ON LITTLE ROUND TOP.

The Bitter, Obstinate, Victorious Struggle Made by Vincent's Brigade to Save Our Left.

By PHILANDER PLATT, Cos. D and F, 83d Pa., Champaign, Ill.

I read with much interest Comrade West's article entitled "On Little Round Top," in number 1317. It was the first mention in The National Tribune, since I became a subscriber, from any one connected with the Army of the Potomac.

The Third Brigade, First Division, Fifth Corps, was at the foot of Little Round Top on that eventful day, to which the writer can give his personal testimony—July 2, 1863.

The part this particular brigade enacted on that occasion, it seems to the writer, has never received the prominence in any history or report of that battle, that the writer has ever seen, that it deserved, as will be shown later on. Even Comrade West does not seem to be aware that the Third Brigade did any special meritorious act in that battle. The brigade was composed of the 44th N. Y., 20th Me., 83d Pa., and the 16th Mich.

Going Into Position.

In the afternoon of July 2, at about 4 o'clock, the Third Brigade was detached from the division and moved at a double quick for over a mile to the extreme left of our army. While making this move an orderly rode up to Col. Vincent, who commanded the brigade, saluted, and what he said the writer did not hear, but heard Col. Vincent say, after returning the salute, "Col. Vincent's compliments to Col. Sweitzer, and tell him I received the order some time ago thru an Aid, the only proper way it should be sent." As Comrade West says, Col. Sweitzer was not with his brigade, I write this to show he must have been actively engaged somewhere on the field. The position to which we marched, on the extreme left, was what was afterwards known as Little Round Top. We were posted, the 20th Me, on the extreme left, the 83d Pa. next on their right, then the 44th N. Y., and on the right the 16th Mich. The ground was rough and rocky, many rocks being large enough to afford protection to a single man, from the enemy's bullets. The writer was behind such a rock, the thot coming to his mind, as soon as he was located, that now we are fighting on our own native soil, and as for me, I will never this position alive while there is an enemy in front.

The brigade had just been placed in position when a loud, fierce, distant yell was heard, as if all pandemonium had broken loose and joined in the chorus of one grand universal war-whoop. On looking to the left and front, we saw Hood's whole division of Longstreet's Corps, about a quarter of a mile distant, charging in three lines in a double-quick, and with bayonets fixed, coming down upon us. Fearful as was this sight, the writer felt not the least dismayed, or disturbed about being driven out of our position, and it appeared that every man in the brigade was imbued with the same spirit. The enemy had his eye upon this position, but he was too late. He was now determined to atone for the loss by driving us out of it. He saw that it was the extreme left of our line, and a strong position to attack, and could he by an overwhelming force dislodge us from it, he would have a splendid field of operation on the left flank and in the rear of our army.

Advance of the Enemy.

The moment the enemy had emerged from the woods and began the charge, the batteries on Little Round Top opened fire upon them. We could see men at every bursting of the shells drop from the ranks, the others scatter and then close the gaps and come rushing on.

The moment, too, that Col. Vincent saw the enemy's force he fully comprehended the danger. We had 1,140 guns in our brigade. We were about to sustain the shock of a whole division. Turning to Adj't-Gen. Clark, he said:

"Go and tell Gen. Barnes to send me reinforcements at once; the enemy are coming upon us in overwhelming numbers."

Dismounting from his horse, he mouned a rock that he might overlook and direct the operations of the impending battle. On came the enemy, running and yelling like fiends, the artillery on Little Round Top making large gaps in their ranks at every step. They soon neared our position; our skirmishers were driven in, the enemy following closely. They at once attacked the whole line, but threw the weight of their force against the center, where lay the 83d Pa. and 44th N. Y. In an instant a sheet of smoke and flame burst from our whole line, which made the enemy reel and stagger and fall back in confusion, but, soon rallying, they advanced again to the attack. Taking position among the rocks, they poured a deadly fire upon our troops. Hundreds of them approached within 15 yards of our line, but they approached only to be shot down or hurled back covered with gaping wounds. It was a death grapple, in which assailant and assailed seemed resolved to win or fall in the struggle. The enemy had everything to gain if they carried the position; everything to lose if they failed, and they fought desperately and determinedly. Perhaps the whole history of the war does not present a more desperate or heroic struggle for the mastery than the little valley between those hills presented on that day. But the men of the 83d Pa. and 44th N. Y. stood as firm as the rocks by which they fought. The drummers had thrown their drums aside, seized muskets and taken their places in the ranks. The color bearer planted the flag staff in the crevice of a rock, seized a musket, too, and fought like a hero. "For a whole hour," says Col. Rice, in his official report, "the enemy tried in vain to break the lines of the 44th and 83d, charging again and again, within a few yards of those unflinching troops, but every charge was repulsed with terrible slaughter."

Attacking the Right.

Despairing of their success at this point, they made a desperate attack upon the extreme right of the brigade. The 16th Mich., though a valiant regiment, not having the same protection and more exposed to their fire, became somewhat thrown into confusion, and a portion of them ran to the rear, and this is probably what Comrade West means when he says the Third Brigade was driven back, which might so appear, but was not the case, for at the close of the engagement every regiment of that brigade was just where it took its position at the beginning.

The 20th Me., on our extreme left, received a severe shock on their flank from the enemy. They having been repulsed on the right, the fury of his attack in that quarter had partially subsided, altho a brisk firing was still kept up, both there and along the whole line. He had not yet discovered our extreme left, that portion of the line being partially concealed by the undergrowth of trees, by rocks and by the broken nature of the ground. After a good deal of exertion he got his troops into line again and marched by the right flank thru the valley and, suddenly halting, faced to the front and made a desperate charge upon the 20th Me., the 83d Pa. and 44th N. Y., giving them a volley as they passed. The 20th Me. also gave them a volley as they approached, which staggered but did not check the fury of their onset. This regiment had been firing rapidly during the fight and did not have their bayonets fixed; and such was the rapidity of the enemy's movements that they did not have time to fix bayonets before their assailants were upon them. But when the enemy fell upon this regiment, they counted without their host. The 20th Me., undaunted and undismayed, in a twinkling clubbed their muskets, brained a number of their assailants on the spot, and drove the rest back into the "Valley of the Shadow of Death." Having again reformed, they still kept pressing to the left and were now in the rear of the brigade. This was one of the most critical periods during the whole engagement.

Col. Chamberlain Refuses His Left.

Col. Chamberlain had, with commendable prudence, bent his left around at right angles to the rest of the line, so as to protect as much as possible the rear of the brigade, should the enemy succeed in getting around too far to the left. They now opened a severe fire upon this left wing, and the bullets began to come into the rear of the 83d Pa. and the other regiments of the brigade.

Capt. Woodward, commanding the 83d Pa., sent Lieut. Gifford, the Acting Adjutant, to Col. Chamberlain to ascertain if the enemy were turning his left.

THE SLOPE OF LITTLE ROUND TOP AFTER THE BATTLE.

In the meantime, fearing that in case the enemy continued to pass back to the left of the 20th Me., he would close up the only avenue of escape (a small space of ground between his line and a large rock in his rear) he ordered the center of the 83d Pa. to fall back some 10 or 15 paces. This movement straightened his line and brot him into position where he could better command the passage in case the enemy attempted to gain it. All this time the regiment kept firing at the enemy in their front.

Gifford went thru a storm of bullets and executed his commission to Col. Chamberlain. The Colonel sent back word that the enemy were passing his left and almost doubling it back upon his right, and wanted to know if he could spare him a company. Woodward returned an answer that as his front was also hard pressed he could not spare a company, but that if Col. Chamberlain would move his right to the left he would move the 83d Pa. also to fill up the gap. Col. Chamberlain at once moved his regiment to the left, so that the 20th Me. now occupied a line perpendicular to what it had at first, and protected fully the right flank of the brigade. This baffled the enemy's attempts to turn our left, and in 15 minutes the fire began to slacken. The favorable moment had now arrived, and Col. Chamberlain seized it ere it had passed. The 20th Me. now became the assailants in turn. Their ranks had become so thinned by the battle that they had but little more than a strong skirmish line with which to attack the faltering columns of the enemy. But, like Grant at Shiloh, he thought they wanted an excuse to retreat, so determined to make the attempt. At the word of command the 20th Me. rushed down upon the rebel host with a yell, broke their lines, captured a number, and drove the rest from his front.

Arrival of the Reserves.

As he was driving them five regiments of the Pennsylvania Reserves, conducted by Lieut. Gifford, who had gone for reinforcements, came up under the command of Col. Fisher, and joined in the battle cry. This was taken up by the rest of the brigade and the enemy, seeing that we were reinforced, fell back in great disorder. The 20th Me. continued the pursuit. Their line swung around on a pivot, like a great gate upon a post, until its left had swept down thru the valley and up the sides of Big Round Top. The skirmishers of the 83d Pa. also dashed forward and captured 74 prisoners and about 300 muskets. The whole brigade captured in all over 500 prisoners, including two Colonels and 15 other commissioned officers, and over 1,000 stand of arms.

While the 20th Me. were driving the rebels from Little Round Top an incident occurred not unworthy of notice. An officer and two men belonging to that regiment had, while in pursuit, got separated from their command and just as the officer was turning the brow of the hill he discovered before him a rebel officer and 15 men. He at once called upon him to surrender, and they threw down their arms. He then ordered them to march, which they promptly did, and when they had reached the ravine where our troops lay, the rebel officer turned and asked where were his men? He said:

"We will soon come to them."

The rebel officer beginning to suspect that he had been outwitted, exclaimed, "That is a Yankee trick, sure enough; three men to capture 15."

He was struck with so much admiration at the exploit that, taking from his haversack a silver cup, he presented it to the officer as a compliment to his strategy.

The 20th Me. kept up the pursuit, followed and supported on its right by the heavy line of skirmishers from the 83d Pa. and the rest of the brigade, until they had arrived at the hights of Round Top and driven the fleeing rebels down the other side. But not deeming it prudent to remain longer without more support, Col. Chamberlain ordered the regiment again back to their old position. Thus all the regiments of the brigade were relatively in the same positions they took when the firing began. As the rebels showed no signs of a further attack, the 20th Me. and two regiments of the Reserves went up again, took a position and threw up breastworks of rocks. As Col. Vincent, our loved and highly respected commander, had fallen in the early part of the engagement, Col. Rice, of the 44th N. Y., now commanded the brigade.

About 10 o'clock the Reserves moved out and about midnight the 83d Pa. was ordered up and took a position on the right of the 20th Me., and shortly after the Reserves were moved forward to the base of Big Round Top, joining the right of the 83d Pa. All fortified as soon as possible, so when morning came the left line of battle was advanced, running from Little Round Top thru the valley to the summit of Big Round Top, and we now held the ground that the enemy had held the day before. Thus ended, and gloriously, the second day at Gettysburg. The field, the day, and the enemy were ours.

Good Work of a Small Brigade.

But what I wished to make plain is that a small brigade of four regiments, numbering 1,141 muskets, had resisted and hurled back the best part of a division of the enemy's chosen troops, and had saved the army from rout and perhaps the Nation from disgrace.

It has been asserted that the Reserves carried Little Round Top, and did the heavy fighting on the left of the army on that day, but this is not the truth of history, as more than a thousand eyes have borne witness. Probably Comrade West, from his position, when he saw them make their gallant charge, felt safe in making such a statement also, for he could not see what the Third Brigade was doing or know any of the details that were being enacted in their front.

The Pennsylvania Reserves have done too much splendid fighting to stand in need of claiming a victory that does not belong to them. Their presence undoubtedly did at the favorable moment add a moral weight to the enemy's overthrow, but his overthrow would have been accomplished without the aid of the Reserves or any other reinforcements whatever.

Probably every man of the 1,141 made the same resolve the writer did when he took his position behind the rock—that he would never yield that position, no matter how great the numbers of the enemy that came upon us. We were not there to be whipped; we were there to win—to hold our position—and we did it. The rebel forces engaged on this occasion were principally Alabama and Texas troops. Several of the prisoners boasted that this was the first time they had ever been whipped.

Among the Prisoners.

Among the prominent prisoners were Col. Belger and Col. Powell. Belger was a small, baldheaded man, apparently between 50 and 60 years, and had formerly been a member of Congress from Texas. He had received a severe wound, I think in his breast, and spoke and acted as if he was tired of the war. He was pleasant and courteous in his manner and conversation, and this moved in us a feeling of sympathy for his sufferings.

Capt. Judson, of Co. E, said, "As I sat and looked upon that deluded old gentleman, who had once occupied the proud and comfortable position of a member of Congress of the United States, now lying at midnight upon the bare ground, with nothing to shield his aged and shivering limbs from the cold, his wound gaping and his frame writhing in the tortures of that wound, afar from his home and family, I could not but reflect upon his folly in this his attempt to overthrow the Government of his fathers and to engage in the vain pursuit of military glory."

This article is partly compiled from Judson's History of the 83d Pa. and partly from the writer's own experience.

The dear old National Tribune is anxiously looked for and more thoroly read than any other paper or magazine that comes into the house.

A BLUE JACKET'S ESCAPE.

More than 300 Miles Thru a Guerrilla Infested Country.

The following letter, taken from the Newport Daily News of April 9, 1864, is sent us by comrade Wm. B. West, of Newport, R. I., for publication. The letter is from Miller L. R. Barney, Master-at-Arms of the U. S. steamer Clifton, which was captured at Sabine Pass and was written to his father:

"U. S. Juliet, Off Natchez,
"Miss., March 22 1864.

"Dear father: Once more I am within the Federal lines—once more I am allowed to behold the glorious Stars and Stripes wave triumphantly, and once more have I good reason to hope I may soon be among my dear, dear, friends at home after passing thru almost unbearable trials and hardships. Twice before have I attempted to escape from the rebel prison unsuccessfully, but the thot of the dear ones at home and the fear that our Government possibly might not be able to exchange prisoners with the exacting rebels, nerved me for another trial, and, thank God, I succeeded. I arrived within our lines this morning after traveling over 300 miles most of the way thru a country inhabited largely by guerrillas, whom I managed to elude, and by swimming rivers, creeks and bayous and creeping thru the woods and underbrush until I was nearly nude, tearing the flesh from my limbs and injuring my feet so I could hardly stand, I managed to reach the banks of the Mississippi. What joy when I came within sight of it, for I knew I was once more a free man! Please inform Mr. Richard U. Rhodes that his son Robert was killed in action at Sabine Pass, where I was taken prisoner. I was with him when he died and saw him buried. He was a young man of sterling qualities, beloved by all who knew him.

"I am in good health and shall be at home soon. I am nearly crazy with joy and the excitement thru which I have just past. You must therefore excuse me for not giving you more particulars at present. Your son,

"M. L. R. Barney."

Don't Be Misled.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the fact that a few druggists in this locality, on account of cut prices on drugs, have adopted the practice of trying to sell something else when a well-known preparation of established reputation is called for.

For example, when you ask for Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy, don't allow any druggist or drug clerk to persuade you into buying something else in its place. Every time he succeeds in selling you a worthless substitute he makes more profit, but you are humbugged at the expense of your health.

Swamp-Root is prepared only by Dr. Kilmer & Co. Laboratories, Binghamton, N. Y.—Don't ex[illegible]ent—If you need a medicine you should have the best.

Addresses Wanted.

The addresses of members of Capt. Crookshank's company, the 10th Mo. Cav. Address A. Wallace, Cassville, Mo., Route 3, Box 81.

"WAY DOWN IN MAINE."

A Comrade Sits Among the Snow-Drifts and Dreams of Warm Times on the Peninsula in Virginia.

Editor National Tribune: I am sitting by the fire reading The National Tribune way down here in the good old State of Maine, with old "Boreas" howling outside and the thermometer hanging out over the well, so it can run down as far below zero as it wants to. My memory runs back to the days of '61 and '65, and I will try to jot down a few lines. It may interest some that took part in that great struggle, especially those who were in the Peninsular campaign.

I cannot write of the horrors of the prison pen at Andersonville, because I was a good sprinter 40 years ago, and was always on the lookout for No. 1. Neither can I tell who captured the De Gresse Battery. I could tell what regiment was the first to cross the Chickahominy, if I hadn't been so busy trying to catch a catfish for my breakfast, just above the bridge, that morning. If I had been thoughtful enough to take my "diary" along with me, perhaps I could have settled that question right here. But, alas! my diary went with my Maine knapsack (or "bureaus," as we called them) on our first hard march after leaving Washington. So I must write from memory. But you can put it down as a fact that it was a regiment of Pennsylvania boys (that were with the "venerable old Casey's" Division that ran so well afterwards at Fair Oaks). Not even a "bummer" from Couch's Division was within a mile of the bridge at the time. I know, as my chum and I had turned out early that morning to see that the stray chickens were all on their roosts, and we certainly should have run across some of them if they had been there. As the record stands now, should say that the 52d Pa. was the first infantry regiment to cross the Chickahominy. But I should like to hear what some of the "little Dutchmen" of the 104th Pa. have to say about it. Surely, there are some of them alive.

I helped repair Bottom's Bridge and the railroad bridge, also helped destroy them; was one of the men that helped destroy the stores at Savage Station; helped place the ammunition in the cars that were run off into the Chickahominy afterward.

McClellan did not consult me when he ordered that famous "change of base;" neither did Hancock when his brigade made that "famous" charge at Williamsburg; but I heard him give the order to one of his Aids and saw the charge. They did well, but it did not hurt them much, while we poor kids of Naglee's Brigade had to stand all night in the mud and drizzling rain between them and the Johnnies, while they retired to the rear and went to sleep.

I enlisted Oct. 15, 1861, in Co. H, 11th Me. Our regiment arrived at Washington about Nov. 20, and went into camp, in tents, on Meridian Hill. It was said at the time that it was the first regiment that marched thru Baltimore, without arms, after the 6th Mass. was fired upon. While camped on the hill we helped build the Carver Barracks, and moved into them Jan. 1, 1862.

We broke camp the latter part of March, and went to Alexandria, Va., to take transports to Fort Monroe. We arrived in a cold, drizzling snowstorm, and camped out back of the town. It was there we had our first experience in capturing an old Virginia rail fence. I also had some of the conceit taken out of me there. I was a lean, lank kid, and tough as a pitch knot—thought I could run with the best of them. We were halted about 20 rods from the fence, and altho there was a cavalry guard on it, I had my eye on a certain rail before we broke ranks that I was going to call mine; being on the left of the company line, I thought I was sure of it, and had made at least one step towards it before the word "ranks" was spoken out by the Orderly-Sergeant; but when I got there that particular rail of mine was gone, and I had to sprint it pretty lively for about 10 rods along the fence before I could put my hands on a rail I could call mine. That was one of the many lessons I learned during my four years of service. There were others besides myself who could get there. However, I never was willing, nor ever was told, to "Go away back and sit down" when anything was going on.

Our brigade, which consisted of the 104th and 52d Pa., the 56th and 100th N. Y. and the 11th Me., was packed on the old ocean steamer Constitution. Some of the most notable events on that ship was our running aground near Aquia Creek, near where a rebel battery was supposed to be, and one of the sutlers lost several tubs of butter. A good many of the 11th found their coffee cups filled with butter in the morning, and it was, and still is, a great question, especially among the survivors of the 11th Me., who stole the butter.

We arrived at Fort Monroe in the night, and morning found us lying alongside of the original little Monitor, the "cheese-box on a raft," and it certainly looked like one. We then went over to Newport News and landed. While going we passed near where the Cumberland went down. The top masts were sticking out of the water. We were also fired upon by a rebel battery at Sewell's Point, I think. That was our first experience of being under fire. We camped out back of the town a few days, and then got a hurry order to march to Young's Mills. It was a hot day, and when we arrived at the mills we were in light marching order, the most of the knapsacks that we brought from Maine were left along the road, as well as the most of our extra clothing.

While at Young's Mills we were short of rations, and altho orders were very strict against foraging, our officers allowed us to shoot anything running wild. We soon exhausted that supply. Then we would start out in two squads; one with guns would lay in the woods near a plantation, and the other would go without arms, and carelessly, of course, tear down the pig pens and cattle yards; and, no matter how much we ran and hallooed, the pigs and other stock would be wild by the time they got to the woods.

It was while at the mills that our company (H) had our first battle, and also captured our first prisoner, which would make quite a story if properly written up, as the prisoner was a little darky and our engagement was with the rebel gunboat Teazer.—Matt. S. Berry, 11th Me. and 8th N. Y. Ind'p't Battery, Chandler, Me.

Not Good Catholics.

J. O. McGovern, Date Creek Station, says that he is 73 years old and is a Georgia Yankee, having been born in Georgia and reared near Nashville, Tenn. He has strong opinions upon most matters, and particularly as to Mr. Bellamy Storer and his wife, who are not good Catholics, and deserved all that they get and more. He would like to have the President exile them to a nice patch of prickly pear on his claim, where they could be made to do appropriate penance for their transgressions.

Wirz Monument.

C. E. Shreckengost, Putneyville, Pa., heartily approves of Comrade Segall's (Co. F, 29th Ind.) remarks with regard to a monument to Capt. Wirz. His father was a member of the 103d Pa., and was taken prisoner at Plymouth, N. C., and confined over 10 months in Andersonville under Wirz. He has often heard his father tell of what a brute and monster Wirz was, how he used to brag that he could starve more men to death than could be killed in battle. As to erecting a monument to him, he thinks it would be an insult to Old Glory and our National Government, and he hopes every veteran and son of a veteran will protest against such a movement.

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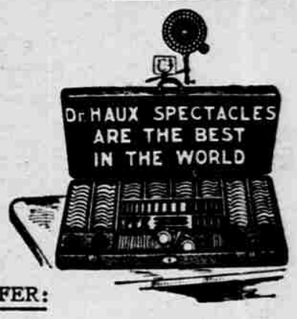

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PICKET SHOTS

From Alert Comrades Along the Whole Line.

Sabine Cross Roads.

E. D. Phelps, Co. K, 6th Mo. Cav., Mountain View, Mo., says in reply to Comrade Soden, "Yes, Comrade Soden, I would just as soon read about Sabine Cross Roads as any other part of the war, and there is room for all to write about it. It was the 1st N. H. Cav. that was in the rear of the 23d Wis., and the 6th Mo. Cav. was on the right of them and in the rear of Nim's Battery, and the 6th Mo. Howitzer Battery was still to the right and front, with Capt. Rodigan in command. They fired shells into the enemy's ranks as fast as they could, but were overpowered and had to fall back, leaving two guns on the field. Meanwhile W. K. Snow, in command of Nim's Battery, was wounded, and the artillery horses being shot down their guns had to be left in the hands of the enemy. The wagon train so blocked the way that the artillery and troops could not get out. The Cavalry Division of the Thirteenth Corps lost about all of its train with provisions and ammunition. The 6th Mo. Cav. lost its wagon train, consequently hardtack and bacon were scarce. I saw the driver of a wagon shot from his mule not more than 30 steps from me, and the rebs swooping down the hill right on to the train. It was a wonder they didn't get me, but they didn't. It was a terrible rout, but the Nineteenth Corps formed their lines in gallant style and held the rebs in check. When all that could had past thru their lines, they brot up the rear, and we fell back to Pleasant Hills that night. The next afternoon Gen. A. J. Smith had his army in line, and the Johnnies came on to us, but failed to rout us, and we gave them a good thrashing to get even with them."

John Frank.

Wm. Casteel, Co. I, 33d Ind., Battleground, Ind., says in reply to Comrade Henry Frank's request for information regarding his brother John Frank, Co. K, 33d Ind., that he was intimately acquainted with said John. They were on detached duty with a siege battery at Franklin, Tenn., for about one year and became warm friends. In the Spring of 1864 the battery was broken up, and the different companies of the 33d Ind. were sent to the regiment. Some time during the early Summer smallpox broke out badly and the men were all ordered to be vaccinated. John Frank was one of the number, and afterwards, being exposed to all kinds of weather, gangrene set in and his arm had to be amputated. This did not arrest the gangrene, which spread to other parts of his body, and finally killed him. As well as Comrade Casteel remembers, he died somewhere near Ringgold, Ga., in 1864. As Henry Frank gave no address, Comrade Casteel can only answer his inquiry thru the columns of The National Tribune. He hopes this slight information may reach Comrade Henry Frank.

A Correction.

In the account given of the Annual Reunion of the 124th Ohio, held at Columbia Center, Ohio, Sept. 26, 1906, it was stated that the time and place for the next Reunion had not been decided upon. The Reunion for 1907 will be held at Strongsville, Ohio, on the third Wednesday in August.

The Man with Sheridan.

Anyone wishing to correspond with Hiram Place, the man who was with Sheridan on his famous ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek, can do so by publishing his desire in the Fremont News Indicator, of Fremont, Mich.

The 210th Pa.

Nathaniel McCurtin, Co. A, 210th Pa., wants to hear from some boy in his regiment who is a good writer, the story of the doings of the regiment. Tho not out very long, Comrade McCurtin thinks they need not be ashamed of the part they took in the conflict, doing their duty in every engagement in which they took part. Whose fault was it that they did not take the rifle-pits at Gravelly Run, where their Colonel was shot? Who forbade them from drawing their loads when in line of battle at the edge of the woods? What was the cause of some of the men getting stabbed by the bayonets of the Johnnies? It was a mean trick which was played on the 210th at the second Hatcher's Run. After they had been given possession, and had taken such great pains to build such nice works, to give them to the New York troops and take the 210th boys away was not fair. Comrade McCurtin says "What is to hinder us boys from having a Reunion, say, here at Harrisburg? I for one would like jolly well to meet you all again."

Negros Brave Soldiers.

John W. Getchel, Co. E, 8th Vt., Montpelier, Vt., takes The National Tribune, which he considers the soldier's guide. He has never written anything for it before, and was moved to do so now by Comrade Houstin James's contribution on the negros as soldiers. He knows that the negros were just as brave soldiers as the white men, and he saw one regiment of negros charge and take a rebel battery after two white regiments had been repulsed. He thinks President Roosevelt made a mistake in sending a negro regiment to Texas, one of the seceding States, and he hopes the President will see his mistake and take back the discharge without honor and give the troops an honorable discharge. Would like to hear from his comrades thru The National Tribune.

Capturing a Doctor's Outfit.

Dr. Thomas M. Donica, Co. G, 4th Ind. Cav., Bedford, Ind., says that on April 17, 1865, the day after West Point, Ga., was taken, just before they got to Griffin, Ga., a call was made for volunteers to go around Griffin for some purpose not known. Five men volunteered, among them the Doctor, and when they got opposite a long lane, which, he thinks, ran due north of Griffin, they saw a buggy with two men in it. They started after them, and the men jumped out of the buggy and cut across a large field. When they came up to the buggy, they found it contained two leather trunks, which they took, but left the buggy, and soon came upon some wagon tracks leading into a thicket, where they found 12 wagon loads of all kinds of fine goods, 13 head of mules and a gray mare with a new pair of pill-bags. Just as the Doctor was mounting the gray mare three shots were fired, one hitting him on the shin, which bounced off without hurting him any to speak of. As he rode along back to camp a fine looking woman came out of a house and stopped him, saying it was her husband's mare and pill bags, and wanted him to give both up. He gave her the pill bags, but said he could not give up the mare. She said her husband was one of the men guarding the goods. The Doctor would like to find out the name of this man. He was also a doctor, and lived about two miles from Griffin, Ga.

The Charge at Donelson.

B. F. Thomas, of Co. G, 14th Iowa, Traer, Iowa, wants to say to Serg't Silas Flourney of the 2d Iowa that the charge at Donelson was made by Col. Lauman's Brigade, of Gen. C. F. Smith's Division. The brigade was composed of the 2d, 7th and 14th Iowa and the 25th Ind. regiments. Col. Lauman was Colonel of the 7th Iowa, and being junior officer, commanded the brigade. The attacking column was formed with the 2d Iowa in front, commanded by Col. J. M. Tuttle. Back of this was the 7th Iowa and 25th Ind. as one regiment. Both together were not as large as the 2d Iowa. Back of these was the 14th Iowa, commanded by the grim old Col. W. T. Shaw. The column proceeded up the hill at a double-quick, with the guns at right shoulder shift, without firing a shot till within the rebel works. There was no battery there till some time after the works were taken. Gen. Smith commanded the division, Col. Lauman the brigade, Col. Tuttle the 2d Iowa, and the 7th and 14th Iowa were there as well. Sometimes we are mistaken.

Got Down Faster than He Got Up.

A. D. Westerfield, Corporal, Co. I, 13th Kan., Sawtelle, Cal., was much pleased with Comrade Wm. Soden's letter. He got to Camp Ford about the last of April, and was taken prisoner between Camden and Pine Bluff, Ark. Comrade Westerfield was with a wagon train at the time, and part of the 77th Ohio, 36th Iowa, and 43d Iowa, under the command of Col. Drake, acted as their escort. They were used very well by the rebs, being allowed to drink out of the creeks with the horses of the Confederates on their way to Shreveport, La. From there they started for Camp Ford, where they arrived naked, foot-sore and starved. He was one of the boys who helped dig the tunnel Comrade Soden writes about. Comrade Westerfield got thru it all right, and started North, but when he had gone about 18 miles the rebel bloodhounds caught him. He had climbed up into a sapling, but he had to get down faster than he got up. The dogs used him very badly, and he got back to Camp Ford in a sorry condition. In February they started back for Shreveport on foot, thence down the Red River, landing at the mouth of that river, where they were sent to New Orleans by the Paroling Officer, having been in prison 11 months. He does not know how he could get along without The National Tribune, which he means to take as long as he lives.

Red Hot Times.

Thos. A. Willett, late Gunner's Mate U. S. Gunboat Essex, 1418 Oak St., Flint, Mich., would like to hear from some of his old shipmates or from any of the Western flotilla boys who helped clean up the Ohio, Tennessee, Cumberland and Mississippi Rivers from St. Louis and Fort Henry to Vicksburg in 1862 and 1863, under Admirals Foote, Davis and Porter. These were red hot times, both as regards weather and fighting. On Feb. 6 he celebrated the anniversary of the Battle of Fort Henry, and shed a silent tear over the thot of the noble shipmates who died that day, 33 of them, on the Essex. Comrade Willett received wounds on that occasion from which he has suffered every day of his life since.

An Old Blue Jacket.

Comrade F. H. Grove, who is now the Superintendent of the Croton Water Company for supplying water to shipping by steam water boats, New York, served from January, 1862, to December, 1866, in the Western Gulf Blockading Squadron, and saw Old Glory replace the Secession flags on public buildings and forts everywhere within the jurisdiction of the squadron, beginning with New Orleans and ending with Mobile. He contracted the swamp fever during his service, and in spite of all that money could do for him he never could get the malaria out of his system, so that years ago he was compelled to retire from business. He feels very grateful that his country has acted justly to those who gave the best years of their lives to it.

Information Wanted.

Mrs. E. M. Budd, Millbrook, Ill., is very anxious to find some one who knows something of her son, Sebring Budd. He enlisted in 1861 when but a lad of 17, and ran away from home to do so. He entered a Michigan cavalry regiment, and when heard from he was in hospital at Washington with the measles. He afterwards joined his regiment at Front Royal, but the regiment was badly cut to pieces, and but few of the officers remained. No trace could be gotten of Budd, but it was supposed that he died in Andersonville. Possibly someone knew him and knows of his fate.

Scattering.

Josiah Crook, Celina, Ohio, would like to hear from any member of the 35th Ind.

John Curtis, Co. H, 193d Ohio, would like to hear from some of the old boys. Does Capt. Du Boise remember the boy to whom he wanted to sell his watch when paid off at Camp Chase; also does he remember carrying Comrade Curtis's knapsack on the march in Virginia?

OPPRESSING A VETERAN.

A Trades Union Denies Him the Right to Work at His Trade.

Editor National Tribune: I am a carpenter, and want to get an honest living at working at my trade, but the combination says I must pay $25 or scratch gravel, or do the next best thing. I have done my duty to help make this a prosperous country, have faced rebel bullets, and come out alive, and now am past 70 years of age, and the combination says hand over $25 in order that I can work the remaining short time that I am probably able to work at my trade; my former employer of late is satisfied with my work and wants to have me continue the same, but the combination says no, come down with $25; we will let you work. I have an invalid wife and four children and 11 grandchildren. None are any help to me financially. One son has a wife and two small children. His eyes are in a condition that he cannot see to read or work at his trade. I have to help them. I have one son 28 years old; always has been an invalid since birth; has not been out of doors in seven months; have to support him in my family; all this for a prosperous country. I am asked to pay $25 to stay on this earth a little while longer.—George E. Dudley, Admiral Foote Post, 17, G. A. R., New Haven, Conn.

RECENT LITERATURE.

The May issue of The People's, which is a short-story magazine, contains a readable tale of Ghetto life in "The Goblet of Elijah," by Sigmund Krausz. Mr. Krausz has made a sympathetic study of the life of the Ghetto, with which he has been long familiar. In this tale, all of the pathos, the pride, and some of the poetry of the people of the Ghetto are brought out. There are no exaggerations in the story, but the inherent truth of the pathetic and dramatic situations will strike home to all readers.

Beside the many short stories in this issue of the magazine, there is a complete novel by William Wallace Cook, entitled "The Mysterious Mission."

"The House of Guggenheim," an article in the present number of Smith's Magazine, is one of the most remarkable contributions in any of the current magazines. How Meyer Guggenheim came to this country 58 years ago, and with his seven sons built up a business valued conservatively at something considerably exceeding $500,000,000, is a story of more than usual interest. It is well told for the first time in Smith's Magazine. "The Conflict," by W. B. M. Ferguson, is a complete novelette in the same issue, and is sure to attract a great deal of attention.

The short stories in this number of the magazine are exceptionally clever, the reproductions of the paintings by F. Luis Mora are of more than usual merit. There is a colored art section, devoted to eight studies of society girls, by Alfred James Dewey. Besides this, there is an interview with Maude Adams by Rennold Wolf, a lay sermon by Charles Battell Loomis, and a number of other good things. To all appearances this is the best number of Smith's Magazine which has been issued so far.

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