



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

AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

The First Brigade, Second Division, of the Eleventh Corps.

Editor National Tribune: I will give you the experience of a soldier boy of the Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville. We belonged to the First Brigade, Third Division, Eleventh Corps, composed of the 82d Ill., 61st Ohio and 157th and 15th N. Y. I remember, however, left camp at Aquia Creek, Va., with eight days' rations in our haversacks the latter part of April, 1862, and marched four days to our position at Chancellorsville, arriving there May 1, in the early afternoon. My bunk or messmate, Emil Lehr, was ordered on picket duty at once. Being a fresh recruit, I was ordered to march to take his place. About 9 o'clock we heard an unusual noise, the hacking of wood and brush. I was anxious to know what this meant, so I moved over to the next picket to get his opinion, and he said the noise was made by the fellows we had been hunting for the last four days. Soon our Captain, George H. H. Mann, who was officer of the Day, made the rounds and told us who was in front, and gave me instructions to stand fast, take good aim as soon as the Johnnies came in sight, and to be ready. In the morning the Captain again made his rounds, and further stated what a great victory was gained; that by holding our ground Lee would be forced to retreat, and that we were pleased because I thought that was what we were there for, and about 10 o'clock our hands played all the National airs they could think of. We were in the finest brigade band in the army, and there was continuous cheering all along our lines in our rear. At noon, as we were not allowed fire, I made a hard tack. There was a light luncheon, but there were no Johnnies in sight, so we could hear some noise in front. About 3 o'clock, May 2, we were ordered and went back to our command where I drew my ration of fresh beef and the first thing I did was to make me a cup of coffee. While that was boiling I took a hard tack. In our front was a cedar thicket, to our right for about three-fourths of a mile was an open field, and to our left for about the same distance was also an open field. To our right was a small brook, where some of the boys were bathing. My coffee being ready, I was just in the act of breaking some hard-tack to it, when I was ordered to report to our right followed by volley. The command was given to fall in. The firing to the right increased into a perfect roar of musketry. I hated to see any one of our boys fall, and on my knapsack, grasped my gun in one hand and tin cup of coffee in the other, and so took my place in rank. We stood at attention for a few minutes, were then ordered to "About face!" marched some 15 rods, and then halted just over a little knoll and about-faced. Now we could see a brass band coming at full speed, followed by troops in some confusion. Gen. O. O. Howard passed our rear going to the right. About this time there was a perfect roar of musketry, followed by troops in some confusion. Gen. O. O. Howard passed our rear going to the right. About this time there was a perfect roar of musketry, followed by troops in some confusion. Gen. O. O. Howard passed our rear going to the right.

ter of a mile of the timber. Jackson rushed his men as fast as they could travel, because he could easily see that we could not resist him. Had Howard ordered the right of the division to swing back our brigade, the extreme left, would have had ample time to get into good position at the edge of the woods. It is true we lost confidence in Howard. I would like to know what body of men would not after seeing the incapacity he displayed at Chancellorsville. Howard must have been warned at least 20 hours before of Jackson's probable assault, and yet when the cyclone struck him he did not know what to do. Had he withdrawn our division it would not have been very healthy for that column that came out of the thicket, for we had two fine batteries at our left. I may be mistaken, but I think I was the last man to leave that open field. —Schleund, 124 Ill., St. Michael, Neb.

BATTERY I, 2D ILL. L. A.

Its Share in the Battles Around Chancellorsville.

Editor National Tribune: In reading an article published some time ago by Comrade C. W. Barnes, 14th Wis. Battery, entitled "Around Chancellorsville," my nerves, already shattered by rheumatism and heart disease, contracted in prison pens of the South, got a severe jolt. Now, if what Comrade Barnes says is true, I have had a fearful pipe-dream of 42 years, and his jolt is my awakening to the fact that I know nothing of the battle of Mission Ridge. However, I think I have not been dreaming, and perhaps can convince Comrade Barnes that he did not see everything that went on at that time. On Nov. 23 and 24, 1862, Gen. Sherman was concentrating and getting into position, having gained on the 24th the north end of Mission Ridge. Now comes the things Comrade Barnes did not see. The 5th Wis. Battery was not the only battery present, and was not the first battery to cover the pontoon bridge crossing. Battery I, 2d Ill. L. A., was there, and was the only battery engaged from the Second Division, Fourteenth Corps, on Nov. 25. On Sept. 21, Battery I, 2d Ill., held the position on the Ringold road, being ordered to fall back to Chancellorsville about 2 a. m., Sept. 22, covering the last division of the Army of the Cumberland. On Sept. 23, we were placed in the breastworks, and the day Gen. Rosecrans rode along I was there, but heard no speaking nor much of any cheering. On Sept. 25, Battery I was ordered to march with Col. Dan McCook's Brigade to the mouth of North Chickamauga Creek. There we encamped, and remained till Nov. 23, 2 a. m., when we hitched up our battery and accompanied the pontoon train to their destination, we following the rear base of the army, and near the Tennessee River. During the two months we were encamped at North Chickamauga we had plenty of corn. There was a large island handy of nearly 400 acres, upon which the best yellow corn grew, and we foraged for horses and men. I myself went as far as Smith's Ferry for hay and straw. We had plenty of horses that were in first-rate condition to go into the battle of Mission Ridge to relieve Capt. Richardson's Battery at the request of Gen. Ewing. Capt. Richardson's guns were old-fashioned smoothbore, while ours were Rodman rifled long-range guns. After assisting in driving back Cleburne's Division from the tunnel, and Sheridan having captured the Lady Polk and Buckner, the guns which were playing havoc with Corse's and Ewing's divisions, Battery I was ordered to follow the retreating army, which we did during the whole of the night, coming out on a beautiful open plain about 9 a. m. in sight of the enemy's rear guard. Col. Dan McCook's Brigade deployed as skirmishers, our battery supporting the line, firing with prolonged fire in order

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To be close up to use canister. Gen. J. D. Morgan's Brigade was in support, and after Chickamauga Station was burned Morgan's Brigade took the lead. I never saw the 5th Wis. Battery until we returned from following Longstreet's Corps nearly to Knoxville. The Second Division, Fourteenth Corps, under the Fourth Corps under Gen. Granger. As to Capt. Gardner's seniority—that must be another pipe-dream. I guess; who I'm not saying. Capt. Gardner resigned on account of ill health. I was then a prisoner of war in Charleston Jail, and saw nothing after Kenesaw Mountain. I believe the 5th Wis. Battery were boys and full of fight. As to the number of guns Comrade Barnes says six. Gen. Grant said 50, and Maj. Byers said 69. Comrade Barnes could hardly have had as good an opportunity as we had. Gen. Grant, I note in Comrade Barnes's article that he speaks of Gen. Grant as "Grant" simply, and while he eulogizes Rosecrans in the same breath, he speaks of Gen. Grant did not know how many guns Gen. Sherman had at Mission Ridge, thereby at least insinuating that Gen. Grant was an inferior commander. I am not a member of the 5th Wis., but I agree with you that the 5th Wis. was one of the best of the members of the battery, and took part in that battle which was more than six guns in action, and that my battery was on the firing line with enough horses and men to spare, and was not for anything that might happen. As to the Captain of the 5th Wis. being told to get horses from our battery, will say that after firing the last six guns at Chickamauga on Sunday afternoon, we held the center of the line at Rossville on Sept. 21, and being the only artillery in action on that day under the command of Gen. Rosecrans, we were just arrived from Washington, we would have considered it a disgrace to have been told to turn over our horses to any other battery. Hope Comrade Barnes will refer to our work, and condense it into a statement of what really did happen.—Jas. McDonald, Lieutenant, Battery I, 2d Ill., Hickman, Pa.

THE 16TH PA. CAV. AT HATCHER'S RUN.

It, the 1st Me. Cav. and 13th Pa. Cav. Captured the Rifle Pits.

Editor National Tribune: Some time ago I noticed in The National Tribune an account of the fight at Hatcher's Run, by a writer who, I am sure, does not remember the comrade's name of the regiment, but this much I do remember, that he mentioned all the troops engaged except the 16th Pa. Cav. Now, Comrade, I am sure you will remember rather than we were, and that we did our share as we always did, especially after the repeaters were issued to us. I am sure you will remember that the Division ran up against the rebels those eight-shooters were ordered to the front, even if they were rear guard, and how the 1st Me. always came up to the 16th Pa. Cav. Oh, those repeaters had to get there, and the two regiments seemed to rely on each other. You remember the 1st Me. on our right, and we were ordered to dismount and fight on foot, and the Adjutant saluted Col. Robison and said: "Colonel, your regiment formed, and your brave Colonel, whom we all worshipped, about-faced, and said as tho we were on drill, 'Forward, 16th!' And you will never forget, am sure, how we advanced through the strip of woods, rushed across the field, the air ringing with bullets from rifle-pits in front and on our right flank, and how we got back to those woods as fast as we advanced, and how the 1st Me. rushed across the line, and you remember how we rushed across the field, a second time and over the rifle-pits, taking many prisoners, both dead and alive, with the 1st Me. on our right and the 13th Pa., mounted, on our left. Why did our regiment rush the rebels alone the first time, instead of waiting for the 1st Me.? Were we crazy, or did Col. Robison expect his regiment to drive everything before it and around us without help? The cavalryman who wrote the account of the fight saw the 1st Me. on our right and the 13th Pa. on our left, but failed to see the 16th, which was between the two. I would like to ask the 16th fellow a few questions. Comrades, do you remember when the 16th was up towards Richmond trying to draw the enemy from Petersburg, and were formed in a hollow square in a field sur-

rounded by woods and were ordered to dismount and fight on foot, but were ordered to mount again as our skirmishers were being driven back? How did you feel about the rebels who were on our right and front, and Col. Robison called out, 'Get out of this, boys.' As I wheeled my horse around and started back, I saw a man whizzing by my right shoulder and striking the side of my carbine, smashing it and driving pieces of lead into my hand, all of which I dug out except one piece. This piece of shell in my hand, which was a considerable trouble, which I have endured, as I am told by the medical men that to have it cut out would stiffen my right arm. Now you will understand what is wanted; some of you old 16th fellows remember that shot you can help me to a dollar or two pension. Now, don't all write at once, but let me hear from you as soon as I haven't heard from you for some time of the 16th in years. Co. F may remember me as their company clerk.—B. D. Hoke, Co. F, 16th Pa. Cav., Centerville, Pa.

PETERSBURG.

A Regular Cavalryman in the Wind-Up.

Editor National Tribune: I will tell something of my experience covering the wind-up at Petersburg. On March 29, 1865, Sheridan's Cavalry broke camp and marched in the direction of Dixie's Court House, arriving within miles of the city. I was with the 1st Cavalry, and went into camp in a corn field. Pretty soon after it began to rain, continuing all night and the next day, but early in the morning the sun did not come out past the Court House and in the direction south of the railroad and Five Forks. After going two or three miles we came upon the Confederate pickets and they were immediately fell back into a heavy woods. They proved to be Fitz-Hugh Lee's Cavalry. We advanced about a half mile to the back of the woods, and then we saw where we were dismounted and advanced through the woods in skirmish line. The Johnnies began firing pretty lively from behind trees and other obstructions. We were under fire for some time, but the Serg't Jacob Burch, of Co. C, came along the line and ordered me to fall back to the horses. Just as he left I heard a shot and found a charge, and without waiting to fire, I and 15 others made a beeline for the horses. There we found the commanding officer on his horse, and he ordered us to dismount and fire a volley in them when they came up instead of letting us fire on horseback. He kept us there until the rebels got within 50 yards, then ordered us to dismount and fire. We could not get a shot off, but they could. The consequence was the several of the boys were taken prisoners and some killed. The next morning the battle commenced early on the Boydton road, and we were ordered to move out of camp until about 9 a. m. Then we were placed on the left of the infantry with drawn sabers, all ready to charge. The rebels were ordered to throw a piece of timber. Just at this moment an officer rode up and ordered Cos. D and C to fall out of ranks. When we got out into the road the regiment was ordered to charge. We were ordered to Gen. Grant's headquarters to act as orderlies and guard. After Petersburg and Richmond fell the army pushed on after Lee's retreating army. On the 7th Grant sent a dispatch through the line under a flag of truce to know if Lee would meet him with a view of surrender. On the 8th Grant stood at North Point, Va., and we were ordered to be "Presented to the troops at Newburg, Va." McCann took the flag and gave it to Gen. Grant, who after he had showed it to his staff gave it back to the Capt. of the 16th Pa. Cav. It would be considered capturing a flag or not, but I hardly expect to claim a Medal of Honor for it. I would be much obliged if you would send me your comrades.—Wm. K. Hampton, Co. D, 5th U. S. Cav., Cove Dale, Ky.

SECOND BATTLE OF FORT DONELSON.

Some Things That an Iowa Cavalryman Remembers.

Editor National Tribune: I agree with Comrade G. W. Barnes, 14th Wis., Des Moines, Iowa, that the 16th Pa. Cav. did not in the second battle of Fort Donelson. The troops, beside the 82d Ill., taking part were Flood's Artillery and Co. G. We were ordered to go to the front, and I know, it was said that we were fighting at Fort Henry all the afternoon, but there did not seem to be any firing. The fighting was over after sundown I was under the fortifications, and saw the 13th Wis. form in front of their quarters. I think for roll call, after which they were dispersed to the rocks and bushes to get ready for the next day. When we got there we saw that the road was blocked, and we had to go around to a high point and climb the mountain, holding on to the rocks and bushes to get to the top, lying under a ledge of rock until dark and then taking up the march again. On the third day we reached Barboursville, Ky., where we were sworn into the United States service and went into camp. In a few days we were marched to Camp Dick Robinson, and about Sept. 15 we were rushed back to Hockcastle, where we had a double-quick. The force was the 1st Ky. Cav., 3d Ky., 23d Ind., 2d Tenn. and 1st Tenn., commanded by Gen. Carter. On Sunday morning, Sept. 16, just about sundown, Gen. Zollicoffer made his attack on our forts. We lay still until the Johnnies got near our fort, when we charged after another, until they were

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Hartsuff's Brigade.

Editor National Tribune: I have never written anything for publication in The National Tribune, tho I have often been tempted to do so on account of misstatements having been made, and I particularly to correct a statement I saw in its columns with regard to the strength of Hartsuff's Brigade. A common writing on this subject did not do it its full strength. The 12th and 13th Masses, 9th N. Y. and 11th Pa. should be included with Matthews's Battery (F) of the 1st Cavalry, not Thompson's Pa. Battery. It was a section of Matthews's Battery that crossed the Rappahannock and went into battery on the mound, Lieut. Chase commanding. As the Rebels were ordered to charge, we did not strike it, cutting both stirrup leathers, killing the horse, also James Robinson, who was the first man lost to the Union. The next day, Lieut. Godbold lost a leg and eventually his life. A percussion shell struck him and, bursting, killed seven horses. Lieut. Godbold was First Lieutenant of Matthews's Battery and Thompson's. As the last of Hartsuff's Brigade recrossed the bridge on that day it went to destruction by reason of 16 pieces of artillery opening upon it. If you think I am in error in making these corrections, I refer you to Col. R. Bruce Rickets, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. The last three years of the war our organization was known as the 1st Cavalry.—O. G. Larrabee, Jackson, Pa.

High Pressure Days.

Men and women alike have to work incessantly with brain and hand to hold their own nowadays. Never were the demands of business, the wants of the family, the requirements of society, more pressing than at the present time. The praiseworthy effort to keep up with all these things is commonly seen in a weakened or debilitated condition of the nervous system, and results in dyspepsia, defective nutrition of both body and brain, and in extreme cases in complete nervous prostration. It is clearly seen that what is needed is what will sustain the system, give vigor and tone to the nerves, and keep the digestive and assimilative functions healthy and active. From personal knowledge, we can recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla for this purpose. It acts on all the vital organs, builds up the whole system, and fits men and women for these high-pressure days.

The Death of Zollicoffer.

Editor National Tribune: On Aug. 7, 1861, I deserted my Tennessee home and went to the Federal army. I traveled alone all that night, and the next morning fell in with a company of about 70 men who were bound for the Cumberland Mountains. We were ordered to go to the front, and as soon as we got there we soon put them to flight. Gen. Zollicoffer was killed on the field by a shot from the Rebels, who were sustained by both armies was quite heavy. The rebels retreated to Knoxville, and the 1st Tenn. was left in the mountains by Gen. Grant. As the Rebels were in line with Sherman and marched out to the sea. If any of my comrades want to find me they can write to my address.—George W. Hampton, Sullivan, Ind., R. R. No. 5, Co. D, 1st Tenn.

How a Borrowed Horse Saved Lives at Fort Laramie in 1865.

Editor National Tribune: Twenty-five of the boys had been detailed to escort Col. Frymaster to Omaha, Neb., and send for eight horses to be sent out on the parade ground at Laramie talking about it. All at once we heard firing, the cause of which we found to be this: Several of the boys were out on the plains herding 400 or 500 horses, and four of the bravest and best mounted Sioux Indians were shaking their blankets and trying to get the horses to make it hot for the Indians, wounding one and preventing the stampede, and the Indians broke for the Black Hills. We ran to our quarters to get our Spencer rifles and ammunition, but just returned from a raid of 300 miles, and my race mare had a very sore back, and James Gray said I could have his horse if I would give him the mare. He said, "The 1st Tenn. was after them, over the bluffs back of Fort Laramie and across the North Platte River. Soon after crossing the river we caught up with them. Orderly Serg't Sellers, Davidson and I each singled out our man and did our best to kill him. They were all over their ponies, under their bellies; in fact, all over them. The one I had picked out as my special mark had two big black feathers plaited in his topknot. Oh, how I longed to get those two black feathers! But their ponies were so fleet for us and had more wind than our horses, and after a run of about nine miles my nag gave out. He could not stand any longer, and I had to let him go. I looked to see where the Indians were going, and to my consternation saw 100 or more falling back in a pile in the Black Hills. Five minutes more and we would have been in a bad way if my horse given out just at that time, and that is how a borrowed horse saved our lives. I was more afraid of Davidson than of the Indians. He was just behind me, shooting over my head. He shouted for me to go on, and he would stand by me. He was a Kentucky and a very daring fellow. We waited till more soldiers came up, and then followed the Indians till dark, but could not overtake them. I lost my hat and one spur out that ride—sweet poured off him. I looked to see where the Indians were going, and to my consternation saw 100 or more falling back in a pile in the Black Hills. Five minutes more and we would have been in a bad way if my horse given out just at that time, and that is how a borrowed horse saved our lives. I was more afraid of Davidson than of the Indians. He was just behind me, shooting over my head. He shouted for me to go on, and he would stand by me. He was a Kentucky and a very daring fellow. We waited till more soldiers came up, and then followed the Indians till dark, but could not overtake them. I lost my hat and one spur out that ride—sweet poured off him. I looked to see where the Indians were going, and to my consternation saw 100 or more falling back in a pile in the Black Hills. 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