they sprang up like scared rabbits. We broke their guns and marched them prisoners to the column.

The men in our squad were David Endsley, S. B. Hutchinson, Lewis Henning, Luther Reynolds, Thomas Moore and David Fortney. I wish that any comrade who can will send me a postal card with the address of S. B. Hutchinson and Lewis Henning, of Co. G. They doubtless both remember the time they made Joe Wheeler, the rebel leader, cut dirt on his gray horse when they fired three of four shots apiece at him by order of Gen. Kilpatrick."

A Youthful Soldier.

Lyston D. Howe, private, Co. I, 15th Ill., 506 North Sterling street, Streator, Ill., writes: "I enlisted June 5, 1861, in Co. I, 15th Ill.; re-enlisted, Feb. 12, 1862, in Co. B, 55th Ill., and was discharged at Goldsboro, N. C., March 27, 1865, at expiration of term of service. I claim to be the youngest enlisted soldier during the war of the rebellion, in view of the fact that I was born Aug. 27, 1850, which made me but 11 years of age the August after I enlisted. I served continuously without furlough to the expiration of my term of service, March 27, 1865. The War Department records will bear out my statements."

Scattering.

John Garrison, Knoxville, Iowa, Co. G, 33d Iowa, would like to hear from the comrade of an Illinois regiment who took care of him in the little frame house at the foot of the road that went up to the fort at Columbus, Ky. He regrets that he has forgotten the name of the comrade, but he well remembers the act of Christian kindness.

George W. Colgrove, Co. B, 144th N. Y., Port Allegany, Pa., writes that he takes pleasure in calling the attention of the comrades to anything in The National Tribune that will be to their interest. Comrade Colgrove was in service three years. For three weeks he was under fire at Fort Sumter. He remembers first hearing the "Red, White and Blue" sung by the daughters of a clergyman.

D. W. C. Towne, Fairfax, S. D., would like to hear from some of the 3d Mich. Battery boys, if any are alive.

James Baird, Williamstown, Pa., would like to hear from any of his comrades of Co. H, 11th Ill.

Addresses Wanted.

Joseph J. Wilkins, of Capps, Ark., would be glad to have the address of A. B. Haested, of the 24th N. Y. Cav., and of E. N. Lewis, U. S. Army.

Mrs. Ann McArdle Brown, the widow of a comrade, No. 59 Middagh St., Brooklyn, N. Y., is desirous that some reader of The National Tribune will give her the present address of her sisters, Mrs. Catherine McArdie Flynn and Misses Mary Ann and Margaret McArdle, who went from New York City to California in 1866 and 1873. Mrs. Brown needs their assistance.