RECITALS AND REMINISCENCES

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

FIRST FLAG IN PETERSBURG.

The Colors of the 1st Mich. Sharpshooters Thrust Thru the Face of the Town Clock.

Editor National Tribune: The lapse of years makes "ducks and drakes" of history.

I am prompted to this remark by reading an item in a recent number of The National Tribune in reference to a soldier of the 20th Mich. as having been in "one of the first regiments that charged into Petersburg at 4 a. m., April 3, 1865."

Inasmuch as I was one of the first 10 (the others being Adjutant—afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel—Buckbee and the members of my color guard) to enter the city on the heels of Lee's retreating army, I feel qualified to make the assertion that there was no "charge," but a perfectly unopposed occupation; not a shot being fired. Perhaps you would like the story, and I promise you to be as exact as to challenge controversy.

Shortly before midnight of the 2d I had made a personal reconnaissance along our front, being on volunteer picket duty in place of Serg't Alvin Jones, of my company, who was suffering from a bump on the head, received the morning previous during a demonstration against the enemy's line. I may say here that our regiment occupied the extreme right of the line beleaguering Petersburg, the Appomattox River being on our left flank.

Lieut. Blakeman, also of my own company, who was Officer of the Picket, received orders from Col. Ralph Ely (8th Mich.) commanding our brigade, through a member of his staff, to detail a non-commissioned officer to make the reconnaissance, and as I was standing at Lieut. Blakeman's elbow when the orders were received he immediately transferred them to me, at the same time handing me his revolver as the only weapon I could carry. The object of the reconnaissance was to ascertain, if possible, whether the enemy was making any move toward evacuating on our front, but the only thing discovered was quiet—absolute quiet, in fact too much quiet—all along the line. An hour or so later, however, we got tangible evidence that the enemy was moving out when Fort Chesterfield, a Confederate work some distance to our right, and across the Appomattox, was blown up, and the glare of suddenly rising flames from various points in Petersburg told of an effort to destroy what could not be carried away, the flames being punctuated by repeated explosions.

Immediately there was something doing along our line. Our pickets were called in and my regiment—the 1st Mich. Sharpshooters—received orders to pack knapsacks, stack them and fall in in light marching order. Meanwhile the fact that the enemy was evacuating was becoming more and more apparent to ears trained to the sounds of moving hosts.

In army movements, as in other affairs, there is usually a reason for every movement, and the reason our regiment was chosen for the post of honor was that by a successful demonstration against the enemy's extreme left early on the morning of the 2d we had furnished the key to the breaking of the enemy's line by the First and Third Brigades of Wilcox's Division of the Ninth Corps, aided by troops further to their left; a break that the most strenuous efforts on the part of the enemy all day Sunday failed to repair.

The 2d Mich. was selected as our support, the two regiments being under command of Maj. Lounsbury, of the 20th Mich., Adjutant-General on the brigade staff.

About 4 a. m. we received orders to move out and began our march to Petersburg. After passing the deserted Confederate picket works, which we had successfully assaulted the morning before, and which now contained but a few superfluous rifles which could not be carried away, Maj. Lounsbury came up to our regiment and gave us the tip that the 2d Mich. was figuring on getting their colors in Petersburg first, and so rob us of our glory. Instantly myself and color guard were ordered to fall out of the column by Adj't Buckbee, who explained the situation to us and asked us if we were willing to take chances with him in going into the city ahead of the regiment. There was only one response possible from Michigan men, and the next minute we were on the double-quick and were soon in the city, headed for the Court House, our way lighted by the glare from burning tobacco warehouses. Everything was quiet on the streets, the only persons seen being a few negroes who ventured out and expressed their joy at seeing Old Glory in the hands of Marse Lincoln's soldiers sweeping through the streets of the long-beleaguered city.

Arriving at the entrance to the short street leading up to the Court House front, we were met by a gentleman dressed in solemn black (said to have been the Mayor), who offered the surrender of the city to our little handful of men. We had more important business on hand, however, and referred him to the commander of the force that was following us up.

It was yet dark when we made our way into the Court House and up the winding stairs into the clock tower. For want of a better place to display our colors we opened the door of the clock face and thrust them out through it, and there, for the first time in years, floated the dear old flag; and when, shortly after daylight, the brigade band, which had "come across," saluted it with "The Star Spangled Banner," our hearts were too full for utterance, so we clasped hands and shed tears of joy, for we knew that the beginning of the end had come.

We were in the Court House fully 20 minutes before the column arrived, and how the boys did make the welkin ring with their cheers, and how the darkies did "cut up" in their exuberance.

The rest of the brigade, including the 20th Mich. and the 8th Mich., came over in orderly fashion and took up the task of policing the city and endeavoring to extinguish the fires, while the rest of the army at once took up the pursuit of the retreating Confederates.

You can judge for yourself whether there was any "charge." It is as well to set things down correctly if one knows the facts. I would not detract one iota from the glory of the gallant old 20th, for they were next to us on the battle line, and I had some dear friends in the regiment's ranks. Hank Mulheron, its Color Sergeant, and I were bosom friends.

For the correctness of what I have written I refer you to Maj.-Gen. O. B. Willcox, U. S. A. (retired), who I believe resides in Washington.—William T. Wixcey, Color Sergeant, 1st Mich. Sharpshooters, 3440 Pestalozzi St., St. Louis, Mo.

A Spanish War Soldier.

Editor National Tribune: I am a subscriber of The National Tribune, and have been for some time. It is a paper that not only benefits the soldier, but all others. I was a soldier in the war with Spain, also served three years in the Regular Army in Porto Rico. I like to read of the struggles of the war of '6-; and more than that I think The National Tribune is doing its duty to help benefit the old soldiers, as there have been a great many old soldiers died in needy circumstances for the reason that their claims were rejected until too late. But the age order is benefiting a great many who would never have made application for pension. There is one more new pension law that we can see in the future that would benefit our widows, and that is to allow our widows the same that we are drawing at the time of our death. As the wives of the soldiers have faced the struggles and cared for the sick and wounded soldiers until death, it is no more than right that the widow should have his pension. I made application for pension Jan. 16, 1903, on rupture received while moving tent floors on or about March 15, 1899, at Greenville, S. C. I have been rejected thrice, last time Nov. 5, 1904. Since that time I have not been able to have my claim reopened. The indications are that our great Nation will have need for many soldiers to protect her property in the near future, and that everything that is coming to a soldier he should have while it will do him and his family some good. Let me hear from the other comrades.—Alpha D. Wilcoxon, P. M., Santown, W. Va.

ARMY OF THE OHIO AT SHILOH.

It Certainly Turned Defeat Into Victory on the Banks of the Tennessee.

Editor National Tribune: In an issue of The National Tribune W. J. Shelton, 70th Ohio, Manchester, Ohio, taking exception to the claim of Dr. A. N. Ellis that Nelson's Division saved Grant's army from destruction or capture at Shiloh on the evening of the first day's battle, expresses the firm belief that the reinforcement of Gen. Lew Wallace's Division alone was all Grant needed to whip the rebels on that occasion without further assistance, and asserts that the Army of the Tennessee was successful on every field, and always ready to lend a helping hand. A part of it marched 350 miles to the assistance of the Army of the Ohio at Chattanooga, and then, footsore and tired out, went on to Knoxville to help Burnside out of trouble. Fearing that the Army of the Tennessee may make it appear that the Army of the Ohio was not in the battle of Shiloh, I will, before they begin to prepare for boasting, give them some of their own medicine. I quote from Gen. Grant, addressed to the commanding officer, advance forces, near Pittsburg, Tenn.:

"General: The attack on my forces has been very spirited since early this morning. The appearance of fresh troops upon the field now would have a powerful effect both by inspiring our men and disheartening the enemy. If you will get upon the field, leaving all your baggage on the east bank of the river, it will be a move to our advantage and possibly save the day to us. The rebel forces are estimated at over 100,000 men. My headquarters will be in the log building on the top of the hill, where you will be furnished with a staff officer to guide you to your place on the field.—Respectfully, U. S. Grant, Major-General.
Major-General."

Gen. Sherman says: "We advanced until we reached the point where the Corinth Road crosses the line of McClernand's camp, and here I saw for the first time the well-ordered and compact columns of Gen. Buell's Kentucky force, whose soldierly movements at once gave confidence to our newer and less disciplined forces. Here I saw Willich's regiment advance upon a point of water oaks and thicket, behind which I knew the enemy was in great strength, and enter it in beautiful style. Then came the severest musketry fire I ever heard, which lasted some 20 minutes, when this splendid regiment had to fall back. This green point of timber is about 500 yards east of Shiloh Meeting House, and it was evident that here was to be the struggle. The enemy could be seen forming his lines to the south. This was about 2 o'clock p. m. Willich's regiment had been repulsed, but a whole brigade of McCooke's Division advanced beautifully, deployed, and entered the dreaded woods. Rousseau's Brigade moved in splendid order steadily to the front, sweeping everything before it." Of the actions of McCook's Division Gen. Sherman further says: "I concede that McCook's splendid division, from Kentucky, drove back the enemy along the Corinth Road, which was the great central line of the battle. Nelson's and Crittenden's Divisions of Buell's army had entered the fight before McCooke's Division. Gen. Buell stated in one of his reports that his forces on Monday, April 7, 1862, in the battle of Shiloh, occupied over three-fourths of the front of the battlefield, and that they were commanded by him in person.

About dusk on Sunday evening Gen. Beauregard concluded to withdraw out of reach of the gunboats. He sent a dispatch to Cooper at Richmond, Va.: "I have Grant's army under the bluff of the Tennessee River. I only ask an hour's up-sun tomorrow morning to capture Grant and his entire army or run them into the Tennessee River.—G. T. Beauregard."

Just about the same time on the evening of the 7th he sent Cooper this dispatch: "Buell reinforced Grant; loss heavy on both sides. We have retired to our intrenchments at Corinth.—G. T. Beauregard."

He certainly recognized the presence and service of the Army of the Ohio.

A reference to the losses in the divisions of Nelson, Crittenden and McCooke will show that they compare with those of the Army of the Tennessee in their two days' fighting.

A short time ago a Committee of the Army of the Tennessee extended an invitation to the best journalist in the country, who was also in the battle of Shiloh, Whitelaw Reed, to be present at their Reunion. It appeared that the Committee appointed to mark the tablets of Ohio regiments at Shiloh, Tenn., had neglected those of the Army of the Ohio, and misplaced them. Reed replied he would try and be present on the occasion of the Reunion and wished the Army of the Cumberland to be in the audience, and stated that he would request the Governor of Ohio to see that the tablets and monuments were replaced. He also stated that the field at Shiloh was lost before reinforcement came up. A careful investigation of the early reports will show this. About 11 o'clock on Monday, Gen. Sherman met a portion of Buell's army. He had then what he could muster of his division, and parts of two others, in all about 1,100 men. After the battle the telegraph stations were all well guarded. Gen. Buell stated he had written three reports of the battle and but one got through the lines, which was to Gen. Halleck, at St. Louis. Those who were marching in the rear of McCooke's Division and 42 miles away in the mountains, had to double-quick across creeks and over large streams on foot logs, arriving in Savannah about 12 o'clock p. m., April 6. They went into battle about 10:30 a. m. on the 7th, and were close to Shiloh Church when the last gun was fired, many being killed and wounded. Wood's Division began to form in line on McCooke's right just before the battle closed. There must have been from 25,000 to 28,000 of Buell's army in the battle on Monday. I think the foregoing is sufficient to convince the public that Buell's army took part in the battle. I was a private in Co. A, 15th Ohio, Johnson's Brigade, then commanded by Gen. Gibson, McCooke's Division, Buell's army; was wounded, and lost my right leg just in front of the Shiloh Church about 4:15 p. m., April 7, 1862.—Robert Hammond, Cambridge, Ohio.

EXECUTION OF SAMUEL DAVIS.

A Brave Young Man Who Died Rather Than Betray His Informant.

Editor National Tribune: Joe Chenoweth, formerly of the 7th Iowa, a regiment which was brigaded with the one I served in, asks for a sketch of the execution of Samuel Davis at Pulaski, Tenn., Nov. 27, 1863. Gen. G. M. Dodge's command of about 5,000 men was stationed at Pulaski at that time, and some of his scouts captured some 15 miles south of Pulaski a handsome young man about 18 years old having in his possession complete plans of our camps. These gave the location of every regiment and every battery, with the exact number of men, all drawn out in a manner which showed that an expert had prepared them. On the trial of the young man, whose manner and appearance elicited sympathy, he was told that if he would furnish the name of the one who supplied him with the plans he would be set free and given an escort to Bragg's outposts near Chattanooga. This he refused to do. The finding of the court-martial which tried him could be nothing else than one condemning him to death, but before the date fixed for his execution the offer of his life and freedom was frequently made him, but always refused. When the date of execution arrived he was taken in an ambulance to the gallows, seated on his coffin, a band playing the funeral dirge, and the ambulance surrounded by guards. A Chaplain accompanied the young man and walked with him inside the hollow square which surrounded the gallows. The coffin, borne by four men, was carried in front of the poor fellow, so close that he could have touched it by putting out his hand. It was placed at the foot of the gallows steps, and the condemned and the Chaplain knelt beside it while the latter offered prayer on behalf of the slender youth, dress din gray, who knelt beside him. As the two arose the Provost Marshal spoke a few words to the lad and every Union soldier who stood in the lines forming that hollow square knew that, for the last time, the boy was having an offer made to him which, if accepted, would give him life and liberty. He looked about him. Surrounding him were hundreds of blue coats, with glistening arms; across a depression were assembled thousands of citizens, residents of Pulaski and its vicinity; overhead the noose; at his feet the coffin. To this 18-year-old lad life, with all its possibilities, must have been very precious. For a moment he hesitated and then turned and walked up the steps. He had made his choice. Alone, surrounded by those he deemed the enemies of his country, with no one to advise him, he deliberately preferred death in its most ignominious form to life secured by a betrayal of trust. I remember that when he reached the platform his head struck the noose and that he stood and looked at it for an instant. Then the rope was adjusted, a lever was touched, the drop fell, and we marched back to our quarters conscious that we had seen a hero die.

Ten years after this tragedy, almost to a day, while connected with a Nashville, Tenn., newspaper, I attended an annual meeting of the Tennessee Press Association at Pulaski. It was the first time I had been there since the day in April, 1864, when we marched away to join Sherman, to take part in the Atlanta campaign. One of the incidents of the stay of the newspaper men at Pulaski was a visit to various local points of interest, including the site of the gallows on which Sam Davis was hanged. I sat in a carriage with two gentlemen, residents of Pulaski, who told me the story of the execution. I did not confess that I had witnessed it standing within 10 feet of the gallows.—John T. Bell, 2d Iowa, Oakland, Cal.

Loss by Fever of Narragansett's Crew.

Editor National Tribune: Your recitations of heroic deeds by individuals and organizations, and of losses sustained in battle and otherwise by organizations in the service of the Army or Navy during the civil war, recalls to my mind the crew of the U. S. sloop of war Narragansett, numbering in the start about 130 men, which during her commission from 1863 to 1864 suffered a nearly unparalleled loss in percentage to that number by fever. I have never heard of anything similar except, perhaps, by the sinking of a vessel where the entire crew was lost. But from the records of the Army and Navy during the civil war I have not heard of anything so great in proportion. I am quoting from memory when I claim that after the Narragansett had been ordered out of commission eight men were transferred to the flagship Lancaster, and 47 to the hospitals; all the others of the original 123 had either been buried in some unknown grave along the coast or dropped into the Pacific Ocean. Capt. Stanley shed tears over the loss of old shipmate Samuel Ray, carpenter of the ship, when he died lying on the slide of our 11-inch pivot gun in the Bay of Mansanilla. Ass't Eng. Hendricks was buried at the same time at Mansanilla. We nearly lost some of our crew by drowning when we landed the bodies thru the surf on the beach. The launch in which we carried them ashore capsized, and it was some time before we got the bodies ashore. Where the spot is I do not know, as I was Boatkeeper on that occasion. I remember, however, how uncomfortable I felt, owing to my wet condition, until the funeral party returned. We left Accapulca with two dead comrades on board because we had not men enough to bury them on shore; we buried them at sea when three miles from shore. The Narragansett's ship's log, if truthfully copied, would be very interesting reading. Can you get that log? I promise you it will be worth your time and expense if you will print it for your subscribers. I know of no other living shipmate of that period, but if there is one somewhere in this world and he sees this I would like to hear from him if he served on the Narragansett during that time.—William Hagenah, landsman, second-class seaman, 684 St. Nicholas avenue, New York City, N. Y.

An Eye-Witness and Part Instigator.

Editor National Tribune: Looking over the Picket Shots Along the Line in The National Tribune recalls a circumstance to which I was an eye-witness and part instigator—that is, one man's desertion from the rebel army. Our corps, the Sixth, was camped at Falmouth, Va., and our picket posts were along the Rappahannock River. This stream of water between the two armies being very narrow, the murderous practice of shooting at one another whenever a head was in sight was abolished. We enjoyed the pleasure of catching rabbits and talking to one another across the stream. We had also a little boat, which was an unlicensed trader between Johnny reb and Yank. At that point right below Fredericksburg we would freight it with sugar and coffee, and put the daily newspaper in the mast. Then the little ship was carried up the stream by a few comrades who were off duty and christened the "Monitor," and when the sail was arranged it started on its trip to the southern shore. We knew when the Johnnies received the cargo by the rebel yell of thanks that echoed back to us. The rebels would return it the same day or perhaps the next day laden with tobacco and one of their newspapers, with its name changed to the "Merrimack." Our squad was on picket there for a week or more and one day the Louisiana Tigers being on duty opposite our posts, a member of the Tigers named Lynch, a powerful, big Irishman, over six feet in hight, and I got into a conversation about what would be done with him if he deserted and swam over to our side. He had implicit faith in "The Boston Pilot," so I got a copy of that paper and sent it over to him, and after he had read it he called over to me and said that when he came to his post the next morning at 2 o'clock he would swim over. He stated that his gun would be thrown into the river first, then his cartridge box, then "meself, and look out for me when you hear these signals." I was lying on the pebbled shore, wide awake, and heard the signals distinctly. Comrade Henry Lane was waiking his beat. I asked him if he heard anything fall in the water on the other side. He said he did not. "Well," said I, "Lane, Lynch is on his way over. Let us walk down a piece and watch for him." We had gone but a short distance when we discovered Lynch puffing like a porpoise. Lane was a six-footer and he waded in the water when Lynch was about to sink, got a grip on his hair, and helped him to dry land and freedom. We had his uniform taken off, built a rousing fire, made him a big tin of hot coffee, gave him our blankets to cover him while we dried his clothing and shortly after daylight I sent a guard with him to Gen. Nelson's quarters. In his conversation with me Lynch remarked that had he had some kind of a boat he could have gotten all the Tigers over that morning. If Mr. Lynch is living and reads this I would be pleased to hear from him.—Thos. J. McGrath, Sixth Corps, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

Gen. Geary at Wauhatchie.

Editor National Tribune: I have read in your valuable paper an account of "Geary at Wauhatchie," by Comrade M. L. Olmstead. There are a great many inaccuracies in his statement. He says that Gen. John W. Geary was not in that battle. Gen. Geary was there from start to finish. Our division, the Second, Twentieth Corps, were convoying at the train of supplies to the troops at Chattanooga. It was called "Opening Up of the Cracker Line." Col. Gary, of the Confederates, came down the mountain side to make an attempt to capture it. It was rich spoil. Comrade Olmstead says that Gen. Greene had command of the troops on that field. Gen. Greene commanded the Third Brigade, Second Division, Twentieth Corps, on that day. The General was wounded in the neck, the bullet barely missing the jugular vein. Comrade Olmstead says his name was Joel A. Green. The General's name is George S. Greene. I was detailed a number of times for writing in his Adjutant-General's Office. Gen. Greene was Colonel of our regiment for a few months, and was promoted to Brigadier-General commanding our brigade. Gen. Geary was in command on the field at Wauhatchie. His son Edward, First Lieutenant of Knap's famous battery, was killed on that field. Gen. Geary dismounted from his horse, kissed his boy, laid him down upon the grass that beautiful afternoon, mounted his horse and cried, "Forward!"

Gen. Greene comes from old fighting stock. You have heard of the Greenes of Revolutionary times. One of Gen. Greene's sons was a Lieutenant on the Monitor that fought the Merrimac. After Capt. Worden was disabled the Lieutenant took command, and you know the joyous result, and the news that went up to the North that the dreaded craft, the Merrimac, had been put out of commission. Another son is Gen. Francis Vinton Greene; another is Capt. Charles Greene, who was upon the staff of the General at the battle of Wauhatchie. He was at Lookout Mountain Nov. 24, 1863, and the next day at Ringgold, Ga., a solid shot struck him and shattered a leg. Two boys of our regiment hastened to his relief, tied his leg up with gunsiraps and handkerchiefs and he was borne from the field. Of course, we never expected to see Charlie Greene again alive, but after our march to the sea, thru the Carolinas, thru Richmond and on to Washington, as we were crossing the Long Bridge, who should loom up but the General and his son, Capt. Charlie, their faces wreathed in smiles, showing how pleased they were to meet their old brigade.

I have two letters from Gen. Dan Sickles, who lost a leg at Gettysburg, complimenting me upon having belonged to that heroic brigade commanded by Gen. Geo. S. Greene at Culp's Hill, Gettysburg, the night of July 2, 1862. How the years have flown, and yet everything is so distinct. It seems as if it was but yesterday.—Wm. Clinton Lewis, First Sergeant, Co. G, 60th N. Y., National Military Home, Kansas.

Sailor's Creek.

Editor National Tribune: The reference of Adam Horine, of the 110th Ohio, to the battle of Sailor's Creek, recalls vividly to mind my recollections, as a member of Co. B, 82d Pa., of that desperate encounter. According to "Bates's Pennsylvania Volunteers," Co. B of the 82d Pa. in that battle suffered a loss of five killed and two mortally wounded. According to the same authority this company lost 12 men killed and mortally wounded during the war. Thus it will be seen that this company lost more men at Sailor's Creek, its last battle, than it did in all the other battles in which the regiment participated during the war. At Sailor's Creek the company was a mere remnant, not having more than 40 men in the ranks. Its loss in killed and mortally wounded was at least 16 per cent of the number present at that time, a percentage of loss three times that of the average company during the war. This is no guesswork; statistics prove the same to be a fact. Capt. Wm. Knight told me since the close of the war that his company lost 25 men in killed and wounded at Sailor's Creek. I think the greatest portion of this loss was caused by the first volley delivered at close range by the enemy concealed as he was by a dense forest that bordered the creek, which at this point was a swamp or jungle. The above will give you something of an idea of the desperate nature of that engagement, especially in regard to that portion of the line occupied by the 82d Pa. As the writer referred to above has said, the battle of Sailor's Creek was very important in its results. It practically ended the career of Lee's army. It was the last determined opposition offered by any great portion of that grand army whose banners had waved in triumph over many a hard-fought field. I would be pleased to hear from members of my regiment who were present at Sailor's Creek. This desire to hear from those with whom we were associated in those eventful days increases the nearer we approach the great beyond. It is a sad reflection that only for a few more fleeting years will the youth and middle-aged have the privilege of meeting any of the survivors of the most critical period in our Nation's history, the heroic age of the Republic, and of speaking with men who have participated in some of the most renowned battles of modern times, men who took a part, tho humble, in making the history and shaping the destiny of this great Nation.—L. Whitney, Co. B, 82d Pa., Plymouth, Pa.

One of the 27th Ind.

Nelson Purcell, 27th Ind., Washington, Ind., is a comrade who many times carried wounded soldiers off the battlefield. Near him there are 35 soldiers buried in the Mount Gilead graveyard and one Confederate soldier. On Akman Creek there are 19 soldiers and one Confederate. Comrade Purcell has been all his life helping the boys prepare their pension papers, and at one time there were 23 pensioners at his place, the comrades drawing $5,456 collectively. Ten of these moved away, and now there are but four veterans and three widows there who draw pensions.

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PICKET SHOTS

From Alert Comrades Along the Whole Line.

Two Flags of Truce.

Isaiah Phipps, Co. A, 24th Ind., Mitchell, Ind., speaking of the disputes among the comrades with regard to the flag of truce at Vicksburg, says there were two of these received from the general officers on Gen. Pemberton's staff. The first one was on July 3, at 9 o'clock, and was received by Maj. David Kelly, of the 67th Ind., who was Officer of the Day at that time. He was informed that a flag of truce was approaching the line, and he hastened out to meet it and found two men on horses who wished to confer with the general officers of our army. Maj. Kelly then called Capt. Columbus Moore, of Co. D, 16th Ind., to his assistance. The Confederate officers were Gen. Bowen and Col. Montgomery, of Pemberton's staff. They were dismounted, blindfolded, and taken to Gen. A. J. Smith's headquarters, where they were turned over to another detail of officers who, in turn, took them to Gen. Grant's headquarters. A long conference was held and a place appointed where Grant and Pemberton should meet the next day, July 4, to agree to terms of surrender, which they did. Comrade Phipps does not know who met the second flag of truce when Gen. Pemberton came out on July 4 to keep his engagement with Grant. Maj. Kelly is recorded on the Park Commission at Vicksburg, Miss., as the man who received the first flag of truce.

The Private Soldier.

Daniel Cunningham, Co. C, 7th Pa. Cav., Monument, Pa., thinks there is a great deal of talk about monuments being raised to Generals while no one says anything about the private soldier or his rights. The boys who enlisted as privates, leaving home and school to help their country, and who after three or four years of hard fighting returned to their homes and took any kind of work they could get to do are those who should be considered by the country, and instead of spending so much money raising monuments to Generals some should be expended in giving these soldiers a larger pension, so that their last days may be spent in comfort. Near Comrade Cunningham lives a man who went to the war in '64, served 96 days, and got $1,500 for substituting, and who now receives a pension of $12 per month. He came home after the war, took his $1,500 and studied medicine, and now gets $5 or $6 a visit, which Comrade Cunningham has to pay when he calls him professionally. He thinks Congress ought to do better for the three and four-years soldiers.

The Confederate Seal.

The Confederate veterans are considerably wrought up over the whereabouts of the great seal of the Southern Confederacy. There were several seals used by the Confederates, but this particular one was specially engraved by one of the best artists in London on a silver block which was inclosed in a fine case. At the time of the evacuation of Richmond Mrs. Jefferson Davis gave it to her husband's bodyguard and valet, Jas. H. Jones, colored, with instructions where to conceal it. Jones, who has been for years employed in the Senate Chamber at Washington, went to Richmond at the recent meeting of the Confederate veterans, and was received with much honor by a delegation of Confederates, and given a prominent place in the parade. He says that he has been offered $1,000 to produce the great seal, but that he would never betray the trust imposed upon him by Jefferson Davis, and that the secret would be buried with him.

Rich Mountain.

Martin Boyer, Co. I, 13th Ind., Hewins, Kan., takes exception to several things in the account of the battle of Rich Mountain. In the first place there was too much prominence given to the 19th Ohio, but the Ohio boys always were successful in claiming honors. Then, the rain did not begin till after 10 o'clock, when the troops were on the mountain preparing to attack. Rosecrans did not start for Beverly the next morning, but remained on the battlefield, and sent a detail of 15, of which Comrade Boyer was one, into Pegram's camp, and they held it until the brigade came up in the afternoon. They captured 68 men, who were neither sick nor wounded, but bright, intelligent young men belonging to the Military Academy of Charlotte, Va., called the "Brunswick Blues."

First to Enlist.

Maj. L. G. Kingsley claims that 56 members of the old Rutland Light Guards, of Rutland, Vt., enlisted in the Union army before either W. M. De Hart or C. F. Rand. In January, 1861, the Governor issued a call for the uniformed militia to get in readiness, and on Feb. 9 at a special meeting the Rutland Guards took the matter under consideration. Fifty-three of the 75 members of the company were present. Of those present 52 responded "Yes" and one "No," while nine of the absent 22 voted "Yes" by proxy. This was the only enlistment the company ever made, and therefore they claim the date of their enlistment as Feb. 9, 1861. The company became K of the 1st Vt., which was mustered in May 2, for three months. In 1862 the company went out again for nine months in the 12th Vt. Of the original 56 10 are yet living.

Widows' Pensions.

Mrs. Susan Allen, wife of John Allen, Co. D, 2d Cal., Yoncalla, Ore., says that she is not now a widow, but has been one. Her first husband was a Pennsylvania soldier, and she had also two brothers in the army. She was obliged to take care of her father-in-law and a small child while her husband served his country. Her husband did not recover from his service, and finally died, leaving her with a child to bring up and educate. Her present husband has been broken down in health for years, and the heaviest part of her work is in caring for him. There must be many other women like her, and they certainly deserve the recognition and care of the Government.

Youngest Volunteer Officer.

Edward Jonas, brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, New Orleans, La., thinks that after all there are not many younger officers than he. He was commissioned a Lieutenant in the 50th Ill., Co. K, in his 18th year. Henry W. Godfrey, of Quincy, Ill., was Lieutenant and Adjutant of the 18th Mo. when 18 years of age.

Widows' Pension.

Mrs. Clara Whitezell, Neodesha, Kan., says she was just 16 when her two brothers enlisted in the 37th Ill. Her father was a cripple, and she had to go out in the field to rake the hay, bind the wheat and oats, hitch up the team, haul wood, etc. This hard work at that tender age has broken her down so that if her husband should be taken from her she would be unable to earn a support. Her husband served in the 73d Ind. She wants the women to get in earnest on this matter and insist upon their rights.

Mrs. Mary Martin, Ainsworth, Neb., belonged to a happy family, the first break in which occurred when her husband answered the first call for troops, and she felt as if she should go with him. Soon there were none left in the neighborhood but girls, and upon these fell the duty of supporting their families. They stopt school, and went into the fields, and soon became as good farmers as the boys. Now these women are prematurely old on account of the hard work they did at that time, and deserve the recognition of the Government.

One of the 1st Kan.

T. E. Blanchard, 99 Ocean St., Santa Cruz, Cal., wants all the comrades to help him in the case of Jacob Smither, who enlisted at Leavenworth, Kan., May 31, 1861, in Co. K, 1st Kan. By mistake his name was entered as Jacob Smith. He could neither read nor write, so was transferred to the regimental band, but went into the battle of Wilson's Creek with a gun in his hand. His eyesight was injured by a ball, and he was sent to a hospital in St. Louis, and he was discharged from the service in July, 1862. He is now 87 years old, very deaf and destitute, and his discharge was either lost or stolen. He has been trying for years to get a pension, but is unable to procure evidence. All his officers are long since dead. Can anyone help him?

Oldest Mother of Veteran.

Jacob Andrews, Co. G, 67th Pa., Kresgeville, Pa., thinks Sarah Kresge, of Chestnut Hill Township, Pa., must be about the oldest mother of a veteran living. She celebrated her 94th birthday in April and is still quite rugged in health. Mrs. Kresge sent five sons to the war, four of whom returned safely to her and are alive to-day. Emanuel, who was a member of the 51st Pa., was killed in action. Two of them served in the 81st Pa., and one in Co. B of the 67th. Few mothers did better than this.

An Inquiry.

Joseph Dover, Co. K, 49th Ind., Saline, Ind., would like very much to know the whereabouts of Capt. H. Stanley. His wife had a cousin by that name, who enlisted in the Union army, and the last she heard from him he was in California. Her name before she was married was Lucy A. Holder.

J. E. Grantham, First Sergeant, Co. A, 1st M. S. M. Cav., Pattonsburg, Mo., in answer to an inquiry from a comrade of Washington, D. C., for the address of Capt. Wm. E. Houston, says that Capt. Houston died some 25 years ago. He died of hemorrhage of the lungs, and was buried in Lawrence, Kan.

The Burning of Columbia.

Geo. H. Godfrey, Pierson, Mich., says that the burning of Columbia is as fresh in his mind as tho it occurred yesterday. He belonged to the 15th Mich., which marched thru Columbia about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the day it was taken. Comrade Godfrey was in the city from dark until 3 o'clock in the morning, when he went into camp, but was called out to patrol the streets, and had a time picking up stragglers from all parts of the army, many of whom had taken something much stronger than coffee.

A Distinction Should Be Made.

J. J. Day, San Antonio, Tex., thinks there should be a difference made in giving pensions between the men who left their homes and schools in the early part of 1861, remaining with their companies until the war was entirely over. Such men should not, he thinks, be classed with the 90-days men or bounty jumpers. He was a nine-months man himself, and noticed the greatest difference between these old stand-bys and the nine-months men when in battle.

Thomas Post, 8, Claims the Belt.

J. A. Hays, Commander, Thomas Post, 8, Department of Missouri, Kansas City, Mo., sends us the record of Gilbert Van Zandt, whom he thinks must certainly carry off the palm for being the youngest soldier. Comrade Van Zandt enlisted in the 79th Ohio at the tender age of 10 years, seven months and 16 days, and after serving awhile as drummer boy was promoted to orderly on Gen. Ben Harrison's staff, where he served continuously till the close of the war. He is now 55 years old, hale and hearty.

Birges's Sharpshooters.

William M. Pierson, Rose Hill, Kan., wants to know of any of the comrades whether Lieut. Adams, of that regiment, is still living and well, and would also like to hear from any of the veterans who were acquainted with his brother, C. H. Pierson, who died at Savannah, near Pittsburg Landing, in the Spring of 1862.

The 1st D. C. Cav.

Chas. W. Libby, 5th Mass., Medford, Mass., wants any information that can be given him of Robert Oakes Walton, who enlisted in the D. C. Cav., was taken prisoner, and died in Salisbury, Nov. 4, 1864. Can anyone say if he was wounded and in what battle? Comrade Libby would be glad to hear from any member of his company.

Wants to Hear.

D. P. Hubbard, Co. F, 1st N. Y. Cav., Houston, Tex., wants very much to hear from some of the old boys of the 24th N. Y., and especially Co. K. And he is also most anxious to hear from the boys of his own company, only one member of which he has seen since he was mustered out.

Veterans' Widows.

Mrs. M. M. Aton, Billings, Mo., feels that there is too little regard for the old soldiers' widows, who served the country as well as their husbands. This was specially true of the wives of Co. A, 17th Ky. Cav. The men did not receive a cent of pay after enlisting until discharged at the end of their service. What those women endured during that time is beyond the telling.

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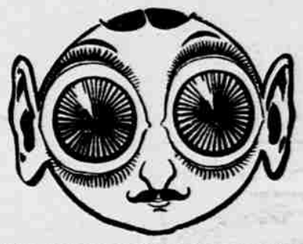

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