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Betts, Vicki, "National Tribune, May 1886-October 1890" (2016). *By Title*. Paper 92.
<http://hdl.handle.net/10950/747>

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NATIONAL TRIBUNE
(Grand Army of the Republic)
May, 1886 - October 1890

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, May 13, 1886, p. 3, c. 5

A Woman Soldier.

TO THE EDITOR: The enclosed slip was handed to me recently by a comrade, and I would be very glad to find out if there is any truth in it. The name and date of the paper are not given: "In disinterring the Federal dead near Resaca, Ga., a body was discovered which excited considerable attention from the smallness of the feet. On examination it was found to be that of a woman, shot through the head. The grave was marked 'Charles Johehous, private, 6th Mo.'"--P. D. Davis, Co. I, 6th MO, Bushnell, Dak.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, November 25, 1886, p. 4, c. 7

SIMPSON.--Capt. Wm. Simpson died Nov. 6, at Oakland, Cal., aged 46. He enlisted as a Sergeant in a New York regiment early in the war, and was soon promoted to a Captaincy in the 16th U.S.C.T. He was Aid-de-camp to Gen. Banks while that officer was in charge of the Department of the Gulf, was taken prisoner and lay for six months in a rebel prison at Tyler, Tex. Afterward he was Depot Quartermaster in New Orleans; then Cashier of the New Orleans Custom House for eight years; late Cashier in the U.S. Sub-treasury at that place, until about a year ago, when he was stricken with paralysis and went to California.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, January 13, 1887, p. 3, c. 5

Herman Dreiger, Co. H, 1st Ind. Cav., Colconda, Ill., thinks every comrade ought to stand by THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. He writes that he was taken prisoner at Marks's Mill, Ark., with a portion of Gen. Steele's command. They were taken to Tyler, Tex., where they were kept until February, 1865, when they were exchanged, and sent to New Orleans.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, May 5, 1887, p. 3, c. 5

A. Hunnehagen, Co. A, 26th Ind., Bruce's Lake, Ind., says that while at Brownsville, Tex., during the Winter of 1863--he was detailed to help bury the remains of a man said to have been a Union officer, who was found hanging to a tree. He inquires if any comrade can give definite information in regard to the murder.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, May 12, 1887, p. 3, c. 6

W. H. Gillaspie, Co. H, 130th Ill., Calhoun, Ill., writes that while a prisoner of war in Camp Ford, Tex., he witnessed the barbarous murder of S. O. Shoemaker, Co. H, 130th, Ill. Shoemaker and two comrades from Iowa were sitting by their quarters reading the Bible, when a guard raised his gun and deliberately fired at the crowd, mortally wounding Shoemaker. He lived but a few hours. They understood afterward that this guard had sworn to kill a Yankee, and took this method of doing it.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, May 26, 1887, p. 3, c. 6

H. O. Owen, Co. H, 36th Iowa, Glenwood, Mo., says he was captured April 15, 1864, and was a prisoner 10 months. He says that on the 4th of July at Camp Ford, Tex., a prodigious excitement was occasioned by the hoisting of the Stars and Stripes in the prison pen. The flag

belonged to the 56th Ohio. When its defenders were captured at Sabine Cross-roads, the color-bearer tore the flag from the staff and wrapped it around his body under his clothing.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, June 16, 1887, p. 3, c. 6

Madison Sargent, Co. K, 77th Ill., says he was captured April 8, 1864, under Banks up Red River, and lay more than 13 months in rebel prisons. He contracted diseases which have disabled him, and from which he never recovered. He has been unable to secure a pension, and he feels that he has been unjustly treated.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, July 21, 1887, p. 5, c. 4

Chas. H. Wood, Co. E, 48th Ohio, Hinckley, Minn., refers to the communication of Comrade Owen, Co. H, 36th Iowa, who gave an account of the raising of the Stars and Stripes in the prison at Camp Ford, Tex., on the 4th of July, in which it was stated that the flag belonged to the 56th Ohio. The writer says the sketch is correct, except that the flag belonged to the 48th Ohio instead of the 56th. It was concealed on the person of the color-bearer and brought off the field by him, as described by Comrade Owen.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, August 11, 1887, p. 3, c. 3

A Relic of Camp Ford, Tyler, Tex.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The powderhorn mentioned in a late number of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE as "The Boss" I think can be beaten by one now in the possession of Comrade A. H. Hutchinson, of this place, and which was made and engraved by him while a prisoner of war at Camp Ford, Tex. It is a beautiful, transparent horn, and is composed of six pieces, besides the bottom and stopper, which are also made of horn. The bottom is of clouded horn, finished in ridges and inserted in the same like a head into a barrel. A band of smoke-colored horn an inch wide encircles the base close to the bottom. Near the top is a band of jet-black horn put on over the main part, and then a ring of light-colored horn fitting snug to that; next to this is a long black piece neatly together that it seems as if it was all carved from one horn.

The engraving is still more wonderful, considering that it was done with a common pocketknife and inside of a rebel prison. Close around the top of the main part is its history, as follows: "Engraved by A. H. Hutchinson, co. C, 15th Me., while a prisoner of war at Camp Ford, Tyler, Tex. Wounded and captured at Pleasant Hill, La., April 9, 1864. Exchanged May 27, 1865." The Goddess of Liberty and the U.S. coat-of-arms occupy the front of the horn. A typical figure of a prisoner of war is shown, encircled by the words, "Prisoner of war at Tyler, Texas." Elsewhere is a drawing representing a Union soldier with musket and accouterments, the regimental flag and State banner, cannon and cannon-balls. On a scroll over this are the words "The Union forever." Every mite of the surface of the horn is covered with drawings, which show as plainly as if made on paper. This knack of engraving Comrade Hutchinson thinks was the means of saving his own life as well as that of others of his comrades, for by that means he was able to buy sweet potatoes, and they saved him from dying of scurvy.--E. W. Sprague, Sprague's Mills, Me.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, September 1, 1887, p. 3, c. 6

Corwin A. Bailey, Wilmington, O., encloses a fragment of the flag of the 48th Ohio that was given to him by Elias C. Hamilton, of Co. H. Hamilton was a prisoner at Camp Ford, Tex.,

having been captured at the battle of Sabine Cross-roads in April, 1864. He was in confinement six months and seven days. The flag was captured with the greater part of the regiment, and was run up in the prison-pen on the 4th of July.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, September 8, 1887, p. 4, c. 7

BURNS.--At Oakland, Cal., July 11, Maj. George Whitfield Burns. In July, 1862, he was appointed by President Lincoln an Additional Postmaster in the United States Army, with the rank of Major, and during the following two years he was attached to the Missouri Pay Department, and was continuously on duty with the armies in the Mississippi Valley. He was taken prisoner on Red River, La., and taken to Camp Ford, Tyler, Tex., where he was retained as a prisoner for several months, when he was paroled and returned to Washington, D. C.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, September 29, 1887, p. 3, c. 1

The Flag of the 48th Ohio.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I see several published accounts in regard to the flag of the 48th Ohio being in Camp Ford (Texas) prison, none of which are correct in detail. The flag was buried shortly after our arrival at the prison in one corner of the regimental officers' huts, and was never publicly displayed on the 4th of July or at any other time, for it would have been taken from us by the rebels. It was secretly shown to a number of the old prisoners on two or three occasions inside our hut after due caution, and was sewed up in Capt. Gunsaulus's blouse about a month after our arrival, to preserve its colors, where it remained until the regiment was exchanged at the mouth of Red River Oct. 23, 1864, when it was hastily torn from its hiding-place, fastened to a staff, and unfurled to the breeze amid the wild shouts and deafening cheers of the released prisoners and groans of the rebels. That incident will never be forgotten by any who witnessed it. After exchange the flag was sent to the flag-room at Columbus, O., where it still remains. It was well preserved, and was not marred except where the colors had run together a little during the time it was buried. This I know from notes made at the time, as I assisted in putting it in the blouse and on the staff, and wrote a brief history of its capture and escape, and forwarded it with the flag to Columbus--Thomas Montgomery, Captain, 48th Ohio, Lynchburg, O.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, October 13, 1887, p. 3, c. 2

A Flag in Prison.

The Adventures of the 48th Ohio Flag at Camp Ford, Texas.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Thinking a correct account of the Stars and Stripes serving a term in Camp Ford (Texas) Prison would be of interest to the survivors of that rebel pen, I will give the details of its capture, prison treatment and escape. It was on Banks's famous expedition up Red River when the 19th Ky., 77th and 130th Ill., 48th Ohio, and Chicago Mercantile Battery were captured on the 8th of April, 1864, at Sabine Cross-roads, La. The color-bearer, Isaac Scott, as the rebels were closing in on us, tore the regimental flag of the 48th Ohio from the staff and gave it to his mess-mate, who concealed it in his haversack, where he kept it from detection all through his march to prison. He was taken sick on the way and did not reach the prison for some time after the others, but through all his sickness and marches he kept it safely until he arrived at the prison, when he delivered it to the officers of the regiment for safekeeping.

A hole was dug inside their shanty, in which the flag was buried; but prior to burying it, and after due precaution had been taken to guard against detection, it was secretly displayed to

several of the old prisoners, some of whom had been there two years, and their eyes sparkled and tear stole down their emaciated cheeks as they gazed on that emblem of liberty, and they went away feeling they could bear their captivity with lighter hearts.

But the rebel guards found out we had a Union flag in camp, and they searched for it on several occasions, tearing up the floors and digging up the ground in the shanties. Although each time failing to find it, they were always on the lookout for that flag; and when on the 4th of July following, while the prisoners were celebrating the day by permission of the prison commander (we having agreed not to refer to the "unpleasantness"), in the midst of the exercises a file of rebel soldiers, in charge of the Officer of the Guard, marched in front of the speaker, and in a tone of authority said:

"I understand you had an American flag displayed; I demand its immediate surrender."

But he was assured that no flag had been displayed. Still he insisted. He was told that it must have been a sign of some enterprising baker who had prepared some choice biscuit, pies, etc., to tempt the ravenous appetites of the prisoners. They finally left with this warning:

"You will be fired on by the guards indiscriminately should a flag be seen displayed."

He was answered, "Don't shoot until you see the flag up."

But to keep that beautiful silk flag buried would have ruined it; so it was taken from its hiding-place and sewed up in Capt. Gunsallus's long blouse, and it was worn by him all through the remaining term of our captivity.

When the 19th Ky. and 48th Ohio were exchanged, Oct. 23, 1864, at the mouth of Red River, many Union officers, with their wives, were present to witness the exchange. As the prisoners boarded the steamer St. Marys the old flag was torn from its hiding-place and hastily tied to a staff previously prepared for the occasion, and from the upper deck, as our band--from a signal--played the "Star-Spangled Banner," the flag of the 48th Ohio was unfurled to the breeze, with the waving of handkerchiefs and amid the wild shouts and deafening cheers of the released prisoners and groans of the rebels.

No words of tongue or pen can fully describe the emotions of that hour. It was an inspiring scene, and one that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Even the rebel agent of exchange, Capt. Bischett [sic], on his return to Camp Ford said it was one of the most exciting scenes he had ever witnessed, and the regiment deserved great credit. Another rebel Lieutenant of artillery who was present, and who no doubt had not lost all the old love for the "Starry Banner," said to me after it was over:

"I could not have had the heart to take that flag from you had I discovered it on your way to exchange, for it has been a pleasure to me to see your great joy at its safe deliverance from prison."

The flag was afterward placed in the flagroom at the State Capitol in Columbus, O., where it now remains. This is the only flag I ever heard of being in Camp Ford Prison, Texas, and its history is taken from notes made at the time.--THOMAS MONTGOMERY, Captain, 48th Ohio, Lynchburg, O.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, February 16, 1888, p. 3, c. 5

Henry Gay, Co. C, 5th Kan. Cav., Modena, Mo., enlisted in 1861, and was captured at the battle of Mark's Mill, Ark., April 25, 1864, and taken to Tyler, Tex. where he remained until February, 1865, subsisting during that time on a half pint of meal per day.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, April 26, 1888, p. 3, c. 2

Morganza.

Why the 19th Iowa and 26th Ind. Were Captured.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: At the Reunion of the 19th Iowa at Washington, Iowa, Dec. 7, 1887, the 25th anniversary of the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark., great light was thrown upon some hitherto mysterious experiences of our regiment at Morganza Bend, and especially at the Sterling plantation, where we and the 26th Ind. were taken prisoners Sept. 29, 1863. For the benefit of other comrades of our regiment not present and those of the 26th Ind., I will give you a few items for the columns of your soldier paper.

At this Reunion in Washington, Gen. John McNulta, of the 94th Ill., was our special guest and orator of the day. His regiment was brigaded with us most of the time during the war. At Morganza Bend, while our division, under Gen. Herron, was making a feint upon the rebel forces 16 or 18 miles in front to draw attention away from the advance of the Thirteenth Corps up the Teche, our regiment, the 26th Ind., a section of the 1st Mo. L. A., and a battalion of the 6th Mo. Cav., all under command of Lieut. Col. J. B. Leake, of the 20th Iowa, were placed eight miles in front of the division, about half-way between it and the rebel forces, as an outpost.

Our position on the Sterling farm, surrounded by growing cane, was so dangerous, liable as we were to be surprised, that Col. Leake repeatedly asked for reinforcements, but none were sent.

About noon on the 29th we were surprised by finding the rebel forces in our rear and all hope of escape by retreat cut off. We fought, surprised as we were, two hours and 10 minutes by the watch, and then most of us were captured. The great wonder of wonders has been, Why did not our division come to our relief, they being only seven or eight miles away?

Gen. McNulta stated some facts in regard to this matter which old comrades should know, and which I will endeavor to repeat.

A few days before this battle Gen. Herron instructed Gen. McNulta to go on board the gunboat near at hand on the Mississippi River, Capt. Dominie commander, and confer with and instruct a "spy." This spy went and secured the details of the plan of the rebel Generals to cross the Atchafalaya River on the night of Sept. 28 or 29 and get between our outpost and the division and capture us. Gen. McNulta was on the watch, and secured this information and communicated it to Gen. Dana, as he had in the meantime taken Gen. Herron's place.

The night of the 28th Gen. McNulta instructed his pickets in that direction to keep a close lookout and report any movement of troops to him immediately. At midnight the picket came and reported the enemy on the move. The General arose and went out three miles to personally satisfy himself of the truth of the picket's report. He heard the enemy distinctly, and came back to camp, hunted up Gen. Dana, got him out of bed and reported these facts as secured by his own personal observation. Gen. McNulta says he understood from Gen. Dana that he would see to the matter, and he went to his command. Again, after this, he went out one and a half miles about 4 a.m., and again heard unmistakable movements of the enemy's troops. He now hurried back to his regiment and (supposing of course Gen. Dana was getting the troops in readiness) "whistled" his regiment to arms. He had the faculty of whistling through his finger a peculiar shrill and, in the night, a most unearthly call. He started with his regiment out toward where the enemy was discovered. For this he was ordered back by Gen. Dana and placed under arrest. This was before daylight on the morning of the 29th. We knew nothing of the presence of the enemy's force in our rear until nearly noon that day. It seems that no effort worthy of the name was made to apprise us of our danger or check the advancing enemy, or even come to our relief

after we were engaged. And thus we were captured and spent a long, weary 10 months in prison-pens because of this failure.

Either the commanding General did not believe well-accredited reports, or he was afraid to risk an engagement in trying to rescue us. We were very decided in our opinion that there could be no reasonable excuse for the first view. We were greatly pleased to learn that brave Gen. McNulta had done what he could to save us in time of threatened danger.—D. D. PROPER, Co. I, 19th Iowa, Topeka, Kan.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, April 26, 1888, p. 3, c. 6

T. N. Wooley, Musician, Co. B, 106th Ohio, Omaha, Neb., says that the soldier's name who was refused admission to the Dayton Home last October on account of being a woman, was Henry Fisher, Co. C, 106th Ohio, and not Jas. Fisher, 6th Ohio, as has been stated in a number of newspapers.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, May 24, 1888, p. 12, c. 1-3

"Joe."

Who His "Bunky" Turned Out to Be.
by Capt. Jack Crawford, "The Poet Scout."

On the long journey from my home in New Mexico to the East I stopped off for a day in a town in Western Kansas, that great "old soldier" State, and attended a meeting of the Grand Army Post located there. At the close of the meeting one of the officers of the Post said to me: "Comrade, I want you to come home with me and stay over night. I cannot promise you extra fare, for my wife has gone back East to visit her folks, and good hired girls are scarce in this new country, but I can give you a soldier's welcome, and, perhaps, a little better grub than we used to get in war times."

I gladly accepted the invitation, for the home of a comrade, no matter how humble it may be, possesses for me far more attractions than the best hotels in the land.

I accompanied the comrade to a beautiful cottage in the outskirts of the town, and while sitting in his cozy parlor he handed me a tintype of a boyish-looking soldier—such a picture as nearly every comrade had taken in a tent by one of the field artists who followed the troops during the war.

"This cannot be your picture?" I remarked, transferring my gaze from the handsome, boyish features to the comrade's manly, bearded face.

"No," he replied, with a smile, "that is Joe. He was my 'bunky' at one time during the war, and if you care to listen I can tell you a queer story about the little fellow."

I assured him that I would listen with pleasure, and he continued:

"I was a private soldier in an Iowa regiment attached to the Fifteenth Corps. Numerous battles in Tennessee and Mississippi and the diseases incident to that hot climate had greatly decimated our ranks, and one day a lot of recruits reached us, several of whom were assigned to my company. Among them was Joe Ransom, whose picture you hold in your hand. He was a little, almost childish looking fellow, and from the day he joined us the veterans of the company seemed to look down upon him. They dubbed him 'the baby,' and many were the predictions that a very little hard service would break him down, and that the roar of the first battle would terrify him and make him cry to be sent back home to his mother.

"The taunts and gibes heaped upon the boy awoke sympathy in my heart, and I soon found myself taking a deep interest in him. I enlisted at a very early age and was but little more

than a boy myself, and by various little acts of kindness and words of encouragement I soon gave him to understand that he had at least one friend in the company, and I could see his face light up with pleasure every time I approached him.

"One day while we were camped in a forest on Black River, in Mississippi, I started to a spring about a quarter of a mile distant to fill some canteens with water. On the way I met Joe, who had just emerged from a side path in the woods, and his red, swollen eyes told me that he had been weeping.

"Why, Joe,' I said, 'what is the trouble? What have you been crying about?'

"His tears began to flow afresh, and in a broken voice he replied:

"Charlie, you are the only man in the company who is good to me, and I just can't stand the way the men treat me any longer. They make me the laughing-stock not only of the company, but of the whole regiment, and it makes me miserable. They call me a 'baby,' and say that I ought to be at home helping my mother wash dishes instead of being down here trying to play soldier. O, will we never get into a fight? When we do they may find out that the big men who wear whiskers are not the bravest.'

"O, pshaw, Joe!" I said, 'you musn't mind the boys, for they don't mean half they say. They see that it worries you when they guy you, and think it is fun to play upon your feelings as they do. Just pay no attention to them, and they will soon let you alone.'

"How can I help but pay attention to them. I know I am young and small, and maybe I ought to have stayed at home, but I do my duty just as well as the biggest man in the company does. I believe I'm a better soldier than half of them now, if I haven't been out long. Can I help it that I wasn't born sooner than I was?'

"Maybe if you would report the matter to the Captain he would put a stop to all this. Hadn't you better go to him and tell him how the boys treat you?'

"Joe's eyes flashed as he replied:

"That's just what I've been crying about. You know the Captain drinks, Charlie, but then he always seems so good-natured that I did venture to go to him a while ago. I went into his tent and took off my cap and saluted as respectfully as I knew how, and he looked at me and laughed and said, "Hello, baby; how do you get along with you milk down here?" It made me mad, Charlie, and I told him if I loved milk as well as he loves whisky I wouldn't be able to get along without it at all, and then I left the tent and came out there in the woods just because I had to cry and didn't want anybody to see me. I expect he'll put me in the guardhouse for insolence.'

"No, I think not, Joe,' I said. 'Capt. Williams drinks, it is true, but he is a brave old soldier, and as big-hearted a man as there is in the regiment. He is a good man, Joe, if he does get a little tipsy when not on duty.'

"The words were scarcely out of my mouth ere the Captain came around a bend in the path and stood before us. He halted and, folding his arms, began to look Joe steadily in the eyes.

"So you think I like my whisky, eh?' he said. 'Do you know what I ought to do in a case of this kind?'

"I could see Joe's lips trembling, and I knew that it was with difficulty he was keeping back the tears.

"Captain,' he said, 'I know you ought to punish me for my insolence, but, indeed, I couldn't help it. I beg your pardon, sir and_____'

"Stop, my boy! You are on the wrong track. I am going to do my duty as an officer—and as a gentleman. It was I who was wrong, and I humbly beg your pardon for my insolence.

Give me your hand, my boy, for I believe you have the material for the making of a good soldier in you.'

"Joe grasped the honest, outstretched hand and actually kissed it, and I never before saw such an expression on a human face. His eyes filled with tears, and the look he gave the Captain was one of mixed astonishment, gratitude and joyous surprise.

"'O, Captain,' he said, 'I would give anything if I could recall what I said to you, but I was desperate. The men of the company had made me wild with their taunts, and I had gone to you for relief, hoping, O, I cannot tell you how much I hoped, that you might do something for me. Captain, I enlisted through as pure patriotism as ever swayed a human breast and came down to the front resolved to do my whole duty in battling for my country, but the men have made my life miserable before I have been given a chance to show in battle that I am a soldier. I know now that you did not mean it, sir, but when I went to you for relief and met with the same taunt that had almost crazed me I became desperate and spoke to you as I did. I am sorry that I did so.

"'Why, my boy, I never dreamed that the men were abusing you. I had heard that they had given you the title of 'the baby soldier,' but thought it was all in fun, and that you didn't mind it. Tell me all of your troubles right now.

"Joe did so, and also told him that I was the only one who had befriended him since he joined the company. The men in his own tent, he said, were the worst, and from the time they went in at night until sleep silenced them they tortured him with their taunts. I spoke for the boy and told the captain that it was shameful the way they abused him.

"'Who bunks with you, Parker?' the Captain asked.

"'No one, sir,' I replied. 'Harris, who was killed at Shiloh, was my 'bunky,' and I have since had none.'

"'Then you take the boy in with you and take care of him. Tell the First Sergeant it is my order, and he must make the transfer at once. I will see what I can do to put a stop to the men so annoying him.'

"And so it happened that Joe that night became my 'bunky,' and we shared the same blankets thereafter.

"The Captain gave the men to understand that they must let the boy alone, but his orders only had the effect to make them more cautious in their annoyance. To his fault of being young and green, and of having never smelt powder in battle, he had now added that of being a 'tattler' to the officers, and every old soldier knows what that means. They still harassed poor Joe, but not so openly as formerly.

"We laid in that camp in the damp woods, which were full of malaria and rattlesnakes, for two months, but at last the welcome, longed for marching orders came, and a cheer of thankfulness went up from thousands of throats when the army was again in motion.

"We had gone into camp after the fourth day's march, when 40 rounds extra of ammunition was issued, and the men were ordered to see that their guns were in perfect condition, and to be ready to move at daybreak in the morning. We all knew what that meant—that the enemy was in front of us, ready to give battle.

"Joe's eyes beamed with a strange light, and when we laid down in our blankets beneath a great oak tree he could talk of nothing but the morrow and what it might bring. At one time he said:

"'Charlie, I know there will be a battle, and I am glad of it. I feel that after it is over the boys will no longer call me 'baby,' and will not treat me as they now do. And, say, Charlie, if anything should happen [to] me, if I should fall, I wish you would open my knapsack, and in it

you will find a Bible with my mother's name and address written on the fly-leaf, and inside the Bible is the picture I had taken back at Black River. Send them both to her, and tell her what became of me.'

"That is the same picture, comrade, which you hold in your hand.

"I thought you sent the picture home yourself, Joe.' I said.

"No, I did not. I have never told you, Charlie, but—but my people don't know where I am. I ran away from home to enlist. If I should not answer at roll-call after the battle, please write to my mother and tell her all about me. The picture will tell her the rest.'

"I thought the remark a strange one, but I was too tired and sleepy to question him, and assuring him that if he fell, and I was spared, I would faithfully carry out his wishes, I fell asleep.

"Before daybreak next morning we were awakened not by the shrill bugle notes as usual, but by the First Sergeant going from man to man and quietly rousing us. Breakfast was soon dispatched, and at the command 'Fall in' the men took their places, many of them for the last time.

"We started on the march and had proceeded about two miles when scattered shots were heard in advance. The deployed skirmishers were playing the prelude to the dreadful song of battle.

"A halt was ordered, and then all was activity along our lines. Aids-de-Camp galloped hither and thither, bearing orders to division, brigade and regimental commanders; batteries of artillery flew swiftly by to the points to which they were ordered, the wheels rumbling, the horses snorting and the drivers playing whip and spur to urge them to still greater speed; cavalry regiments thundered along, the sabers of the men clanking against the steaming sides of the excited horses; bugles blared in every direction; general officers galloped along the blue-clad lines inspecting the ranks with eager eyes—all a thrilling prolog to the great drama of death about to be enacted—while from the front the sharp firing of the skirmishers came back to us, seeming to invite us to the fray. From far beyond the skirmish lines the sounds of bugles could be occasionally heard amid all this din and confusion, and they told us that the same scenes were being enacted in the ranks of the enemy.

"Will we never move?'

"It was Joe's voice, and glancing into his face I could read the spirit of eagerness which swayed his young soul, and could see determination pictured on his flushed face.

"Forward! Steady, men!" and we advanced through the wood. The skirmishers fell back and took their places in the line, and in a few moments the storm of battle burst upon us in all its fury.

"It was a terrible fight, and men seemed to fall like leaves on every hand. We had been engaged for perhaps half an hour when the rebels made a sudden, unexpected charge right up to our line. They were repulsed with great slaughter, and when they slowly fell back a cry of rage went up from our ranks, for our regimental flag went with them, borne by disloyal hands. Our color-bearer had been killed, and one of the enemy seized the flag as he fell, and bore it off.

"Suddenly a form was seen to dart forward from the line, and almost before we could realize what had happened Joe rushed up to the captor of our colors, knocked him down with his gun, seized the flag, and bore it back to the regiment, where he unfurled it and waved it in defiance at the foe. Many shots were fired at the heroic boy, but he seemed to bear a charmed life and escaped unhurt. The cheers which greeted the hazardous exploit were deafening. Men threw their hats high in the air and yelled themselves hoarse as the gallant boy returned the flag to the color company and returned to his place by my side.

"Joe, my brave boy, you are a hero!" I proudly cried, as he looked up into my face with a triumphant smile.

"No, I am only a baby," was his quiet reply. "Heroes are big men who wear whiskers. I'm only a baby, Charlie."

Then came an order to charge, and with a cheer the line moved forward. We had advanced but a short distance when I felt what seemed like a dull blow from a heavy missile in the groin, and I sank to the ground. I tried to rise again as the men charged over me, but could not, and realized that I had received a severe wound. Soon the men came slowly falling back, stubbornly resisting the repulse they had met, and as they passed the spot where I was lying Joe stopped and knelt beside me.

"Are you badly hurt, Charlie?" he asked eagerly.

"I fear I am, Joe; but you must not stop here. Keep with the regiment, for the enemy is following up the repulse and will soon be on us, and you will be killed or captured."

"I cannot leave you here," he replied. "It would be cowardly in me to desert the only friend I have in the company."

"They are all your friends now, Joe, and you must go. For God's sake go quick!"

"No, I will not," he replied firmly. "I will save you, or I will die here with you. Put an arm around my neck and I will raise you to your feet, and may be able to get you off the field."

"I saw that further urging would be useless, and did as he directed. He seemed to have acquired almost superhuman strength as he raised me and half-carried, half-dragged me toward where our regiment had again made a stand. We had almost reached the line, and the men were again wildly cheering the young hero, when I heard him say: 'Oh, I am hit, Charlie!' and at the same moment we both fell heavily to the ground. Then the loss of blood and the shock overcame me, and I lost consciousness.

* * * * *

"When I regained consciousness I found myself lying on a cot in the field hospital, the Regimental Surgeon bending over me. As I looked up in his face in an inquiring manner, he kindly asked:

"Well, my boy, how do you feel now?"

"Very weak, Doctor. How long have I been here?"

"Two days. You have had a close call, Parker, but with care I think you will now pull through all right. In a day or two, as soon as I think you can be moved with safety, I will start you to the hospital at Memphis, where you will have good care, and you will soon recover."

"And—and—was Joe—killed?" How I dreaded to ask the question.

"No, the little hero was not killed; but received a bad wound in the shoulder. I myself dressed the wound, and made a most remarkable discovery during the operation. Charlie, our baby soldier is a girl!"

"A girl! Why, Doctor, you cannot be serious. You cannot mean it!"

"Yes, it is true, Charlie; and a brave, heroic girl she is, too. She has been started to the Sisters' Hospital at St. Louis, and from there will be sent to her home in Iowa. Before leaving she begged to be carried here to see you, but you were delirious and did not recognize her. We bore her to the ambulance weeping and praying for your recovery."

"Well, comrade, you can imagine my astonishment at this revelation. My little 'bunky' a girl! It fairly dazed me. A couple of days afterward I was sent back to Memphis, and after two months in the hospital was again reported fit for duty and sent back to my regiment, and served without receiving another scratch until the war ended. I marched with Sherman to the sea, and,

beginning as Corporal, was promoted step by step. Capt. Williams was killed at Kenesaw Mountain, and on that last grand review at Washington I marched as Captain at the head of my company."

"And Joe?" I asked. "What became of him? Of her, I mean?"

"I think I told you just before leaving the Post room to-night that she had gone back East to visit her folks. She has been my 'bunky' ever since the war."

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, October 4, 1888, p. 1, c. 2-3

"The Lost Army: Scouting and Fighting Adventures of Two Boys in Missouri and Arkansas in 1861, '62"

by Thomas W. Knox.

Chapter XIV.

"Hints for Campaigning—In a Rebel's House—Snuff-Dipping."

"Very early in their campaigning they had learned the lesson of caring for their feet. An old soldier said to them before they left Booneville:

"Make it a rule to bathe your feet whenever you have a chance, and always dry them carefully before covering them again. Of course there will be times when you must put on wet shoes and stockings and travel in them for miles and miles, but never do it if you can help it. Wet feet cause blisters, rheumatism and all sorts of trouble, and many a man has broken down on a march because his feet were not properly cared for."

"I should think the officers would look out for their men's feet," said Jack, when the soldier made the above suggestion.

"So anybody would think" was the reply; "but the fact is, a good many of the officers do nothing of the kind. They are either above that sort of thing or else they give general directions to the men, and then let them take care of themselves. A good infantry Captain will see to it that his men take care of their feet, just as a good cavalry Captain looks out for the shoeing of his horses and tries every way he can to keep them from getting sore backs."

"And remember another thing," he continued; "at night always take off your boots or shoes, and sleep with your feet bare or only with stockings on. Your rest with your feet free does twice as much good as the same amount of rest with them confined in the leather you have worn all day. This is the rule with all old travelers. Of course there are times when you are close to the enemy and a surprise may be looked for at any moment, when you must make an exception to the rule; but don't make the exception if it can be avoided."

Jack was skeptical on this point, and determined to try for himself. So he slept one night with his boots on and the next with them off, and found it just as the old soldier had told him. He candidly admitted his mistake, and said that for the future he shouldn't be so confident about his own opinions when they didn't coincide with those of persons older and more experienced than himself.

"One thing more bear in mind," said their informant, "and that is about sleeping around a campfire."

"What is that?"

"When you sleep near a fire always lie with your feet to it if you can. If you turn your head toward it you will quite likely have a headache in the morning, and anyway, you won't sleep well. The brain should be kept cool while we are sleeping, and the feet warm. We cover our feet at night when we sleep in beds, but leave our heads exposed. Follow the same plan in camp, and if you have warmth anywhere have it at the feet. When you sleep in a tent have your

head where you can get the greatest amount of pure air to breathe. The Indians understand this, and when they sleep in their circular wigwams or lodges they have their feet toward the center and their heads nearest the circumference."

"Funny she should want snuff before anything else," said Jack as soon as they were out of earshot of the house.

"Nothing so very funny about that," replied Harry. "Don't you know how they use it?"

"I've heard something about it, but don't know exactly."

"I picked it up the other day," Harry explained, "and this is how it is: They call it 'snuff-dipping' in the South," he continued, "and it is very much the fashion among the middle and lower class whites down in the cotton States, but not much in Missouri as yet. They take a little stick and chew the end until it's soft like a brush; then they dip this moist brush in snuff and rub it on the gums and around the mouth generally, and in this way they use up a good deal of snuff in the course of a year. It is said to produce a pleasant sort of mild intoxication, and after using it a little while a woman gets as much addicted to snuff-dipping as a man does to chewing tobacco or smoking. It's the same sort of vice, and I can't say I blame the women much, when all the men around them are chewing or smoking tobacco."

"Do they all use it?" queried Jack; "I mean do the young women dip snuff the same as the older ones?"

"I didn't think to ask that question," Harry responded; "but the man who told me said the women who dipped snuff mostly did it 'on the sly,' at any rate in the beginning of it. Probably they get bolder about it in time, just as boys do when they learn to smoke. After a while they get accustomed to snuff, and don't get the excitement out of it that they want, and then they take to smoking pipes just like men."

Later observation convinced Jack that Harry had been correctly informed. The further they went in the South the more they found the use of tobacco prevailing among the women, and in several instances they found little concealment practiced in the custom of snuff-dipping. At one house where they called a middle-aged woman held her snuff-stick in her mouth all the time she was talking with them, just as a man might hold a cigar there, and an older woman sat by the fireplace smoking a corncob pipe with the utmost indifference to the presence of the young visitors.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, November 22, 1888, p. 3, c. 6

B. W. Homesley, Spring Valley, Ark., would like to know who the officer was that was writing a history of the prison at Tyler, Tex., in 1864. He subscribed for the history while a prisoner at that time. He was sent from there to Hempstead, Tex., and was paroled Dec. 12, 1864.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, April 25, 1889, p. 5, c. 2

J. H. Bussing, Co. H, 19th Ind., Springfield, Ill., writes that in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, of April 4, W. S. Handley, 1st Iowa Cav., says that he found the regimental banner of the 19th Ky. in the library at the Capitol Building in Austin, Tex., and wonders what became of it. The writer says that on April 18, 1864, the flag was captured at Sabine Crossroads, and was returned during the National Encampment at St. Louis, in 1887. He has a little piece of the flag, which came off in handling it which he keeps in a glass case along with his discharge, and prizes both very highly.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, May 2, 1889, p. 5, c. 1

George H. McKinney, Lieutenant, 19th Ky., Mansfield, La., in reply to Comrade W. S. Handley's inquiry as to how the flag of the 19th Ky. came to be in Austin, Tex., says that the flag was captured from the 19th Ky. by some Texas troops at Sabine Crossroads, but at the same time one-half of the regiment was taken prisoners. The writer says that immediately after reading the comrade's inquiry he addressed a letter to the Hon. W. H. King, Adjutant-General of Texas, asking if the flag was in his charge, and if so, and it was agreeable to the officials and the captors, he would be very grateful if he would send the flag by express, in his care, addressed to Gen. W. J. Landrum, Colonel, 19th Ky. Stamford, Ky. He received a reply from Gen. King as follows, and, among other things, said: "Our own people were deprived of all authority and all participation in public affairs for the time being, and we now have no means of knowing what became of all the trophies or evidences of battle which were sent or brought to Austin by the Texas soldier. I was severely wounded myself in the battle of Mansfield, but would cheerfully return your flag lost in that action if it was in my power to do so. The most of the real soldiers ceased their animosity when the war ended."

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, May 9, 1889, p. 8, c. 1-3

Winning a Wife.

How a Yankee Soldier Captured a Southern Wife.

by "Elec," Portland Mills, Ind.

Seeing that some of the boys have been writing up the history of how they wooed and won their wives, I have so far refrained, partly from modesty of the lady in question, and partly from the length of the story of our little love episode which occurred during the late war of the rebellion, and consequently think it will doubtless be interesting to the comrades, their wives, sons, and daughters.

It was in the Spring of 1864, while Gen. Banks was making his famous and ever-memorable Red River campaign, and near the old French town of Natchitoches, La., that I met my fate.

I was then the First Sergeant of Co. F, ___ Ind., just 21 years of age, rather slender, of medium height [sic], with rather delicate features, fair complexion, with coal-black hair and mustache. Exceedingly fond of the fair sex at home, I sought every opportunity to form the acquaintance of the ladies in the vicinity of our camps and along the line of our marches. Accordingly, during our temporary halt of 10 days, at Natchitoches, on our upward trip, seeing an intelligent-looking colored boy who had ventured into camp, I asked him where he lived, and if his old master had any pretty daughters at home. He informed me he had no master, but belonged to a widow by the name of Greene. She lived in an elegant-looking house, which he pointed out about a mile away. She had one daughter, young Miss Lizzie, whom he described as being very beautiful and exceedingly kind and good. I asked him what his young mistress thought of the Yankees, and was informed that she entertained strong Union sentiments, was opposed to the rebellion and human slavery.

"Jake, you tell Miss Lizzie that I want to see her. Here, take this note to her on the sly, and bring me back the answer to-morrow."

I then penciled a short and hasty note, telling her that I wished to form her acquaintance, and how monotonous camp life was without the society of the ladies, and proposed to visit her if agreeable.

My little darky friend sought me out next day and shyly slipped a note into my hand, which was written on a very poor quality of paper, but in a beautiful, clear handwriting. The

guarded and modest language used showed both intelligence and refinement. She had no objections herself to forming my acquaintance and receiving a visit from a Federal soldier, but her people were so radical in their views of the Southern cause, that such a visit would hardly be agreeable to me, and might also be attended with danger, as her brother was a Confederate soldier, and often came home. But little did I fear the danger when the house was inside the Union picket-lines.

Accordingly, the next day a young Sergeant, rather neatly attired in the Federal uniform, timidly approached the residence of Mrs. Greene, and was met at the edge of the veranda by a fine-looking, but somewhat haughty, middle-aged matron, who curtly inquired what was wanting. I replied, in the most friendly language I could command, that I had only called for a drink of water, to rest and refresh myself, and if possible to form the acquaintance of some of the natives of the sunny South, to break the monotony of camp life, and to my surprise was rather reluctantly invited to a seat on the piazza. I had always been naturally courteous to the ladies, and on this occasion I removed my cap and immediately led off in the lively conversation, lavishing praise on the beauties surrounding us, as the yard was filled with blooming shrubbery. I soon learned that she was the widow of Col. Thos. Greene, of the ___ La., who had been killed (murdered, as she claimed) in the early part of the war at Island No. 10 by the Northern invaders, and sharply inquired if I was in that battle, to which I replied in the negative. He was a Frenchman, and had spent most of his life in the city of New Orleans; was the owner of a number of vessels at the time, but had sold them and retired to his Red River plantation a short time before the beginning of the war.

This lady was bitter in her denunciation of the Federals, and expressed the hope that the invaders would soon be driven from the Red River Valley. I, of course, consoled her in the best manner I knew how, telling her it was but natural that she should feel so, and that I was aware of the fact that we could not agree on the subject of the war, and hoped that our conversation would be of a friendly nature on other topics, and not as enemies.

During our conversation I had heard the notes of a piano from within the mansion. I expressed my love for music, and told her how it reminded me of my sister and home, and how rare it was for me to hear the familiar sound, and that I would be delighted to hear some music. She inquired if I played, to which I answered I did, some, on the violin, when at home. Here, struggling between natural hospitality and her hatred of the Yankees, she finally invited me into the parlor, where I was introduced to my present wife, who arose from the stool and bowed with a friendly smile. It did not take me a minute to decide that Jake was right. I had thought I had seen beautiful young ladies before, but here, I thought, was the most beautiful and lovely creature I had ever met. Dare I undertake to describe her? Nay, I cannot. And such a voice. Oh, heavens! How captivating she was in her simple attire. I can only say that I surrendered for the first time, and after some music and conversation I felt that my whole life and being was changed.

Before I took my departure I managed to make an excuse for returning by asking the loan of some magazines, which I promised to return in person, the mother suggesting that I return them by Jake.

Here, I am sorry to say, I began to be a disobedient soldier. On being refused a short leave of absence the next afternoon, I had to content myself by sending another note by faithful Jake, telling Lizzie how I had enjoyed our short acquaintance, and boldly begged leave to pay her another visit the next afternoon, to which I soon received a reply, telling me that her brother had been at home the night before, and had roughly reproved them for allowing a Yankee inside

the house, and threatened to shoot the first Yankee he caught on the premises, if in his power so to do. Here I was in a dilemma. The house was just inside the picket-line, yet this young rebel scout (as Ben afterwards proved to be) had actually slept at home the night before, and was hankering for my blood. I had never flinched in battle, but still I was not quite willing to risk a single-handed combat if it could be avoided; but "love casteth out all fear."

She had written that she would be happy to see me were it not for the dangers alluded to. I asked Jake, "Does your young mistress ever visit the quarters of the black folks?" which was a little nearer the camp, and was informed that she did, often, as his mother had been her nurse, and was her waiting-maid. Another note soon arranged a meeting at the humble cabin of Lucy, (Jake's mother,) where I saw Lizzie again, and spent about three hours so pleasantly that I forgot all about the evening dress parade. I had gone without leave, and for the first time the company had been formed, roll called, and marched on to the parade ground without me. I was reported absent without leave, and on my return I found myself under arrest, and received a severe reprimand from the Colonel for my disobedience.

Two days later I easily arranged for another meeting at the cabin of her sable waiting-maid. My note explained that I could not come out till after I had called the roll at taps, but so that I returned by reveille the next morning all would be right. Miss Lizzie kept her appointment, and this night she told me that she had reasons to believe that her brother had been in our camp in disguise that day, and was filled with terror for fear he would be apprehended as a spy and executed. She had overheard him tell her mother that our army would advance immediately, to which I replied that I had heard nothing of an advance, and hoped we would remain near her mother's plantation many weeks.

This was a blissful night for the young Sergeant, and little did he think of what was transpiring in camp. She had confessed to me her love for the Union cause and her opposition to slavery in such strong terms that I had no doubts of her loyal sentiments, and before we parted I was satisfied that she would be loyal to at least one of the Federal soldiers. I asked her how she would like to go with me to the North at the close of the war and live among loyal, anti-slavery people, to which she replied that she would gladly fly, even that hour, to escape another meeting with her tyrannical Confederate admirer, a Mr. Todd, whose suit her people had encouraged for several years, and to satisfy them she had become engaged to him at the outbreak of the war, but that he had become radical and abusive of the old flag and its defenders, and so tyrannical among the slaves that she did not--could not--love him, and would rather die than marry such a hard-hearted tyrant. Still her people seemed determined that such should be the case some future day. I now began to see a little romance looming up in the case, and told her I would lay down my life if necessary to protect her from such an unnatural marriage with this rebel knight, who was the Captain of her brother's company.

About 3 o'clock next morning all our arrangements were made for future meetings. I bid her farewell, and was permitted to imprint the first lover's kiss on her dimpled cheek, and hastened away toward camp for fear of missing another roll-call at reveille. But when I came to where the camp should have been, imagine my surprise and discomfiture to find it totally deserted; not a tent nor a comrade to be seen or heard, and from all appearance the whole army had departed early the previous night. Here I was alone in the enemy's country. What should I do? Should I return and seek shelter in the negro quarters and conceal myself near my affianced? The temptation was great, but I had always been a dutiful, loyal soldier, and the thought of being away from my command without leave, and it expecting to meet the enemy in battle, almost paralyzed me with shame and remorse. So, without further hesitation, I started on

the double-quick in the direction I supposed the army had gone. Fortunately I passed through Natchitoches and arrived on the river bank at Grand Ecore (a little village about three miles from Natchitoches) at the wharf or boat landing by daylight, and easily found the trail of the army, which had taken the Shreveport road. I followed on at a rapid pace, until I met an old darky on a mule, whom I asked when the Yankee army had passed. He said, "They all done passed long afore midnight, about a million, he gussed, some riding on critter-back, but most walkin', and was haulin' lots of big cannons on wagons." My next inquiry was if any rebels were on or about the road.

"Fore the land's sakes, massa!" he answered; "Mar's Cap'n Todd's men, all ridin' critters, is a-follerin' on, a-ketchin and a-killin' every one of you-uns they can."

Now, I remembered that Lizzie had told me this Todd was Captain of an independent cavalry company of scouts, and that he had become a terror to all who sympathized with the Union cause, and was very abusive and tyrannical to the slaves, and regarded as a dangerous man. I pushed on cautiously, keeping a sharp lookout for the Confederate cavalry. Finally, on emerging from a strip of pine timber, I saw ahead of me, not over a half mile away, a squad of Confederate cavalry approaching me at a lively gait. Quick as thought I fell to the ground and crawled into the brush and undergrowth not over 40 or 50 feet from the road. When they came up opposite me they halted to converse and take observations. One fine-looking young man took out a fieldglass and looked back in the direction they had come. Another soldier said:

"I thought I saw a _____ nigger right here in the road as we came in sight, but what do you make it out, Ben?"

The young man with the glass answered:

"It is just as Capt. Todd expected; a detachment of the Yankee cavalry is coming back over the road for some purpose. Ah! they have halted at the brook, and seem to be dismounting."

I also learned by the conversation that Capt. Todd would meet them at the crossroads, which I had noticed about two miles back, where he had planned an ambush to trap the Federal cavalry if they came on.

"We will conceal ourselves, dismounted, on each side of the cut in the road, and if we don't get away with some or all of them Yanks, my name ain't Ben. Greene," said the young man with the glass, after which they cantered back, to my great satisfaction, as I then did not expect the enemy to be between myself and friends. After the enemy had passed out of sight I ventured out on the road again and traveled on as fast as I could walk, and soon came onto a detachment of the 16th Ind. Mounted Inf., who had halted near a house to water and feed their horses. They seemed surprised to see a lone Yankee on foot and unarmed, as they said the rear of the army had been harassed so persistently by a detachment of mounted bushwhackers that they had been sent back to look after them. I soon found that Capt. M., with whom I was well acquainted, was in command of the battalion, and gave him the particulars of the conversation I had overheard, especially in regard to the contemplated ambush. The Captain pressed me hard to tell him how I happened to be so far in the rear, but I could only tell him I got left, and was anxious to rejoin my command. He furnished me a mule which had been picked up, and assured me I would have but little trouble in reaching my regiment, as the road was well patrolled.

That night about 9 o'clock I rode into camp at Pleasant Hills [sic], and had to go with Capt. H. to the Colonel and make a clean breast of the whole affair. Col. E., being an old disciplinarian, did not sympathize with the poor boy as I thought he should have done, and I had the satisfaction of lying down to sleep with a promise of a regimental court-martial as soon as an

opportunity presented itself. But before I fell asleep we were ordered to get up and fall in line, and started on quick time to the front. At daybreak on the morning of the 8th of April we came up to where the cavalry had found the enemy in considerable force, but by our assistance they were soon dislodged, but doggedly contested every inch of ground till we reached Sabine Crossroads, near Mansfield, La., where, as is fully recorded in history, we were drawn into the trap set for us, severely beaten, and sent pell-mell back through the thicket to Pleasant Hills [sic]. There, reinforced by A. J. Smith's Corps, we fought the battle of Pleasant Hills [sic] on the 9th, and routed the victors of the previous day. Yet Gen. Banks ordered the retreat to be continued to Grand Ecore, where we arrived in a few days and built temporary breastworks and awaited the return of the fleet, which had gone on up the river.

Here I met Capt. Moore again, who said that by the information I had given him he was enabled to completely surprise and get away with Capt. Todd and his ambuscade, and had captured most of his men, but the wily Captain had escaped. Looking over a list of the prisoners, I found the name of Serg't Ben. Greene, marked severely wounded in left arm. Through the kindness of Capt. Moore I was permitted to pass in and out of the warehouse where the prisoners were being kept; and I will here say that through Capt. Moore's intercession I heard no more of regimental court-martial.

I soon became acquainted with the brother of Lizzie, and showed him so many little kindnesses that he finally, seeing my friendly disposition, told me that he was within about four and a half miles of his home, where lived his widowed mother and only sister, whom he wished to be permitted to visit, if possible, before being taken away. I told him I would do everything in my power to secure this privilege for him, and again sought Capt. Moore, who was in charge of the prisoners. I agreed to go with Ben. to visit his folks, and see that he returned. After the usual red-tape procedure he was finally granted the privilege of visiting his home, by giving his parole and to be accompanied by one guard, and to my joy he asked that I should be detailed as his escort, agreeing to return next morning, and vouching for the safety of his escort, also.

Having been properly detached from my company for this temporary service, we set out about 4 o'clock p.m., mounted on Government mules. Passing through Natchitoches, we approached the residence. I then informed him that I had stopped at this house when we were in camp near by, and had formed a slight acquaintance with the two ladies, whom I supposed were his mother and sister. He looked at me sharply, and said that on a former visit to his home he had heard of my visit, and would have shot me had he met me on the premises. I refused to witness the meeting between the mother and son, but took a seat on the piazza and allowed him to go in alone. In a few moments Miss Lizzie, coming from the garden, was greatly surprised to see me there and alone. In a few moments I explained to her that I was her brother's guard or escort, and was surprised to find that she had been informed of his capture, of our defeat at Mansfield, and consequent retreat.

(To be continued.)

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, May 16, 1889, p. 8, c. 1-3

Winning a Wife.

How a Yankee Soldier Captured a
Southern Wife.

by "Elec," Portland Mills, Ind.

II.

Mrs. Greene treated me with what I called cold courtesy, (having doubtless been warned by her son,) and seemed greatly elated over the defeat of our army at Sabine Crossroads and our subsequent retreat. "Ah! What did I tell you?" she said; all of which I received good-naturedly, laughed and jested regarding the affair until we had finally drifted into a sociable and friendly conversation.

While the mother and son retired to another room to dress his wounded arm, I had an opportunity to talk with Lizzie, and I told her all that had passed since our last meeting, besides many other things which were only interesting to ourselves. I learned that Capt. Todd had already visited the plantation, and was furious over the defeat of his scouts by Capt. Moore. He had also talked with the negroes and had learned of my visits to Lucy's cabin, and had gone to Lucy and by much brutal whipping compelled her to tell of our meetings at the cabin. He threatened to hunt down and destroy the vile Yankee cur who had dared to meet his betrothed in the quarters of the slaves. Jake had informed his young mistress of all this, and she refused to see the Captain in his wrath. She was in great agitation, and expected the Captain would return during the night, and feared trouble would result from our meeting. She said that he had received a careful description of me from Lucy, and probably from her mother also. Lizzie therefore implored me to return to camp immediately, for safety. I told her of the nature of her brother's parole and of his promise to protect me during his visit at home, and that I had no doubt he would be able to keep his promise, and that I had no fears of treachery from her brother.

True, she granted, but also said that I did not know this desperate man Todd, whom she believed would not regard a parole or promise made to the Federals as binding. I could do nothing but trust to her brother to defend me in his own house, should the dreaded Captain return during the night, for it was then already dark.

It was arranged that I should retire early, so that if the contemplated visitor came I would not be molested if this could possibly be prevented. After going to the room assigned me I thought but little of the danger I might be in, but rejoiced at the prospect of getting one night's rest in a real bed and under a shingle roof, a luxury I had not indulged in for over two years. Therefore I soon fell asleep and dreamed, but not of what was going on beneath me on the first floor.

Capt. Todd had come, as was expected, demanded that I should be made a prisoner, and that Serg't Ben should violate his parole and escape. Ben and Lizzie expostulated, but he claimed that as Ben was a subordinate, he had the right to command him. On further remonstrance with them, he became furious, and accused them of being in sympathy with the common enemy, and even quarreled with Lizzie, accusing her of keeping company with the murderers of her father, and this in the negro cabins at a very late hour; and he believed she was at that time harboring the same vulgar Yankee wretch under the roof of her murdered father, whom he would hang like the dog that he was. He was finally ordered out of the house, and made to leave the premises. After a few hasty words with Mrs. Greene on the piazza, he mounted and rode rapidly away.

The room I occupied was in the second story. The window opened out on the roof of the kitchen L of the building. The sash was raised and curtains thrown back to admit the fragrant air from the garden beyond the kitchen. This I had carefully noticed on retiring, so that in case of attack I might have some knowledge of a way to escape. I was unarmed, except a small Smith & Wesson, which I carried in my hip-pocket, and had placed it under my pillow. Not being in the habit of undressing to sleep, I did not remove any of my clothing except my boots and cap. About 2 o'clock (as I afterwards learned) I was startled by the gentle pressure of a small hand on

my forehead, and heard my named called in a soft whisper. I immediately awoke and found Lizzie bending over me. She rather hastily and excitedly informed me, in a whisper, that some one had stealthily approached the house with a ladder, and she had great reason to believe that I was in danger. I quickly sprang up, grasped my revolver and on tip-toe approached the window. On peering out I saw, by the moonlight, on the roof, not six feet away, the crouching form of a man cautiously approaching the window. Without waiting for the second thought, I fired at the bulk, heard a slight scream behind me, saw the figure partially fall, and start to crawl rapidly back. I sprang through the window, followed over the comb of the roof, and fired another shot as he disappeared hastily over the eaves. Quickly returning to the room, I found that my fair protector was almost speechless with fright, but she quickly turned up my lamp. I tried to quiet her, by assuring her that all danger was probably past, and that I though no one was hurt. After putting on my boots we quickly descended to the lower part of the building. I insisted on going outside against her protest; passing through the dining-room, and out the back door, I saw, by the aid of the light, which I still carried in my hand, a ladder resting against the eave of the kitchen-roof, and on closer examination I saw blood on the rounds of the ladder, at the foot of which lay a magnificent pearl-handled Navy revolver, which was in a few moments identified as belonging to Capt. Todd, and I heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs leaving the premises.

We locked the doors and returned to the parlor, where I was informed by the noble girl that she had mistrusted that the enraged Captain would seek to murder me. She had not retired at all, but had kept vigilant watch while I slept, and had thus saved me from the assassin's blow. This she related to me with tearful eyes, which I thought enhanced her beauty tenfold, and I believe under the circumstances I was excusable for taking her in my arms and kissing away her tears—at least she has forgiven me, anyway. I now became conscious that I loved her more than I had ever known that it was possible for one to love another, and after she had expressed a desire to escape if our army retreated, and make her way to New Orleans, where she had been raised, and where she would be among friends and relatives, and also under the protection of the old flag, I determined that I would get her through or die in the attempt. She also believed that in case she refused to marry Mr. Todd (which she surely would) that her life would be in danger, and that she had good reasons to believe that her mother had attempted to betray me into the hands of the enemy. So we accordingly arranged our plans, and early next morning I returned to camp with my prisoner without further molestation. I discovered, however, that though Ben was a radical, brave and fearless rebel, he was also a man of honor, and could appreciate a favor.

On our return, I found the fleet had returned from up the river during the night, and preparations were being made to continue the retreat, and that early next day Grand Ecore would be evacuated. I called on Dr. B., our Regimental Surgeon, who was a kind and accommodating man and a particular friend of mine, and asked him to take a young man, a citizen and friend of mine, with the ambulance train, who wished to retreat with the army and, if possible, reach New Orleans, in order to escape being conscripted. He promised to look after the youth, and see that he wanted for nothing on the march. I have no doubt but the boys of the Thirteenth Corps will now remember the delicate and modest youth in his own private carriage, driven by a mulatto boy, which accompanied the ambulance train during the retreat from Grand Ecore to Alexandria, La. My comrades will also now understand why it was that the Orderly, for the first time during his term of service, fell back to the Ambulance Corps during that march. It will also be remembered that our army was continually harassed in front and rear, on the right and left, and fighting was going on almost continuously, especially at the crossing of Culu [sic?] River, where many wounded were brought in and cared for by Dr. B., who will remember the kindness and

tender care this timid Southern youth bestowed upon his patients. And if poor little Johnny K. is still alive he will probably know why he said, in his delirious condition, that this youth's hand seemed so much like his mother's hand. It was, indeed, the hand of a woman, and that of, I think, the kindest and most sympathetic woman I have ever known.

Nobly and bravely did this heroic youth bear up under all these trying circumstances, and finally safely arrived at Alexandria and took lodging at the Blank House for several weeks, while the famous dam was being constructed by Col. Bailey to float the gunboats and transports over the rapids. I had not been idle all this time. I found Capt. Burns, who was captain of the transport Rob Roy, who was also an old friend of my father, and with whom I had become intimate. Yes, his boat was destined for the port of New Orleans, if God Almighty ever permitted her to float out of Red River, which he very much doubted at that time, though, he said, his cabin, boilers and pilot-house were well protected with baled cotton, and he had a 12-pound howitzer on the bow, and his crew had the grit to stand by it. He agreed to try to take my young passenger to New Orleans if he was willing to take the chances of the trip down the Red River.

Imagine his surprise when, on the night before the departure of the fleet, I brought on board a delicate and refined young lady, attended by the boy Jake. The old Captain expostulated and swore at me, and pictured the dangers of the trip to her in a manner which should have deterred stouter hearts, but was told by the brave girl that the dangers and difficulties had all been carefully contemplated, and that she fully realized the dangers of the trip. Yet she was willing to take the risk, as she must reach New Orleans at all hazards.

After I had convinced the Captain of her loyalty and earnest desire to get free of her rebel persecutors, he consented to take her and her servant, Jake, through if possible. I also exerted myself in Ben's behalf, and had, by the aid of influential officers, secured his release on parole, as he was wounded, and the only son of a widow. I also got permission for him to take the family carriage back, which I explained had in some way got mixed up with the retreating army, and had come to Alexandria. I was also very careful not to tell him that I had stolen away his beautiful sister.

It is needless to recount the tedious and perilous descent of the fleet, and the retreat of the army to the Mississippi River. I will only recount one or two incidents, which belong to our story. The first day after the fleet left Alexandria it was fired on by a masked battery from the left bank of the river, and many of the transports were disabled. The Rob Roy ran bravely by the battery, with her 12-pound howitzer belching grape and canister among the enemy. Finally a shell exploded over her bow, killing two of the crew, who were manning the gun, and wounding others. Among them was old Capt. Burns, who was slightly wounded, and he afterward told me my girl passenger proved to be a great benefit to him in caring for the wounded.

The army was near Old River, where we crossed on the wonderful pontoon bridge composed of river transports, and Gen. A. J. Smith, who that day defended the rear, set a trap, ambushing his troops on either side of the road in a V shape. The Confederate cavalry, which had been dashing into every weak and unprotected place, seeing an opportunity (as they thought) to take in this wagon-train, dashed at full speed into the trap. When Smith's veterans arose and quickly closed the open end of the V, there occurred the most desperate struggle of the campaign in a few minutes. The enemy fought like demons to cut their way out, but few escaped.

One officer in particular, having his horse shot from under him, fought desperately with his saber, until he was finally brought down with a mortal wound. After the prisoners were brought in this wounded Confederate asked for the best Surgeon that could be found, and

consequently Dr. B., of my regiment, was sent to him, and having heard how desperately he had fought, I had a desire to see him also, and was permitted to accompany Dr. B., who, after examining his wound, informed him that nothing could be done, and that he had but a short time to live. On inquiring of Dr. B., I found that his name was Todd. The examination also disclosed a severe wound in the hip (in addition to his mortal wound), which has not yet fully healed. This, I believe, I had given him on the roof of Mrs. Greene's house. He soon became delirious, and died that evening, raving and cursing the Yankees, and was buried on the spot by some of his friends, hastily, and even before his body had cooled.

When our regiment reached the Mississippi at Morganza, I was overjoyed to see that the Rob Roy had safely arrived and was tied up among the other transports at the landing. I lost no time in going on board, and found Lizzie and Jake all right. Jake's first question was:

"Mars Elec, is I free now?"

I informed him that he certainly was, unless his young mistress wished to claim him still as a slave. She asked him if he intended to desert her after coming through the dangers that they had. He said:

"No, Miss Lizzie; I's nebber felt like a slave when I was doin' anything fo' you," and declared his intentions to serve her as long as he lived, if she desired.

I said, "So will I, Jake," which caused a modest blush to spread over her face. After taps that night I went aboard the Rob Roy and conversed with her until midnight. I informed her of Capt. Todd's death and of her brother's release and return home with the family carriage. I also learned that Mrs. Greene was her father's second wife, and only a step-mother to her and Ben; that her father before his second marriage disposed of all his property except the river plantation, and had deposited his fortune in the Bank of New Orleans and taken out certificates of deposit in the name of his son and daughter equally, and she showed me a certificate of deposit in her own name for \$22,000.

Her mother's people still lived in New Orleans, and were in good circumstances. She intended stopping with them on her arrival, and gave me the number and location of her Uncle's house on Canal street, where she expected to stay until the end of the war.

Next morning I found that the Rob Roy had proceeded on her journey down the river. Our brigade followed in less than a week and went into camp near the city.

The rest of our story is soon told. The balance of my term of service was served out in the Department of the Gulf. We were often in and about the city of New Orleans. I of course improved every opportunity to visit my affianced, besides corresponding with her regularly, I struggled to do my duty as a soldier during the remainder of my term. How well I succeeded I will leave for others to tell. I was promoted to a Captaincy for brave and meritorious conduct in the field. I suppose this meant the manner in which I charged on the sweet-potato fields and the way in which I got away with them.

At length the happy moment arrived when the war was declared at an end, and the Government no longer required our services. We were mustered out at Galveston, Tex., July 19, 1865, and immediately started for New Orleans. The happiness I experienced on that trip, reflecting over the peace that had dawned on our country, and the prospect of meeting so soon the idol of my dreams, to whom I was to be united for life (for it was arranged that we would be married on my arrival in the city while en route for home and God's country), I never can describe.

Our ship had hardly touched the wharf when I started for No. 470 Canal street, dressed in the neat and tidy uniform of a Federal officer, and found my old friend Jake on the wharf, having

been installed into the position of family coachman. He drove me rapidly to the house, and returned for other friends of Lizzie's, which were expected on the next boat from up the river. I was too happy to inquire who the friends were that she expected, till they were ushered into the room, but who afterward proved to be her brother and step-mother from the Red River plantation.

It was arranged that the marriage should take place that evening at 11 o'clock. Most of the officers of my own regiment were present, most conspicuous among them being Dr. B., in his happiest mood; also Chaplain C., who performed the ceremony, saying that it was a happy occasion, and he wanted to get accustomed to the ceremony and to civilization again as soon as possible.

Quite a number of ex-Confederate friends of the bride were present, including Gen. E. I was agreeably surprised to see the parlor and dining-room tastefully decorated with festoons of the American flag, interspersed with representations of the olive branch. A grand banquet followed the marriage ceremony, which was the most enjoyable affair I think I ever partook of in my life, the company being a happy blending of the blue and the gray.

Next afternoon our boat swung out into the channel and started on its voyage up the "Father of Waters" with about as happy a little band of veterans as ever trod the decks of a Mississippi steamboat. As for your humble servant—well, the officers and men fairly envied me, and were anxious to know how I had won the capital prize in the Louisiana lottery.

Now, boys, after nearly a quarter of a century you have the story. I will say that I was only waiting till after the honeymoon, which has continued until this day, to relate my story. I have often heard that the Red River campaign was a failure and a defeat from beginning to end, yet it turned out to be a grand and glorious victory for me.

Our union has been blessed with three sons and three daughters, all bright, intelligent children, the oldest casting his first vote last Fall for Gen. Benjamin Harrison.

Jake is now a prosperous merchant in one of our Western cities. Ben is still proprietor of the Red River plantation, but took his wife from Indiana.

My wife instructs me to say she is never happier than when entertaining her husband's old G.A.R. comrades, and our latch-string ever hangs out for all such.

[The end.]

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, July 11, 1889, p. 3, c. 3

In reading my diary of Dec. 9, 1863, I find the following:

"This morning a young woman was discovered in camp on Belle Isle, belonging to the 11th Ky. Cav., named Mary Jane Johnson, 16 years of age. She has been in the Union army a year; has neither father nor mother, and was induced to join the army by the Captain of her company, who was killed in the battle where she was taken prisoner. She was sent over to Richmond to be sent North."

Does any old comrade remember this circumstance?—W. W. Sprague, Co. B, 13th Mass., St. Johnsbury, Vt.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, August 15, 1889, p. 3, c. 5

John L. Richard, Co. B, 111th Ohio, Perrinton, Mich., replies to Comrade Kelly, Sergeant, Co. B, 6th Ky., who inquired how the comrades in Pemberton Prison succeeded in getting sugar from the basement of the prison. . . . He would like to ask any comrade who was a prisoner at Andersonville if he knows anything about the woman who gave birth to a child at that

place. Her name was Baxter, and her husband was a soldier who had been home on furlough. On his return his wife accompanied him, and while passing down the Mississippi the boat was captured and all on board made prisoners and sent to Andersonville. Comrade Richards thinks that the child was the youngest prisoner of war on record, and would like to know if it is yet alive. It was born in August, 1864.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, August 22, 1889, p. 3, c. 5

D. E. Lamb, Banta, Cal., was an inmate of Tyler Prison, Tex., for 10 months, and wants to hear from some of his comrades who were there with him.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, October 24, 1889, p. 5, c. 5

Leonard Wissemeyer, Grantfork, Ill., wants to know where he can get an engraving of Camp Ford, near Tyler, Tex.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, December 26, 1889, p. 3, c. 4

In Very Hard Luck.

Col. Leake's Command in Camp Ford Prison, Tex.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: A few days ago I received from James E. Taylor, artist, New York City, the well-known painter of battle scenes of the late war, a photograph of the 19th Iowa, taken on their arrival at New Orleans from Camp Ford Prison, Tex. They were known as Col. Leake's men, and had quite a checkered career while prisoners of war. In the Fall of 1863 Col. J. B. Leake, 20th Iowa, commanded the garrison at Morganza Bend, La., which was composed of the 19th Iowa and 26th Ind. On the 26th of September they were attacked by a large and overwhelming force of the enemy. They made a stubborn defense, but were finally surrounded by superior numbers and compelled to surrender. The garrison was marched to Camp Ford, and confined in the stockade. Col. Duganne, in his history of the early days of the prison, gives the following account of their sufferings and disappointments. "A portion of them were sent forward for exchange on Christmas day, 1863, but from some cause the exchange did not take place, and they were sent back to Camp Ford in the following Spring. Dismal had been the experience of these poor fellows, and bitter their sufferings during a severe Winter in a shelterless camp near Shreveport, La. On that cold Christmas morning, when they left Camp Ford, cherishing delusive hopes of speedy liberation, shivering and half clad, they started on their journey. They had been constrained to part with their scanty clothing months before, when nearly starved, on their marches from the Mississippi River into Texas. They had given away everything not absolutely necessary to decency in exchange for food wherewith to stop the cravings of hunger. When they arrived back in prison they presented a spectacle which beggars all efforts at portrayal."

A short time after their return Col. Leake received orders again to get his whole command ready for exchange. After a few hasty preparations they started with elated spirits on their way to the Union lines. Once more the exchange fell through, and in about six or eight weeks they were back again in the stockade. In July, for the third time, they were paroled for exchange, and left the prison, this time to return no more. I was taken prisoner with my regiment at the battle of Sabine Crossroads, La., April 8, 1864, during the ill-fated Banks Red River expedition, and had only been in Camp Ford a few weeks when this wandering tribe of Union soldiers, as they were called, returned the second time, making it the third time that they were

sent to the same prison. I saw them as they entered at the prison gate, and a more miserable-looking set of men it has never fell to my lot to behold.

At the sight of them I began to realize that perhaps I, too, would be reduced to the same extremity before my turn would come to be exchanged. At the very thought my heart sank within me, and I began to make preparations to escape. In an unguarded moment I was tempted beyond my strength and fell; in other words, I committed a forgery to get out of prison. I wrote out a pass and signed the prison commander's (Col. Border) name to it, to let myself and another comrade out to look after the sick in the hospital. On presenting our pass at the gate we were permitted to go out of the stockade. With as little delay as possible we struck out for Little Rock, Ark., distant 300 miles, which was the nearest point to the Union lines. For nearly two weeks we wandered day and night through the almost endless swamps and tangled canebrakes, with only the sun and stars for our guides. For two days we were run by bloodhounds, but baffled and eluded them; waded and swam stream after stream; lived on such things as the woods and fields afforded until the 13th day out, when, within 80 miles of Little Rock, we walked unaware into the hands of the rebel pickets. We were started back to prison, and when we reached Shreveport we met our regiment, exchanged and homeward bound. It was a trying ordeal to say farewell to our comrades, and wish them a safe journey home.

When we arrived at Camp Ford we received our sentence from the prison commander for attempting to escape. The sentence was "never to be exchanged, but to remain in prison until the close of the war." We appealed to higher authority to have the verdict set aside, but it was all in vain. Exchanges took place during the Winter, but we were not included, and the sentence was carried out to the letter. Finally, after 14 weary months of imprisonment, the long-looked for day of deliverance came to us and the 950 prisoners in Camp Ford. When we awoke one morning in the middle of May, 1865, we found "The Gates Ajar," not a solitary sentinel on guard and the rebel camp deserted!

Then came the news that explained the mysterious disappearance during the night of the prison guards—Gen. Grant, at Appomattox, over 1,000 miles away, had unlocked the ponderous prison gates and set the captives free.

This ragged and barefooted group in the picture before me were unconsciously the cause of all of my misfortunes and many additional tedious months of captivity, and for that I have sentenced them to hang—on the wall in a gilt-edge frame as a reminder of Camp Ford Prison, Tyler, Tex.—J. A. BERRING, Major, 48th Ohio, Lynchburg, O.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, April 17, 1890, p. 4, c. 4

A Genuine Heroine

Gentle Annie Etheredge, of the 5th Mich.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In reply to Comrade Kriss, 133d Pa., in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of March 20, asking for information as to the presence of women in battle, I will settle the dispute referred to, if the disputants will believe me, for I saw a woman on the first line of battle in a fight.

One June 22, 1864, we of the Second Corps were suddenly attacked on the left flank and in rear, and, as the saying is, were "flanked and driven." We were not driven, but we ran back a few rods to a small breastwork, where we turned about, and after an hour or two of hot work drove the Johnnies. We ran back not because we were "driven," but for the purpose of not allowing the enemy to surround us, just the same as a man when suddenly attacked by an enemy

from the rear may have to run a few steps to get his assailant in his front. Well, we broke and ran, as I say, and being in the thick woods, we became "mixed up."

When I jumped down behind the low breastwork, where, as fast as we arrived, we halted and turned about, I landed right beside a good-looking young woman. Can you imagine my astonishment? She stood with her head and shoulders above the works, watching us as we emerged from the thicket and came over the breastwork, to which she paid not the slightest attention, but stood calmly watching, and when she saw a wounded man coming, she lifted up her voice and called and beckoned to him. If he heard or saw her he came to her. I stood close beside her and watched her. As the wounded men came to her, they would hold up an arm, or tear away the cloth from a leg or side, or hold the head patiently, while she would bind some kind of cloth around the wound, and they would then proceed to the rear or take a place in line, if not too severely hurt, while she looked for the next one.

I was afraid she would get hit. I got nervous and wanted to make her get down out of danger, but did not do so. I just stood and watched her and said nothing.

Our line was very thin, and the Johnnies were coming with their familiar yell, and I wanted a Second Corps battery to come to our assistance. Finally one came—four guns, with four horses to a gun. They came on the gallop from the rear, went in battery close beside us, and in a short time silenced the rebel battery, and the fight was over.

I at once began to make inquiries of the men around me, none of whom I knew, as we were separated from our regiment, and all "mixed up." None of them had ever seen or heard of her, until I at last found a man who said: "She belongs to the 5th Mich.; she's been with it from the first; she's been in mor'n a thousand battles; she's got a horse and tent of her own, and follows that regiment all the time. I tell you, it don't do for anybody to say any harm of her 'fore one of them 5th Mich. fellows. They'd have his life in a minute. I don't know what her name is, but they call her 'Gentle Annie.'" I afterwards learned that her name was Annie Etheridge, and that she was respected and loved by the 5th Mich.

There probably are some survivors of that splendid regiment who knew and saw her in battle, and we may hear from them. She was the only woman I saw before or afterwards anywhere near a battle, and she was on the front line, exposed to bullet and shell for at least two hours—F. O. Talbot, Co. K, 1st Me. H. A., Alma, N. B.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, April 24, 1890, p. 5, c. 4

H. O. Owen, Co. H, 36th Iowa, Glenwood, Mo., wishes that the ex-prisoners would wake up, and let themselves be heard oftener through these columns. He was a prisoner 10 months in Camp Ford, Tyler, Texas; five months without a shirt.

Wm. H. Emrick, Co. F, 29th Iowa, Mahaska, Kan., was captured at Jenkins's Ferry, April 30, 1864, at the time Gen. Steele was defeated, and was on the retreat back to Little Rock. He was taken to Camden, and, after being confined in several prisons, was finally, with 250 other men, put in an old cotton gin, where they suffered untold torments. He very well remembers four Yankees who were brought in there who had made their escape from Tyler, Tex., and if any of the four are alive he would like to hear from them.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, June 12, 1890, p. 1, c. 6

Gentle Annie.

The Services Rendered by Mrs. Annie Etheridge, 5th Mich.

In THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of April 17, in reply to a request for information as to the presence of women in battle, F. O. Talbot, Co. K, 1st Me., gives an interesting account of the attack on the left flank of the Second Corps near Petersburg, Va., June 22, 1864, and of the presence there and bravery shown by a woman—Annie Etheridge, of the 5th Mich. In response to his request that some member of that regiment would write up her record, I submit the following facts, gleaned from an authentic source and susceptible of proof.

She was born in Detroit, Mich., was married to Mr. Etheridge, and early in the war, like many another wife, she went with him to the front, he being a member of the 2d Mich. After his death she remained with the brigade, doing what she could to alleviate the sufferings of the soldiers and finally became closely associated with the 5th Mich., with which regiment she claimed membership, although aiding the sick and wounded of other commands when opportunity offered. To the 5th, however, she was known and spoken of as "Our Annie," and always made the regimental camp her home. As Comrade Talbot says, any one of the boys would promptly resent any uncomplimentary remarks about her, and will yet, although many years have elapsed since the war. She is an honorary and honored member of the regimental association, and her presence at the annual Reunions is eagerly looked forward to by "her boys," as she calls them.

As to her service, it was almost wholly at the front where active business was being transacted. She has numerous certificates and letters from prominent officers of the corps, division, brigade and regiment, including Gen. Hancock, attesting her services, together with touching letters from the friends of soldiers whose last hours she strove to make comfortable, and from soldiers whose wounds she dressed on the field of battle. She is credited by undoubted authority with having been present in 28 battles, many times under heavy fire. In April, 1863, she received the Kearny Medal of Honor from the hands of Maj. Gen. Birney in the presence of the entire division. At Chancellorsville a bullet clipped across the back of her left hand (leaving a scar still plainly visible) and wounded her horse, the frightened animal dashing with her through a piece of timber and into the midst of Gen. Howard's routed, disorganized and fleeing troops, whom she tried to rally. She was also with the regiment in the midst of the bloody fight at Boydton Plank Road (or Hatcher's Run) October 27, 1864, at which place the writer, a private of Co. D, was wounded.

Numerous instances similar to the above might be given. We of the 5th claim for her the best record of any woman in the United States for actual and valuable service at the front. The writer participated in the fight of June 22, 1864, with his regiment, and remembers vividly the retreat across the field, and other incidents mentioned by Comrade Talbot, and although that time one of the youngest if not the youngest soldier in the ranks of the command, thinks he made as good time crossing that field as any other member of the brigade. Two others in close proximity to the writer were shot down while trying to reach the breastwork.

After the war "Annie" married Charles E. Hooks, a one-armed veteran of the 7th Conn., and they reside in Washington, D. C.—Geo. W. Axtell, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, June 26, 1890, p. 3, c. 6

Jasper Coolan, Lushton, Neb., writes that he was told by a lady the other day that she had met a woman named Mrs. New, who claimed to have been a prisoner at Andersonville, and was nurse in the hospital there. He never heard of any woman acting in such capacity there, and wants to know if any other comrade knew of such a person.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, July 17, 1890, p. 6, c. 7

List of the Dead at Camp Ford

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I send for publication the following list of soldiers, sailors and citizens, prisoners of war, who died at Camp Ford, Tyler, Tex., from May 22, 1864, until Feb. 17, 1865. The list was kept by T. J. Robinson, co. G, 36th Iowa, Acting Hospital Steward, and was preserved by Capt. J. A. Bering, of Lynchburg, O., to whom I am indebted for a copy. This is not a complete list of all who died at that place of torment, but only those who died between the dates given—more than 900 died there. By publishing this you will rescue from oblivion the names of 219 brave men of whom the War Department has no record. I would be glad to receive additional names to this list, or the names of any who died at Hempstead, Camp Groce, or Mansfield, Tex. [sic]; or Blackshear or Millen, Ga., or the number who died at either place, if names can not be given.—O. R. McNary, Historian National Association, Union Ex-Prisoners of War, Leavenworth, Kan.

	Date of Death.
Andrews, H. W., Co. D, 27th Iowa	Aug. 5, 1864
Abbott, C., E., 2d Mich. Cav.	Aug. 24, 64
Atwood, T. S., K, 14th Kan.	Aug. 27, 64
Ayres, Anthony, D, 161st N.Y.	Sept. 5, 64
Andis, John, citizen, steamer Emma.	Sept. 27, 64
Adams, David, G, 43d Ind.	Nov. 25, 64
Abram, A. J., A, 77th Ill.	Dec. 14, 64
Butler, Moses R., D, 36th Iowa	June 23, 64
Bennett, Wm., E, 43d Ind.	July 1, 64
Baker, Wm, I, 173d N.Y.	July 19, 64
Balding, Nathan, C, 77th Ohio	July 21, 64
Beam, R. B., G, 30th Me.	July 27, 64
Bird, Henry, citizen, steamer Emma	Aug 15, 64
Brewer, Jas. teamster, Steele's com'd.	Aug. 15, 64
Byrne, F., E, 173d N.Y.	Aug. 20, 64
*Brantley, David, G, 52d Md.	Aug. 23, 64
Beam, Jacob, Corporal, H, 36th Iowa	Aug. 25, 64
Brooks, J., Sergeant, H, 18th Iowa	Aug. 27, 64
Baldwin, James, F, 77th Ohio	Aug. 31, 64
Beasley, Jacob, G, 16th Ind.	Sept. 10, 64
Bowers, Joseph, F, 153d N.Y.	Sept. 10, 64
Been, John, H, 36th Iowa	Sept. 19, 64
Blaisdell, J. C., Corporal, I, 1st N.H.	Sept. 20, 64
Boggs, John, I, 36th Iowa	Sept. 25, 64
Barr, W. L., G, 77th Ohio	Sept. 29, 64
Bratton, William H, 3rd Mo.	Oct. 5, 64
Bay, D. P., Sergeant, A, 36th Iowa	Oct. 8, 64
Bole, Simpson, F, 77th Ohio	Oct. 11, 64
Burk, James, D, 173d N.Y.	Oct. 13, 64
Barnett, Wm., gunboat Morning Light	Oct. 21, 64
Bishop, George, F, 77th Ohio	Oct. 27, 64

Bird, Patrick, Serg't, D, 18th N.Y.	Nov. 19, 64
Brown, W. S., E, 173d N.Y.	Dec. 25, 64
Bishop, C. O., G, 30th Me.	Jan. 2, 65
Bryan, Enoch O., A, 43d Ind.	Jan. 26, 65
Brady, James, teamster, Steele's com'd.	Feb. 2, 65
Blenzer, Fred'k, A, 77th Ohio	Feb. 6, 65
Boston, A. J., Serg't, G, 36th Iowa.	Feb. 17, 65
Calvert, John, K, 77th Ohio. Killed by rebel guard	May 27, 64
Cary, Wm., D, 161st N.Y.	July 7, 64
Casady, John, C, 7th N.Y.	July 13, 64
Cook, Albert, D, 6th Mass. Cav.	July 19, 64
Conner, John, G, 77th Ohio	July 25, 64
Clark, M., B, 14th Iowa	Aug. 20, 64
Cary, John, Gunboat Sachem	Sept. 3, 64
Crawell, Daniel, D, 173d N.Y.	Sept. 3, 64
Citer, John, E, 176th N.Y.	Sept. 10, 64
Cassell, Thomas, A, 36th Iowa.	Sept. 13, 64
Coyn, Thomas, I, 173d N.Y.	Sept. 14, 64
Connor, Thomas, D, 18th N.Y. Cav.	Sept. 15, 64
Campbell, Samuel, E., 36th N.Y.	Oct. 10, 64
Castleman, Jacob, A, 77th Ohio.	Oct. 12, 64
Camangiser, H., Batt. E, 2d Mo. Art.	Oct. 13, 64
Collins, A. T., D, 43d Ind.	Oct. 18, 64
Clower, Fred'k, E, 5th Kan.	Oct. 20, 64
Caffery, Wm., D, 173d N.Y.	Nov. 15, 64
Caypman, Nathan, B, 43d Ind.	Dec. 13, 64
Day, Joseph, G, 12th Kan.	July 9, 64
Dew, R. S., F, 50th Ind.	July 18, 64
Decker, Jacob, E, 77th Ohio	July 21, 64
Daws, L., F, 77th Ohio	Aug. 3, 64
Davis, H. S., B, 77th Ohio	Aug. 21, 64
Daggett, Darius, K, 30th Me.	Sept. 3, 64
Dean, Jesse G., C, 36th Iowa	Sept. 12, 64
Dean, William, A, 36th Iowa	Sept. 24, 64
Dusin, Thomas, A, 173d N.Y.	Oct. 27, 64
Danby, Hugh, G, 173d N.Y.	Dec. 10, 64
Doran, Joseph, F, 77th Ohio	Jan. 4, 65
Davis, (alias Dick) James, F, 77th Ohio	Jan. 17, 64
Eastman, C. H., G, 30th Mo.	July 7, 64
Ears, Thomas, B, 7th Mo. Cav.	July 15, 64
Eyler, John B., 77th Ohio	Nov. 1, 64
Free, W. S., A, 77th Ill.	July 15, 64
Fielder, W. H., Chicago Mercantile Battery	July 31, 64
Finley, George, H, 96th Iowa	Aug. 20, 64
Foster, John, E., 23d Wis.	Sept. 20, 64
Freeman, M. L., C, 3d Minn.	Dec. 4, 64

Frick, Adam, F, 43d Ill.	Dec. 28, 64
Grim, Armstrong, A, 77th Ohio	July 14, 64
Glines, James, C, 30th Mo.	Aug. 6, 64
Gairy, S., F, 30th Mo.	Sept. 8, 64
Green, Wm., Corporal, F, 7th N.Y. Cav.	Sept. 16, 64
Grear, W. A., K, 12th Mich.	Dec. 22, 64
Grant, Leonard, A, 13th Me.	Jan. 1, 65
Houghterback, Joseph, F, 77th Ohio	June 29, 64
Harget, Peter, company and regiment not known	July 9, 64
Hamilton, F., gunboat Clifton	July 24, 64
Helton, Wm., B, 77th Ohio	Aug. 5, 64
Hendrix, J. H., C, 3d Kan. Cav.	Aug. 17, 64
Holland, John, G, 30th Mo.	Aug. 22, 64
Hale, H. C., E, 36th Iowa	Aug. 28, 64
Hall, M. M., D, 77th Ohio	Sept. 7, 64
Hammond, Henry, Batt E, 2d Mo. Art.	Sept. 17, 64
Hardy, Thomas, Corp'l, H, 23d Wis.	Sept. 18, 64
Hardesty, Urias, K, 43d Ind.	Sept. 29, 64
Handlin, Rufus, G, 77th Ohio	Oct. 16, 64
Handley, John, citizen, Steamer Emma	Oct. 21, 64
Hartzel, Peter, H, 29th Wis.	Nov. 10, 64
Hutsel, Peter, B, 77th Ohio	Jan. 26, 65
Hotchkiss, Norman, B, 13th Conn.	Jan. 27, 65
Imbush, John, Gunboat Sachem	Aug. 7, 64
Johns, Dusant, __ 6th Mass.	July 14, 64
Jolle, F. H., B, 2d Mo. Cav.	July 20, 64
Jones, A. Y., B, 30th Mo.	Sept. 10, 64
Jackson, Henry, F, 13th Mo.	Oct. 17, 64
Kelley, Patrick, H, 30th Me.	Oct. 17, 64
Kitterman, F. M., H, 36th Iowa	Aug. 8, 64
Kritzer, John, A, 36th Iowa	Sept. 16, 64
Kepner, A., F, 120th Ohio	Sept. 20, 64
Kinney, Russell, I, 77th Ohio	Sept. 23, 64
Kent, Daniel, E, 43d Ind.	Nov. 8, 64
Kelley, John, D, 18th N.Y.	Dec. 11, 64
Lansing, J. W., H, 162d N.Y.	July 18, 64
Long, J. H., E, 77th Ohio	Aug. 3, 64
Linell, Ralph, Gunboat Clifton	Aug. 28, 64
Lewis, Robert, C, 46th Ind.	Aug. 29, 64
Leonard, James, E, 161st N.Y.	Sept. 12, 64
Louis, C., E, 32d Iowa	Sept. 17, 64
Lynn, Ed., H, 3d Mo. Cav.	Sept. 25, 64
Leuh, Andrew, C., 3d Mo. Cav.	Oct. 2, 64
Little, John M., E, 16th Ind.	Oct. 6, 64
Lyman, A. W., D, 36th Iowa	Oct. 12, 64
Libby, F. S., F, 13th Me.	Oct. 27, 64

Leams, J. A., G, 40th Iowa	Oct. 31, 64
Lavy, C., Corporal, F, 173d N.Y.	Nov. 23, 64
Luttis, Wm., Gunboat Sachem	Nov. 24, 64
Lesley, John, E, 36th Iowa. Killed by rebel guard	Dec. 11, 64
Megillary, Augustus, A, 15th Me.	July 1, 64
Murphy, J. A., K, 36th Iowa	July 2, 64
Morris, James, B, 77th Ohio	July 21, 64
Matty, F. A., D, 120th Ohio	July 29, 64
Mason, Gustavus, Corp'l, C, 30th Me.	July 30, 64
Merideth, John, F, 46th Ind.	Aug. 4, 64
Miller, J. N., B, 18th Iowa	Aug. 9, 64
Mathews, ____, Sergeant, F, 173d N.Y.	Aug. 11, 64
Miller, S. S., Sergeant, D, 36th Iowa	Aug. 28, 64
Modin, Nathan, F, 32d Iowa	Sept. 5, 64
Miller, John, K, 77th Ohio	Sept. 8, 64
Mattox, Wm., Sergeant, E, 43d Ind.	Sept. 10, 64
Moore, M., C, 48th Ohio	Sept. 16, 64
Moore, Samuel, H, 87th Ill.	Sept. 19, 64
Morehead, Thos., 26th Ind. Killed by rebel guard	Oct. 1, 63
Mount, Thomas, E, 43d Ind.	Oct. 5, 64
Maricool, James, D, 50th Ind.	Oct. 18, 64
Martin, Wm., A, 36th Iowa	Oct. 18, 64
Miller, John, D, 77th Ohio	Oct. 26, 64
Murry, Andry, D, 177th N.Y.	Oct. 26, 64
Molmon, Thomas, Gunboat Sachem	Nov. 5, 64
McLaughlin, John, H, 30th Me.	July 1, 64
McNulty, J., F, 15th Mo.	Sept. 4, 64
McCaslin, J. N., F, 130th Ill.	Sept. 14, 64
McCowan, Henry, H, 36th Iowa	Oct. 6, 64
McCissick, Wm., A, 36th Iowa	Nov. 18, 64
Newhoff, W., Serg't, F, 9th Wis.	Oct. 17, 64
Nagenhaus, H., Serg't, Batt. E, 2d Mo. Art.	Oct. 20, 64
Oaks, S. C., F, 43d Ind.	July 2, 64
Ohee, Dennis, teamster, Steele's com'ds	Sept. 15, 64
Ogle, Luther, B, 77th Ohio	Nov. 6, 64
Price, Wm., H, 176th N.Y.	July 12, 64
Petsch, John, C, 6th Kan.	July 15, 64
Purdy, James, C, 48th Ohio	Aug. 20, 64
Peppers, Daniel, F, 36th Iowa	Aug. 29, 64
Pearson, Barnabas, E, 77th Ohio	Sept. 22, 64
Place, Lester, D, 32d Iowa	Oct. 23, 64
Peters, Philip, B, 77th Ohio	Jan. 8, 65
Phinegin, Step'n, citizen, Steamer Emma	Jan. 27, 65
Renseer, Jacob, F, 9th Mo.	July 6, 64
Rayand, Horisa, A, 160th N.Y.	July 26, 64
Richard, J. E., H, 36th Iowa	Aug. 18, 64

Richardson, Edward, B, 77th Ohio	Aug. 18, 64
Read, J. S., I, 120th Ohio	Aug. 21, 64
Ryan, John O., D, 173d N.Y.	Sept. 14, 64
Rondin, Henry, C, 165th N.Y.	Sept. 23, 64
Russler, Henry, Batt. E, 2d Mo. Art.	Sept. 30, 64
Rhodecker, Christian, A, 77th Ohio	Jan. 25, 65
Stacy, D., A, 36th Iowa	June 14, 64
Sheaver, Peter, Corporal, E, 36th Iowa	July 6, 64
Slatterback, J. H., F, 77th Ohio	July 7, 64
Shoemaker, S. O., H, 130th Ill. Killed by rebel guard	July 11, 64
Sawyer, John H., 161st N.Y.	July 19, 64
Shoulder, E., G, 173d N.Y.	Aug. 3, 64
Sawyer, James, F, 30th Me.	Aug. 8, 64
Stadtor, J. W., E, 36th Iowa	Aug. 26, 64
Scanlon, Marcus, B., 18th N.Y. Cav.	Aug. 29, 64
St. John, John, 3d Ind. battery	Aug. 31, 64
Scott, Howard, G, 77th Ohio	Sept. 2, 64
Sturtvant, P., H, 30th Mo.	Sept. 17, 64
Starcamp, Wm., G, 173d N.Y.	Oct. 3, 64
Singer, Lewis, C, Merrill's Horse	Oct. 5, 64
Smith, Henry, A., 32d Iowa	Oct. 14, 64
Smith, H. H., E, 6th Kans.	Oct. 16, 64
Strauser, Ludwick, K, 173d N.Y.	Oct. 24, 64
Sack, Robert, G, 5th Kans.	Oct. 30, 64
Smith, G., Sergeant, D, 87th Ill.	Nov. 21, 64
Taylor, James, Corporal, K, 36th Iowa	June 12, 64
Taylor, Robert, B, 75th N.Y.	June 30, 64
Taylor, Robert, B, 77th Ohio	July 1, 64
Thompson, James, I, 18th N.Y. Cav.	July 19, 64
Townson, W. F., G, 14th Kan.	Sept. 1, 64
Tary, Philip, K, 30th Mo.	Sept. 23, 64
Tollman, C. H., D, 43d Ind.	Nov. 15, 64
Tucker, John M., A, 77th Ohio	Jan. 19, 65
Vail, D. E., G, 14th Iowa.	Sept. 26, 64
Vanguyon, Constant, I, 172d N.Y.	Jan. 17, 65
Ward, Martin, G, 77th Ohio	July 9, 64
Wakefield, Elihu, D, 19th Iowa	July 14, 64
Whipple, W. V., K, 14th Kan.	July 28, 64
West, Simon, D, 77th Ohio	Aug. 13, 64
Wahn, P. H., Farrier, 14th N.Y. Cav.	Aug. 23, 64
Witter, Balsler, G, 32d Iowa	Sept. 3, 64
Webber, Henry, H, 43d Ind.	Sept. 20, 64
West, W. W., B, 36th Iowa	Oct. 14, 64
Wiggins, George, A, 77th Ohio	Oct. 22, 64
Wright, John, I, 173d N.Y.	Oct. 22, 64
Wilson, Thomas, Gunboat Clifton	Nov. 9, 64

Wilson, Thomas, Gunboat Clifton	Nov. 9, 64
Wiser, Daniel, G, 33d Iowa	Dec. 22, 64
Wilber, David, B, 43d Ind.	Jan. 14, 65
Wehl, George, Corporal, H. 77th Ohio	Jan. 21, 65
Zurta, Joseph, Battery E, 2d Mo. Art.	Oct. 20, 64

 *This is evidently a mistake in the regiment, as there was no 52d Maryland.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, July 24, 1890, p. 1, c. 1-5

Red River Campaign:
 ___ter Between the Comrades of the Different Corps.
 Pleasant Hill.
 Banks's Army Routed and Falls Back Demoralized.
 "Smith's Guerrillas."
 Smiths Men Charged by the Rebel Cavalry.
 by James Bryson, 27th Iowa, Gettysburg, S.D.

Sufficient has already been written regarding the battle of Pleasant Hill, up the Red River, on April 9, 1864, to give it rank as one of the fiercest conflicts of the war, when we consider the time the battle lasted, "from 4:40 p.m. until dark," and also the number of troops engaged. We do not wonder at this, however, when we remember that the rebels won a complete victory the day before over the Thirteenth and Nineteenth Corps, capturing as they did a large number of prisoners, several field batteries and other artillery, besides a large supply-train of several hundred wagons. This alone gave the rebels a confidence that could only be destroyed by meeting troops in the field more than their match in confidence and stubborn bravery. That these rebels met more than their match with the prestige of their victory of the day before added, when they met the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps at Pleasant Hill, has been conceded by the rebels themselves.

Some years ago there appeared in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE a series of articles written by the Adjutant-General of Gen. Banks. I have forgotten his name, but he described the position of our (Shaw's) brigade as being away in advance, with its flanks in the air, and across the Mansfield road—the road leading out to the battlefield of the day before. In "Greeley's History of the War," he speaks of the brigade being in this advanced position, and their slaughter of the rebel cavalry, but he gives the credit of it all to the 14th Iowa, which is not correct, although the head of the rebel cavalry column came directly on to that regiment in their wild rush to destruction.

I have no desire to detract from any honors won by any of the regiment of the brigade, of which every member had reason to be proud, either as a whole or separately. I have only a memorandum, written on the field, during the battle and early the next morning, to assist memory in giving this account. Therefore, I cannot give a minute history of any regiment except my own, from the time

THE FIGHT WAS FAIRLY ON UNTIL IT CLOSED.

And in order to give an "idea" of the feeling that inspired the men of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps up Red River, and especially during that battle, I think that it is necessary to give a short account of where and how the feeling of distrust and lack of confidence arose between the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps on the one side and the Thirteenth and Nineteenth

Corps on the other, which finally ended in open personal abuse of each other after the battle of Pleasant Hill, and continued until we parted company at the mouth of Red River, May 19, 1864; and, from occasional paragraphs in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, seems to continue yet with some.

The portions of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps sent up the Red River to help Banks, had just returned to Vicksburg from that famous foraging and railroad-destroying expedition to Meridian, Miss. Tearing up railroads and piling up and burning the ties had a tendency to wear out the men's clothes, while it also coated them with a good deal of earth and iron-rust. The, again, running through the brush after or with a back-load of chickens or other provender, made the boys' trousers feather out at the knees as well as around the bottoms. Besides this, it often happened when the men were escaping with a load of provender from the rebel cavalry, who hung on our flanks, that the brush whipped off a hat, and it was left behind as necessary security for the provender; the one leaving it knowing full well that on the next expedition of the kind he would procure another one, which perhaps would be a broad-brimmed straw, not very nice looking on dress-parade, but much more comfortable than an empty stomach.

When we reached Vicksburg on our return from this expedition, those who had veteranized and were going home on furlough were given a chance to draw clothing; that is, the men who had first enlisted in '61 and had re-enlisted. The men sent up Red River were the men who had enlisted in '62 and those of '61 who did not re-enlist. The Quartermaster's supplies being limited, the boys sent to help Banks did not have a chance to dress up, except in line of battle, until after our return from the Red River campaign.

BY THE TIME WE REACHED ALEXANDRIA, what with rags, straw hats, and other odd garments, with not a knapsack in the whole two corps to replenish from, (although on a very slight bet one would have been produced purloined for the occasion,) our outward appearance was not in our favor, and those who judged of our fighting qualities by our appearance and dress were sure to be deceived.

It was at Alexandria we first met the Thirteenth and Nineteenth Corps. We had captured Fort de Russy, and were there in camp when they came in with beating drums and flying colors, and we formed a line alongside of the road to look at them.

It was warm and dusty, but every man in their ranks had a knapsack well filled. All had on regulation dress-coats, buttoned from bottom to the top, with regulation hats or caps, and strangest feature to us of all, every man wore a paper collar, while a few were rigged out with white gloves. To say we were surprised to find men in the field rigged up in that style does not express our feelings. They were an anomaly to us, and I presume we were to them. We had met that style of soldiering in the shape of Provost-Guards in some of the towns, who had never been in the field before. Our appearance and feelings were well described by one of our boys, when, looking down at his tattered garments, he exclaimed, "Oh, no, I ain't suffering for clothes, but my heart is breaking for a diamond breastpin."

Our astonishment soon found voice in sarcastic banter. "Say, you fellows must stay inside of our lines, or the Johnnies will get after you for your clothes."

"Running away from the rebels, all buttoned up that way, you'll sweat and wilt your collars."

"Does Uncle Sam give you fellows butter? He gives us chickens when we find them."

"Does your mother know you're out? Fresh fish! Fresh cod!"

They were not slow in taking up the challenge, retorting:

"We've heard of you before. You're nothing but a lot of thieves and guerrillas," invariably mentioning the seats of our trousers as being "ragged," and our general appearance as "dirty."

They were not more than well established in camp before they had men out throwing up works, and an old-fashioned camp-guard was placed around each regiment. With us, camp-guards had disappeared when we left camps of instruction. Throwing up works every night around the camp was another innovation on our style.

We had been at Alexandria for several days before they came there, and never once thought of building works; in fact, we had captured Fort de Russy on our way there, and driven the rest of the rebel army ahead of us thus far, and we could see no use for

SUCH AN EXPENDITURE OF MUSCLE

or waste of energy as this caused. We had found use for all the muscle and energy we could muster, running after the Johnnies in the open field; and, besides, it showed a lack of confidence. They did not believe in victory every time and place, as we did. They talked of ways to retreat, and these works being good places to fall back on. With us the art of falling back had never been practiced; it had a smack of cowardice about it we did not like, and had been left out of our army rules, with all such useless appendages as camp-guard and other burdensome things. Hence, when we met them at Pleasant Hill, in disorderly retreat from Mansfield, we were not altogether surprised, but we were mad clear through.

We knew, or thought we did, at least, that if we had the right of the line we would have gone to Shreveport with half the loss we would have to suffer in order to stop the victorious rebels of the day before. We had never had any experience, but we simply knew a victorious army would take a terrible thrashing before they would give up, and the battle of Pleasant Hill proved we were correct.

During our march to Pleasant Hill, April 8, we could hear an occasional shot at the front, but there was no heavy firing at any time. Accustomed to such things, we supposed it was the cavalry following the retreating rebels. The wind came from that direction and the day was cool, with occasional showers—in fact a regular April day. We went into camp before reaching the town, just at dusk. The wind and showers had ceased, and with the large campfires we built to cook and to dry our clothes by, we were comfortably fixed. Most of the boys had lain down before the demoralized troops began to arrive. Several of us were sitting around a comfortable fire, telling stories, and trying to make ourselves believe that our two corps were not needed in order to capture Shreveport. We were about to lie down, when we heard a noise, as of troops in the road. One of our party went down to the road, which was only a few rods away, and soon came hurrying back and reported,

"BANK'S WHOLE ARMY IS WHIPPED AND IN RETREAT."

We treated the report as a joke, but were finally convinced it was so, (we never at any time considered ourselves as belonging to Banks's army,) and went down to the road to see for ourselves. The road was filled with the demoralized crowd, many of them without coats, hats or guns. They were vehemently telling how many rebels there were, and how they were themselves all cut to pieces. One man told me he had not been able since he came out of the fight to find a single man belonging to his regiment, and one of our boys at my elbow remarked: "You might hitch yourself onto some of those other pieces; there are pieces enough to make a dozen regiments."

Just about this time some of our boys yelled: "Didn't we tell you fellows not to go outside of our lines, or the rebs would get your clothes?" Another said: "You're all cut to pieces be _____. You're only scared!" etc.

A detail was soon made to stop and reorganize them, and the rest of us retired to get a rest for the battle we knew was sure to be on the morrow. For my part, I slept quite soundly, until awakened just before daylight by the Adjutant and told to have the company ready to move at daylight. But it was good daylight before we got under arms and moved out into the road. The brush on both sides of the road was full of men, some cooking, other asleep, and others again looking for comrades. We halted in the midst of it all, and had a chance to learn something of the trouble the day before. The complaint was made on all sides "We were let up by brigades to be licked in detail." It was plain, however, that no great resistance was made to the rebels' advance, and we realized that if Dick Taylor had been able to keep his army moving all night the battle would soon begin. It was after sunrise, while we were still standing in the road bantering these fellows for running away, that a sharp skirmish opened not far distant in front, and we started off on a double-quick in the direction of it. The firing soon died out, however, and we fell into a swinging route-step gait. We passed a few rods from and in front of a large, two-story, wood-colored building. This is the only building I can remember at Pleasant Hill. It was then occupied as headquarters by some General but was afterward

TURNED INTO A HOSPITAL.

To the left was a long, open field, wider at the farther end; perhaps it was half a mile to the timber from the house in that direction. Several batteries of ours and a good many regiments of infantry were camped in this field. We were going out on the Mansfield road when we came to the timber. After crossing the field there was an opening, where the timber had been cut down, along the right of the road clear through to an open field beyond. It was along the edge of this field, and across the Mansfield road, just in the farther edge of the timber, our brigade formed line. When we reached the timber, counting from the house, we were ordered to move down through the timber, being guided by the right, and form line close to the edge of the timber, looking across the open field beyond.

We had only gotten wells started to execute this movement when we met troops coming back. They were not on a run, but about as near it as the lay of the land would permit. This was a great temptation to our boys, who were "mad clear through," to invite them to strike that gait, and they did it freely, mixing the invitation with a good deal of robust profanity. Farther along in an open space in the timber I met an Orderly Sergeant. He was in much less hurry than the others, and in manner and appearance looked "I'd rather fight than run." I stopped him and inquired about what rebel force was close in front. He said there was none; that a squad of rebel cavalry had run onto our cavalry out there a few minutes ago, but were driven back. While we were talking a squad of our cavalry came along an old road close to where we were. They had several wounded—one Captain badly, held on his horse by a trooper on each side. If this Sergeant is still alive, I would like to hear from him. I think he belonged to the 20th [29th?] Me.

There were spots in the timber where it was almost impossible to get through, while in other places it was comparatively clear of undergrowth. When I reached the front I found the regiment just getting into position. The field in front was an old abandoned cotton field. There were a few small pine scrubs scattered here and there, but not sufficient to obstruct the view. It was about half a mile to the timber on the left, about 400 yards on the right, and a point of timber ran out perhaps 300 yards. We were on the left of the Mansfield road, while the point of timber was on the right of that road. A small ridge came down from the timber, terminating at the left

of our regiment. There were several scrub pines on this ridge. The ground between us and the ridge was low, but the ridge had from our view the low ground across the center of the open field, while the whole face of the field beyond from right to left and into the timber beyond was in plain view, as well as the whole field across the left and into the open timber on the left. The 24th Mo. and 14th Iowa were on our right and the 32d Iowa on our left.

ALL SETTLED DOWN TO QUIETNESS.

About 9 o'clock the rebels began to come in on the Mansfield road, filed off to the left in the timber and went into camp. We could see them coming in until after 1 p.m., but by 12 m. the whole woods over there were full of the smoke from their campfires. About 1 o'clock they threw out a light skirmish-line to feel for us, and they found us all right, but with a few exceptions went hurrying back to report. One stayed to my certain knowledge, and was still lying very quiet the last time I had leisure to look that way, which was about 4:30 p.m. James N. Coffman, of Co. I, was slightly wounded, in this skirmish, across the forehead close to the roots of the hair. The scalp was laid open a finger's length nearly. He said it made his head ache; so he was told to go to the rear, which he did, but came back in about an hour with strips of plaster across it, still worth 40 such men as were ready to run away. He lived to go through the war, and I hope will live a long time yet. About 9 a.m. a small brass piece—a 6 pounder, I judge—was run out to our skirmish line on the Mansfield road, and after that about every 15 or 20 minutes a shot was sent over into the rebel camp; and although I watched carefully to see the shells explode, if they were shells, I failed to discover any explosion. It sounded to us every time that gun went off like a note of defiance. About 3:30 the rebels began to come out into the open field and form line. They threw out a cloud of skirmishers to feel for us, and they, too, found us, but were allowed to get pretty close up by our skirmishers, so as to make them better targets. They soon scampered back to a safe distance and began playing long taw with our men. This was kept up until the cavalry charged us. Their first line was formed with its left across the Mansfield road, their right extending away into the woods on our left to a point beyond our view. Another line was formed back of this in the timber, but in plain sight. Their batteries were posted at points between those lines, and the whole made a grand appearance. The cavalry who charged us formed in two columns on the left of the infantry. Their cavalry was still forming there when a small white cloud of smoke away across the corner of the field to the left, and in the woods, appeared.

IT WAS THEIR SIGNAL GUN,

and before the sound of it reached us we could see the whole line coming toward us. The cavalry began yelling, coming as fast as they could spur their horses. The talk in our line was, "Hell's coming." "They won't find paper-collared men here when they arrive." "Shoot low, and kill the leader's horses and let the others fall over them and break their _____ necks."

The cavalry swung down in front of their infantry into the Mansfield road and followed that to our line, and were soon behind the little ridge in our front and out of sight. I took a look at their infantry; they were at a right-shoulder arms, as steady as a clock. The stillness that always comes just before the final shock spread along the line; nothing could be heard except the yelling of the rebel cavalrymen and the noise of the horses as they came thundering up the long slope.

The stillness was finally broken by someone saying, "I wonder if the darned fool cavalry think they can scare us with that caterwaul?"

The heads of the horses soon began to appear over the ridge; the points of the Enfields began to train around right-oblique, and the men began telling each other to "shoot low"; "kill the leaders"; "don't be in a hurry"; "keep cool"; "don't one of you miss 'em, boys," etc. But the order

was passed along the line, "Don't fire until ordered." When our skirmish-line was coming in they started to bring in the gun, but an order from back at the main line of the brigade bade them leave it. They came in and fell into line, everyone as he came to it, regardless of his own company. It was a mad race into the "jaws of death" on the part of the rebels. They had crowded together in their long race, and were 25 to 30 deep as they came to the gun, yelling like a pack of demons. At least half the cavalry were past the gun and on all sides of it, when the order rang out, "Fire!" In an instant men were up in the air, going over the heads of their horses, going off sideways, and every conceivable way; horses were plunging and rearing on the top of other struggling horses and struggling men.

THE YELLING STOPPED INSTANTLY.

The gun was buried out of sight. Men and horses piled promiscuously together, the whole mass moving in the death struggles. A few men were left alive; thrown on the top of the heap and along the sides and rear, they escaped, and were called in. One ran in, limping as he ran to our line; one horse stumbled and plunged along until he reached the 14th Iowa, and fell dead at the line. Another horse got loose from the rest and passed down in front of our regiment, and when nearly opposite the right of the 32d Iowa two shots were fired and he fell dead. We did not cheer or yell; such work is too terrible to even glory over; and yet there was a feeling of relief after the terrible work was done.

When the signal-gun was fired I took out my watch and note-book, and noted "4:40 p.m. The rebels are advancing." When I now looked at the rebel infantry, they had halted. As those long lines of men in butternut stood there, it caused a buzz of praise to pass among the men, who expected in a few minutes to be earnestly engaged in killing them. Their skirmishers had advanced and were annoying us, and our skirmish-line was again sent out. Some sharp firing ensued, but the rebels gave back. The whole rebel line, nearly, was in plain view of their cavalry when we destroyed it, and could certainly see the result.

It was not long until the rebels were again advancing. Our skirmishers drove theirs onto their line of battle, and then slowly came in and drew the rebel infantry line within about a hundred and fifty yards of us, before we were ordered to fire. The men had been fixing rests across the brush that grew along the edge of the open field. They had also arranged to have a dead aim on a rebel when the order came to fire. When the smoke cleared away, the whole rebel line in our front was lying down, and we could not tell how effective the fire had been. The line to our left kept right along into the woods, past our flank, and the left of the 32d Iowa was drawn back to protect that flank. At the same time, our regiment began loading and firing at will, aiming at the rebels as they lay on the ground in our front.

As the firing in our line soon became a continual roar, the boys getting onto their feet, as they could load quicker, shouting all the time to each other, "Take a dead aim, boys"; "Keep cool"; "Don't miss them," etc. It soon became too hot for the rebels, and those not killed or wounded ran back, and in a few minutes the firing virtually ceased, except on our flanks.

JUST ABOUT THIS TIME

there came to our ears from away to our left and rear the sound of a scattered volley of musketry. This was closely followed by another volley, not so far to our rear, plainly in answer to the first. The second volley was followed by the rebel yell, and the noise of battle off there became quite general, but the yell was all rebel. Another line of rebels was soon in our front, and the battle to the left was lost sight of in the close attention required of us in attending to the fellows in our front. The rebels twice made a feint as if to charge us, but it ended in their losing ground each time. Our firing along the brigade did not slacken or increase at any time, but was a continuous

roar all the time. They had doubled around on our left flank, so that we were subject to a cross-fire, and every man in line got right down to business, and although the rebels in our front were twice re-enforced, we held them at bay. Finally there came a lull as the bulk of the line in front of us fell back, but just then the cry arose, "We are getting out of ammunition." The rebel sharpshooters in front annoyed us, and Col. Gilbert gave an order to charge. The regiment sprang forward, charging to the line of dead rebels. The rebs in front ran at once, but we were fired on from both flanks, and we were again ordered to retire. When we turned around it was plain to be seen the other regiments had left, and we were out there, surrounded and alone. The order was again given, "Forward, and give them the bayonet." Just as we turned, a rebel battery to our right posted in the woods threw a whole volley of caseshot into us, and kept us in range until we were well back into the woods. Still, the killed and wounded were not so great from this battery; but the schrapnel [sic], as these diminutive shells exploded at our feet, was very annoying until we learned what they were. Then, for my part, I did not care so very much' so many had already exploded at my feet without doing any damage that when I saw one as it exploded on a log close in front of me, I discovered what they were.

The battle being carried away around our left to our rear had, for want of knowledge of the situation, disturbed us. Just about the time, however, that we turned to cut our way to the reserve, if there was any, we heard clear above the din of battle and rebel yells

THE BATTLE CRY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

We then knew our two corps were coming into the fight. One of the boys exclaimed, "There, whoop! now our boys are at 'em and the _____ scoundrels will have to git!" Hence, when we met the rebel line in the woods with that cry still in our ears we were spurred to desperate deeds, for it was coming our way, and the rebel yell was dead.

We were fully one-third of the way back through the woods when we met the rebel line. The smoke hung thick in the brush, and we were at close quarters before we saw them or they us. They began to call to us: "Surrender, you Yankee _____!" and in our usual style of politeness we requested them to go to "Hades." We made a rush at them, and they broke right and left, but several of them were bayoneted. They swung onto our flanks and we turned on them, they being broken into two squads as we forced our way through them. The squad of our men who engaged those on the right cleaned out that side first, came across the little opening to the left, and gave us very necessary assistance. We soon made short work of them now. There were about 50 of us left of the regiment, who had the flags, and we at once set about getting the wounded to the rear, while the rest lingered to protect them. How other portions of the regiment got through this rebel line I did not learn. We found some ammunition in the cartridge-boxes of the dead rebels to replenish our scanty supply, and again moved to the rear. Coming to a lot of old logs and fallen timber, the rebels opened on us again from our left. We were at a disadvantage and lost heavily, but we finally got them at close quarters and drove them back behind the brush and smoke. Our flags went down, but were soon up again. More than half of those who started in on this last fight were either killed or wounded, so we had to leave them; only about 15 or 18 of us remained. Serg't Hans Johnson was shot in the thigh. He came to me at the close of the action, saying: "I am shot." I took his gun, which was loaded, and told him to hasten to the rear. He walked back to the open field, as I learned afterward, before the bone finally broke off, and he fell. He is still alive. Seth Craig, of Co. I, seized the State flag and ran to the rear. He got there safely.

As soon as Craig was well out of sight we again hurried along, seeking the reserve, but had not gone far till another lot of rebels, coming into view from behind a cloud of smoke on our

left, sent forth the now-familiar invitation to surrender; and we turned on them we, as determined as ever, told them to go to _____. As I turned a little German of Co. D

LET HIS GUN OFF IN THE AIR,

and about the same instant a bullet cut a crease alongside his head just above his hear. His eyes protruded as he held his gun for an instant, then dropped it, and ran to the reserve.

My attention, which was a little distracted by this incident from the necessary work in hand, was called back by a shout beside me of "Look out!" As I turned a rebel officer was coming straight for me, not a rod away, a revolver in his hand. But Big Sam, of Co. I, as he sang "Look out" to me, made a long stride and lunge at the fellow with his bayonet. Same made a center shot. We made a forward move on the rest, and with a few exceptions they fled behind the smoke.

We now made a run for it to the rear. Only 11 of us remained. As we came to an old wood road, and looking down that to the left, and only a few rods away, we saw that it was full of rebels, so we turned our Enfields loose on them as we crossed the road, and then ran to the reserve.

We came to the 165th N.Y. They were lying down in line in a comparatively clear place in the woods. Some Zouaves were on the left off us when we came to this line. We faced about and took position with them, but did not stay there long. A Captain came and said "I have men enough to fill that space. Are you the last to come in?" He also said, pointing to the right and rear, "Your troops are forming back there, and are going back." We met the Colonel and Adjutant, who came in to meet us. They were glad to see the flag.

We found what was left of the regiment along the edge of the open field, near the spot we had passed down through the timber in the morning. They were loading up with ammunition, and congratulating each other for escaping from the terrible wreck. We found our places in the line, and being terribly sore from the pounding and fatigue of the fight, I lay down behind the line, my face to the left. My coat and shirt across the top of my right shoulder were cut to the skin, and my knee was stiff and sore. A spent ball struck it on the inside, where it had fastened to my knee by the cloth and flesh, and I pulled it off back in the woods.

I here had a clear view of the field where our infantry and artillery were encamped in the morning. It was covered with dead men and horses, broken caissons and limbers. The sounds of battle now came from away to the left, and out in the field where we had fought all alone so long. Lying on the open field close by was a dismounted gun. Men with litters were coming out of the timber,

CARRYING BACK THE WOUNDED.

Soon the firing ceased along the whole front, and our troops came back from the chase and formed line on our left, along the edge of the timber, extending the line clear into the timber, beyond the open field, on the left. Other troops came in near us, and went back and to our right into the brush. Just before dark it was passed along the line that the rebels had re-formed, and were returning to the fight. Preparations were soon made to receive them, and I believe every one of us wanted another shot at close range. Everybody got a gun—they were quite plenty—and while we had no skirmish-line out, it was not long until we could hear the rebels giving orders to close up. They also indulged in a little profanity, which was a bad thing for them to do, but we excused them, as they were venting it on each other. Orders were then sent along the line "not to fire until the bugle sounded, and to keep still." It was too dark to see more than a rod, and they did not seem to be more than two rods away when the bugle began to sound, but its voice was drowned by the volley we rolled into that timber. Every man sprang to his feet along

the whole line, and gave three distinct cheers. Not a shot came back at us. It was the first time I cheered that day. The battle of Pleasant Hill was over.

The next morning we had a chance to learn the cause of the disaster on our left, and also how the other three regiments of our brigade had come in from the front. Like ourselves, they were out of ammunition, and we learned also that our brigade were the only troops of our corps posted in advance of the main line, or in the main line, which was composed of troops of the Nineteenth Corps. One brigade of the Nineteenth was posted in advance of their main line, away to the left, but not near as far in advance of the main line as we were. Another brigade of our corps was posted away out on the left of the Nineteenth Corps, facing out at an angle, to protect their flank. The First Division, Nineteenth Corps, was on the left of their line. The brigade in advance on the left was on a road coming into town from that direction. When the rebel advance came to this advance brigade, it fired a volley at the rebels and ran back of the main line, and the First Division, through whose lines this brigade broke, at once began falling back in disorder, getting in the way of the batteries, so they could do nothing to stay the rebel advance. The rebel batteries also came into position on the high ground in rear of their own line, and opened on our batteries before they could change position and get to work. At this time the brigade of our corps on the extreme left changed front, and struck the rebels on the flank, causing them to waver. The First Division of the Nineteenth Corps rallied, and held their ground until a rebel column was extended to the left to flank this brigade. As soon as the rebels felt this flank safe, they again charged the First Division, who gave way in disorder, falling back on the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps, who were in reserves. It was also told that when the disordered line of the Nineteenth came to our corps,

OUR OFFICERS SEIZED THEIR STANDARDS

(among others Col. Lynch, of a Maine regiment,) and led the charge of our corps, driving the rebels clear back nearly to their noon camping-ground. I knew that just after we came through the 165th N.Y. they advanced down through the woods we had just left, but by the time we had reached them coming back, our corps was away past them on the left, driving the rebels through the woods, and the rebels gave them no great opposition. The 165th N.Y. belonged to the Second Division, Nineteenth Corps, being well to the right of the main line of battle. It was said that more than the First Division gave way before the rebels. Beecher says in his history of the 114th N.Y.: "It was hard to appreciate the fact that the brave First Division was compelled to give way before the impetuous charge of the enemy."

It is needless to say that the men of our corps, who were looking on at the First Division, Nineteenth Corps, were swearing mad about their way of fighting, and showed by the way they made the counter charge right into the faces of the confident and victorious rebels, all in spite of the condition of the Nineteenth Corps as they came back to their lines, that they deserve the credit they hold on the pages of history, that "Banks's army was only saved by the hard fighting and stubborn bravery of Gen. A. J. Smith's Corps."

We blamed the officers more than the men of the other corps, especially the field officers, and it was common talk among us that they had too much army regulations in their make-up and too little individuality about them, with judgment to use it when the emergency came. The men would have been all right, as was clearly proved to us afterwards coming down from Grand Ecore. Occasionally we found them in the rear, and called them into our ranks. They fought and stayed as well as we did, but I never knew one to get back into our ranks for a second trial.

It would be unfair, perhaps, to close this account without telling something more of the other regiments of our brigade. When Col. Scott, of the 32d Iowa, concluded to go to shelter, he

found the rebels much too strong for him to force his way straight back, and had to lead them off to the right, fighting every foot of the way until they met our corps in their advance as they drove the rebels through the woods. As soon as they were safe with the line they joined in the charge. The 32d Iowa lost more men than any other regiment in the brigade, and the battle was all over before they found the balance of the brigade. I am not sure that my memorandum in regard to our losses is correct, but I have the total loss of the brigade in a note made next morning

AS BEING FIVE HUNDRED AND TEN.

This number being nine more than half of the men in the brigade who went into the fight. I have no memoranda to go by regarding the 14th Iowa and 24th Mo., except that of Ass't Surgeon H. H. Beecher in his history of the 114th N.Y. On page 321 he says: "The 114th was stationed in the woods close by a ravine at the time the battle opened, but was ordered up away from the brigade far in advance, and posted close by the main road in a dense thicket of bushy pines. Gen. Dwight then rode up and told them they were expected to hold the road against all attacks."

The position here described was directly in rear of the 14th Iowa and 24th Mo., who were a part of the brigade, far in advance. On page 322 he says again: "They saw the clay-colored rebels pass by on the left, running along in a skulking manner, loading and firing at the same time. The regiment fired not a shot, but kept quiet in its place of concealment, its duty being only to hold the road. Two regiments came sweeping by on the right of the thicket where our regiment lay, very much in disorder, and bearing off many wounded."

He goes on to tell that the officers of the 114th tried to stop "the fleeing mass," and among other things he reported these officers of the 114th as saying, "Are you going to leave the 114th all alone out here? Don't make cowards of yourselves," etc.

He further says the men of the first regiment looked at them in a sulky manner, and ran on, but the men of the second regiment did stop and formed line with them. I do not blame the men of the 14th and 24th for looking sulky at a regiment of men who would lie hidden in the brush and allow a whole rebel column to file in between them and the enemy without making an effort to stop it. And I have it from comrades of the 114th N.Y. that they could see down through the opening in the woods where the Mansfield road went, and saw the rebel cavalry destroyed, and knew our brigade had repeatedly repulsed the rebel infantry, after killing the cavalry; and that they also saw the rebels cross the road between our lines, within point-blank shot, but were not allowed to move or make an effort to stop them and protect us. And all agree that as soon as the 14th Iowa and 24th Mo. got their ammunition-boxes filled they came back to the fight.

The skulking clay-colored rebels spoken of are the ones who forced the 32d Iowa away to the right in order to get to shelter, and they are the fellows my own regiment broke through in the timber, while the other regiments, the 14th and 24th, either broke through this rebel column or passed around its rear, to come back after ammunition.

We were not entirely out of ammunition when we left the front, but so nearly so that we found it convenient to linger in the woods and rob the dead rebels of theirs, in order to replenish our scanty supply.

By what twist of reasoning the Colonel of the 114th N.Y. made himself believe he was obeying the order of Gen. Dwight, "To hold the road against all attacks," yet allowed a rebel column to cross it under his nose, cutting off our brigade, whom he knew to be away in advance, yet never made an effort to prevent it, I will leave for others to discover, as I cannot.

Picket Shots

From Alert Comrades All Along the Line.

R. Welch, New York City, says, in regard to the statement that Nims's 2d Mass. battery was captured at Pleasant Hill, that, it was taken by Moulton's [sic] Brigade at Sabine Crossroads, April 18, 1864, and if his memory serves him right the guns were recaptured at Pleasant Hill, April 9.

William Soden [Sodon?], Co. E, 23d Wis., Oregon, Wis., in regard to the loss of Nims's 2d Mass. battery, says it was at Sabine's Crossroads. The Fourth Division of the Thirteenth Corps, to which the battery belonged, was at the front with about 2,400 men, and the rebs came down on them with about 15,000. He never saw men stand to their guns like those of that battery. They were between the 23d Wis. and the 67th Ind., and on the right, and never gave an inch. When the 67th was driven back it left the right exposed, and there was no way to get the guns off, as the horses were nearly all killed. In the rear were dense woods, and the only road Banks had filled with a train of 180 wagons.

J. H. Corson, Co. B, 161st N.Y., Avoca, Iowa, answering James Bryson, 27th Iowa, says that the 165th N.Y. was not at Pleasant Hill, but the 167th N.Y. was. He did not see any paper collars on the men of any command, as the only collars worn were made of coarse white sheep's wool, much soiled from sweat and dirt.

A. Woolhiser, Co. H, 160th N.Y., Occoquan, Va., wants to know of Comrade Bryson how the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps got to Alexandria. Was it overland, or by transport? What were the losses of those corps in the capture of Fort DeRussy? Does he know what troops were relieved and what troops took their place on the skirmish line at Pleasant Hill at 9 o'clock a.m. of the 9th? Does he know what troops held the first line in the battle and were driven through the second line, and what troops composed the second line?

A. L. Barrett, Co. L, 3d Mass. Cav., Orange, Mass., was amused at reading Comrade Bryson's account, especially where he criticises [sic] the Nineteenth and Thirteenth Corps for cowardice and applauds the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps. He only wishes to say that if all the men in the army had been like those who made up the two latter corps the war would have been finished in a short while. However, if Comrade Bryson will come to Boston to the National Encampment, the Massachusetts boys will show him that they know how to entertain visitors, if they did not know how to fight.

Robert Welch, 165th N.Y., Third Brigade, First Division, Nineteenth Corps, New York City, says that if Comrade Bryson had taken the trouble to read the official reports of both armies he would not have written his article. There were no paper collars in the writer's regiment, for they were Zouaves. The Thirteenth and Nineteenth Corps had marched 178 miles in rain, mud and dust before reaching Alexandria. He does not say one word about McMillan's Brigade, of the Nineteenth Corps, that supported his brigade on the second line, and that pushed forward when his brigade was driven back. All honor to A. J. Smith's Corps; a majority of them were on the second line in good position under shelter, and when the first line was repulsed they turned the tide of battle in our favor by a most destructive volley of musketry and saved the day at Pleasant Hill. They were on the reserve in the advance up Red River, and covered their retreat all the . . .

A. Vosburg, Co. K, 119th Ill., New York City, would like to ask if any member of the Sixteenth Corps has a copy of the poetry written by a member of the corps in reference to Banks's retreat and the loss of his paper collars and headquarters wagons.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, August 14, 1890, p. 3

Picket Shots

From Alert Comrades All Along the Line.

F. W. Joslin, Co. C, 116th N.Y., Clarks, Neb., denies that the men of the Nineteenth Corps either wore paper collars or ran on April 9 at Pleasant Hill. Bryson was taking his ease on the 8th when the Nineteenth was having a hot time at Sabine Crossroads. At that place the Second Division was in front. About 4 o'clock the cavalry began to skirmish, the fight grew hotter and hotter, and the Second Division was sent up to support the cavalry. After it was cut to pieces the First Division went in and held the field until 10 o'clock that night, when it was found that the enemy in front was more than twice their number. So they fell back during the night to Pleasant Hill. There the Thirteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps lay in camp. The Nineteenth Corps formed a line of battle across the road where Comrade Bryson claims the 114th N.Y. lay, and had hardly time to get the artillery in position when the rebels attacked its left, and so the Nineteenth Corps was the first attacked that morning. Though it had all it could do, the fighting was not so hard at Pleasant Hill as the day before at the Crossroads, and they did not give way at either place.

G. J. DeVerter, Co. H, 1st Ind., H. A., Nineteenth Corps, Waterman, Ind., says that there is no doubt that Comrade Bryson did more than any other man to put down the rebellion. All the men of the Thirteenth and Nineteenth Corps who read his article will say, "You did it, you put down the rebellion. Take the cake."

W. H. Johnson, Lieutenant, Co. I, 87th Ill., Lancaster, Ill., says that no corps had a better record for faithful and valiant service than the old Thirteenth. This was evidenced in its campaigns with Grant and Sherman; it never turned its back to the enemy when commanded by a competent General. The writer's brigade (Slack's, of Hovey's Division) had five regiments, one from each of the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin. These men need no defense, nor can Comrade Bryson or any other comrade truthfully say anything against them.

F. M. Mead, Co. E, 114th N.Y., Miller, S.D., regarding the statement that Comrade Bryson met the Nineteenth Corps in a disorderly retreat at Pleasant Hill from Mansfield, says that the Nineteenth Corps did not get to the battle of Mansfield until just before sunset, in time to repulse the enemy's last assault, and then lay on the field until 12 o'clock at night, when it commenced to fall back on Pleasant Hill. There was no disorderly retreat.

Joseph Fitteres, Co. G., 2d Ill. Cav., says his brigade of cavalry were east and west of the road, in rear of the Nineteenth Corps, and saw the rebels charge on the infantry. He never saw more determined fighting than over the guns against an enemy at least six times greater. This is the first time he ever heard that the Nineteenth Corps was put to flight.

E. Ackerman, Captain, Co. A, 32d Iowa, says that Col. John Scott is right in saying that the 32d did not surrender at Pleasant Hill, although he understands Comrade I. A. Packard as saying that a handful of Co. A were surrounded and forced to give up. The regiment was in line on the edge of the timber, and after the rebel charge the men fell back about 200 yards, by order of Lieut.-Col. Mix, but Col. Scott ordered the writer forward again, so Co. A and a part of Co. F went ahead. They held their advanced position till the last, and one-third of them fell. The rebels got behind them and they had to change front. Some cut their way through, but Serg't Doan, with about seven other men, I. A. Packard among the number, had to surrender to be killed. The writer himself lay on that field wounded, for 27 hours. The regiment moved off to the left and formed in the second line of battle. The reason they were ordered to hold their position was that there was a ditch or washout on the line of Co. A about waist-deep and it could be held against

great odds if the rebs did not get behind them. The ground was so thick with dead bodies after the fight that one could walk along with . . .

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, August 28, 1890, p. 1, c. 1-4

Arkansas Post.

Interesting Narrative of a Brilliant Operation.

A Blow at the Rebels.

How the Investment was Made by Land and Water.

A Cheerless Bivouac.

Conflicting Reports by Opposing Commanders.

by Capt. J. B. Ridenour, Co. A, 55th Ill., Woodhull, Ill.

After Gen. Sherman's army was repulsed at Chickasaw Bayou, on the last days of December, 1862, and Jan. 1, 1863, Gen. Sherman and Admiral Porter, commanding the Mississippi Squadron, entered into a plan to capture Arkansas Post, which plan, on the 4th of January, was approved by Gen. John A. McClernand, who arrived while the army lay at Milliken's Bend., La., and assumed command of what he then termed the First and Second Corps of the Army of the Mississippi, but which were really known and recognized at Washington as the Thirteenth and Fifteenth Corps, the entire force numbering about 35,000 of all arms.

[note: numbers below very hard to read]

Fifteenth Corps.

Maj. Gen. W. T. Sherman.

First Division.

Brig.-Gen. F. Steele.

First Brigade

Gen. Frank P. Blair

13th Ill.

29th Mo.

31st Mo.

32d Mo.

58th Ohio.

30th Mo.

Third Brigade

Brig.-Gen. J. M. Thayer

4th Iowa.

34th Iowa

30th Iowa

26th Iowa

9th Iowa

Second Brigade.

Brig. Gen. C. E. Hovey,

17th Mo.

25th Iowa.

3d Mo.

76th Ohio.

31st Iowa.

12th Mo.

Artillery

1st Iowa Capt. Griffith

4th Ohio; Capt. Hoffman

1st Mo. Horse Art. Cavalry

3d Ill. and a company of the

15th Ill.

Second Division.

Brig.-Gen. David Stewart.

First Brigade

Col. Giles A. Smith

8th Mo.

6th Mo.

113th Ill.

110th Ill.

Second Brigade

Col. T. Kilby Smith

55th Ill.

127th Ill.

54th Ohio.

83d Ind.

13th U.S.
Artillery.
Co's A and B, 1st Ill. L.A.
8th [9th?] Ohio battery.

57th Ohio.
Cavalry.
Two companies of
Thielemann's Illinois
battalion.
Co. C, 10th Mo.

Thirteenth Corps.
Brig.-Gen. George W. Morgan.
First Division.
Brig.-Gen. A. J. Smith.

First Brigade.
Brig.-Gen. S. G. Burbridge.
60th Ind.
16th Ind.
23d Wis.
83d Ohio
67th Ind.
96th Ohio

Artillery.
17th Ohio Battery, Capt. Bloust
Ill. Mercantile Battery, Capt. Cooley

Second Division.
Brig.-Gen. P. J. Osterhous.

First Brigade.
Col. L. A. Sheldon
{?} Ind.
118th Ill.
120th Ohio
Third Brigade
Col. J. T. DeCout[?]
16th Ohio
22d Ky.
[?] Ohio.
[?] Ind.

Second Brigade.
Col. W. J. Landram
19th Ky.
77th Ill.
48th Ohio.
97th Ill.
108th Ill.
131st Ill.
89th Ind.
Cavalry.
A company of the 4th
Ind.

Second Brigade.
Col. D. W. Lindsey
3d Ky.
49th Ind.
114th [111th?] Ohio
Artillery.
1st Wis., Capt. Foster.
7th Mich., Capt. Lunphere[?]

This force, on the 4th of January, 1864, began moving up the river, landing at intervals to supply the transports with wood cut from the forest, or already cut and found upon the bank, or rails from the fences. The army arrived at the mouth of White River on the 8th, and ascended to Notrib's farm, three miles from the fort, by way of White River, through the cut-off or canal, into the Arkansas River. Landing on the left bank of the river at Notrib's at 5 p.m. on the 9th, the work of disembarking was busily continued until noon the next day, when it was completed.

Post Arkansas, a small village, the Capital of Arkansas County, is situated on the first elevated ground, passing up the river, and above the reach of floods, on the left bank of the river, is about 50 miles above the mouth of the river, 117 miles below Little Rock, and is surrounded by a fruitful country, abounding in cattle, corn and cotton. It was settled by the French in 1685, and so named by them, and used as a trading-post.

The fort was called Hindman, in honor of a rebel General of that name, and had been laboriously and skillfully enlarged and strengthened since the commencement of the rebellion and formed the key to Little Rock, the Capital of the State of Arkansas, and from which hostile detachments were constantly sent to obstruct the navigation of the Mississippi River and interrupt our communications.

A Government transport, the Blue Wing, laden with valuable military stores, only a few days before, fell prey to one of these detachments and ammunition taken from her was used against us in the engagement of which I am writing. Fort Hindman, a square, full-bastioned fort, was erected within the village upon the bank of the river, at the head of a bend resembling a horseshoe. The exterior sides of the fort between the salient angles were each 300 feet in length; the faces of the bastions two-sevenths of the exterior side, and the perpendiculars one-eighth. The parapet was [?]8 feet wide on the top; the ditch 20 feet wide on the ground level, and eight feet deep, with a slope of four feet at the base. A banquette for infantry was constructed around the interior slope of the parapet; also three platforms for artillery in each bastion and one in the curtain facing north. On the south of the northeastern bastion was a casemate 18 by 15 feet wide and seven and a half feet high in the clear; the walls of which were constructed of three thicknesses of oak timber 16 inches square, and roofed with an additional revetment of iron bars. One of the sides of the casemate was inserted in the parapet, and was pierced by an embrasure three feet eight inches on the inside and four feet six inches on the outside, the entrance being in the opposite wall. This casement contained

A NINE-INCH COLUMBIAD.

A similar casement was constructed in the curtain facing the river, and contained an eight-inch Columbiad. Still another nine-inch Columbiad was mounted on the salient [map of Arkansas Post] angle of the southeastern bastion on a center pintle barbet carriage. All of these guns commanded the river below the fort. Beside these there were four three-inch Parrott guns and four six-pounder iron smoothbore guns mounted on field carriages on the platforms in the fort, which also contained a well-stored magazine, several frame buildings, and a well. The entrance to the fort, secured by a traverse, was on its northwestern side, and from the salient angle of the northwestern bastion extended a line of rifle-pits westerly for 720 yards toward the bayou, intersected by wooden traverses. Along the line of rifle-pits six pieces were mounted, of which three were rifled. During the night of the 10th the enemy removed a large number of their cabins, used as quarters, and strengthened their line of rifle-pits. The entire works were so calculated or constructed that a very small force might hold the place against great odds.

Although the neighboring bridge across the bayou had been partially destroyed, yet the latter was passable at several points. Below the fort were the rifle-pits and levee. The levee presented a convex line to our advance, was pierced for 10 guns, and lined on the inside by rifle-pits. The second line of rifle-pits, with intervals left for six guns, extended across the high land from the river to the swamps, its near approach being obstructed by an abatis of fallen timber; and still nearer the fort was a deep ravine entering the river at right angles and extending inland in different arms in front of the left of our line, and in front of the center of the line was an open field. This strip of high land afforded the only available approach from our landing to the enemy's defenses. Above the second line of rifle-pits expanded into a dry plateau extending to the swamp on the east and northeast and to the bayou and river on the west and south. This plateau was crossed by the Brownsville and Little Rock road, and embraced the enemy's camp, his principal defenses; and the field of action on the 11th covered a space of about 1,000 yards square.

By consulting the accompanying map the position of both forces and their relative positions will be made quite clear and comprehensive.

AFTER LANDING THE TROOPS

on the 10th, the Second Division (Stewart's) of the Fifteenth Corps pushed up the river. The 13th U.S. were deployed as skirmishers, and followed in close support by the 55th Ill., the contest opening in the usual desultory way. Occasionally an enormous shell whipped through the timber, seeking out the blue line. The enemy's pickets, commanded by Col. Garland, of Texas, were slowly pressed back toward their main line by the gallant 13th, and occasionally a squalid dead Confederate was passed who had met a swift messenger of reconstruction.

During the movement Co's A, F, and C of the 55th Ill., joined on the right by a part of the 8th Mo., and on the left by the 83d Ind., relieved the 13th U.S. As night approached the Confederates were forced back out of the timber into the cleared space in front of their works. As the sun was setting the Union line in close pursuit came in sight of the entrenchments and the log buildings used as barracks. Darkness came early on those short Winter days, and found the Federal line of environment incomplete. The heads of various columns, like Stewart's, had reached the vicinity of the works, and skirmishers in their positions above named were pushed out among the stumps and brush of the open space, and after dark were ordered to open fire, which drew upon them apparently the contents of all the guns in the enemy's works—shell, grape and canister. In trying to establish a connection with the pickets on the right, the writer, who had been sent on that duty, narrowly escaped with his life.

Presently a flash like that of lightning illuminated the west, and a great shell from the pivot gun in the fort came shrieking toward us. It went just above the 55th Ill., but passed to the rear before exploding. The rest of the division was massed in column by regiments close at hand. Every man dropped prone upon the ground instantly, and as close to the bosom of mother earth as the somewhat rigid limits of human anatomy would allow. All eyes turned to fort in expectation of another 10-inch shell from the same sources. It soon came screaming along, leaving sparks of fire behind. This time it passed not over six feet high and exploded with a terrific noise a few feet in the rear. One man of the 55th Ill. was mortally wounded and

ANOTHER HAD A LEG BROKEN.

Among other regiments several were hit. The loss from the single explosion was three killed and 14 wounded. The brave Capt. Yeoman, of the 54th Ohio, lost his left arm. He was refused promotion to the Majority of his regiment for this disability, but subsequently raised a colored regiment and came out of the last Richmond campaign a Brigadier-General. A third shell followed from the same gun, which went farther to the rear before exploding. Just then the gun was struck by a shot from the gunboats and its voice silenced forever.

Blankets and overcoats had been left on the transports, in expectation of immediate engagement, and the night set in freezing cold and threatening snow. Of course no fires were allowed to be built, under the circumstances, and the suffering in consequence during the night was extreme.

Finally the long, dreary night passed, and the bright rising sun was hailed with joy. All nature shone in the prospect of a beautiful, bright Sabbath day, but it was not to be a day of rest. Hundreds saw that sun rise for the last time; others to be maimed and followed with disease, aches and pains all their lives.

The slow movement of investing the Confederates was completed. On the night of the 9th Col. Lindsay's Brigade had disembarked nine miles below Notrib's farm, at Fletcher's Landing, on the right bank of the river, and marching across a hight [sic] of the river; had taken

positions with two 20-pounder Parrotts of the 1st Wis. battery, Capt. Foster commanding, and two guns of the Illinois Mercantile Battery, under Lieut. Wilson, on the bank above the fort, cutting off the escape or reinforcement of the enemy by water. The cavalry were disposed in the rear of the main army, under orders to force stragglers to return to their ranks.

By 10:30 a.m. the two corps were in position and ready to commence the attack. Gen. Steele's Division formed the extreme right of the line of battle, reaching near the bayou. Gen. Stewart's and A. J. Smith's Divisions were formed on the left, while one brigade of Gen. Osterhaus's Division, Col. Sheldon commanding, formed the extreme left of the line, resting upon the river,

IN FULL VIEW OF THE FORT.

Another brigade of the same division, Col. De Courcey commanding, was held in reserve near the transports, while the remaining brigade, Col. Lindsay, was, as above stated, on the opposite side of the river. Co. A, 1st Ill. L. A., Capt. Wood commanding, was posted to the left of Gen. Stewart's Division, on the road leading into the Post and Co. B of the same regiment, Capt. Bassett commanding, was posted in the center of the same division; the 4th Ohio battery, Capt. Hoffman commanding in the interval between Gens. Stewart's and Steele's Divisions and the 1st Iowa battery, Capt. Griffith commanding, between Thayer's and Hovey's Brigades, of Steele's Division. The 1st Mo. Horse Art., Capt. Landgueber commanding, was in reserve, with Gen. Blair's Brigade, and the 8th Ohio battery, Capt. Blount commanding, were advanced to an entrenched position in front of Col. Landram's Brigade, of Gen. Smith's Division, and were supported by the 96th Ohio. A section of 20-pounder Parrott guns, Lieut. Webster commanding, was posted by Gen. Osterhaus near the river bank, within 800 yards of the fort, and concealed by fallen trees from the view of the enemy, while two sections of the Illinois Mercantile Battery were masked and held by the same commander in reserve. The 7th Mich. battery, Capt. Lamphere commanding, remained with Col. DeCourcey.

At 1 p.m. the gunboats opened fire, immediately followed by the artillery in line on land. By 1:30 o'clock the infantry, in their order, began to move forward by charging some distance and lying down during the severest and hottest fire from the enemy thus steadily advancing upon the enemy's works until the advance line was within 150 yards of the works, the rear line being about 100 yards in rear of the advance line. A fierce contest lasted until after 4 p.m., when the rear line was ordered to charge over the advance line but fortunately just as the line was ready to push forward the white flag was seen on one of the buildings and a number along the works. The enemy had surrendered. Some portions of the line had reached a point nearer the works than others. It would require too much space to mention the movement of each regiment in detail. All performed the duty assigned them. Cooley's battery had reached a point within 200 yards of the enemy's works.

Col. Lindsey, as soon as a gunboat had passed above the fort, hastened with his brigade down to the position indicated on the map and opened an oblique fire from Foster's two 20 and Lieut. Wilson's two 10 pounder Parrotts into the enemy's lines of rifle pits, carrying away his battle-flag and killing a number of his men. Eager to do still more, he embarked the 3d Ky. on board one of the gunboats to cross the river to the fort; but before it got over the enemy had surrendered.

Seven stands of colors were captured, including the garrison flag, which was captured by Capt. Ennis, one of Gen. Smith's Aids-de-Camp. Gen. Burbridge planted the American flag upon the fort.

Gen. McClelland in his report says: "Besides those 5,000 prisoners, 17 pieces of cannon, large and small, 10 gun-carriages and 11 limbers, 3,000 stands of small arms exclusive of many lost and destroyed, 130 swords, 50 Colt's pistols, 40 cans of powder, 1,650 rounds of shot, shell and canister for 10 and 20-pounder Parrott guns, 375 shells, grape stands and canister, 46,000 rounds of ammunition for small arms, 563 animals and 170 wagons were captured. Our loss in killed was 129, in wounded 831, missing 17, in all, killed, wounded and missing, 977, while that of the enemy, notwithstanding the protection afforded by his defenses, proportionately to his numbers, was much larger. The prisoners of war I forwarded to the Commissioner for Exchange of Prisoners at St. Louis, and utterly destroying all of the enemy's defenses, together with all buildings used by him for military purposes."

Rebel Brig.-Gen. Churchill, in his report, says his whole force numbered 3,000 effective men, and the enemy's force was full 50,000. "My loss will not exceed 60 killed and 75 or 80 wounded; the loss of the enemy was from 1,500 to 2,000 killed and wounded."

Quite a difference of opinion prevailed, and the rebel authorities severely censured the officers for surrendering the post, while the officers in command charged their men with cowardice for putting up the white flag. It is true our force was probably fully 35,000. The loss of the Post was a severe blow to the Confederacy, and removed a great annoyance from the Union forces, as well as cheering the drooping spirits of the Union soldiers, after the repulse at Chickasaw Bayou, and prepared them for trials during the Winter on Young's Point and the Copperhead demonstrations at home in the State of New York, who were preparing for a great riot.

The Democrats had control of both Houses of the Legislature in Illinois, and adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That we believe the further prosecution of the present war cannot result in the restoration of the Union and the preservation of the Constitution as our fathers made it, unless the President's emancipation proclamation is withdrawn.

There were also strong demonstrations in Kentucky and Tennessee.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, September 11, 1890, p. 3

Fighting Them Over.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns.

Away Down in Texas.

The Campaign of the Thirteenth Corps in the Winter of 1863.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: After the capture of Aransas Pass, Tex., Nov. 17, 1863, a day or two passed quietly, but in the night of Nov. 19 the quiet was very disagreeably interrupted by a full-grown Texas norther. On that day the writer was on a picket near the right of the line, on the north side of a sand hill, about half a mile from camp, and nearly abreast of the lighthouse on Mud Island. On the same post were two other men from our regiment and a Corporal from the 18th Ind. During the forenoon a Confederate Major came in with a flag of truce, and through the ignorance or carelessness of the picket which he approached he was allowed to go directly into camp without being blindfolded. He was instantly hurried out and, as it happened, was sent to our post to be guarded; for preparations were being made for an advance to Matagorda Bay, and it was not thought best to let him leave in time to give an alarm. A tent was sent out from camp for him, which we set up, so as to make him as comfortable as possible. The weather during the day was full warm enough for comfort, but about 10 p.m. a very severe norther struck without warning, and in less time than it takes to tell it the tent went down, and

almost as quickly the temperatures fell from Summer warmth to near freezing point. All hands seized the tent and carried it to the other side of the hill, but even there it was impossible to raise it. So we all—privates, Corporal and Johnny reb—crawled in under the canvas and lay there in a heap like a litter of kittens, letting the picket-post take care of itself, as we had no fear of any worse enemy than the freezing wind. The roar of the gale was so loud that nothing could be heard, and the air so full of drifting sand that no one could face it. We therefore felt certain that watching was unnecessary, but we were careful at the time not to mention our neglect of duty. I have often since the close of the war wished that I knew whether that Corporal was living or not. If he is living, and happens to read this, I would like very much to hear from him. The men of the 13th and 15th Me. suffered severely during the night. Having no tents, they dug holes in the sand in which they lay, to escape the violence of the howling, freezing wind. The other regiments, having only their shelter tents (or dog tents, as they called them,) fared not much better.

On the 21st of November a Lieutenant and 15 men from our regiment were detailed on the steamer Matamoras, and the same number, the writer among them, on the Planter. As large vessels could not enter any harbor west of Galveston, these steamers were used as lighters to carry troops and supplies in over the bars, and it was thought best to arm them. Each therefore was provided with two light boat howitzers, and men were taken from the 13th to man the guns, because that regiment during its long service in garrison had become very skilful [sic] in the handling of artillery. The Matamoras was a small light-draft stern-wheeler, built, I think, at Pittsburg, Pa., for service on the Rio Grande, and had been seized at the time of the capture of Brownsville. The Planter, I understood at the time, was an Alabama River steamer, which had been captured while trying to run the blockade from Mobile with a load of cotton. She might with good reason have been called a menagerie of different nationalities. Her Captain was an American, her Mate a French Creole, her engineers Americans and English, her firemen English and Irish; of her five deck hands one was a Connecticut Yankee, one a Swede, two Holsteiners and one a Mexican peon; her cook was a Swiss, and her cabin-boy a Cochin Chinese. During the two months that we remained on the steamers a large amount of commissary stores was carried by them and never guarded. I heard that some officer advised Major Garber, the Corp Commissary to put on a guard to keep the Yankees from stealing, but the level-headed old man replied that if he left the stores unguarded he would only lose what we stole, but if he put on a guard, he would lose that all the same and what the guard would steal besides. I don't think he was much poorer for our stealing, although, quite naturally, we had plenty of sugar and candles, and when for any cause we did not receive our rations regularly we endeavored to do ourselves justice.

Nov. 22 the troops, having been considerably reinforced, were ferried across the pass to St. Joseph's Island by the steamers and marched toward Matagorda Bay, leaving only the sick and a small guard on Mustang Island. The next day they reached Cedar Bayou, a salt-water inlet between St. Joseph's and Matagorda Islands, which was crossed with some little difficulty. As soon as the crossing was completed the march was continued, and during the 26th they reached Saluria, at the northeast end of the island. Here was situated Fort Esperanza, a very strongly-built earthwork mounting 11 heavy guns, which commanded Pass Caballo, as the entrance to Matagorda Bay is called. On the morning of the 27th the enemy's pickets were driven in and positions were taken under a heavy fire of shells from the fort. A reconnaissance soon showed that the fort was too strong to be taken by assault, and the gunboats could give but little

assistance, as the larger vessels could not get within effective range owing to the shoalness [sic?] of the water.

It was therefore decided to invest the fort and starve out the garrison. Another severe norther, however, camp up that night, and lasted most of two days, entirely preventing all movement, and on the night of the 29th the enemy destroyed their magazines, spiked their guns, and evacuated. Next day the fort was taken possession of, so Matagorda Bay was open to our vessels, and for several days no further movement was made, except to place a few regiments the other side of the Pass on DeCrow's Point, the extremity of Matagorda Peninsula. Camps were laid out, and the troops set out to work to make themselves as comfortable as possible, but for a while they fared rather hard. Fuel was both very scarce and very poor, and the drinking water could not be called fresh without a most unpardonable departure from the ways of truth and veracity. For three weeks rations were scant and at one time the troops had nothing to eat for three days but fresh beef, and but little of that. The two Maine regiments had started on the campaign without tents, and did not receive any till the latter part of December, so, for want of them, they dug holes in the sand to lie in, and as many as could do so sheltered themselves with the hides of slaughtered cattle.

While the troops were faring thus at the fort, the Matamoras and Planter were having a little adventure of their own. On the 29th [20th?] of November the Matamoras had started up Aransas Bay with a load of supplies, with the intention of going through to Matagorda Bay inside of the islands, but got aground, and Dec. 1, the Planter, going to her assistance, approached too near, and being of deeper draft got aground herself. Both boats had a rather small stock of coal, which before night was nearly exhausted and without effect, so operations were suspended till more fuel could be procured. The next day all hands—crews, firemen and soldiers—went ashore after driftwood, which they cut up and carried on board in rowboats. The second day, as the driftwood had all been cut, a serious attack was made on a mesquite chaparral. The mesquite wood is very hard, and will soon ruin the edge of an ax; but it is quite brittle, so we pounded it to pieces with the backs of the axes. It is an excellent fuel, but horribly crooked and scraggly, the tree looking very much like a little, old, sickly apple tree. It is said that there is much more wood in the roots of a mesquite tree than in the top, but as we were not mining for fuel just then, I cannot testify on that point.

Near where we cut our wood was a salt lagoon, where, in the Summer, there was made a large amount of salt suitable for the use of animals or for keeping meat, but unfit for table use. It is a spot several hundred acres in extent, which, at ordinary high-tide, is covered a few inches deep with salt water, which evaporates so rapidly that in a few days there is a crust of salt thick enough to gather. It is then raked together and shoveled into large piles, where it remains until needed. At that time there were several piles of salt as large as a Sibley tent or larger.

Dec. 4 we took some casks and went in boats to the village of Lamar, a few miles distant, for water. When we landed the inhabitants nearly all took to the woods, and, I suppose, were happily disappointed when they returned to find their houses just as they left them; for, after filling our casks and taking a civil walk through the village, we returned to the steamers without doing any harm. We went into several houses, as they were all left unfastened, and some with the doors open. In one house I saw a letter on a shelf over the fireplace, and took the liberty of reading it. It was from a son of the family who had been conscripted into the rebel army, and it expressed much satisfaction because, instead of being sent to the front, he had been detailed to work in a gun-shop in Bastrop County. Lamar has the pleasantest situation of any place that I

saw in Texas, and, I think, might be an agreeable residence in Winter for Northern people who don't care to go with the crowd.

On the 5th a boat from the Planter made soundings and staked out the channel, and on the 6th both boats carried out anchors and got clear by kedging. As the furnaces of the Matamoras used the least fuel, all the wood was put on that steamer, which soon made steam and took the Planter in tow, so that next day we returned to Aransas Pass. We got away none too soon, for we afterward learned from a rebel deserter that a party of over 100 had made arrangements to attack the steamers the night of the 7th. Such an attack, if it had been made, would have been by no means certain of success, for a good lookout was kept all the time, the boats were within supporting distance of each other, and were well armed with rifles, besides having each two cannon. We were entirely willing, however, to leave the experiment untried. As there was no coal at the Pass we had to cut wood again, and after collecting all the driftwood within reach, we completed our stock of fuel on the 16th by destroying Aransas City. Now, don't exclaim "How terrible!" for this city consisted of four small abandoned houses. The 18th we started for Matagorda Bay, having on board Co. I, 22d Iowa, and the convalescents at the Pass, and that night anchored near Fort Esperanza, after having carried in from the steamer Continental a load of supplies, which were sadly needed by the troops.

In the night of Dec. 19 the Planter took on board a supply of coal and the next morning the 33d Ill. embarked and went up the bay to Indianola after a load of plank to use in building a wharf at the fort. When we arrived we found both wharves on fire, the steamer's smoke having given warning of our coming. The fire was, however, easily put out, and while a part of the regiment reconnoitered the town the rest went to work tearing up one of the wharves and quickly obtained a sufficient amount of plank, with which we returned to the fort before night. Dec. 23 Indianola was occupied by Fitz-Henry Warren's Brigade, consisting of the 8th and 18th Ind., 33d and 99th Ill. who were joined Jan. 3 by the 21st and 22d Iowa. A battery, from Wisconsin, I think, the number of which I don't remember, was also stationed there, and some other troops a part of the time. Indianola before the war was quite an important town, as, with Port Lavaca, which is but a few miles distant, it was the seaport for San Antonio and most of the Texan frontier; but since the building of the railroads in Texas the port of Galveston, having deeper water, has drawn away much of its trade. The troops remained at Indianola till sometime during the Spring, when they left the place, marched to Fort Esperanza, and there took steamers for New Orleans. On the march to Fort Esperanza, during the crossing of a bayou, for which they had not proper facilities, several men were drowned and others narrowly escaped.

On Dec. 28 Cos. C, H and K of the 13th Me. embarked on the gunboat Granite City and went up on the outer side of Matagorda Peninsula nearly to its head on a reconnaissance. Landing in surf-boats they made their reconnaissance, intending to return to the gunboat, but found that a southerly wind had raised the waves so high as to prevent their embarking. They then started to march down the peninsula, but were followed and attacked by several hundred rebel cavalry, with whom they had two sharp skirmishes, but with the assistance of the gunboats Granite City and Scioto drove them off without losing a man. The rebel gunboat J. G. Cass also took a hand in the game from the north side of the peninsula, but without doing any harm, and in the night of the 29th occurred the most severe norther of the Winter, during which she was driven ashore and destroyed. The loss of the enemy was not known, but quite a number of them were knocked from their saddles by the shells of the gunboats and some by the rifles of the soldiers. It was also reported by a rebel deserter that several of them were frozen to death during the norther, after having had their clothes wet while fording a bayou. The next day the boys

were taken on board the gunboat Scioto and returned to camp. A few days afterward the whole regiment landed at nearly the same place from the sloop of war Monongahela, and were soon joined there by a brigade, which marched up the peninsula when the enemy's position was reconnoitered, but no attack was made.

Jan. 17, 1864, the brigade to which the Maine regiments belonged embarked on the Planter, to be carried from Fort Esperanza across to De Crow's Point, on the east side of the bay, but the boat being so heavily loaded got aground and remained fast. While trying to work off, a steam-pipe burst, which came near being a terrible accident. Fortunately there was a valve between the break and the boiler, which was closed as soon as possible, but not till the boat was so full of steam, as to almost prevent breathing. The troops were packed on the boat as closely as they could stand, and had to remain in that position till the middle of the next forenoon, when they were taken off and carried across the bay by other steamers.

Jan. 20th the men of our regiment on the Matamoras and Planter were relieved from detail, and rejoined the regiment on DeCrow's Point. There I found our company (E) and a company from an Iowa regiment doing guard duty at the headquarters of Gen. Dana, who commanded the part of the Thirteenth Corps then on the point, consisting of the Fourth Division and a small part of the Third. Of the Third Division I only know that the 34th Ind. (Morton Rifles) was one of the regiments. The Fourth Division was commanded by Gen. Ransom, and had two brigades. The first, commanded by Col. Landrum, was composed, as nearly as I can recollect, of the following regiments, viz: 19th Ky., 96th Ohio, 23d Wis., 77th Ill. and 28th Iowa. The second, commanded by Col. Rust, consisted of the 13th and 15th Me., 48th Ohio, 130th Ill. and 34th Iowa. There were also two light batteries, viz: The Chicago Mercantile and one from Missouri, and one company of the 21st Ind. H. A.

After January no movements were made that I know of while the troops remained in Texas, and I suppose that about this time preparations began to be made for the Red River campaign. The regiments of the Thirteenth Corps, except the two from Maine, had been almost constantly campaigning since they entered the service, and had marked with their blood almost every battlefield in the Mississippi Valley, from Pea Ridge and Belmont to Vicksburg, so that their opportunities for drill had been very limited. As there was now nothing else to do, drills were in order, and probably the corps took the biggest dose of drills and dress parades during the last two months of its stay in Texas that it had at any time during the war.

In the latter part of February the Third and Fourth Divisions were ordered to Louisiana to take part in the ill-managed and unfortunate Red River campaign, and most, if not all, of the rest of the corps were withdrawn during the Spring. Feb. 25 our company embarked as body-guard for Gen. Ransom on the quarterdeck of the steamer Crescent, which also carried the 130th Ill. We had a very pleasant trip, the surface of the Gulf being almost as smooth as a mill-pond. Each evening while on the steamer Gen. Ransom's staff, a set of jolly good fellows, spent in singing army songs, such as "Benny Jinvens" and "Comrades, touch the elbow." Feb. 28 we steamed up the Atchafalaya Bayou and landed at Berwick, La. Here we for the first time saw some specimens of what are commonly called Indian mounds. Near the wharf was quite a large one, the top of which was being leveled off as a site for a large rifled gun. A smaller one was situated a short distance up the bayou, near a sawmill, on the road to Pattersonville. March 7 we left Berwick, and next day reached Franklin, where the Red River expedition was organizing, and where our two Maine regiments were transferred from the Thirteenth Corps to the Nineteenth. Our Maine boys, so far as I know, were satisfied with their place in the Thirteenth Corps, and would have been contented to remain in it. In that corps a man was valued at his real worth, and,

as far as military discipline permitted, officers and men associated as equals. The Hoosiers, as we called them all, were pretty loud at bragging, but the record of the corps showed that they had something to brag about. The Iowa and Wisconsin soldiers, many of whom were natives of New England or sons of New England parents, were easy to fraternize with, and so, indeed, were most of the others. Some of those from the southern parts of Illinois and Indiana seemed to have an unreasonable jealousy of the Yankees, even going so far as to call the gallant Ransom a _____ Eastern purp. This jealousy, however, generally went only to the extent of a little harmless blackguarding, and after Emory's Division of the Nineteenth Corps, had saved the remnant of the brave Thirteenth Corps on the bloody field of Sabine crossroads, nothing more was heard of it.

In closing, I will say that in what I have written I have tried to give a fair and correct account of the Texas campaign as far as my knowledge extends. I have written mostly about my own regiment only for the reason that I know most about it. Whatever is omitted in my account of the campaign I hope some comrade will supply, so that the files of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE may contain a complete history of the war, written by the men who fought it.—E. B. Lufkin, Co. E, 13th Me., Weld, Me.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, September 11, 1890, p. 3

James Bryson, Co. I, 27th Iowa, Gettysburg, S. D., requests some comrade to send him a copy of this paper containing the letters of Gen. Banks on the Red River campaign. He promises to return them in a short time. Answering the questions of Comrade Woolhiser, 160th N.Y., he says he does not know the losses at Fort De Russey. His regiment occupied the right of the line from Yellow Bayou to Marksville, being held in the town to guard it until the rest of the army had gone through; later they found themselves in front of the fort, and charged it. Within five minutes after Comrade Bryson knew there was a fort there he was standing on the parapet, and did not go back over the ground to see how many were killed and wounded. The only man of his corps whom he saw shot was of Co. A, who was lying on the edge of the woods. They captured at De Russey over 350 prisoners and nine guns. Then the command took a transport to Alexandria, landed there, and about 900 volunteers under Gen. Mower went out into the woods, where one rebel was killed and over 350 more prisoners taken. At Pleasant Hill 900 [?] prisoners and 10 guns were taken, and during the whole campaign up the Red River the entire loss was 3,000 men. Not to exceed 100 of the corps, except the wounded abandoned in the hospitals, were taken prisoners, and they never lost a gun.

M. Lingham, 1st Tex. Cav., Van Cleve, Iowa, says that he is a subscriber and reader of our paper, although in the rebel army, and is one of the 117 left over from the annihilation that a writer spoke of in the issue of Aug. 14. The writer's regiment arrived at Mansfield from Texas April 7; was sent to the front and immediately commenced skirmishing. The men had orders to fire one round and retreat. There were three regiments there, and one was placed at each advantageous position to fire a volley and run. The writer's regiment was the last to play this little game, about 4 o'clock, and then the rebel infantry arrived and a line of battle of about 20,000 strong was formed. One division did not arrive until after dark. The writer's regiment was sent two miles south, where it was learned that the Union cavalry was coming. After the repulse of the Union army they were ordered to follow the retreating Yankees, and to charge mounted, but the timber was so dense that the charge was not effective and they were repulsed. The Nineteenth Corps was there, and the writer's regiment lost heavily, 11 men of his company being hit, and 64 of the regiment. The fighting ended with that charge, when the rebels held the

field. They captured 288 wagons, 28 cannon and mules, horses, and ambulances to a number that he does not now remember.

C. B. Maxwell, Corporal, Nims's battery, 160 West Brookline St., Boston, Mass., says that there are mistaken ideas regarding the loss of Nims's 2d Mass. battery on the Red River campaign. The battery at Sabine Crossroads was in position, the first piece being to the right of the road and the third piece in the road near a small building near the corner of the woods. Three of the pieces were captured in the position they were worked in at Sabine Crossroads. One of these, the third piece, the writer was gunner of, and it was the first gun fired in the engagement, and he thinks the last one also, which fact could be proved by Adj't-Gen. Stone, if he were alive. The other three pieces, together with most of their armaments, were lost a mile or more to the rear while falling back to get a better position, in the jam of the wagon train. The writer thinks the battery needs no proof in the way it was worked, for it spoke for itself, and he knows the men of the third piece "fed it to 'em" as long as they could stay, using canister and double shot. Even after they received orders to limber to the rear, they stayed until their horses fell in such numbers that it was impossible to save the guns. The battery was not recaptured at Pleasant Hill or any other place.

James H. Lewis, Co. E, 24th Iowa, Oxford, Neb., thinks that Comrade Bryson must have been omnipresent to know so much about other regiments and brigades, and yet be in the thickest of the fight. The writer always found it all that he could do to keep watch of the Johnnies and his own regiment or brigade. He thinks that Comrade Lufkin has told the story better than he could. He desires also to correct Lieut. Johnson, Co. I, 87th Ill., who says that Col. Slack's Brigade, of Hovey's Division, had five regiments, one from each of the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin. He knows that the brigade had the 24th and 28th Iowa, so that it would be impossible to be composed of regiments from each of the States mentioned. He remembers the 47th Ind. very well, as their Colonel commanded the brigade for a long time.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, September 18, 1890, p. 1

Sabine Crossroads.

Composition of the First Division, Nineteenth Corps.

Death of the "Major"

Gunboats of the Navy Could Not Take a Hand.

"Mad Clear Through."

Western and Eastern Pluck and Endurance.

by J. E. Cutter, Co. K, 29th Me., Riverside, Cal.

On the 15th day of March, 1864, Gen. Franklin, with a force of mounted infantry, two skeleton divisions of the Thirteenth Corps and the First Division of the Nineteenth, left Franklin, La., for Alexandria, distant 175 miles. Gen. Ransom commanded the detachment of the Thirteenth Corps, which numbered 3,000 men or less. Our own First Division, Nineteenth Corps, was considerably stronger, amounting to 6,000, probably, and was under Gen. W. H. Emory, a brave and strict officer, well equipped professionally, and trusted by his men. There were three brigades of us. A slight change in the brigading was made on reaching Alexandria, which thereafter was as follows:

First Brigade—Gen. Wm. Dwight: 116th N.Y., Col. Love; 114th N.Y., Col. Per Lee; 153d N.Y., Col. E. P. Davis; 161st N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Kinsey; 29th Me., Col. Geo. L. Beal.

Second Brigade—Gen. James W. McMillan: 47th Pa., Col. Good; 160th N.Y., Col. C. C. Dwight; 13th Me., Col. Henry Rust; 15th Me., Col. Dyer.

Third Brigade—Col. Benedict: 162d N.Y., Col. Lewis Benedict; 173d N.Y.; 165th N.Y., (Zouave Battalion); 30th Me., Col. Frank Fessenden.

Battery L, 1st U.S. Art.; 26th N.Y. Battery; 1st Vt. Battery.

These 13 regiments and three batteries were the only troops of the Nineteenth Corps that were with the army during its advance. A detachment of our Second Division joined it at Grand Ecore on its return down the river.

I have been thus specific relative to the troops and organization, owing to the mis-statements of Mr. James Bryson, of the 27th Iowa; Sixteenth Corps, in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of July 24.

The 153d N.Y. had lately come from Washington; had not seen field service, of which it subsequently got an abundance, but everywhere proved itself of the best. The 47th Pa. had been stationed a long time at Key West, if I remember correctly, and also had not seen field service.

My own regiment, the 29th Me., was just from our State, a new organization, made up largely of discharged two-years and nine-months men, with recruits, and under experienced officers generally. Only eight companies were present.

The remainder of our division were experienced troops, who had served at Port Hudson and elsewhere in the Department.

The Thirteenth Corps was one of the three which invested Vicksburg, and served to its capture. The detachment with us had lately been on the Rio Grande, hobnobbing with Maximilian. There was also a force of several regiments of mounted infantry.

On the 26th we reached Alexandria, making the 175 miles in 10 days of actual marching. Comrade Bryson, who evidently doesn't believe in letting the gable ends of his story lack embellishment, writes of us that "all had on regulation dress-coats * * * with regulation hats or caps, and * * * every man wore a paper collar, while a few had on white gloves."

Well, well, I am not writing for anybody who will believe that two weeks of Louisiana weather were ever accommodated to such soldiering, or that any infantry ever carried such stuff through 175 miles of marching! It is possible that the 47th Pa. may have worn dress-coats instead of the common blouse, and some of the regiments always wore hats. All were well uniformed, however.

The only man the writer remembers to have seen in Alexandria who was conspicuous for his good clothes was Gen. A. J. Smith, of the Sixteenth Corps. With his white hair and large spectacles, he could but draw the attention of anyone, and when we had learned his soldierly qualities our men always

CHEERED HIM AT SIGHT.

The town was full of the men of the Sixteenth Corps. (I understand that some of them belonged to the Seventeenth Corps, but we always knew them as the Sixteenth.) They numbered 10,000, and on their way up from the Mississippi had captured Fort DeRussey, with its garrison of 24 officers and 275 men. The navy, which was present at that capture, could not participate, because the Union soldiers were so thick that their shells would have harmed them more than the enemy. (See Admiral Porter's account, page 497 of his Naval History.) It will be perceived that this force constituted probably more than one-half of the infantry proper in the advance up the Red River.

On April 2 our army was at Natchitoches, on the upper Red. Here the boys took possession of a newspaper establishment, and the Secesh journal that week failed to appear, while the Natchitoches Union announced our arrival in town. The name of Abraham Lincoln headed its columns as our choice for President in the campaign of 1864. I remember securing a

copy which I posted to my home in Maine. I now come to the battle of Sabine Crossroads and its preliminaries.

On April 7 the division of the Nineteenth Corps encamped at Pleasant Hill, after 20 miles of marching, the latter part of which was through the rain. (Which readers will please note for purposes of comparison with dates, etc., in Bryson's article) We made a very uncomfortable encampment. While near a fire, around which our regimental officers were gathered in the rain and darkness, chatting and whistling the time away until their belated tents and baggage should come up, I overheard comments on some word received from the front. This indicated that matters were getting to a focus. But a soldier is always happy if there is to be no battle before tomorrow. Next morning (April 8) was cool and splendid—solid weather, all the day through. (Stick a pin there, too.) It was understood that the Sixteenth Corps was a day's march in the rear. We moved slowly, unlike the previous marching, and with frequent halts. It was hilly and covered with pine and other timber. "See the checkerberries!" said Capt. Nye, of my company (K), as we halted in sight of a shady knoll dotted with the boys of the Zouave battalion in their red breeches, and his words in a pleasant flash brought up the scenery of

A MAINE COW-PASTURE IN SPRING-TIME.

"You are lame, C." said our Adjutant to me, of which more anon. The left ankle seemed weaker than its companion, and often troubled me in marches.

About 1 p.m. we halted by a place that we know as "the Mill," where we spent a few hours. We had marched eight miles from Pleasant Hill. The Thirteenth Corps had preceded us, and the cavalry were in their advance, and at this time were seven miles to the front. The sound of something livelier than the frequent skirmishes of the preceding days began to float in, and grew with our interest in it.

Banks himself was up there feeding his army by detachments into the Confederate thrashing machine, which Dick Taylor kept in fine running order. Only at nightfall did our Commander-in-Chief throw in a force that coked the think and gore the teeth from the drum. The cavalry opened the battle at or near Sabine Crossroads proper with three regiments. These were followed by the Thirteenth Corps, which mustered 2,413 infantry only. (See Admiral Porter's History, page 506.) Even this small force went into the battle by detachments. But few as were their numbers, the boys of the Thirteenth Corps held their front. "The enemy attacked this position at 4 p.m. His first line was driven back in confusion, but recovering he again advanced. Unable, however, to withstand the fire from the Federal troops, the Confederates lay down 200 yards in front and returned the fire. At the same time a force was pressing the Federal left flank and driving the mounted infantry back." (Admiral Porter's History, page 506.)

While this contest was waging the Sixteenth Corps was 20 miles in the rear, on their march to Pleasant Hill, which is 15 miles from Sabine Crossroads, where the battle opened. Here let the reader note that Comrade Bryson, of the Sixteenth Corps, writes: "During our march to Pleasant Hill, April 8, we could hear an occasional shot at the front, but there was no heavy firing at any time!" A valuable witness truly is Bryson, on this point. The Nineteenth Corps boys, five to seven miles distant, could hear firing enough up there. But the reader can choose between Bryson's statement and that of Admiral Porter.

To return now to the Nineteenth Corps at "the Mill." "About 5 p.m. we marched,
CANNONADING LIVELY UP AHEAD,
and the prospect of a fight considered good by all of us. The evening air was cool and bracing, and the ground was hard and damp, so we made a very rapid march, and the 'five miles' to the

front was speedily reduced to 'four,' 'three' and 'two,' after which we inquired but little." (29th Me. Reg't History, page 412.)

It was the quickest five miles the writer made while in the army. The road was flanked by thick woods and brush, through which no organization could pass. Occasional wagons, ambulances, etc. began to appear, run to one side of the road. The cotton speculators and sutlers were there; pack-mules abounded, skulks of every description, negroes who had "jined," and the inevitable "cook" with his paraphernalia; but nothing grew like the noise coming to meet us. Shortly, as we passed a little crest beyond which the thick woods gave way to imperfect clearings, we beheld a more fearful stampede than I had ever conceived possible. Foot, horse, and wagons rolled and ran toward us in a mass. Every energy of man and beast was straining to get away from something behind.

This place, two miles back from Sabine Crossroads, was to be our battleground, and sharp and loud through the swelling noise passed the commands of officers deploying their troops. It was their task to debouch from the narrow columns, which the wood road only admitted, to their places while the stampede was thickest, but with imperative pride they brought their men into line of battle without appreciable desertion. The great flight had passed, and now we saw a better sight, the gallant remnants, made up of the men who by better knack or spirit always stay with the colors, as slower and sullen, but still in haste, they came from the despair of that battle. These saw our line waiting for them to pass, and now, as the Western man had made their flight, they shouted in the quick recognition of our presence above all the din of battle, which had lulled a little, the cry, "Eastern troops! Eastern troops! Eastern troops!"

In my life I have never known such other call from man to man for help; such confidence in its sufficiency, and they who have known a more generous feeling than being

"MAD CLEAR THROUGH"

will understand it.

Close behind them the enemy came to gather the spoils of their victory, and found the most fatal thing a pursuing force can encounter—a well-posted reserve. Three times we flung them back from our front without moving from the line, and in succession they tried both flanks, but these were firm; and the closing night shut them off from the superiority which their greater numbers might have given. We held the ground of our fight.

Let us now turn the attention to Bryson and his paper once more.

I have shown that the Thirteenth Corps did not leave the field until 6 o'clock, and the Nineteenth stopped later. Bryson says:

"The day was cool, with occasional showers—in fact, a regular April day. (!) We went into camp * * * just at dusk. The wind and showers had ceased (!) and, with the large campfires we built to cook and to dry our clothes by, we were comfortably fixed. Most of the boys had lain down before the demoralized troops began to arrive. * * * We were about to lie down, when we heard a noise as of troops in the road," etc.

Verily, he would have it believed that these corps had covered that 13 miles in about two hours. Whoever knows that country knows that its one road through broken woods does not admit of such quick passage for any considerable force. Had he not chosen to regard the sutlers and cooks and skulks, who make up the van of disaster, as the men who fought there, he would not have written that. Something is the matter with his log.

The night was very dark at Sabine Crossroads. In our front the country was not only strewn with the dead, but the wounded were there, and their cries were constant. Just beyond

was the enemy, who had parted from us with a yell responsive to our cheers. Both sides threw out pickets.

"It was about 9 p.m., when Capt. Jordan, who had been selected by Col. Beal, took his company (C) and thirty men of E, with Lieuts. Graham, Millett and Stanley, and went crawling out noiselessly through the woods in our front for about a hundred yards. He arrived there just as the commander of the rebel pickets was trying to unite two lines of his own. Capt. Jordan, with his usual grace, undertook to help, and whispered to them, 'Come this way.' By this ruse, one after another of the rebel pickets and stragglers both officers and men, were captured." (Hist. 29th Me.)

In this battle 12 of the 13 regiments of our corps in the expedition were engaged. The 153th [sic] N.Y. had been left at "the Mill." with the trains. Our regiment held the road, the point where the efforts of both armies centered. "Major," a huge dog formerly belonging to the 10th Me., and inherited by us at the reorganization of that regiment after its muster-out, was with us.

HE WAS ALWAYS IN BATTLE,

and had survived Cedar Mountain and Antietam, but Sabine Crossroads was his last. He was in our front when the attack came. The boys of other regiments had often and vainly tried to steal him, but a rebel's bullet got him, and night covered him among the dead soldiers.

We lay on the ground where we had fought, but silently through the evening the other troops were drawn away, and then the other regiments of our corps until, near midnight, ours was left there alone. In terms of express communication the 29th had been assigned the place of rear-guard for that retreat. It could understand the battle, but why we should withdraw was a puzzle. If the rebels outnumbered us, as indeed was the case, it seemed to me as easy to bring up the Sixteenth Corps by a night march from Pleasant Hill as to move us back over that 13 miles. Also, our spirit would be at flood for opening another day of battle, and the enemy would not have the encouragement of pressing us on to a new battlefield.

The army was now gone, but the woods were full of stragglers, who had lain down for a good night's sleep. With them were the cooks, darkies, etc. All must be roused and driven on, and never was a rear-guard more fully occupied. Many would protest against moving, especially the ones with mule-loads of belongings, or nondescript vehicles, gathered in on the preceding marches. The dreary business was enlivened by the voluble explosives of a general officer who superintended. Whether he was inspired by the energetic fluid that the natives distill from Louisiana molasses, or had only imbibed of the "fine commissary" saved from the wreck of the supply trains, I never knew, but as we stumbled upon each fresh somnambulist, he gave the invariable order "Shoot him!" One fellow stoutly objected to leaving his valuables behind. "Shoot him! Shoot him!" shouted the commander. "Tip his cart over, and send the nigger and the mule ahead!"

At the Mill we were relieved from rear-guard and the 153d N.Y. took our place. Now, as Comrade Bryson will ask, "What did you retreat for, if you were not driven?" I will reply, "For the same reason that you went the wrong way for Texas after Pleasant Hill was fought," to wit,

BANKS ORDERED IT.

At daylight we were still three miles from Pleasant Hill. "Get on my horse and ride, C," said Adj't. Gould, "for I saw you were lame yesterday morning." He was always looking around to relieve some boy who might need help. When the last three miles were nearly past, and we were almost to Pleasant Hill, a sudden stampede of stragglers came rushing up from the rear. I turned to the Adjutant, who directed me to take his horse to the Sergeant-Major, a little in

advance, and then return to my company. This done, I found the regiment deployed at right angles with the road. Later came more permanent dispositions.

From various sources it was subsequently learned that at dawn the enemy had shelled our position on the field of the evening before; then, first learning how things stood, they sent their cavalry in all haste, and these had caused the above-mentioned stampede of stragglers. A drove of beef cattle was also back there by the rear guard, and contributed to the crush.

I do not doubt that the retreat from Sabine Crossroads surprised the enemy as much as it did our troops. Admiral Porter states (page 506, Naval History): "Gen. Emory's (Nineteenth) Corps got into action as the evening was setting in, and checked the advance of the enemy completely by his masterly management. * * * With their superior numbers, and flushed with apparent victory, the enemy could not dislodge him from his position."

Prior to this time the Thirteenth Corps, of 2,413 men, and three regiments of mounted infantry had for several hours contended without supports. I submit to the reader that their part was the most gallant in all the campaign. Also, by Porter's figures, the men of the Sixteenth Corps lying back at Pleasant Hill numbered 8,000, the balance of A. J. Smith's men, with Gen. Kilby Smith, being at the river with the fleet.

Now, Comrade Bryson says: "If we had had the right of the line we would have gone through to Shreveport with half the loss," etc. Well, 8,000 infantry might have gone through where 2,400 fought a longer time than did his own brigade at Pleasant Hill. So I will leave to him the glory of his "if" and turn from Sabine Crossroads to the battle of April 9.

PLEASANT HILL.

Comrade Bryson has told the story of this battle, but let us look behind the glass which reflects so much glory on a part of the actors in it.

Comrade Bryson was in Shaw's Brigade. He states that they were in advance of the main line. This latter was in the general form of an arc of a circle, with Shaw's Brigade near the center. Hence that force was no more in advance than one part of the arc is in advance of another. Concerning the general formation, his paper proves that he only knows what he saw and got from camp talk. What a man could see there was little, for hills, ravines and brushwood was the rule and clearings the exception. The enemy demonstrated toward the right, but the attack fell on the left and left center. Bryson sets the opening of the battle at 4:40 p.m. Admiral Porter at shortly after 5. The Historian of the 29th Me. says 5:2. The contact was with Benedict's Third Brigade of the First Division, Nineteenth Corps, and Shaw's brigade, of the Sixteenth. Bryson says, erroneously, that Benedict's Brigade was also in advance of the main line, but not nearly so far as we were. This is, of course, due to his misconception of the line. Both Benedict's and Shaw's Brigades were forced from their position. But under different circumstances. The enemy who advanced "in two heavy lines," (Admiral Porter's History,) charged with infantry upon Benedict, and at first with cavalry upon Shaw; and subsequently, by Bryson's statement, fought him with his infantry at 150 yards. (Admiral Porter says 200).

But the difference between infantry and cavalry charges was not all the disparity. Benedict, who was killed, had (by statements of his troops) erred by posting his skirmishers in a ditch, and these not coming in, his troops could give up fire until the enemy had passed them, and had thrown their "double line" almost upon the Federals.

Bryson, who previously locates the First Division, Nineteenth Corps, on the left of a Sixteenth Corps brigade, that was itself on the left of Benedict, says that Benedict's Brigade, ran "back of the main line"

THROUGH THE FIRST DIVISION!

He never puts consistency into his conglomerate.

I have shown that no other Division of our Corps was present. Except Benedict's Brigade, we were on the extreme right, (see Admiral Porter's History and other accounts,) my own regiment being farthest in that direction.

Bryson shows that Shaw's Brigade was driven back, and charges it up to lack of ammunition. The entire brigade leaves the line and goes back for a supply. Novel tactic indeed! But it seems that the enemy, who "believed in victory," sometimes, and whose powder was holding out better, was just then studying the line of retreat, which they had "left out of their army rules," just as Jackson investigated Gen. Pope's. Also, the rebels had holes in their trousers, too, and wore straw hats, which two things our comrade seems to regard as among the prize [?] qualifications of good soldiers. This little episode in their history must therefore be regarded as exceptional—something not in their army rules.

But as it fell to the lot of our own regiment to see Shaw's men in retreat, I will quote from the Regimental History (pages 422, 3, 4):

"Between our brigade and Benedict's there was Col. Shaw's Brigade. * * * He also was attacked at the same time Benedict was, and sent to Gen. Dwight to come over and help him, which Dwight declined to do without orders. Consequently the rebels sent Shaw a-flying to the rear, after fighting him a little while. * * * Just before Shaw's Brigade broke, our brigade was ordered toward the center of the field. * * * We had not gone far before we saw the men of Shaw's Brigade coming on the run from our right hand. These men went to their rear, generally passing in front and behind us, but one entire regiment which had managed to keep its formation, broke through an interval which had opened between our right and left wings. * * * After Shaw's troops had gone through us, we continued to march as before, with our flank to an unseen enemy. * * * Bullets came with considerable vim from a little to the right of direction we were marching in. (Corp'l Dunn, of Co. K, badly wounded here.) * * * Looking up the road toward Texas to see if the rebels who had overpowered Shaw were coming. * * * We were surrounded on the three most important sides. Other regiments were guarding the other two fronts, and we were to take care of the third. * * * After passing one of Smith's Brigades, the men of which said they had not yet fired a gun, we recrossed the road."

The foregoing, together with Bryson's own story, proves that Shaw's troops took refuge behind the Nineteenth Corps. They did not look any braver or better than other good troops when running out of a losing fight. Undoubtedly they did the hardest fighting in the battle, and did it gallantly, but they left the front because it was not tenable. Even Bryson, after repeatedly averring that they only went back for ammunition, stultifies his excuse by the statement "We were not entirely out of ammunition when we left the front."

Bryson states, "The 165th N.Y. belonged to the Second Division, Nineteenth Corps, being well to the right of the main line of battle.

HERE ARE TWO MISSTATEMENTS

in one short sentence. There was no Second Division present as I have shown, and the 165th belonged in the Third Brigade, away to the left. He also says: "Our officers seized their (the Nineteenth Corp's) standards—among others, Col. Lynch, of a Maine regiment." Reference to the Nineteenth Corps organization (before given) shows that no Col. Lynch was there, with a Maine regiment or any other. When Gen. Mower led Smith's reserves 5,800 infantry, (see Admiral Porter's figures,) into the battle, he had to deal with the confused troops of an enemy who had suffered terribly and spent his first energy. Like the fight of the Nineteenth Corps at

Sabine Crossroads, it was the easiest part. Bryson says: "The rebels gave them no great opposition. There is nothing better in battle than to go in last."

Admiral Porter everywhere bestows unstinted praise upon the Sixteenth Corps (his old friends). He also spoke in warm commendation of the Nineteenth, and nowhere in our derogation. Bryson speaks of "distrust, open personal abuse," etc. between the men of the two corps. After 26 long years of esteem for their (the Sixteenth) men and Generals, it comes harshly now to be told that such existed.

Troops can estimate the causes of their own defeat, but rarely that of others. Out of this inability Comrade Bryson has written his paper, but he has written it without the mind of one

"Whose truth hath shown
A brother's glory sacred as his own."

On the retreat, Benedict's Brigade (then led by Fessenden, I believe) assaulted and took Monnett's Bluff at the crossing of Cane River, the 30th Me. losing 110 men and Col. Fessenden a leg.

At the Opequan the 114th N.Y. suffered one of the heaviest regimental losses of the war, yet gave no ground. I mention these as part of the troops that the comrade writes about, and from whom, in common with all the Thirteenth and Nineteenth Corps, he would take that—

"Which not enriches him,
And leaves us poor indeed."

Were the 29th Me. again in the field it would ask for its old mates for brigade companions—the 30th Mass., 114th, 116th, and 153d N.Y.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE, October 30, 1890, p. 4, c. 1-3

Fighting Them Over.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns.

Banks's Expedition.

Shaw's Brigade at Pleasant Hill, La.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

From the first reception of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE I have welcomed its weekly visits. Its pages have been read with interest, especially those containing accounts of marches and battles in which I was a participant. I think it important that the private soldier should be given an opportunity to relate his experience, for his story may often reveal errors that have crept into history. We as soldiers know that some of the general reports are not strictly correct.

During the years that I have been a reader of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE I have never contributed a line to its columns, but since the correspondence relating to the Red River expedition, and especially the letters of J. E. cutter, 29th Me., in the issues of Aug. 21 and Sept. 18, in answer to Bryson, 27th Iowa, and others, I have been prompted to venture a shot.

Not being skilled in the use of the "mightier weapon," the reader will not find a fluent sketch, but what I have to say I will endeavor to do it frankly and plainly. I harbor no jealousy or distrust toward, neither have I any abuse to give, the comrades in the ranks of the Nineteenth Corps, and believe I can safely say the same feeling is shared by a large majority of my comrades in Shaw's Brigade, Sixteenth Corps. The bravery and soldierly conduct of the men composing the First Division, Nineteenth Corps, is not called in question. Many of them had been tested on too many battlefields to doubt their fighting qualities, or do we desire to hold them responsible for the action of their commanding officers. Some of the latter we of the Sixteenth Corps do censure severely.

The whole controversy hinges on the position and action of the Second Brigade, Third Division, Sixteenth Corps, commanded by Col. Wm. T. Shaw, 14th Iowa, in the battle of Pleasant Hill., La., April 9, 1864. Being a member of that brigade, I was with it throughout the expedition, participated in all its engagements, and profess to know something of what it did on that occasion. I know it not only from memory, but also from notes entered in a diary the next day. First I will endeavor to give a brief statement of our action on that day, and then take the liberty of throwing a few hardtack for Comrade Cutter to masticate.

The morning of April 7 found us at Grand Ecore, with orders to march in the direction of Shreveport. The Nineteenth Corps preceded us one day. It commenced raining about 10 o'clock a.m.; heavy marching; rain increased toward night; went into camp at dark, making less than 20 miles; rain continued through the night; morning of the 8th found us early on the road; the day was cloudy; occasionally a light shower, until 4 o'clock p.m. the clouds broke and the sun shone out bright and warm. At this time we first heard the sound of battle in front. We went into camp at sundown, just east of the village of Pleasant Hill.

About 2 o'clock on the morning of the 9th we were aroused from slumber by the noise of a rabble passing along the road near our camp, going "pell-mell" to the rear. Upon investigation found the crowd composed of negroes and riffraff of the army, together with straggling soldiers, both armed and unarmed, all declaring Banks's forces were all cut to pieces up at Mansfield.

Not seeing any wounded among them we commenced to taunt them, asking where the troops were, and if they were not making pretty quick time for fellows that were all cut to pieces. They did not stop to answer. Dick Taylor was coming, and they must git. Shortly after this we were instructed to hold ourselves in readiness on the arrival of the Nineteenth Corps to cover the retreat to Grand Ecore.

We awaited orders until near 9 a.m., when Gen. Banks ordered Shaw's Brigade to the front. We moved out on the Mansfield road, through Pleasant Hill and some 600 yards beyond, where we relieved a brigade of the Nineteenth Corps, which I take to be the Second, as it contained a Pennsylvania regiment. I talked with a Sergeant of the regiment, who gave me an account of the disaster at Sabine Crossroads the previous day. And according to the assignment of Comrade Cutter there was but one Pennsylvania regiment in the First Division, Nineteenth Corps, and that he places in the Second Brigade. When relieved it withdrew to the rear, and that is the last I know of its location.

Col. Shaw moved his brigade still farther to the front, took position, and formed line of battle in the east edge of an old field at right angles with the Mansfield Road. Facing due west, some 200 yards in front of our line, and running nearly parallel with it, was a high ridge declining to the south, extending a little past the center of the brigade which obstructed the view of the right of the brigade, but on the left the view was unobstructed across the field, broken only by a few scattering thickets. Immediately in our rear up to and near the Mansfield road was a dense growth of young pines. Off to the right and front the ground appeared more broken.

The position of the regiments in the brigade from right to left were, respectively, 24th Mo. on the right and north of the Mansfield road; 14th Iowa, right resting on the road; 27th and 32d Iowa on the left. My company was ordered forward as skirmishers, and we took position on the ridge previously mentioned, where we had a clear view of nearly the whole field. Our orders were to fire only when attacked. It was now about 10 o'clock a.m., and there had been no fighting on any part of the line, except occasionally between the skirmishers. The main line of the enemy had not advanced beyond the western edge of the field in our front. From our skirmish line we could see them arriving and going into position.

Between 12 m. and 1 o'clock p.m., Gen. Banks's Chief of Staff (Gen. Stone, I think) rode along our line and pronounced the position "well chosen," and one that must "be held at all hazards," promising Col. Shaw that the flanks of his brigade would be protected. But notwithstanding repeated requests from Col. Shaw, those supports failed to come.

Comrade Cutter testifies to this fact in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of Sept. 18th, when quoting from his regimental history, which says, "Gen. Dwight was appealed to and refused." I assert that at no period from 9 o'clock a.m. when Shaw's Brigade first took position in the line already given, until the close of the battle, was there any portion of the Nineteenth Corps aligned with it in that position, and am confident I am supported in the assertion by every member of the brigade who was in a position to note the fact.

At 4 o'clock p.m. we could see the rebs deploying their line, extending their right far beyond our left. At 4:30 they opened on us with artillery, pouring shot and shell hot and heavy into the right of our brigade, the most accurate artillery firing I witnessed during the war. Had we been at the other end of the guns, would have thought it splendid, but it was more accurate than interesting to us. This they continued for some 20 minutes, then came a lull. Every old soldier knows what that means. Soon we heard the rebel yell, and knew by the sound their cavalry were coming. The order was sent along the line, "Hold your fire, boys, until you can see the horses' knees on the ridge." On they came, swinging sabers and revolvers, their line covering the front of the 24th Me., 14th Iowa, and lapping a little on the 27th Iowa.

When they came within prescribed distance we let them have it, tumbling men and horses in one indescribable mass, almost annihilated them, as but six or eight were seen to escape. Their leader fell dead from his horse in the rear of our line. Soon their infantry were pouring their fire into us, but we gave them better than they sent, and checked their advance.

Let us look to the left of the brigade. The 28th and 32d Iowa, who received the first infantry attack made that day, were now and had been since the cessation of artillery firing, fighting against fearful odds. They repulsed the enemy two or three times, and were not aware of any enemy except in front, until they were assailed in the rear. The enemy had passed to the left of the brigade, moved by the left flank, pushed up in the rear of the 32d and well on to the 27th Iowa. Col. Scott, 32d Iowa, seeing the position untenable, nor any possibility of taking ground to the rear, moved his regiment with, I think, three companies of the 27th Iowa by the left flank, making a lengthy detour around the enemy's right, and rejoined the brigade in Pleasant Hill about 10 or 11 o'clock that night.

Going back to the right of the brigade, Gen. Smith, seeing its critical position, had ordered Col. Shaw to withdraw his command. Col. Shaw reached as far as he was able to the left with the order, and we fell back. The 27th Iowa retreated but a short distance before they encountered the rebs, when occurred that desperate fighting spoken of by Comrade Bryson. Looking up the line a similar condition existed: the 24th Mo. were fighting their way back, the enemy's balls, coming obliquely from the rear, both right and left. After retreating 200 yards or more, we passed through a line of the Nineteenth Corps. (Stick a pine here; I wish to refer to it.) Some two or three hundred yards in the rear of the Nineteenth Corps we halted and reformed our shortened line. It was now sundown. This was the "little while," says Comrade Cutter, that Shaw's Brigade "fought and was sent flying to the rear."

The Nineteenth Corps gave the enemy a warm reception—repulsed them, when darkness closed the conflict, with the rebs in retreat.

Our brigade remained in line until near daylight, when with depleted ranks we fell in rear and covered the retreat of the army to Grand Ecore, leaving a detail of Surgeons and men to bury

the dead and care for the wounded. The casualties in Shaw's Brigade amounted to 400, the 32d Iowa alone losing 210.

Col. Shaw is correct in saying "My men were the first in the fight, the longest in the fight, and in the hardest of the fight, and the last to leave the battlefield."

In answer to Comrade Cutter's letters in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of Aug. 21 and Sept. 18, I will endeavor to compare his testimony with others, which, when carefully considered, will, without question, reveal a want of harmony in official reports. But we will let the reader draw his own conclusions and solve the problem. I am frank in saying I believe the comrade is honest in his statement, and believes he is giving true history. Carefully reading his narrative, we note he gives but one incident connected with Shaw's Brigade, that came under his personal observation, and that he quotes from his regimental history. Admiral Porter, from whom the comrade quotes largely, together with Horace Greeley, equally as reliable a historian, were miles away from the scene of conflict, consequently obtained their information from another source, and we of the Sixteenth Corps contend that the information on which they base their reports are not in accordance with the facts. A careful compiling from all the sources of information will show we are correct.

Greeley's American Conflict, Vol. 2, page 542, says: "Our line of battle was formed, with Franklin's three brigades in front, supported by Smith's, whereof the Second, composed of the 14th, 27th and 32d Iowa and the 24th Mo., under Col. Wm. T. Shaw, 14th Iowa, were formed directly across the main road to Shreveport, whereon the rebels must advance."

Comrade Cutter gives Admiral Porter, page 507, saying the same thing, giving the order of the brigades. Now we know that at no time previous to our being driven from the first line of battle were we held in rear supporting any portion of the Nineteenth Corps.

Greeley, page 543, says: "But not a rebel battery opened, and their infantry advanced; when their intentions of turning our right becoming manifest, Emory's Third Brigade, Col. Benedict, moved to the support of his First, on that flank, and Shaw's Brigade, of Smith's Corps, aforesaid, moved forward and took its position in our front."

Comrade Cutter quotes Admiral Porter, page 507: "The enemy moved toward the right flank of the army, and the Second Brigade withdrew in good order from the center to support the First. A. J. Smith's Brigade, in support of the center, moved into the position vacated by the Second Brigade."

Mark the words in the above quotation, "withdrew in good order." Can there be any other inference than that they were fighting? Would it require any great skill to withdraw a brigade from the line except under fire? Again, is it probable that a brigade while under fire would be ordered from the line and sent away as a support when there was a brigade in its immediate rear for that very purpose? Novel tactics indeed.

Comrade Cutter gives us still another move, quoting from regimental history: "Just before Shaw's Brigade broke, our brigade, (the First) was ordered toward the center of the field." Of these three statements which is correct? If they are all correct, and occurring, as we are left to infer, between the time of opening and closing of the battle, would it not result in a confused state of affairs? Look at it. Greeley has the Third Brigade, Porter has the Second Brigade moving to the support of the First Brigade, while Cutter has the First Brigade moving to the center to support the Second and Third, or both. The Nineteenth Corps must have been pretty closely consolidated at some point on that line. Somewhat of a tangle, was there not, comrade? If such was the condition of the Nineteenth Corps, how was it with Shaw's Brigade, left on the line to cover the front of two brigades?

Let us look at the condition on the left of our line. Greeley, Vol. 2, page 543, after saying, "The most of the fighting took place on the right of the road," in which he is surely incorrect, he also says: "Our left being refused, with strong reserves posted upon and around Pleasant Hill."

If that was the condition in the formation of the line, how was it after removing Benedict's Brigade to the right? Also, Comrade Cutter, quoting from Gen. Emory's official report, says: "My right stood firm and repulsed the enemy handsomely, and the left would have done so, but for the great interval between it and the troops to the left, leaving the flank entirely exposed."

Comrade Cutter also, quoting from regimental history, "Just before Shaw's Brigade, our brigade was ordered toward the center." So we find by his own report the enemy was not troubling the right very much. All these reports reveal, if they reveal anything, that the weak place in our line, and the key to our position, was on the left, and the enemy found it. With all these conflicting statements, the inquiry comes, Where was Benedict's Brigade when Shaw's Brigade retreated? Was it on the left, and in line with the latter brigade? If so, is it probably, knowing the fighting qualities of Benedict's Brigade, I repeat, is it at all probable, that the enemy would pass through or brush away that brigade, and pass in the rear of and reaching nearly the center of Shaw's Brigade before being observed? We know by hard fighting the rebels were just there.

Again, I know nothing of the arrangement of regiments in brigades of the First Division of the Nineteenth Corps, only as given by Comrade Cutter, and he places the Zouave battalion in Third Brigade. But this I do know (going back to where we stuck the pin), that when the 14th Iowa retreated 200 yards or more to the rear, I passed through ranks composed of Zouaves. Of this I am positive; their uniform was too conspicuous to be mistaken. If there was but one battalion of Zouaves in the First Division, have I not good evidence that Benedict's Brigade was posted in our immediate rear?

The reader can draw his own conclusion. After collating and comparing all the statements, together with my own observation, the only reasonable conclusion I can draw is, that Benedict's Brigade was not in line on the left when the engagement opened, nor in the fight until after Shaw's Brigade retreated.

And after 26 years' discussion, I am more confirmed in the declaration made at the time, "If Shaw's Brigade had been properly supported as promised, that line would not have been broken, and would have prevented the needless sacrifice of many brave men."

My letter has expanded beyond my first intentions. Still, I ask the reader to bear with me a little further in referring to a matter that has passed into history, yet may be unknown to Comrade Cutter and others of the Nineteenth Corps, which, in my opinion, reveals the source and inwardness of much of this controversy. When Col. Shaw formed his line of battle on the morning of the 9th, and was promised supports on his flanks, and after repeated requests through the day failed to secure them, his ire was aroused. On such occasions he was usually more emphatic than polite; somebody got a warm cursing, which incensed some of the leading officers in the Nineteenth Corps to the extent of endeavoring to down the old Colonel.

Byers's "Iowa in War Times," page 282, 3, says: "At Pleasant Hill one-half of the killed and wounded had fallen to Shaw's Iron Brigade. The bravery and skill of Col. Shaw in holding that force to the front as he did was appreciated by the country; but among the general officers of Banks's army there sprang up at once a feeling of envy and hatred of the man whose troops saved the army from defeat. They determined on his destruction. Injudiciously he have them a basis to

work on. In a letter to a public journal, printed under his own name, he published several of the officers of Banks's army as incompetent and drunken imbeciles on that day of Pleasant Hill. There were many reasons for believing that he stated the simple fact." (Comrade Clutter speaks of a general officer being the night before inspired by distilled molasses or fine commissary.) "But he stirred up an awful hornets' nest of sting and hate. Technically, he had transgressed the military law in printing his letter. Not less than 25 of Banks's officers, as well as Banks himself, joined in charges against the fighting Colonel.

"They did not stop with citing this violation of law in printing the letter. They charged Shaw with incompetency, with fear, with cowardice, with ordering his men to run, while terror had seized upon himself. The Secretary of War accepted these outrageous falsehoods, and Col. Shaw was dismissed the army in disgrace. That was his reward for gallantry at Pleasant Hill! Gen. A. J. Smith, Shaw's corps commander, who witnessed his gallantry and his perfect obedience to orders at Pleasant Hill, testified to it all in an official letter. Shaw demanded that this justification be printed in the official journal that had contained the order of dismissal. The Secretary of War refused it, and yet knew that Shaw had been dismissed without even a hearing.

"Shortly, however, the authorities at Washington, including the President, realized that an outrage had been committed on a gallant and meritorious officer. On Dec. 23, 1864, the order of dismissal was revoked, and Col. Shaw was given an honorable discharge from the service, to date from the 16th day of the previous November, the date on which his noble old regiment had left the service."

As there has been no retraction of these charges, to our knowledge, by any part of the Nineteenth Corps, it did and does arouse the resentment of the men composing Shaw's Brigade against the officers making them and the manner in which they were investigated. Col. Shaw had his faults, but fear, cowardice, incompetency, and disobedience were not among them. We had seen his courage and firmness too well tested, not only in this battle, but such as Donelson and Shiloh, to remain silent when disgrace was heaped upon him. Is our resentment honest, or not? I leave the answer with the reader.

Permit me in closing to say I have written, not for the purpose of "mud-throwing," or to cast undeserved reflections on any one, but, if possible, to elicit the facts, that the Second Brigade, Third Division, Sixteenth Corps, and its commander, may be accorded at least a measure of the merit they won.

Would be glad to hear, through the columns of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, or otherwise, from any comrade who took part in this expedition, knowing there are many whose talent and position better qualified them for giving information.—Wm. T. McMaken, Orderly-Sergeant, Co. K, 14th Iowa.