RECITALS AND REMINISCENCES.

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

RAID OF OSBAND'S TROOPERS.

Cavalry Command Cut a Swath Through the Enemy's Country From Natchez to Woodville, Miss.

Editor National Tribune: Comrade William W. Pumphrey, 26th Ohio Battery, in a recent issue of The National Tribune desired some one with a good memory to write an account of Col. E. D. Osband's raid from Natchez to Woodville, Miss. I was not along, but a battalion of my regiment, the 4th Ill. Cav., comprised a part of Col. Osband's force. Col. Osband himself was formerly Captain of Co. A, 4th Ill. Cav., which served as Gen. Grant's body-guard from some time in 1862 until Grant went East to take command there. I give herewith Col. Osband's official report of the raid as found in the Rebellion Records.—P. O. Avery, Historian, 4th Ill. Cav., Pleasant View Stock Farm, near Humboldt, Neb.

Report of Col. E. D. Osband, 3d U. S. Colored Cav., commanding expedition to Woodville, Miss., to Capt. F. W. Fox, Assistant Adjutant-General:

"Headquarters Cavalry Forces, Vicksburg, Miss., Oct. 12, 1864.

"Pursuant to orders from the Major-General commanding I left Natchez, Miss., on the 4th day of October, at 6 p. m., on transports provided with detachments of the 5th, 11th and 4th Ill. Cav., 2d Wis. Cav., two pieces of artillery and detachment of Signal Corps; in all about 1,200 men. We landed at Tunica Bend, La., at 4 a. m. on the 5th, and marched in the direction of Woodville. When 10 miles from Woodville, hearing heavy firing in the direction of Bayou Sara, I proceeded to that point as far as Sligo, but there finding that the firing receded faster than we advanced, I moved toward Woodville, and after surrounding the town charged with two regiments, completely surprising the rebels and capturing 12 prisoners, one caisson, 12 army wagons, with teams, etc. After destroying telegraph wires and capturing mail, I moved half a mile south of the village and camped.

"At daylight I forwarded all prisoners and captured property to Fort Adams.

"Hearing at this time of a rebel force upon my right flank about one and a half miles distant, I immediately sent the 5th Ill. Cav., 3d U. S. Col'd Cav. and one piece of artillery to the left, and moved with the 11th Ill. and 2d Wis. Cav. and one gun to the right. The column sent to the left met a severe fire from Gober's Cavalry. The artillery and 5th Ill. Cav., supporting, opened at 1,000 yards and did fine execution. Maj. J. B. Cook, with the 3d U. S. Col'd Cav., pushing rapidly to the rear, stampeded Gober's command and gained the rear of the battery. When forming in line of battle he charged through the woods, one battalion with revolvers and one with sabers, cutting down the rebels, who were now deserting the battery, driving the gunners from their pieces and capturing the guns. The batterymen were secured as prisoners of war by the 5th Ill. Cav. In the meantime the other column met with stubborn resistance.

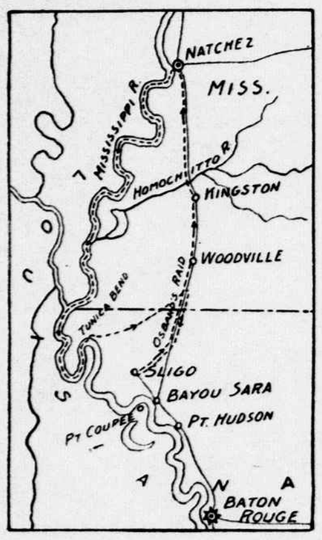
"The result of this half-hour's work was one 12-pound howitzer, two six-pound smoothbore guns, 150 rounds of fixed ammunition, horses and harness complete, three battleflags, 41 prisoners and four of the enemy killed. Our loss was nothing. The fight occurred near the residence of Judge McGehee, who had breakfast cooked for the rebels. Our men ate the breakfast, and, giving the Judge half an hour to move out of his residence, burned it, together with the quarters he had erected for the use of the rebels. I now sent Capt. Bentley with one company of the 2d Wis. a mile to the right of our position, where he stampeded a company of rebel cavalry. He found and destroyed 35 saddles and 35 stand of arms. I also caused to be burned at Woodville about $100,000 worth of Confederate commissary stores, consisting of salt, sugar, tobacco and cotton cloth. I now moved to Fort Adams, sending captured property by boats.

"Here at the junction of the roads the advance (3d U. S. Col'd Cav.) found and drove a small party of rebels some two miles. Our loss was two wounded, slightly. During the night I learned we had met Powers's regiment, 200 strong. The 4th Ill. Cav. had one man wounded, who afterward died. Expecting to meet Scott and the combined rebel forces at Woodville, I marched at 8 a. m. for that place, but found no enemy. We encamped on Buffalo Creek, and marched next morning at daylight, meeting Col. Farrar at Kingston, and reaching Natchez at 4 p. m. I learned at Woodville that in the skirmish with Powers's regiment the commanding officer, Maj. McKowen, and eight men were killed.

"Summary: The command embarked and disembarked twice, traveled by river 175 miles and marched by land 260 miles. They lost no material, had only two men killed and one officer and five men slightly wounded. The enemy's loss, two officers and 54 enlisted men killed, and by capture four officers and 82 enlisted men. The command captured three cannon, one caisson, 350 rounds of ammunition, some harness, etc., 1,000 head of beef cattle, three sheep, between 300 and 400 horses and mules, 12 army wagons, harness, etc., destroying 350 stand of arms, $100,000 subsistence stores, destroyed the telegraph station at Woodville, and secured a large amount of information through captured dispatches, and gained 175 able-bodied colored recruits."

This report is signed by E. D. Osband, Colonel, 3d U. S. Col'd Cav.

ON THE ROAD TO WOODVILLE.



MAP OF OSBAND'S RAID.

Prevented a Murder.

Editor National Tribune: I wish to correct a mistake regarding the capture of the stacks and ditch in which the 5th Va. (rebel) Cav. were stationed. I do not want to take any honors away from any command, for there is honor for all; neither do I want any taken away from my regiment. They earned honors, and they are entitled to retain them. The Harris Lights did charge the stacks, but failed to take them, and fell back—all but five or six who stayed behind the stacks. Then Gen. Kilpatrick told Col. Stedman, of the 6th Ohio Cav., to take the position. We charged in a large meadow on the right of the road from Aldie to Middleburg and Upperville. The Colonel led the regiment in the charge, and we took prisoners all there but one man, whom I saw run away. The regiment lost one Major, mortally wounded; one Sergeant, of Co. H, killed; one Corporal, of Co. K, killed; several wounded, four in Co. K. The regiment lost a dozen horses, killed. There was some hard fighting over on our right, about 100 rods; there was a ridge between them and us, so that we could not see them. There is where the 4th N. Y. and 1st Me. had their fighting. There might have been some stacks over there, for all I know.

Now for a little incident of my own. I captured one rebel, and took him back and turned him over to the provost guard, and then, hearing a shot fired down by the ditch that the rebels had been in, I went there to see what the shot was for. A member of Co. H was trying to shoot a wounded rebel officer, who was sitting in the bottom of the ditch, and I asked, "What are you doing?" He said he wanted to have the name of killing a rebel. I told him to go and find one who would have an equal chance with himself. He said, "What is it your business?" I told him that if he shot that man I would shoot him. He looked at me and saw that I meant it, and he went away. Then I looked up and saw one of my company, Dan Robertson, trying to capture a rebel; but the rebel was working Dan back toward a stone fence, where he might jump over and get away. I went to Dan's assistance, and we took the reluctant rebel in.—M. V. Oviatt, Sergeant, Co. K, 6th Ohio Cav., Braceville, O.

COBURN'S BRIGADE.

More of That Unfortunate Order of Gen. C. C. Gilbert.

Editor National Tribune: The National Tribune, in its issue of Dec. 7, 1905, contains an interesting descriptive account of the battle of Thompson Station on March 5, 1863, by Capt. C. P. Lincoln, of the 19th Mich. The Captain does not, and is hardly expected to, give all the details connected with that expedition. The usual limits of a newspaper account hardly permits it.

My purpose is not to attract particular attention to the article, except only to refute one single clause in the letter of Lieut. Sullivane, a member, I believe, of Gen. Forrest's staff, which is incorporated in the Captain's account. With the exception of this clause, the letter of Lieut. Sullivane will be read with a good deal of pleasure and approval, possessing as it does many compliments of the valor of the Union troops engaged, to wit: The 33d and 85th Ind., and the 19th Mich. and 22d Wis., composing the brigade commanded by Col. John Coburn.

The clause in Sullivane's letter to which I allude is as follows:

"Col. Coburn was directed to verify the accuracy of the number and position of the enemy."

By many this view of Col. Coburn's mission is accepted as true, not for purposes of mischievous intent or the perversion of history, but because of ignorance of the facts. Had Mr. Sullivane known the facts, believing as I do in his honesty of purpose, he would not have made the foregoing statement, and if Capt. Lincoln had known the facts I am sure that he would have suggested a correction of the misstatement.

The facts are these: I will, first, quote the General Order of Gen. Gilbert, under which Col. Coburn acted:

"Headquarters United States Forces. "In Camp near Franklin, Tenn., March 3, 1863.

"Special No. 151.

* * * * * * * * *

"VI. Col. Coburn, with his brigade and battery and 600 cavalry, will, tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock, proceed along the Columbia Pike as far as Spring Hill, and send out a party from there toward Columbia and one through to Raleigh Springs, on the Lewisburg Pike, where a cavalry force from Murfreesboro will communicate with it on ensuing day.

"VII. Col. (A. P.) Campbell will furnish the cavalry from the three regiments. Col. (O. H.) Payne, 124th Ohio, with his regiment, will report to Col. Coburn, to accompany this command. Four days' rations will be taken, two in the haversacks and two in the wagons.

"A forage train of 80 wagons will accompany the expedition. Only four wagons to the regiment and two to the battery will be allowed.

"By order of Gen. Gilbert.

"Geo. K. Speed, Lieutenant and Acting A. A. General."

It will be observed that the clause cited is not contained in the above order, and that there is nothing in it from which even such an inference can be drawn. And more. Col. Coburn has told the writer that at no time did Gen. Gilbert tell him that that was the purpose for which the expedition was being sent to the front.

Gen. Gilbert did not think there was a considerable force of the enemy in front, and insisted that Col. Coburn would only find "Gen. Forrest in command of about 1,800 men." He never suggested the possibility of there being more than that number.

It is not possible that he (Gilbert) purposely misstated the facts to Col. Coburn. He unquestionably stated what he thought were the facts.

Not only did he state once to Col. Coburn that "nobody except Forrest, in command of about 1,800 men," was in front, but emphasized this statement by reiteration.

If Gen. Gilbert had not been well satisfied of the strength and position of the enemy in his front he surely would have defined the order more clearly in that respect, and allowed to Col. Coburn some discretionary powers.

Col. Coburn was peremptorily ordered to "proceed along the Columbia Pike as far as Spring Hill and send out a party from there toward Columbia and on through to Raleigh Springs, on the Lewisburg Pike, where a cavalry force from Murfreesboro will communicate with it on the ensuing day," and there would also accompany the command, as stated in the order, "a forage train of 80 wagons," making a total of more than 100 wagons.

This was the order in a nutshell.

Col. Coburn's command was, in fact, sent on a foraging expedition, and for no other purpose.

Col. Coburn, however, in his movements, soon discovered that Gen. Gilbert was not correctly advised of the "strength and position" of the enemy in front, and from time to time reported the numbers of the enemy and the increasing dangers in front.

Gen. Gilbert did not heed the facts as Col. Coburn presented them, but still adhered to his previous declaration—certain that Coburn was needlessly alarmed.

In itself, this action of Gen. Gilbert disproves the theory that Col. Coburn's mission was to find the "strength and position of the enemy."

Col. Coburn was never known to disobey an order given him as a soldier, and being thus ignored by Gen. Gilbert he could do no less than continue the execution of the order, if possible. To do otherwise, he would have been denounced as a coward.

As the command advanced, the full force of the enemy was developed. "Forrest in command of about 1,800 men" proved to be only a curtain, behind which was the greater army of Gen. Van Dorn, whose total strength approximated not less than 8,000 effective, well-drilled soldiers, against which was pitted Coburn's command. There was at no time more than 2,000 men of Coburn's Brigade engaged, of whom 1,221 were captured.

Col. Coburn soon saw that he was confronted by overwhelming numbers, and realizing that Gen. Gilbert would not render assistance, his men put up the best fight possible, and, unequal as the contest was, he did not surrender until the last round of ammunition had been fired.

Gen. Gilbert had full knowledge of the unequal contest, as shown by his telegram to Gen. Garfield while the fight was going on, which was:

"Gen. Coburn has not made much progress along the Columbia Pike. I can hear the guns not far off, probably not more than six miles."

Still, he refused reinforcements, and in the refusal of which he made a grave error. This fact was not overlooked by Gen. Rosecrans, who caused to be telegraphed to Gilbert "that he regretted exceedingly that you (Gilbert) did not support Coburn and bring off the infantry."

This was the undoing of Gen. Gilbert. He was relieved of his command as brevet Major-General and assumed his former rank as Captain in the Regular Army, afterward serving as Provost-Marshal at Louisville, Ky., until September, 1863, and then until the close of the war served as Mustering and Disbursing Officer at some point in the East. He had a command at the battle of Perryville, Ky., in 1862, but failed to give satisfaction. In all, he was either incompetent or unfortunate, perhaps both. He died in Baltimore on the 17th day of January, 1905.

Thus was temporarily eliminated from the service one of the best brigades. Its subsequent record during the Atlanta campaign was unrivaled, the 33d Ind. having had more men killed and wounded from Resaca to Atlanta than any other single regiment in Sherman's army, with the 19th Mich. standing a close second, and the combined brigade of four regiments, which included the 85th Ind. and 22d Wis., lost more in killed and wounded than any similar command in that army, showing that the brigade was ever at the danger-point—the immediate front of the enemy, never complaining, never resting until the fall of Atlanta.—J. R. McBride, First Lieutenant and Adjutant, 33d Ind., Washington, D. C.

Capture of Col. Rhett, C. S. A.

Serg't H. R. Allen, Co. A, 110th Ill., Mount Vernon, Ill., writes to correct a statement made by Leroy Fallis, Co. A, 8th Ind. Cav., concerning the battle of Averasboro. He says the battle was fought on March 15. "It was begun on the 15th and ended on the 16th. Col. Rhett was captured on the 15th by foragers. He came on the evening of the 15th to Gen. Jeff C. Davis's headquarters, and was placed in charge of Col. H. E. Topping, commanding the 110th Ill., which was Gen. Davis's headquarters guard. The statement that Col. Rhett was stripped of his clothes and boots and marched from Averasboro to Goldsboro barefooted is not true. I saw Col. Rhett every day after his capture until we reached Goldsboro, and I say he was not deprived of any of his clothes or his boots. He rode a horse by the side of Col. Topping all the time. He was as well fed and cared for as our own men were. Comrade Fallis did not say a word about the battle of Bentonville, which was fought on the 19th. It was in that fight that so many of Col. Rhett's artillerymen were killed. I went over the field after the battle and saw quite a number of dead men wearing artillery uniforms, who had been fighting in the ranks as infantrymen. I kept a diary. I have just looked over it, and find I am correct."

Branding Deserters.

Editor National Tribune: I noticed in The National Tribune some three or four weeks ago that some one asked you if at any time in the U. S. Army any one was ever branded for being a deserter. Your answer was that no such punishment was ever used in the army of the United States. I wish to state to you that in, I think it was, November, 1863 (it might have been October), I saw two men belonging to the 1st N. J. Cav., I think, but am not sure, as it is so long since then, taken out in front of the brigade, which was formed in a hollow square, their hair and beards shaved from one side perfectly clean, and then branded with a two-inch letter D, the iron letter heated to a red-hot color, and when applied both men gave a very audible groan. After being branded, they were drummed out of camp to the tune of the "Rogue's March." There is no mistake about this, as I was a member of the band who played the march for the occasion.—H. C. Weston, Co. D, 1st Mass. Cav., 32 West Fifth St., Atlanta, Ga.

PICKETT OR PETTIGREW?

A Rhode Island Comrade Says the North Carolinians Reached High-Water Mark at Gettysburg, and Gives Other Details of That Great Battle.

Thomas M. Aldrich, Battery A, 1st R. I. L. A., 85 Battery street, Providence, R. I., returns thanks to Col. Andrew Cowan for "his manly reply" to Comrade Aldrich's letter, and "especially for his glowing tribute to the Rhode Island batteries, and more especially to that of Battery A (Arnold's).

"It is quite an easy matter," says Comrade Aldrich, "by reading the Colonel's short letter, to see how the 1st N. Y. Independent Battery gained its famous name. As good officers make good soldiers, I did not mention Cowan's Battery in my letter, only the batteries and regiments of the Second Corps, for the purpose of helping me to show how North Carolina came farther on the Union line than Virginia.

"But in my history of Battery A I gave it the credit of having relieved Battery B, and spoke of it having been in the front line, while Battery B was placed back across Hancock Avenue; which to my mind was wrong, as the marker of Battery B and the monument of Cowan's 1st N. Y. should have been on the front line, where they both fought. This is only one of the many things which John B. Batchelder, Superintendent of Tablets and Legends, did on that field, and the same thing he attempted to do to the 72d Pa. in placing their monument east of Hancock Avenue. But the 72d Pa. went to law about it and gained their point.

"I spoke to Col. Brown about it last Summer, and while he did not think it was right, he did not say anything, for the reason that he had his monument placed out near the Peach Orchard, where his battery received its heaviest blow on the second day, and where he was seriously wounded. I was much pleased with Cowan's description of what happened in his immediate front, as it was the first time I ever heard of the enemy breaking the line in any part of Hall's Brigade. A hundred yards of that part of the line was hidden from me by the clump of trees, and at the instant the Colonel speaks of Hall's Brigade was rushing to the rescue of Webb's Brigade in the angle.

"About the statement alleging that Stannard's Brigade put Wilcox astray, I do not claim it to be a fact. It was what I learned from men since, who were in Wilcox's Brigade, of the deadly fire they received shortly after passing the Codori house, and the fact that they did go astray, and as Gen. Hancock had thrown Stannard to the front, 'right wheel,' and the manner in which they opened on Pickett's flank, was quite enough to make anything go astray, which to me seems a very good reason.

"I do not wish to dispute or argue the point with Col. Cowan as to who came farthest on the Union lines at Gettysburg. My object in writing these letters is to get the facts, if possible, as in some future time some historian may be able to get something from them which will be of service to him, as I think it will be some time yet before the true history of the civil war is written. And while Col. Cowan was on much lower ground than I was, and at least 150 yards south of my position, he being mixed up with artillery and infantry in the general melee, where men were shooting, stabbing and clubbing each other; with a solid cloud of smoke around him, he could not see up in front of our battery or Smyth's Brigade as well as I could, standing upon the hill above our guns. And when we draw the true line of battle north and south, with the exception of Webb's Brigade and part of Hall's (which to my mind was a bad break in the line), and that the enemy broke a short space in that sharp corner of the wall and came not over 20 yards inside of it. While from 50 to 200 yards north of that position the enemy had a clear field until they got to the wall 100 yards east of the low wall at the west end of the angle. And that a number of them did come to that wall and were there killed or captured, I cannot see it in any other light than that that portion of the enemy's line came farthest on to the Union line, and those troops were Pettigrew's North Carolinians.

"I am not alone in this belief, as many of our company are living who will tell the same story, including our original First Sergeant, afterwards our First Lieutenant, Henry W. Newton, who lectured 10 years with the great pictures of Gettysburg. He informed me that in his lecture he always claimed that North Carolina came farthest, and he was never disputed. In my letter of Oct. 20 I was made to say that 'Weir's Battery relieved Arnold's, and came in and shelled the fleeing troops of Pickett and Pettigrew. The latter General and his men, I understand, never got credit for their deeds at Gettysburg, although Pettigrew tried hard to have justice done them without avail; and it is said he died heartbroken in consequence.' I don't know how this got into my letter, but am sure I never wrote it, as it would make me look rather ignorant concerning that General, he being killed or mortally wounded just after he crossed the Emmitsburg road. What I did say was that one section of Weir's Battery came in, passing through the barway near my limber, and took the place of Cushing's section, that had been so roughly handled in the angle. It was reported since the war that Weir tried hard to get credit for going in there, but could not, and that he died of a broken heart in consequence. It was with Weir among the historians, as with Lieut. Milne, of Battery B, 1st R. I. L. A., who was killed at about the same time Lieut. Cushing was on the same section. Cushing, being short of officers, borrowed Milne from Lieut. Brown for that battle, and while I have read a great deal about what Cushing said and did just before he was killed, I have never read a word about Milne having been killed at the same time and place.

"In reply to Serg't or Capt. Van Etten's letter, I will say I am afraid he was mistaken in his reading of my letter, as I never spoke about his battery having a monument on our ground, as we did not occupy the same ground or make any claim of having done so. My desire was only to give credit where credit was due. I do not claim to have seen it all, a thing that was impossible, and, as I have always said, no two men can see a matter alike, even if they stand shoulder to shoulder. I saw Cowan's Battery when it took the place of Battery B, but did not know what battery it was until the battle was over.

"The mistake he and Col. Cowan spoke of could easily happen, and I not have known it, as I was in such a mixup. But it must have been a great blunder for a Sergeant or Corporal to make with a gun, as he had to go 50 yards or more to get mixed up with Cushing's Battery. As for slighting his battery because it belonged to the Sixth Corps is a mistake, as the Second and Sixth Corps men were like brothers, and swore by each other. My object is merely to establish facts, if possible, as to the battles in which I took part, and they will include nearly all the Army of the Potomac was engaged in.

"Capt. Van Etten writes that Gen. Hunt's white horse was killed near his gun. This is surprising news to me, as I never knew before that his horse was killed. Another thing I failed to see: In Walker's History of the Second Corps, he says at the time of Pickett's charge Gen. Hunt was riding up and down the line firing his pistol into the enemy's faces. Now, if that was true Walker should never have written it, as it placed a General commanding artillery of the Army of the Potomac in a bad light, and I do not believe any good officer will disagree with me when I say it, as Gen. Hunt should have had all he could attend to looking after his artillery, especially at that time, when I have always claimed it was huddled badly. My reason for saying this is because between our battery and Woodruff's at Zeigler's Grove there was room for four or five batteries, which would have been a great help to our 80 guns against 140. But there was not one sent there until it was too late to help much.

"Again, I can prove by as good a soldier as I ever saw on any field, our guidon-bearer, who was sent by Capt. Arnold to get ammunition or another battery, and while riding around, shouting and looking for Col. Hazard, the Second Corps Chief, an officer asked him what he wanted. The guidon-bearer replied that he wanted the Chief of Artillery. The officer said:

"'I am the Chief; what do you want?'

"The guidon-bearer handed him Capt. Arnold's order, when Hunt told him to find Hazard. After a long search he went back to Hunt, and after some parleying Gen. Hunt gave him an order to go to the reserve artillery and get a battery. This happened about the time Pickett's charge was taking place. Gen. Hunt at that time was over near the Baltimore pike, behind a wall. Had he been on Little Round Top, or in some other commanding position, he could have seen what his artillery was doing and attended to it. For the above reasons I think it very doubtful if the white horse belonged to Gen. Hunt."

IN THE TRACK OF HUNTER'S RAIDERS.

Conveying a Thousand Prisoners to Staunton and Burning a Half Million Confederate Stores in That City.

As we rode off the Piedmont battlefield yesterday afternoon the ex-Confederate Colonel at our side suggested that we follow the line of retreat taken by Jones's fleeing army. It was the same road over which the Union forces had followed 24 hours later with 1,000 prisoners in tow, so we readily assented.

Five miles beyond New Hope we came to a road which turns sharply to the left. Here it was that the beaten army, badly disorganized, hungry and tired, many suffering from wounds which had not yet been dressed, had stopped to get something to eat and to snatch an hour's sleep.

Off to the east the Blue Ridge loomed up, and Rockfish Gap, through which the Confederate forces were to escape, could be readily seen. Forty-one years before, halting to rest on this identical spot, we had wondered why Hunter had not pursued his retreating enemy to the Blue Ridge and there tried conclusions with him again. We argued that we had licked him the day before; that we had captured some of his finest artillery; had burned up hundreds of small-arms which he had left on the field; had taken more than 1,000 prisoners, and we could not see why, in the flush of our victory and the corresponding depression which must have prevailed in his ranks, we could not have crushed our enemy. We confess that we don't see it yet.

But we did no such thing. We took the straight road to Staunton, and an hour later the Confederate cavalry from nearby knobs were wigwagging the news to their comrades that the chase was over.

This is a beautiful country, fully up to the picture which we had treasured in our mind's eye for more than 40 years. In fact, the great meadows and the patches of timber on either side look to us just as they did on that fateful day 40 years ago.

We knew that our wounded, several hundred, had been taken from the Piedmont field to Staunton, and that later the U. S. Government had gathered our killed into a National Cemetery which had been established on the outskirts of that city. Now we were to see where our dead had been laid, and to note what provisions had been made for preserving the memory of these brave men. Col. Turk and Capt. Kerr, too, were anxious that we should visit the spot.

A rain had overtaken us in a strip of woodland near a country church, and we had received hospitable refuge from the storm in the preacher's humble abode. When the storm had ceased and we re-entered the carriage, the afternoon was well advanced, but our new-made ex-Confederate friends still insisted that we should see the city of our dead. It was not meet that we should visit the South and partake of Southern hospitality, and not note how well our fallen comrades were sleeping in the Southland.

Making the necessary detour, we came to the beautiful home of the Union dead a mile from the town. The well-kept graves, the noble trees, the low limestone wall that inclosed the dead; the close-trimmed shrubbery and beautiful flowers; the clean, orderly lodge where we were cordially greeted by the old soldier-keeper—nothing was wanting to suggest the pride of the Nation in the deeds of the men who slept there.

As we ran our finger down the keeper's record, we found that this cemetery was but the history of the Piedmont battlefield. We had won the battle. We had taken 1,000 prisoners and captured hostile guns on that dread day, and here was the awful cost set down. More than 700 men on our side alone had paid for the victory with their lives and were sleeping here. How many in the lines of gray had paid for their heroism with their life's blood we had no means of knowing.

Gathering a bunch of blossoms from the grave of a half-forgotten comrade, we re-entered the carriage and were soon speeding past Virginia's noble Hospital for the Insane. It was nearing dusk as we entered Staunton. Over yonder was where the depot stood 40 years before. And there the great woolen factory, the Confederate wagon shops and the C. S. A. storehouse, all filled to their roofs with supplies for the Southern armies. Other imposing buildings had reared their heads on those selfsame spots, but we hardly note them. We hardly heard the words of the ex-Confederates at our side as they pointed out the substantial glories of the New South. We were thinking of that other day when fire and torch did its awful work and nearly half a million of war supplies lay in ashes on the same spot. As we ascended the hill to be the guest for the night of one who had been our deadly enemy on that other day—to-day our friend—we think of the time in the golden future when brother shall no more make war on brother—when the "fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man" shall be universally recognized.—John T. Duff, 1st W. Va., Editor The Index, New Comerstown, O.

A 10th Ind. Comrade Heard From.

Comrade J. E. Appleget, Co. B, 10th Ind., writes from Veedersburg, Ind., to say that he has read many communications in The National Tribune from old comrades of other regiments, but he says he has never read a word from any of the boys of his regiment.

"It makes me feel," he adds, "that we did nothing toward putting down the rebellion. When the 10th Ind. started out we believed we would soon end the war; but after we had marched all over Kentucky in the mud and rain and ran up against old Zollicoffer at Logan's Crossroads, we began to think we had a pretty stiff job on hand. But we got through it all right, and several other jobs besides. When we got up to Chickamauga we found there were lots of live Johnnies. Well, I won't tell what I did, but I am glad I did something. I like to read what the other fellows did. If our boys of the 10th Ind. are too timid to write, I can't help it. I could tell a whole lot we did do and a whole lot we didn't do. Talk out, comrades, and if you did not do anything yourself, tell what the other fellow did."

The 10th Iowa.

Comrade J. B. Van Horn, Solomon, Kan., writes: "I was a member of Co. M, 10th Iowa. I went out in August, 1861. I like The National Tribune, but can hardly see to read it any more. I do not often see anything from the 10th Iowa. I would like to hear from the boys through the columns of the paper."

CHAMPION HILLS.

Col. Boomer's Brigade of Iowa, Missouri and Illinois Troops.

Editor National Tribune: Being a reader for many years of the soldiers' friend, The National Tribune, I read in "Opening of the Mississippi," in issue of Oct. 19 regarding the Champion Hills incident as follows: "The enemy was concentrating an overpowering force upon Hovey, and Col. Boomer and Col. Holmes, with two brigades, went to his assistance from Crocker's Division; but in spite of the most stubborn fighting Hovey was pushed back." The foregoing is misleading, and does injustice to both Hovey's and Crocker's commands. The facts of their movements, incidentally mentioning Gen. Logan's Division, are about as follows: The early morning of May 16 found Hovey in contact with the enemy, under Pemberton, at Champion Hills, with Logan's command in close touch. Quinby's Division, M. M. Crocker in command, was miles in the rear, and still in camp, when the distant boom of cannon announced the opening of the Champion Hills battle. Col. Boomer's Brigade—the 5th, 10th Iowa, 26th Mo. and 93d Ill.—having just eaten a hasty breakfast of such things as could be foraged off the country, hastily fell into line, left in front, the 10th Iowa holding the rear of column, and marched rapidly away toward the distant booming cannon. Occasionally the double-quick was resorted to to keep the rapidly-moving column in close touch. Some time from 9 to 10 a. m. we halted for a short breathing spell, where the impedimenta of the battlefield was held awaiting the issues of the then raging battle, and which as yet was rather felt by us than heard. Here we also stripped for the coming fray. Each man was required to have 160 rounds of ammunition. We again moved forward, now at the double-quick. Shortly turning sharp to the left, we ascended quite an eminence through a body of timber, coming out of which we were at the house and cotton-gin where Gen. Grant had established his headquarters. Moving out in front of there we were halted in the road and awaited orders. Hovey was heavily engaged on the left front in and beyond the woods covering the top of Champion Hills. Logan was in the open to the right of the Hill, rapidly gaining ground toward Baker's Creek, which was to the rear of Pemberton's line. We were soon moving forward in line of battle, moving rather as supporting Logan than Hovey. Crossing a slight swale, we were halted on higher ground, with Logan's battle line in full view. He had just dislodged the enemy from a line of fence to which they had held most tenaciously, and the men were cheering lustily over their success. To our left, in the wood, we could hear above the din of crashing musketry the piercing yell of the enemy, who, having succeeded in checking Hovey's impetuous advance, were turning an apparent glorious victory into a stinging defeat. Hovey, however, was loth to yield that which had been so hardly gained, and though being pressed back by sheer weight of numbers, he was calling for reinforcements to strengthen his long-extended and sadly-depleted line.

At this time, not far from noon, an Aid dashed out of the wood. Riding to where Col. Boomer and Gen. Crocker were, almost directly in front of our company, saluting, he said: "General, for God's sake, move your men to Gen. Hovey's aid. We are being driven from the field." Gen. Crocker, pointing to where Gen. Grant was, said: "We were ordered here. Go for orders. I will begin moving my men to the left." Still left in front, moving by the left flank, we moved to the support of Gen. Hovey's Division. Our pace lengthened and quickened. On the double-quick we entered the wood. The hiss of bullets, in rapid flight, was in our ears. The scream and crash of bursting shell was overhead. The drift of overwhelmed and wounded men struck our line, and in a moment, at the summit of the hill, we were in the hell of battle. The shock was terrific. Men were falling everywhere. The agonizing cry of the wounded was heard above the din of battle. But we were the nucleus to which many of Hovey's men adhered. For more than two hours we, in conjunction with Hovey's rallied troops, held the key to the battlefield against all the force Pemberton had to dash against it. It is true, the left of our line, by a further break in the lines of Hovey to the left, found itself in air and was forced back like a huge door upon its hinges from the road on the ridge it first occupied to the same road on the ridge nearly at right angles with its first position, but the right of the line of Col. Boomer's Brigade held fast to the end. A hundred rounds of ammunition per man was expended. The ammunition of the killed and wounded was gathered and used by the men in line. A continuous flaming of musketry swept along our front, which no rebel force could penetrate. Our battery, the 6th Wis., with other guns, had been placed to enfilade from the right the enemy's line. At this time Col. Holmes brought his brigade into action, and in a spirited charge in connection with the flanking fire from the batteries, swept the enemy off their feet and drove them in confusion from the field. Logan's Division should also have a large share in the final outcome of the engagement, for they pushed ahead so far against the left of the enemy's line that their line of retreat was in great danger, and they were forced to pull back to protect it.

I find further on that in this engagement "The Union loss was 410 killed, 1,844 wounded and 187 missing. Hovey alone lost 1,200 killed and wounded, or about one-third of his division." If you will examine the records, I think, in the War Department, you will find that Col. Boomer's Brigade lost more than 500 in killed and wounded out of less than 1,300 present for duty on May 16, 1863; or about 40 per cent. I do not write this in a spirit of controversy or to criticise, but to do justice to the living and dead who belonged to a brigade of true, faithful soldiers, and who through the irony of fate failed to receive just credit for that they did well. Col. Boomer was killed within six days, Col. Matthias succeeding to the command. M. M. Crocker, who was in temporary command of the division, was relieved by the division commander, Gen. Quimby, who in turn was displaced by Gen. J. E. Smith, and the division itself was transferred during the siege of Vicksburg from J. B. McPherson's Seventeenth Corps to W. T. Sherman's Fifteenth Corps, and a little later from the Army of the Mississippi to the Army of the Tennessee.—James B. Elliott, Co. F, 10th Iowa, North Platte, Neb.

Two Brushes With Stonewall Jackson.

"I see the old boys are wideawake and ready to read the battles over," writes Comrade Jacob Ayers, Co. I, 82d Ohio, from Ostrander, O. "I enlisted at Delaware, Feb. 1, 1862; went to Grafton, Va., and landed at Camp Fetterman, Feb. 21. The mud thereabouts was nearly neck deep, and we only had a few tree boughs to sleep on. It was pretty tough for the men who had left good feather beds. And the change of diet to beans and hardtack and fat meat was severe on me, and I told the boys I would surely die. But I got used to it, and became fat."

Comrade Ayers describes his first battle against Stonewall Jackson. He was in Gen. Milroy's command, and said "it was a hot time." "We afterwards fell back and crossed the mountains to Strasburg, in the Shenandoah Valley, where we again met Stonewall Jackson and started him down the Valley. He gave us a warm reception, but we drove him down to Mount Jackson. He burned the bridge, and we had to stop one day there. Then we crossed over and drove him on to Port Republic. There we fought him half a day and we came out about even. But he left at night, after burning the bridge behind him, leaving his dead on the field."

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GAINES'S MILL.

With the 2d U. S. Horse Artillery.

Editor National Tribune: I have been much interested in reading The National Tribune since subscribing for it, and, like many of the boys, regret that I did not subscribe for it long ago.

The articles on the cavalry arm of the service at the commencement of the civil war I found particularly interesting, and as I served in a battery of horse artillery and saw considerable active service in conjunction with the cavalry, I have made up my mind to butt in, so will commence now by "unlimbering my pen" and once more, in memory, take my place on the battle line.

June 27, 1862, found my battery posted on the left flank of our army down near the north bank of the Chickahominy River, when the battle of Gaines's Mill opened that bright June morning 43 years ago. A little higher up the slope and to our right a battery supposed to be C of the 1st Pa. Art. was posted. Our immediate front was covered by a light line or screen of infantry, who were worked overtime all day moving from right to left flank and back again in double time to guard threatened points. The heaviest of the fighting early in the day was being carried on far to our right. To our left, and well in advance of our battery line, was posted a squadron of Rush's Lancers (6th Pa. Cav., I think). As the day wore on the firing in our immediate front was constantly growing heavier up to about 4 p. m., when Stonewall Jackson's Corps made its grand charge, his right wing overlapping our left flank down to the swamp, the result of the charge in our field of action being that the battery on our right was captured almost at once, the gun-trails reversed, and put in action against our men in retreat. Gen. Porter, in whose command we were serving, fearing that our battery would also be lost, sent three orders in quick succession for us to withdraw from the fight; but our gallant commander, Maj. James M. Robertson, who had won his spurs in the Mexican War, did not think that the moment for retreat had come, and stood his ground. We opened upon Jackson's veterans with two-second fuzes, cutting them shorter as his line advanced; then with percussion shells, and in the heat of the charge we gave them canister until it was all gone, and then finished up by firing shells without fuses. These shells would explode as they left the mouth of the gun. We kept this up until our ammunition boxes were all emptied; then we "limbered to the rear" and went off the field to the rear on the gallop. Our fire was so hot and continuous that Stonewall Jackson's veterans had to hug the earth while it was going on