RECITALS AND REMINISCENCES

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

SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

Skilful Strategy—Gallant Fighting. Magnificent Engineering.

Editor National Tribune: Some months ago a comrade, thru The National Tribune, wanted to know something about the operations against Charleston, S. C. In looking over a diary which I kept during the siege on Morris Island I will, with your permission, endeavor to give a few facts in regard to that memorable event, in which the 52d Pa. took a part.

The order to leave historic Yorktown, where we had wintered and rested after McClellan's campaign from Fortress Monroe to the gates of Richmond—thru skirmish scrubs and pitched battles and the hungling retreat from Mechanicsville; thru the ague-swamps of the Chickahominy to Malvern Hill—was hailed with genuine joy, and within a few hours men, mules and officers were safely embarked on transports and under way for Port Royal, the mustering ground for the attacks against Charleston. It was the good fortune of the regiment to which I was attached to disembark at St. Helena Island, a paradise of a place, with its clustering palmettos and plantation houses peering out from orange groves and fragrant magnolias. In the meantime Gen. Hunter prepares for his April attack upon Fort Sumter, and in the general movement we take a part, if only a sea ride to Stone Inlet and back. We wave adieu to our isle of beauty, St. Helena, and as the Southern gloaming steals down upon us the words of the old song come to our memory:

"Shades of evening, close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely bark awhile;
Morn, alas! will not restore us
Yonder dim and distant isle."

But the expedition is a failure, as were most of Hunter's exploits. The merits of the monitors are tried, and they perform their work well. Dupont was not the man, however, to prove the armored monarchs of the deep to their fullest capacity, and we receive orders to return to Hilton Head. A day and night's sailing brings us to the light ship at the mouth of the harbor, and as the morning's sun bursts out in all its tropical splendor, "like a bonfire frae the sea," we steer our way up the broad river in tow of a New York ferryboat for all kinds of craft have been pressed into the service. We pass Port Royal, with its little villages of canvas and whitewashed cottages with whitened roofs glistening in the sunlight like a canopy of pearls. As we proceed up this winding river we pass our old camp ground; Pierce Island, and some others with their giant liveoaks, overhung and festooned with white draperies of moss, with here and there an orange grove or a cluster of palmettos to variegate the picture. Beaufort, the home of Rhett, that most conspicuous of Secessionists, is now full in view, with its weird buildings, shady streets and picturesque beauty. The months fly past. Hunter is relieved. Gen. Gillmore, the young hero of Fort Pulaski, takes command, and the Department of the South feels that an energetic movement is to be made. This dashing but unassuming soldier is to try his prowess on Fort Sumter. Charleston is the object of attack, where Secession hatched her hellish broods, and where the first blow was struck at the Nation's life, honor and Flag.

The Base on Folly Island.

Folly Island is chosen as the base of operations. This island is about five miles long and three-quarters of a mile in width, and is thickly covered with trees, underbrush and sandhills, and is separated from Morris Island, where the rebels are strongly intrenched behind circular sandhills, by Light House Inlet, which is about 600 yards in width. Gillmore is a man of action. No fuss and feathers, grand reviews and showy pageants with him. Quietly but speedily the munitions of war and the appliances of the siege train are brought from Port Royal. Morris Island must be taken, and the work has been commenced.

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Without the Knife

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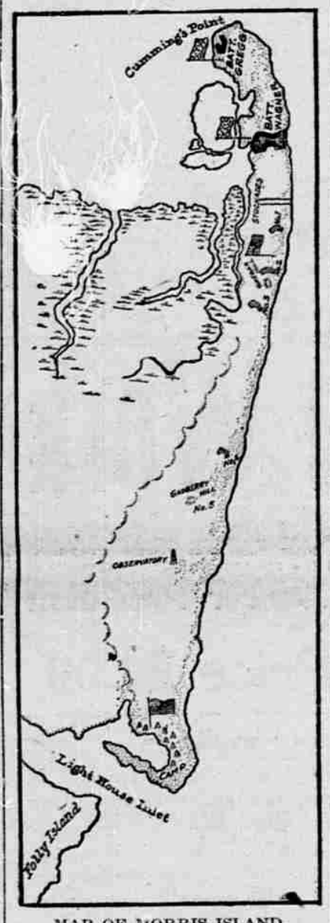
Roads are cut from the rear to the front, and preparations for the easy transit of wagons and siege guns. Breastworks are commenced, and those of us who dug with McClellan on the Peninsula wonder if there is to be no end of digging. A thousand busy hands ply spades, picks and axes in the darkness, for sable night must needs lend her aid. In suppressed whispers orders are given, for the rebel pickets are on the alert, some of them stationed on the masts of a sunken blockade runner at the mouth of the inlet a half mile distant. While our Northern "mudsills" are building battery after battery the



MAP OF MORRIS ISLAND.

chivalry enjoy their rest and what little comforts they may have, unconscious of their danger and our near approach. Day after day the work goes bravely on, and each succeeding night finds fresh details of diligent workers pushing the trenches to completion. Scarce three weeks of working day and night and the batteries are completed, and from their concealed embrasures half a hundred guns and mortars frown upon the rebel works on Morris Island. Our batteries are built in two lines, their line of fire ranging with that of the rebels on Morris Island. The first line is about 1,200 yards from the rebel batteries, the second about a mile. Both lines are mounted with well-manned batteries of heavy guns and mortars; bombproofs and temporary hospitals for the wounded. Whilst this work has been pushed energetically on the Army of the Department of the South has been gathering for the combat. It is not a large army, but much can be done with it, when pluck, determination and genius is at the head. Plans and preparations are at last completed.

Brig.-Gen. Terry and his division are to engage the enemy on James Island. Gen. Strong's Brigade is to go up Folly River in lanches, and secrete themselves behind the trees which cover Light House Inlet on the left, and await the opportunity to land on Morris Island and carry the batteries of the enemy by assault, which are half a dozen immense sandhills extending parallel with the beach, about three-quarters of a mile upwards. These hills are natural fortifications, and upon each of them the enemy has guns mounted traversing three-quarters of the circle, so that they can be used either to repel an attack from Folly Island or the sea.

A Surprise for the Enemy.

Everything is now ready, and the troops prepare for the struggle of the morrow, which will be the 10th of July, 1863.

In Charleston Harbor the armored monarchs of our Navy ride sullenly on the heaving tide, ready for the fray, and Admiral Dahlgren proposes to try their virtues either on Forts Sumter, Wagner or Gregg. Gen. Terry's forces have already opened the ball on James Island. Night, with its mantle, falls upon Folly Island, and the army in blue retires for a few hours' rest, lullabied by the booming of Terry's artillery. The gray dawn streaks the sky, and the boys are under arms, and await the signal gun which is to announce the opening of the batteries. The rebels are asleep on Morris Island, unconscious that within a few hundred yards of them Gillmore has half a hundred guns and mortars ready to hurl their iron hail upon them. They thought this demonstration against Charleston would be made by the old route—James Island—and most of their infantry and artillery have been sent to repulse the advance of Gen. Terry. Launches containing Gen. Strong's Brigade are silently creeping up Folly River, and now are only 200 or 300 yards distant.

Two or three companies of trusty axmen spring from behind our batteries, and with steady blows fell the friendly trees that conceal them from rebel eyes. Embrasure after embrasure is laid bare, the work of but a few minutes, and the rebel pickets on Morris Island are astonished at the result. How they must have cursed the "Yankee mudsills" you can readily imagine.

The signal gun is fired, and our batteries make the island tremble with their thundering volleys. The monitors take up the refrain, and swell the volume of the deafening chorus. In vain the rebels on Morris Island attempt to serve their guns. They are demoralized and panic-stricken. Bursting shell and rifled cannon shots, tearing and screaming thru their strongholds, accomplish their fearful work.

Strong's Brigade comes quickly on. They are met by volleys from the rebel rifle pits, but they press on, gain a landing, and, with wild cheers and flags streaming in the early dawn, charge the rebel batteries. Our batteries and monitors cease firing, and the gallant Strong with his brave boys drive the enemy from their guns, and plant our glorious flag upon every battery on the lower end of Morris Island. Our men are fast crossing the Inlet and pressing the rebels up the beach. But Sumter opens with her barbette guns, and Wagner growls with grape and canister.

Ere the sun has reached its meridian the rebels are driven within a quarter of a mile from Fort Wagner, and Gen. Gillmore and his troops are in possession of three-quarters of Morris Island and within full view of Charleston. Surely this was glory enough for one day.

Hardships of the Siege.

The hardships of the siege now commence. The troops have finished their work on James Island, and under cover of gunboats are quietly and speedily withdrawn, to take a more conspicuous part in the siege of Forts Wagner and Gregg and the famous Sumter. To give you an adequate idea of the mighty work and terrible carnage in the reduction of the above-named forts it will be necessary to briefly explain the situation. The island, scarcely two miles in length and little more than a half mile in width was not a very extended area for the deeds of valor and display of military genius which was enacted on its sea-bleached sands. Charge after charge was made upon invulnerable Wagner. Courage and bravery can do much; but here it was like the tempest-driven wave dashed on rock-bound shores—spent in vain. Many a brave soldier sleeps in the ditch which surrounds Fort Wagner, and many a noble hero found a last resting place beneath its powerful parapets. Many a gallant regiment of our noble little army faced the terrible maelstrom of shot, shell and shrapnel which belched in volleys from her lurid embrasures, but were surged back by the iron death that assailed them.

Just here let me pay a feeble tribute to one regiment that deserves our highest encomiums. I refer to the 54th Mass. (colored), under command of the lamented and heroic Col. Shaw, who fell with scores of his dusky warriors gloriously fighting within the embrasures and on the ramparts of that strong fortress. He and they were buried where they fell, and no prouder, no grander monument has ever been erected to the memory of daring and heroic manhood. The Atlantic spray may keep the clods green upon their fortress funeral pile, but until old ocean and the grave give up their dead their memory will be held sacred by a free people and a saved Republic.

Siege of Battery Wagner.

Fort Wagner was not to be taken by assault, and its siege began. Gillmore appreciates the situation, and now his skill as an engineer is to be put to a greater test. Parallel approaches, oblique trenches, splinter proofs and a hundred different contrivances are brought into requisition. The student of history will search in vain for a parallel to a siege like this. For more skilful strategy and engineering, heroic daring, patriotic, toiling endurance as was displayed on this narrow island, scarcely a quarter of a mile wide at floodtide, and exposed to the converging fire of four powerful forts, the sanguinary history of war furnishes no equal. Night and day men plied their shovels under bursting shell, scourging canister and death-dealing rifle bullets. Parallel after parallel is finished, until our soldiers can hear the sentinels tread their beats within the besieged fortress. A bloody combat or a hasty retreat on the part of the rebels is now the issue of a night. Morning streaks the horizon. Our troops have been in their harness all night, and now await the bugle blast that summons them to the last struggle. But the enemy, under cover of nigh, have left their strongholds for quieter and safer apartments, and our forces are now in full possession of the island. Wagner and Gregg are ours, and the Stars and Stripes float proudly from their flagstaffs in full view of Charleston. Rebel guns are replaced by 200-pounder Parrotts, and the walls of Sumter crumble slowly under their incessant fire. The ironclads take a part, and the new Ironsides discharges her monster broadsides at the close distance of 300 and 400 yards. They make fearful breaches in the masonry of the ill-fated fort. Day after day, week after week, and month after month cannon and mortars hurl their bursting shell upon her shot-torn works. It seems a mass of ruins, but within its strengthening bombproofs the rebels are secure, for every shot and shell now adds to its strength. Artillery duels are now the order of the day. The rebels shell our camps, and make dwelling in tents by the sea anything but desirable. The Swamp Angel sends her dreaded missiles into the ill-starred city. Churches, the palaces of her merchant princes, her public monuments and edifices of beauty are shattered and marred at a distance of four and a half miles. But Charleston is firm and secure in rebel hands, her defenses are complete, and thus we must leave her till Sherman, the Field Marshal of the age, raps at her back door, for he and his conquering legions have completed their march to the sea. And Charleston, first to take up arms, is among the last to succumb to the genius of the Union.—H. R. Crawford, Quartermaster-Sergeant, 52d Pa.

IUKA AND CORINTH.

The Eagle Regiments Share in the Great Victories.

Editor National Tribune: I have been waiting a long time for some one in the West to write to The National Tribune, and finally a comrade that was in Gen. Stanley's Division gave a very good description of the battle of Corinth.

As my regiment, the 8th Wis. (better known as the Eagle regiment), belonged to Gen. Stanley's Division, I will relate some incidents connected with that (for us) very busy time, those in the other brigades knowing nothing about it.

When our brigade marched back to Corinth from Tuscumbia, just previous to the battle of Iuka, the 8th Wis. and two companies of the 7th Ill. Cav. were left in Iuka to guard a large quantity of hospital stores that for some reason had been left in Iuka. Three days before the battle, early in the morning, the rebels drove in our picket guard. We stood them off that day, but along toward evening things began to look serious. No doubt they thought we had more men than we did have, or they would have captured the whole outfit. In the evening, after it was dark, we left our tents standing, and very quietly marched away.

We arrived in Farmington, near Corinth, early in the morning, and hardly had time to eat breakfast, when we were ordered to join our brigade, which was then on the march to Iuka. The battle was fought the next day by the Second Brigade of Stanley's Division, composed of the 47th Ill., 11th Mo., 5th Minn. and 8th Wis. The 11th Mo., being in advance in the line of march on the road, deployed into line before the balance of the brigade got on the ground. As we were strung out on a single road the 11th Mo. got the big end of it before the balance of the brigade could get into line. I don't remember positively, but I think they lost in killed and wounded close to 200 men.

The rebel army left Iuka during the night, and the next morning the 8th Wis. started out on their trail, but couldn't overtake them, and finally changed our direction, which placed us on their right flank, which position we occupied until we arrived near Corinth, on the 2d of October, just in time to go into line of battle one-half or three-fourths of a mile from Fort Robinett. We formed our line in a road running thru heavy timber, and advanced to the edge of a field and relieved the 2d Iowa. Directly in our front there were few trees to be seen. They were hid behind trees and a fence on the opposite side of the field, about 40 rods distant. They were making things warm all right. We had not been under fire very long when I noticed rebel troops marching down a road that ran past our left flank, so I ordered my men to fire in that direction, and I think they made it count, for the Johnnies along that road showed symptoms of trouble.

When the rebels ceased passing our flank I had an opportunity to look around me, and I discovered that the regiment had gone. Orders had been sent down the line to fall back. Thru mistake I didn't get the order. We concluded to go away from that place at once, and we went. In going back we had to cross the road that we first formed our line on. The rebels that had been passing our left flank had formed a line to our rear and obliquely across the road. That portion of their line on the road was in plain sight, and gave us a royal salute when we crossed it. Only one man was wounded. It had always been a mystery to me how any escaped. I had 29 men when we went into action, and 17 were killed and wounded. I don't remember the loss in the regiment. It was heavy, however. The Lieutenant-Colonel and Major were wounded. This was only a preliminary incident to the battle of Corinth.

On the 3d the Second Brigade as a reserve force occupied the low ground to the left of battery or Fort Williams, and did not fire a gun. I walked out to the high ground, where I had a plain view. I saw the rebel columns march, or, I should say, rush in to a perfect vortex of destruction. Our line of battle formed a crescent a mile or more long, so that when the rebels got inside of the half circle they received a cross-fire; in fact, a fire from all points of the compass contained in a half circle. The destruction of human life was terrible—a scene beyond the power of language to describe.

On the 5th Stanley was sent with part of his division to intercept Gen. Price, who had been defeated at the Hatchie Bridge by Gen. Ord, and compelled to retrace his steps. Gen. Stanley, as usual, was full of whisky, and failed to do the right thing at the right time. We went into camp at night about half a mile from a stream of water that the road we were on crossed. On the opposite side of the stream was a road running parallel with the stream. On this road Price was retreating. Had we occupied that road that night we could have captured the whole rebel army. As it transpired the rebels marched by us unmolested.

After the Johnnies had escaped we started after them, marching day and night until we reached Ripley, Miss., entirely exhausted and without rations.

It may seem incredible, but I did walk and sleep at the same time on that chase after Price and Van Dorn.—A. D. Hickok, Captain, 8th Wis., Norman, Okla.

The Seventeenth Corps.

Editor National Tribune: I wish to know where the Third Brigade, Third Division, Seventeenth Corps, was on the 22d of May, 1863.—Drury Hall, Mokane, Mo.

The Third Brigade, Third Division, Seventeenth Corps, was commanded by Col. John D. Stevenson, and consisted of the 8th and 81st Ill., 7th Mo. and 32d Ohio. May 22, 1863, it had come up and taken its place in the lines around Vicksburg, had 100 rounds of ammunition issued to each man, and received orders to join with the Second Brigade in a charge upon the works. Later these orders were countermanded, and the brigade marched about two miles to the left and reported to Gen. Osterhaus, and bivouacked in a ravine on the west side of the road.—Editor National Tribune.

The 10th N. Y.

Editor National Tribune: Please give a short history of the 10th N. Y., and tell me when they hold their Reunions. I would like to hear from some of the comrades of Co. B. Also please tell me if a pensioner dies before pension day would his daughter get his pension?—James Smyth, 103 Park avenue, Paterson, N. J.

The 10th N. Y. was organized at New York City in May, 1861, for two years. On the expiration of its term of service the original members were mustered out and the three-year recruits consolidated into a battalion of six companies, which, on June 5, 1865, was increased to 10 companies by the transfer of four companies from the 8th N. Y. Art. The consolidated force was mustered out June 30, 1865. It was commanded by Col. W. W. McCherney, who resigned June 20, 1861, succeeded by Col. John E. Bendix, who was mustered out upon expiration of his term of service May 7, 1863. Col. Joel B. Baker then took command, retaining the same till final muster-out. It belonged to French's Division, Second Corps, and lost 112 killed and 89 from disease, etc.

The dates and places of Reunions are announced beforehand in the columns of The National Tribune.

The pensioner's daughter would receive the pension if she were her father's heir.—Editor National Tribune.

The 140th Ohio.

Editor National Tribune: Please give a short history of the 140th Ohio, and, if obtainable, the history of Co. D.—Inquirer.

The 140th Ohio was organized at Gallipolis May 10, 1864, for 100 days, and mustered out Sept. 2, 1864. It was commanded by Col. Robert B. Wilson, and lost two from disease.

We have no data whatever referring to company histories, and can give no information concerning them.—Editor National Tribune.

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The assault on Fort Hill, at Vicksburg, was one of the thrilling episodes of that great achievement. It was largely a hand-to-hand fight in the midst of the roar of cannon along the whole line, the bursting of shells, the fierce whiz of canister and the steady crash of musketry. The fighting was so close that hand grenades, bayonets, gun barrels and swords were in almost constant use. The picture represents the planting of the colors upon the enemy's works, and gives a hint of the immortal struggle around them.

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LOUDERBACK.—At Winamac, Ind., Nov. 29, 1908, John W. Louderback. He served three years in Co. E, 29th Inld. served three years in Co. E, 29th Ind. in December, 1908, John L. Lunsford. He served three years in Co. E, 29th Ind.

GUCHESS.—At Climax, Mich., Dec. 7, 1908, Clement B. Guchess, aged 73 years, three months and 25 days. He enlisted Dec. 23, 1863, in Co. F, 1st Mich. Eng. and Mech., and served till Sept. 22, 1865.

EVANS.—At Indiana, Pa., Sept. 26, 1908, Samuel W. Evans. He served three years in Co. H, 12th Pa. His widow survives him.

MATTHEWS.—At the home of his daughter, in Newton, N. J., Joseph Matthews, aged 71. Comrade Matthews served in the civil war, and was a member of Capt. Walker Post, G. A. R.

HARTER.—At North Baltimore, O., Dec. 15, 1908, William Harter, aged 69 years. He served in the 126th Ind. Cav. three years and five months, until the close of the war.

Dedication at Vicksburg.

Dec. 29 16 monuments and 53 markers erected at Vicksburg by the State of Indiana to the memory of her soldiers who were killed during the operations against that stronghold were dedicated and formally transferred to the United States Government. Gov. Hanley, of Indiana, officiated, and the monuments and markers were accepted on behalf of the Government by Capt. W. T. Rigby. Gov. Noel, of Mississippi, with his staff and a number of high officials and prominent men, participated in the impressive ceremonies, and in the evening gave a reception to Gov. Hanley and the Indianians.

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1809 LINCOLN 1909

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To every comrade sending his name and number of Post on a postal card I will mail him one copy of "Echoes from the Tomb of the Living Dead," by convict J. Wess Moore, No. 18759, life-sentenced convict, (late of Co. B, 5th Ind. Cav.,) now on parole at 1203 Dorisadoro St., San Francisco. To every comrade who will send me 25 cents I will mail one copy of "Echoes" and The Rural Weekly, St. Paul, Minn., for one year, 52 weeks, one of the best family papers published. Reference: Any comrade in California or Nevada department.

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ADDRESSES WANTED.

WANTED—The military record of Dr. Silas Nelson Benham. He entered the service Sept. 1, 1861, in the 7th W. Va. Inf., with the view of appointment as First Lieutenant and Aid-de-Camp on the staff of Gen. Benham, U. S. A. Having lost his health he was honorably discharged in the Spring of 1863, and it seems he was never assigned to any company. We have no record of his muster out, where, or by whom. Can you in any way assist me in tracing this down. He was a charter member of Duquesne Post, No. 259, G. A. R., of Pittsburg, and died Nov. 3, 1890. It seems he was a Surgeon and served a part of his time in this capacity. Address George V. Marshall, late of Hampton Battery F, Ind. Pa. Lt. Art., 814 St. James St., E. E., Pittsburg, Pa.

WANTED — Information of George Smith, a private of Co. K, 48th Mass. Inf., and Co. A, 4th Mass. Cav., better known as Smithy and Gel Smith, in the 4th Mass. Cav. I would like to know if he is still alive. W. F. Byrne, late of Co. K, 48th Mass. Inf., and Co. A, 4th Mass. Cav., Grant's Pass., Oreg.

WANTED—By J. S. McDaniel, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, the postoffice address, if living, of George W. Smith, Co. B, 1st Iowa Inf.; or, if dead, time and place of death.

WANTED—The address of Capt. Chas. Knox, or Lieut. Bilings, of Co. A, 16th Penna. Cav.; George Gabrentts, Private, Co. A, 16th Pa. Cav., Co. K, 9th Vol. Reserve Corps, No. 9 Maple St., (Rocky Grove), Franklin, Pa.

WANTED—The comrade who sold Confederate envelopes at Toledo Encampment, to write to J. C. Jackson, 1703 Lindon St., Scranton, Pa.

WANTED—By Louis N. Pelletieo, 7 E. Polk St., Chicago, Ill., addresses of members of Co. A, 8th Regt., Conn. Inf. Vols., who knew Joseph Martin, who served from July, 1864, to August, 1865.

WANTED—The address of any comrade or other person who can give information as to the company and regiment in which James H. Crossin served during the war; think he enlisted about the last year of the war, either at Roxenburgh or Barren Hill, Philadelphia, Pa. J. H. Brennemen, 912 E. Capitol St., Washington, D. C.

WANTED—The address of any soldier who knew Allen Bell, Co. K, 10th Reg't, Iowa Vols. Address Mr. Isiah Bell, So. Henry St., Kenton, Hardin Co., O.

WANTED—The address of William Wentworth, 8th Maine Inf.; last heard from in Lynn, Mass. Geo. Hunter, late U. S.