Recitals and Reminiscences

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

AFTER BORDER BUSHWHACKERS.

Breaking Up a Murderous Band of Ruffians on Cowskin Creek—The Scalp Dance.

Editor National Tribune: During the war there were two roads leading south from Fort Scott, Kan. One ran almost directly south to Fort Smith, Ark., and the other a little southwest to Fort Gibson, I. T. From Baxter Springs south between these two roads is a hilly country, mostly covered with timber and dense undergrowth.

After the massacre at Baxter Springs this part of the country was infested with a bloodthirsty band of bushwhackers, and it was almost impossible for any but large bodies of troops to pass over these roads without being killed and robbed, for they took no prisoners.

In February, 1864, the commander at Fort Scott fitted out an expedition to drive the bushwhackers out of that country. At that time Col. Preston B. Plumb, of the 11th Reg. Kan. Cav., was in command at Humboldt, Kan., a post 40 or 50 miles west of Fort Scott, on the border. Col. Plumb was ordered to take Co. C, 11th Kan., and a company of Indians from the Osage Mission. The Osage Mission is about 40 miles south of Humboldt, on the Neosho River, and from there south there was no feed for man or beast except what we took with us on our horses.

After we got near where the Fort Scott and Fort Gibson road crosses the Neosho River Col. Plumb thought best to keep in the timber as much as possible, and as the Fall and Winter had been dry the Neosho River was dry for several miles above its junction with Spring River, so we traveled in the river bed. After passing Spring River our course lay on the west side of Grand River, where after 40 or 50 miles we camped for the night.

Col. Plumb sent me and another man to ford the river and see what we could find on the other side. After going about a mile we found a place where men had camped a day or two before. We returned to the command a little after dark and reported. The Colonel decided to go back 20 or 30 miles to the ford, where the road from Neosho, Mo., crosses the Grand River, and look the country over on the east side.

We found out that the bushwhackers never traveled in the roads, but always kept in the woods. After crossing to the east side the company of Indians was ordered to go four or five miles east before turning south, while our command kept close to the river. A several miles' jaunt brought us to a log cabin, with no one but a woman and a small baby in sight, altho hanging on the side of the cabin were the carcasses of a deer and a hog.

Col. Plumb asked the woman if there were any men around. She said she had not seen a man for six months, and the Colonel replied: "Madame, I believe you lie."

From there we went down a path towards the river. A short distance from the cabin we found a saddle and a gun in the bushes and fresh horse tracks pointing towards the river. We followed the tracks across the river, and saw a man ride out of the canebrake within a few rods of us. Col. Plumb started after him on foot, while the men followed, some on foot, some horseback, but the brush was so thick we could not follow fast. We expected to be attacked. George Plumb, a brother of the Colonel, got thru faster than the others, and shot the bushwhacker thru the head.

From there we continued on down the river until we crossed a beautiful stream, Cowskin Creek, and came to a little prairie a mile or two wide and several miles long. Just as we came to the edge of the prairie we saw some men with a drove of cattle. They were bushwhackers. The whole command charged after them. One of them turned to one side, so as to get into the timber along the creek. As soon as he got to the timber he jumped off his pony and got behind a large oak tree, and raised his gun to shoot. By that time three or four of us were closing in on him. His gun failed to go off, and we rushed up to the tree, only to find the man had disappeared. An old Austrian rifle lay by the tree, and the pony was standing near by.

A rod or so beyond the tree was a ledge of rocks 20 or 25 feet high, running up and down the creek for a long ways. We could not think the man had jumped over the ledge, and as there was no brush or anything in the way, so the man could hide, we were puzzled to know where he had gone. Others of the men had come in from the chase. They searched up and down the creek, but could find no trace of him.

On the edge of the ledge was a large rock. I climbed up on it to rest. Al. Brandley tried to get up, too, but somehow in getting up he lost his balance and fell. He caught himself just at the brink of the ledge, but I thought he had gone over. Just then I heard the report of a gun under the rock and the smoke came up in my face. I saw Brandley's feet below me. At the same time the bushwhacker came up and said: "Don't shoot me any more. I surrender."

Before I could get him he fainted and went headlong to his death over the ledge to the bottom below. Brandley had shot him thru the body while he was under the rock. The man had a double-barreled shotgun with him under the rock loaded with buckshot.

The company of Indians had found the camp of the other bushwhackers on the other side of the creek, and killed several of them and scalped everyone they killed.

After the fight with the bushwhackers a cold rain and snow storm came upon us, and we got lost in the woods and wandered around for three days without anything to eat, until we found some wildhogs. After the storm was over we found our way back to Baxter Springs, and at the end of two days more we arrived at the Osage Mission, a few hours after the Indians had got back.

That night the Indians had a scalp dance over the scalps they had taken while on the expedition. They divided the scalps up in little locks of hair, so each one would have a lock, and men and squaws danced around in a circle, all chanting their doleful cry of "Au-wa, au-wa." Altho the weather was close to zero, I saw old gray-headed squaws dance until they were so exhausted they would drop down in the snow. After our horses and the men got filled up and rested up we went back to our camp at Humboldt, and that was the last we heard of that band of bushwhackers.—Asher S. Childers, Co. C, 11th Kan. Cav., Salem, W. Va.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE BUSHWHACKERS.

Whose Leg Was Shot?

Editor National Tribune: Some time ago I made an inquiry in The National Tribune as to a James A. Walker, C. S. A., who was wounded and lost a leg at Gravelly Run, Va., March 31, 1865, and since it appeared there have been a number of articles published in The National Tribune, and if they are to be believed he was wounded at many points from Richmond, Va., to Florida, and the answers are as conflicting as they would have been had I asked who struck Billy Patterson. My theory about it is this: Just before night, March 30, my regiment (140th N. Y.) passed in the rear of the Second Corps, and relieved the pickets to our left until we passed by the end of the picket line. The next morning we were advanced as a skirmish line across the field, north and into a piece of woods. The extreme left where I was made a part wheel and faced about east and halted. A bullet whistled close to me, and I looked around. I saw a rebel officer sitting on a horse about 15 rods from me. I took aid, intending to hit him in the right leg and drop the horse at the same time. After firing I did not see him again nor the gray horse he was on. By the time I got my gun reloaded I saw another officer on a bay horse moving around very lively at about the same place. Firing then began very lively, and our skirmish line broke for the rear about as lively as they knew how. The rebels were massed in the woods, either a brigade or a division, and were ready to attack us. They got our troops into a temporary stampede, but we soon rallied and stopped them and then drove them back half a mile or more than they did us. No other Union troops but the Fifth Corps was on our side. In reading the Congressional Directory a number of years ago it stated that one of the Congressmen from Virginia, named Gen. James A. Walker, lost a leg at the battle of Gravelly Run, and I have often wondered if that was the officer I saw that morning seated upon a gray horse when our skirmish line passed by, partly in their rear. I was in hopes some Confederate who was there would reply. Our regiment was very conspicuous, being Zouave, and they would remember them. We were in the Second Divison, Fifth Corps.—Samuel R. Hazen, Co. G, 140th N. Y., Painted Post, N. Y.

Morris's Brigade Was There.

Editor National Tribune: Albert Payson Terhune, in his history referring to the first campaign in West Virginia, says that "Nine Ohio regiments under McClellan drove the rebels out of West Virgina." I was all thru that campaign, and know that Morris's Indiana Brigade (the 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th Ind.) were there and participated in every battle. The 14th Ohio, part of the 16th Ohio and two guns of Barnett's Ohio Battery are all the Ohio troops I recall. There may have been some more at Itich Mountain. The battle of Philippi was fought by the 6th, 7th and 9th Ind., 14th Ohio and four companies of the 16th Ohio, Barnett's Ohio two-gun battery and 6th W. Va.

The battles of Cheat Mountain and Carrick's Ford, where we killed Gen. Garnett and put the finishing touches on the campaign, was fought by the 6th, 7th and 9th Ind., 14th Ohio, part of the 16th Ohio and Barnett's Battery. The 6th Ohio (the Guthrey Grays) had just arrived, but that regiment and the 6th W. Va. were not in the battle, arriving shortly after it was over. Some comrade in writing of these events puts some other artillery in instead of Barnett. Capt. Benham was in command at Carrick's Ford. I carried every order given in that fight, as I was acting as Aid to Capt. Benham, and placed Barnett's two guns by his order in position on high ground behind our lines, one gun on either side of a big walnut tree, and the first shot dismounted one of the enemy's little four-pound guns on the bluff across the river. I would like to hear from that boy of the 16th Ohio whom I sent back after the 6th Ind. when we ran into a Georgia regiment on our way back to Cheat Mountain Gap to pick up Gen. Morris's headquarters baggage. I would be glad to hear from any of the boys.—A. S. Prather, Co. B, 6th Ind., Taneyville, Mo.

Fairfield Post, Fairfield, Ill., has adopted resolutions urging the passage of The National Tribune pension bill.

KILPATRICK'S RAID.

Col. William L. Curry, United States Pension Agent, Columbus, O., and who served as a Captain in the 1st Ohio Cav., has written a very important and interesting paper on Kilpatrick's raid around Atlanta in August, 1864. This was read before the Ohio Commandery, and found of such interest and importance that its publication was requested by the editors of the U. S. Cavalry Association Journal, which has published it in full. Col. Curry points out that during the last two years of the war the cavalry came under the command of young men, who at the beginning were generally enlisted men. He thinks this brought a world of vigor, daring and enterprise into the command, and fulfilled Gen. Sherman's admonition that caution and prudence should be small elements in the make-up of a cavalry officer. This was abundantly illustrated in the raid which was ordered July 20, 1864, to destroy the enemy's communications by burning bridges, filling up tunnels and cuts, cutting telegraph wires and destroying railroads and army supplies. Prior to Kilpatrick's raid there had been two expeditions sent out by Gen. Sherman, one under Gen. Stoneman from the left flank and another under Gen. Ed. McCook from the right flank. Neither of these had been as successful as Gen. Sherman wished, and Stoneman's expedition had met with complete disaster, himself and 1,000 men being captured. The expedition was composed of five brigades and two batteries. The First Brigade was commanded by Lieut.-Col. Robert Klein, the Second by Lieut.-Col. Fielder A. Jones, the Third by Col. Eli H. Murray, and the two brigades from Gen. Garrard's Division were commanded by Col. R. H. G. Minty and Col. Eli Long. The whole command numbered 4,800 men, all veterans of long service. Col. Murray was put in command of Kilpatrick's Division and Col. Robert L. King in command of Murray's Brigade. The expedition started from Sandtown Aug. 18, and the infantry all along the line made demonstrations to mask the movement. This did not, however, deceive Hood, who detached Cleburne's Division of infantry to attack the cavalry, and Kilpatrick had to fight it at Lovejoy. At the very outset the enemy's cavalry was encountered and a stubborn resistance made. The West Point Railroad was reached near Fairburn, and Long's Brigade dismounted and began tearing up the road. Col. Curry gives an interesting picture how they went about this:

"Cavalry, when they become accustomed to this kind of work, would tear up a track very rapidly. When the order is given to dismount Nos. 1, 2 and 3 dismount, and No. 4 always holds horses, remains mounted and leads the other three horses. No. 3 hands his reins to No. 4; No. 2 ties his reins to the bit of No. 3 and No. 1 to reins of No. 2. The men then form along one side of the track in close order, and at command grasp the rails and ties and turn the track over, and sometimes a half mile of tracks is turned before a joint is broken. The men move along rapidly, and many rods of the track will be standing up on edge. If there is time, the rails are then torn loose from the ties by picks and axes, carried for that purpose, the ties are piled up and the rails on top of them, and then the tires are fired; thus the rails are heated in the middle and bent out of shape by being twisted around trees or telegraph poles, are left there to cool, and no doubt some of them are there yet to mark the trail of the cavalry raiders. The brigade destroyed about a mile of track, when we were attacked by the cavalry and artillery of the enemy on both the rear and left flank. The brigade was ordered to mount and gallop forward to joint the First Brigade, under Minty, which had crossed the track and had the advance."

A lively fight was on at once, which was directed by Gen. Kilpatrick, whom Col. Curry describes as looking the very ideal of a cavalryman. During the battle Kilpatrick's headquarters band, mounted on white horses, were playing patriotic airs with all their might. The enemy was soon driven in confusion toward Atlanta, but the fighting was thenceforward almost continuous. The country was thickly wooded and bad for cavalry to operate in. Jonesboro was taken after a sharp skirmish, and a great amount of clothing and cavalry stores destroyed. The sky was lighted up with burning timbers, buildings, cotton bales, and again the headquarters band was in evidence playing National airs while the destruction was going on. The command was now in the rear of Hood's army, and, as Phil Kearny would say, the fighting was lovely all along the line. Finally the command was entirely surrounded, with two of Cleburne's brigades in the rear, the cavalry brigades of Ross, Ferguson and Martin, about 1,000 State troops and Cleburne's remaining brigades on the flanks and two brigades of cavalry with a division of infantry and a six-gun battery completing the line. Altogether there were five brigades of infantry, 18 pieces of artillery and six brigades of cavalry surrounding the division. Kilpatrick was a born cavalryman, and determined upon a saber charge to get out of the trouble. He massed all his troops, put the artillery in the rear and ordered sabers drawn. The troops were formed in columns of fours to strike the enemy's line at different places. The enemy had formed two or three lines with infantry behind barricades of fence rails and logs. The lines were quickly formed, and 4,500 sabers rang as they were drawn from their scabbards and flashed in the sun. The bugles rang out "Forward! Trot! Gallop! Charge!" in quick succession, and the columns swept forward under the spur with loud yells, scaling fences, jumping ditches and barricades. Nothing could stop the yelling troopers, and in an instant the men were sabering right and left among the enemy, who were fleeing in confusion. It is estimated that from 600 to 800 prisoners were sabered. At one time the command had over 1,000 prisoners in its hands, but these nearly all escaped. The Confederate line was smashed to pieces wherever struck, and the whole command galloped away triumphantly, with Long's Brigade covering the retreat. Cleburne followed up furiously, and Long had a fight with him of nearly an hour, before driving him back. In this Col. Long was severely wounded. The whole command moved rapidly toward McDonough, marching all night in a drenching rain. They did not get the order to unsaddle until between 2 and 3 o'clock on the morning of Aug. 21. The saddles had been on continuously since the evening of Aug. 18.

The command's troubles were not ended, as the horses had to be swum across Cotton Indian Creek, which was full to overflowing, with high, steep banks.

The old camp at Buck Head was reached about sundown of Aug. 22. In five days the command had ridden completely around Hood's army, and destroyed four miles of railroad, with two locomotives and a train of cars. The loss in killed, wounded and missing was 326, but the Confederates had been given a handling that was very demoralizing, and the Southern newspapers bitterly abused Martin's Division of Cavalry for the way it allowed itself to be ridden over by the Yankees. It was not only Martin's Division, but Cleburne's infantry was handled just as roughly. Cleburne's men said that the Yankees came on in solid columns 10 or 12 lines deep, running their horses and yelling like devils. Cleburne's men tried to use their bayonets, but the Yankee sabers were too much for them. Col. Curry is a clear, vivid writer, and his story is told in a highly interesting way.

At Libbey Prison.

Editor National Tribune: I have for many years been a subscriber to The National Tribune, and have never allowed my subscription to expire. The paper is too instructive and too interesting to miss. I served in Co. F, 55th Pa., and was a prisoner from March 29, 1862, to Oct. 12, 1862. We were captured at Edisto, S. C., and were locked in the jail at Charleston for a few days and then sent to Columbia, where we were fed on a little rice and bread made from moldy flour. We were guarded by North Carolina troops, who were friendly and kind to us. At Columbia their Captain went personally to the General in command—I forget his name—and asked for more food, better rations and better accommodations for the prisoners. When he returned the guards told us that the General had told the Captain, "They do not need better rations; we are building a pen for the beasts over in Georgia, where they will get fevers in the swamps and die anyway," and more of the same sort of comfort. We were sent to Libbey Prison and placed on the floor. Some one told us to keep away from the windows, as the guards would shoot anyone seen thru the openings from which the windows had been removed. We were told by rebels that whenever a guard shot a prisoner he was given 30 days' furlough. I examined the ceiling before one window and counted five bullet marks, the rims of two being stained with blood. The floor was covered with a horrible and disgusting smear, and we had to lie in it. Our rations were two, sometimes three, very inferior hardtack each day, with half a pint of water, in which beef had been parbolled with no salt. The effect was the same as half the measure of salts, and I have not yet recovered from its effects.—A. S. Coy, Grismore, Pa.

The Bell Butler Took.

Editor National Tribune: A short time ago an article appeared in The National Tribune asking for information regarding a bell that was confiscated by Gen. Butler and sent North from New Orleans. Probably the bell referred to is the one that is now in the belfry of the Congregational Church in this town. This bell, weighing 800 pounds, was formerly owned by B. D. Beavin, of Plain's Plantation, Miss., and was used to call his 125 slaves. Mr. Beavin died soon after the breaking out of the rebellion. His executors sent the bell to New Orleans to be cast into Confederate cannon, where it was captured by Gen. Butler. The bell was teamed from the plantation to the river landing by an old slave, Uncle John Hedden. The bell was "bid off" at auction in Boston by Benj. Snow, Jr., who gave it to the Trinitarian Church in Fitchburg, Mass., with the stipulation that its first peal should toll the freedom of the slave. This was done according to program, and Mr. Snow had the satisfaction of ringing it himself when President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation was issued. In 1872 the church disbanded, the church building was sold and the bell was purchased by the Congregational Church of Ayer, Mass.—Wm. H. Sherman, Ayer, Mass.

The Connecticut Soldiers' Home.

A. P. Hanks, Noroton Hights, Conn., reports that George S. Cleveland, Lucius J. Cook, George Hack and B. W. Sperry, inmates of the Connecticut Soldiers' Home at that place, have died within the year. Wm. H. Davidson, Co. D, 10th Conn., is an inmate of the Home. He was born Nov. 26, 1810, and is consequently nearing his 100-year mark. He walks more than many who are 25 years his junior. Lately he walked very often over to the village, a mile away, and may do so now. Last March he took a 60-day furlough, and did not return until it expired. He is well apparently in every respect. Barney Rigney, 21st N. Y. Cav., is another aged veteran, and bears himself equally well. He was born Feb. 6, 1819. Within the past three or four years six veterans have died at the Home who were from 90 to 96 years old.

Sheridan's Raid.

Robert E. Eskildson, M. D., First Sergeant, Battery L, 2d U. S. Art., Omaha, Neb., is much pleased with the Wilderness Campaign, which he finds intensely interesting. He fought under Sheridan thru that stormy time from the Rapidan to the James, and will never forget the joy they brought to the hearts of our boys that they recaptured at Beaver Dam. He can hear their shouts of welcome yet, and they were glad to rejoin the main army, which was done May 22, after the raid. They were back in the ranks again, and whenever the cavalry marched past the infantry someone would throw up his cap and shout: "Hurrah for Beaver Dam!" All the comrades are shouting for McElroy for Commander-in-Chief in his neighborhood.

The 11th Wis.

James Henderson, Manistee, Mich., was at the Wisconsin Encampment, and thinks a list of his comrades of the 11th Wis. who were present will interest many who were not there. Those present were: Maj. Miller, Waupaca Home, Wis.; Ira W. Hunt, Adjutant, Neenah, Wis.; G. T. Hamer, Princeton, Wis.; F. A. Bird, Madison, Wis.; N. Farnsworth, Baraboo, Wis.; Thomas Hart, Wild Rose, Wis.; J. H. Neikalds, Oshkosh, Wis.; George Applebecker, Sheboygan, Wis.; W. H. Bennett, Madison, Wis.; James Hart, Neenah, Wis.; James Henderson, Manistee, Mich. They are all for John McElroy for Commander-in-Chief.

Half Holiday for Federal Employes.

Some of the veterans in Texas are displeased that the Federal employes at Fort Worth were given a half holiday to attend the birthday services of Jefferson Davis. The Fort Worth railway mail clerks went on a special car, attended by the local post office band, and wound up the day with a baseball match between the employes of the Fort Worth and Dallas post offices.

The First Subscriber.

Geo. W. Dunn, Gervais, Ore., claims to be the oldest subscriber, as he was the first in his section to take The National Tribune, and has kept it up ever since.

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PICKET SHOTS

From Alert Comrades Along the Whole Line.

Bear Creek Bridge.

R. R. Risley, Co. E, 10th Ind., St. Johns, Mich., says that on the afternoon of April 8, 1862, his brigade, composed of the 10th Ky. (Col. Harlan, now on the Supreme bench), 4th Ky. (Col. Fry), 14th Ohio (Col. Stedman) and 10th Ind. (Col. Malon D. Manson), boarded boats, with gunboats as front and rear guard, and sailed up the Tennessee River all night, making 40 miles by daylight. Gen. Sherman got off, and with his fieldglass looked around; then he ordered us to go 12 miles farther. We came to Bear Creek Wagon Bridge. It was on fire. It was five miles to Iuka, Miss., where 5,000 rebel soldiers were camped. The 10th and 4th Ky. and 10th Ind. formed along the creek; the 14th Ohio marched up creek a mile by a cow path, and drove the guards from the railroad bridge and burned it. The 14th Ohio came back and started down the road for the landing, with the 4th and 10th Ky. following and the 10th Ind. bringing up the rear. He was in the rear guard, and knows there were no Johnnies there when we got to the river. The four regiments lined up on the river bank and fired a volley over the river, and went aboard boat again next morning. They were at Pittsburg Landing.

With Harris's Light Cavalry.

A. G. McMillin, 2d N. Y. (Harris's Light Cavalry), Hartford, N. Y., thinks that The National Tribune gives the best war history he has ever seen. He was with McDowell from start to finish; in the second Bull Run under Pope, stuck in the mud with Burnside, and with Hooker at Chancellorsville. He was taken prisoner there, and was a guest at Libbey for 35 days, when he was paroled. He was at the parole camp near Alexandria, and remained there until September, but he was exchanged and reached his command at Culpeper, then under Meade. He was with Meade thru the Wilderness campaign and to Petersburg. Then he hiked up the Valley with Sheridan to take care of Early, and he thinks they did it all right. He can hardly wait from week to week for The National Tribune. He takes six other papers, but The National Tribune is his right bower. He is strongly in favor of widows getting $12 a month, no discriminations. He favors the $1 a day bill, and would do away with Soldiers' Homes.

His Lucky Number is 19.

John B. Zarbaugh, Co. G, 21st Ohio, Ithaca, Mich., says that he served three years in the Army of the Cumberland, and never fired a gun at the Johnnies while he was in the service, altho he was at the front all of the time, except three days. He was with the ordnance train of Gen. Neglee, Second Division, Fourteenth Corps, from Dec. 24, 1862, to Sept. 22, 1864. After the battle of Chickamauga the First and Second Divisions were consolidated and named the First Division. Nineteen seems to be Comrade Zarbaugh's lucky number. He was married Sept. 19, 1858; was mustered in on the 19th; ran like a deer to get away from the Johnnies at the battle of Chickamauga on the 19th; lived with his companion until April 15, 1909. He is now 73 years old, and writes a splendid, even hand. He appends some specimens of his chirography, which is all firm and even, and some of it is so small that it almost takes a magnifying glass to read it.

A Battery Record.

Thomas Moon, Corporal, Battery A, 4th U. S. Art., Meeker, O., says that in answer to H. E. Bruester, Battery A, 1st Ill. L. A., who wants to know which field battery served the longest and lost the most in men and horses, he will enter Battery A, 4th U. S. Art., which was in it from start to finish. It was in all the fights under McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, Grant and in Sheridan's raid, had to recruit the infantry three times (from 60 to 80 men), and draw three new batteries (six guns each), including the whole equipment, horses and all, and they never lost a gun, horse or man to the enemy. At Gettysburg they lost three commissioned officers, seven men killed and 39 wounded and lost 83 horses (out of 90 men and 90 horses in the action), nine ammunition chests exploded and the guns were all burnt up and dismounted. The battery is still in the service.

The Volunteer Officers' Bill.

Moses Summers Post, Baldwinsville, N. Y., with a membership of 75, indorses the volunteer officers' bill, and asks its Representative to assist in its passage.

T. F. Leonard, Austin, Minn., says: "Remove the age limit from the Warner-Townsend bill and leave the amount one-half pay, as originally in the bill, and justice will be done." It is a poor time to split hairs over a bill which if passed to-day would not reach thousands who will die before it becomes operative.

Dr. Henry E. Ballard, 72d Ill., Minneapolis, Minn., says that if the age limit clause is not stricken from the volunteer officers' retirement bill it will look as if the lawmakers of the country have forgotten the men of 1861-65 who responded to Lincoln's call. The youngest of the veterans have passed the 65-year mark, and the roster of the Grand Army is rapidly decreasing.

An Expensive Leg.

David Freer, Co. G, 56th N. Y., served three years in the civil war. Then he was hale and hearty. Now he is old and feeble and under the constant care of a physician. The Government allows him a pension of $15 per month. He has tried time and again to interest the Government in his case to the end that his pension might be increased to an amount sufficient for his personal needs. He would be granted an increase if he had lost his leg, but as he is still in possession of that practically useless right leg (vericose veins) nothing can be done for him.

A Loyal Louisianian.

Calvin Becks, Isola, Miss., says that he and a lot more of the Louisiana boys living there ran away from their homes at night, and got into the battle at Milliken's Bend the next morning. Capt. John Davis and Caleb Simmons and Eddie Williams went into the plantations of Louisiana and made up what they called the 1st La., afterwards naming it the 5th H. A. He was captured at Milliken's Bend and carried to Georgia, where he lay in the Lee County Jail from June until August, when he escaped and got back to his regiment at Vicksburg.

At Franklin and Nashville.

J. S. Hatch, Sergeant, Co. E, 36th Ill., Plano, Ill., wants to know who got licked at Franklin, as suggested by Comrade K. A. Fiske. Not the Yanks! Brave men were the 1,800 Confederates buried in front of the works, but that was all they could claim, says he. The Yanks got the works at Nashville, fighting the same crowd of Johnnies as at Franklin. Col. Capers, 24th S. C., C. S. A., says he was near the center of the Confederate line, and could see both ways. He saw 100 stands of Confederate colors and 20,000 brave, trained, enthusiastic soldiers.

Court-Martialed and Hanged.

Augustus Fink speaks of an incident not generally known, where a young soldier was court-martialed and hanged by order of Gen. D. C. Buell about four miles south of Bardstown, Ky. The charge against the soldier was that he killed a rebel citizen because he had the soldier arrested for stealing poultry and pigs, and the guard was ordered to strap a rail on his back and make him walk a beat for two hours. He said while walking the beat that if he ever got loose he would kill that rebel, which he did.

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WANTED—Samuel Fall was held as recruit in the civil war from Wisconsin, Sept. 26, 1864, to Dec., 1865. Anyone knowing his whereabouts, or, if dead, where buried, will receive a reward for the information. Mrs. Fall, Livingston, Mont.

WANTED—Address of Frances M. Smith,