FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns.

A CANNONEER'S STORY.

The Third Gun, 5th Wis. Battery.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Many of the boys have asked me to write something about my experience at the battle of Stone River, Tenn. I will therefore leave the position of the army and battle-lines, etc., to history, and confine myself principally to those with me on the third gun; thinking—

"Why should kind words ne'er be said
Of our messmates—till they are dead."

The 5th Wis. battery, commanded by Capt. O. F. Pinney, and attached to Col. P. Sidney Post's Brigade, Brig.-Gen. Jeff. C. Davis's Division, and Maj.-Gen. McCook's right wing of the army, at the above-named battle, left Nashville the latter part of December, 1862, and reconnoitered and skirmished as it advanced.

On Christmas Day the battery and brigade was sent out on a reconnoissance and foraging expedition. I was detailed as one among the number to remain in camp and cook rations for the men in our detachment when they returned, which consisted of a camp-kettle full of beans and a kettle of coffee. Our mess had some robins also, that the boys had caught in the canebrake near our camp the night before.

While watching the dinner cooking and writing a letter home, a slave belonging to the plantation where we were encamped came to me and asked me, "Would young Massa jes' as lief go and hab some dinner wid him and his old Chloe in his cabin." I thanked him and said I would. I could not tarry long at the slave's quarters, but returned to duty after enjoying a good meal. I thought of the last Christmas at home in 1860.

On the following morning, Dec. 26, we broke camp and marched toward Nolensville through a very heavy rain storm. The wheels of the artillery were one mass of mud. The battery was engaged in the skirmish at Nolensville, and did effective work; then proceeded toward Murfreesboro, or Stone River.

The army looked grand when marching in line of battle to take up their respective positions, with the silken folds of the flags and banners of blue unfurled from regiment after regiment, while strains of music from the bands filled the air with melody and aroused my whole soul to a sentiment I cannot describe.

On the night of the 30th the command bivouacked in a cedar thicket near the enemy's lines. No fires were allowed, so we ate our hardtack and raw bacon without the accustomed coffee. All the cannoneers were ordered to sleep at their posts, with accouterments on; the horses remained harnessed and hitched-up all night.

Dave Welty and I were sitting on our caisson until late in the evening. He was talking to me about his home and mother and sisters, and of the songs they used to sing. I asked him to hum one to me, and in a low, sweet tone he hummed "Belle Brandon." We then lay down by our gun to get a little rest.

Early next morning, the 31st, we left the cedar thicket and moved until we were rushed into action, taking a position in a cornfield. We commenced firing briskly shot and shell, until the enemy were advancing too close, then used canister.

Clark Baker was No. 1, and his post was at the cannon's mouth. He stood there cool, brave and grand. No one could look at him without admiration. He was in the nobility of his manhood. His coolness inspired me, the youngest boy on our gun; and on that battlefield, with the glistening bayonets of advancing rebel battalions, I learned that my friendship for my messmate Clark Baker was born amid shot and shell and rebel bullets.

And while the battle was raging most fiercely,
And death seemed to press 'round us all,
He stood so brave and undaunted,
I trembled for fear he would fall;
And I thought when the contest is over,
Should we live to lie down by our gun,
I would press the brave hand then in action
And tell him what the morning had done;
What I learned in that terrible battle,
On that field, 'mid the shells and the balls;
How I thought I would not leave him
If he should be one who should fall.

Opposite Clark stood Dave Welty, fearless and strong, in the prime of his young days, with the expression on his fair face that each

the battery was captured, I threw away the gunner's bag, so that it would not fall into rebel hands, as it would make them a fine haversack.

I saw the smoke rising from the wagon-train of supplies, which had been fired by the Texas Rangers. It proved to be our division train of rations. I feared the ammunition-train would be fired also, and expected every moment to hear the explosion. I tried to reach the center, where Gen. Thomas was engaged, but was overtaken and captured by a Ranger who rode up on a gallop, with revolver in hand. Nearest to me was an infantryman who had fired his last cartridge, and whom the Ranger shot down as he advanced. Turning to me with revolver cocked, he demanded my fire-arms. We looked at each other. I told I had none, that I was a cannoneer. He then said, "I'll not take your young life; but take off your overcoat and hand it up here," and with it went the mittens that warm and noble-hearted Charley Barnes had loaned me early in the morning, and which had been sent to him by a young lady friend at home.

The Ranger threw my coat across the pommel of his saddle along with others and a silk flag torn from its staff. I wanted to tear it from his saddle before he galloped off. The prisoners were being marched toward the rebel lines. I found Corp'l Aaron Eley and O. D. Snow among the number. I was in no hurry to march up, for in the distance I saw our cavalry forming, and hoped they would charge quickly. Soon Gen. Davis and staff appeared upon the scene. A Texan nearest to me fired twice at the General, whom I heard say "Kill the —— rebel." By this time our cavalry were charging and driving the Rangers, and soon we were recaptured. I cannot express how glad I felt, and started to find our gun. The riders had left the cannoneers in all directions, trying to save the guns. They were all brave boys.

I found part of the battery, commanded by Lieut. George Q. Gardner, whose courage and bravery were always conspicuous, and enhanced by his being our youngest officer. We were placed in position, and worked the guns with diminished numbers.

The evening roll-call was a very sad one, and as the names were being called and some one would answer "Killed!" "Wounded!" "Captured!" and "Unknown!" it made a feeling of sorrow pass over the soul. I know it was with a tremulous voice I answered for Dave. We lay down that night by our posts, ready for action at a moment's notice. I thought of the night before and of my messmate Dave, as I lay beside Clark, by the gun, whose cheeks were yet streaked with the powder and smoke of the morning's battle; and his hand, that had handled the sponge and rammer so bravely and fearlessly, and that had helped the wounded man and saved his life; that had helped get the gun off of the field, and at his post at the cannon's mouth as soon as our gun was in position again—that hand was resting; it had nobly done its duty.

New Year's day we changed position, and in the afternoon crossed Stone River to reinforce the left wing. The water came rushing down madly over the ford, and almost came up to the ammunition chests. We were placed behind hastily-constructed works. The sharpshooters kept a continual firing at us. Our rations were short, as our commissary supplies had been burned by the rebels on the day before.

Brad had a partly-cured pickled ham given him by an infantry soldier, he having foraged two from a house on the picket-line. Some of us ate it raw, while others roasted slices on a stick over the coals.

During a lull in the contest Clark went to the house on the picket-line in face of the sharpshooters to get some of the meat for us. None of us would risk our lives, even if we were hungry; but the bold attempt was unrewarded, for the barrel had been emptied of its contents by the other pickets.

Every soldier present will remember the terrible grandeur of the battle with the center; the roar and booming of the artillery, the thrilling volley after volley of musketry, and the incessant crash from both armies. It was a dreadful and indescribable tempest. Only a soldier knows what it was.

When the enemy evacuated Murfreesboro we recrossed the river and camped by the Nashville pike. I found a chunk of salt pork in the road, in the mud, which did good service.

I obtained permission from Lieut. Charley Humphrey to go and see Capt. Pinney, with other of the boys. We found him in a planter's mansion, which the rebels used as a hospital. I went up-stairs with my heart filled with sorrow. When I entered the room

STONEWALL JACKSON.

A MICHIGAN MAN'S CLAIM.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I notice quite a number of articles in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of late concerning the death of Stonewall Jackson. I was present at the time Stonewall Jackson was killed. I was a member of Co. I, 3d Mich., of the Third Divison (the Red Diamond), Third Corps. Our corps that day had been thrown out nearly five miles in the advance of the main army, following, as we then supposed, Lee's retreating army; but, as we soon learned, it was one of Jackson's ruses to draw us out while he made his flank attack upon Gen. Howard's (Eleventh) Corps. In the afternoon we fell back nearly three and a half miles to within about one and a half miles of our main army, where we found ourselves cut off, with Early's and Jackson's troops between us and our army. We formed in line for battle in a large cleared field, where our brigade lay in two lines about 12 feet apart. While we were in line here some person on horseback dashed by us, jumping the rear line about 30 feet to my right, passed between the two lines—about 60 feet apart, jumped the front line, and dashed into the woods to the front and left of where I lay, he coming from the direction of Early's command and going toward Jackson's.

From the description I had of Gen. Jackson I always believed that it was he.

Shortly afterward, about 11 o'clock, Birney's whole division moved forward to that famous night charge, Ward's Brigade leading, ours following, and Graham's following us, with orders to make as little noise as possible until we came upon the enemy; then make all the noise possible, both with our guns and throats, which we did to the best of our ability. In this charge we got separated, part swinging toward the right and part toward the left. I was near the center, and after the first heavy firing had abated I found myself between two fires. While taking my bearings, the firing having ceased, and studying in which direction to go, I heard a shot, followed by a light volley but a short distance away, and immediately heard the Johnnies saying "the —— Yanks have killed Jackson," when I lit out in the opposite direction, and finally came out where we started from.

Capt. Tait and eight others got together from my regiment that night. We got an early breakfast, while the Captain said he would look for the regiment. We swallowed our grub in a hurry, in anticipation of hot work as soon as daylight came; and before sunrise the rebs were peppering it to us from three sides, when, you bet, we did some tall running just about that time. It has always been a mystery to me how we ever escaped from there. I can look back now, and as I imagine I see those long strides and flying coat-tails, I think we must have outrun their infernal lead, to which I attribute our miraculous escape.

We came out at the Chancellor House, after which we found our regiment at the point or curve of our line, about a half mile to the right of the Chancellor House, where we made another charge, led by Maj. Houghton in his shirt-sleeves, a revolver in each hand, and we took in about 500 prisoners in short order. We remained at this point until the close of that battle.

This Spring I took a trip down through Arkansas. Six miles south of Clinton I took dinner with an old Johnny by the name of Samuel Shannon, of Co. I, 19th Ga., and two other ex-Confederate soldiers who served in Lee's Army of Virginia. Mr. Shannon was present when Jackson was shot. He held Gen. Jackson's horse as Jackson mounted and started to the front, where he received the shot, as claimed by Comrade Sweet, shot by Rankin, followed by a light volley. Mr. Shannon is positive he was not shot by their men, but by our men; which, with my own knowledge, forever settles with me the manner of Gen. Jackson's death. Mr. Shannon also says that Jackson passed from Early's command through our corps that night to his command, which I fully believe.—JAMES M. TAYLOR, Co. I, 3d Mich.

A PENNSYLVANIAN'S CLAIM.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The "Boy Spy" suggests that Jackson was killed in the woods in front of and on the right of the Chancellor House, say, a half mile, on the 2d of May, 1863.

The Second Brigade, First Division, Fifth Corps, lay in line immediately in rear of the Chancellor House, and about 9 o'clock in the evening—2d of May, '63—Maj. Lowry, of the 62d Pa., by order of Gen. Griffin, took a detail of men and advanced into the woods at or near

selves, the truth of history impels me to dissent from his view of the case, and give honor to whom honor is due. The truth is what we want if we can get at it, let the glory go where it may.—JAMES LOVE, Co. E, 86th N. Y., Elmira, N. Y.

Providential Spring.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: As there has been so much said in reference to the so-called Providence Spring at Andersonville, I will, give my version of the matter. One writer locates it about three rods from the wall on the west side, and about midway between the main gate and the creek, which is not correct. It was in the ditch, which was dug for the prison wall, that it broke out; and I think that its being run outside the dead-line so that we could get the water was about the only humane act that I remember the rebels doing in our behalf during the eight months of my sojourn with them. As to the Providential character of that spring, it was as much a Providence as any other good arising from purely natural causes. It made its appearance after one of the heaviest falls of rain I ever saw, which was a great blessing in another way, as it purified our camp by washing away untold quantities of filth.—EDWIN HEWES, Co. K, 20th Ill., Newark, Ill.

AN OHIO MAN'S RECOLLECTION.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I shall endeavor to write a short narrative of events that suggest themselves to my recollection about the Providential Spring. One morning, about the 9th of August, 1864, the camp was astonished beyond measure to discover that during the night a large, bold spring had burst out on the north side about half way between the north gate and the creek. It poured out its grateful flood of pure, sweet water in an apparently exhaustless quantity. To the many who looked in wonder upon it, it seemed as truly a heaven-wrought miracle to see the pure, living water gush forth. I don't know that there was any special act of Providence in this, but I do think it certainly was a Godsend to have such a stream of pure water to spring forth for the 35,000 prisoners who were confined at Andersonville, to moisten the parched tongues of the dying and to refresh the yet living of the starving hosts. There was a police that was authorized to subdue the Raiders; this police took charge of the spring, and everyone was compelled to take his regular turn in filling his vessel or bootleg. During my whole stay in Andersonville this was kept up, and every morning, shortly after daylight, a thousand men or more could be seen standing in line waiting their turns to fill their cups with the precious liquid of that divine flow from that low sandhill in western Georgia. Previous to the breaking out of this spring, all the water we had under the shining sun was from the little creek. The water in the creek was indescribably bad. It was rendered too filthy for any use by the contaminations from the camps of the guards, situated about a half mile above. Then the waste from the cookhouse and the ooze of the hillsides drained directly into it all the mass of filth from a population of 35,000 prisoners. Imagine the condition of our drinking-water! I am told by comrades who have visited the stockade of recent years that the spring is yet running as when we left. I left the 6th of November, 1864.—GEORGE A. SMITH, Co. H, 7th Ohio Cav., Whipple, O.

A MASSACHUSETTS MAN'S SAY.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of Aug. 30 is an article headed "Providential Spring," and I desire to say that Comrade Williams, of Co. B, 5th Iowa Cav., is mistaken when he says that the spring started from an old well inside of the dead-line. Every soldier knows who was ever in Andersonville that there was never a well dug inside the dead-line. The spring was on the south side of the stockade near the bridge that crossed the stream, and two boards were nailed together and extended some three feet outside of the dead-line. It was put there by a rebel Lieutenant who was in command of the guard, and it supplied water for all the boys that would wait for their turn. It is all bosh about digging wells inside of the dead-line.—JOS. N. WALSH, Co. B, 4th Mass. Cav., Boston, Mass.

Col. Raulston's Death.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: While reading in your issue of Aug. 16, 1888, Comrade S. E. Chandler's very interesting account of the experience of the 24th N. Y. Cav. at the mine explosion in front of Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864, my attention was arrested by the following sentence: "Col. Raulston (24th N. Y. Cav.)

PICKET SHOTS.

From Alert Comrades All Along the Line.

Information Asked and Given.

George W. Daniels, 12th Mass., Adams, Mass., was drafted July 10, 1863, and was assigned to Co. A, 1st Provisional Guards, and did duty on Long Island, Boston Harbor, and was removed from there to Gallup's Island, and in April, 1864, was assigned to the 12th Mass. He would be pleased to hear from any of his old comrades.

Theodore Shirley, Sergeant, Co. D, 9th Wis., Aptos, Cal., having seen a communication from Serg't-Maj. Du Four, of "Merrill's Horse," asking who stole Gen. Steele's blankets, desires to ask any of the members of the Seventh Corps where Gen. Steele was during the battle of Salinas River, Ark., April 30, 1864; and would also like to know where he can procure an account of that expedition.

J. A. Rogers, Winnemucca, Nev., wants to know what is the matter with the survivors of the 39th Ill. He never sees anything in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE concerning them. His father belonged to Co. A of that regiment, and he wants to know who knows anything about it.

Charles Bawker, Co. A, 93d N. Y., Schroon Lake, N. Y., in answer to Comrade Patton's inquiry of how burial details worked, says that having served on one which buried 150 rebels at White Oak Swamp, Va., he will give the comrade the manner in which the work was done. They dug a trench three feet deep and long enough to put the bodies of the 150 unfortunate rebels side by side. They all had their uniforms on, and they were covered with blankets and then with the earth which had been taken from the trench. It looked pretty rough to give the last solemn rites to the dead in this rude manner, but it was the best that could be given them. So, without a word, prayer or song, "they left them alone in their glory."

William M. Lakin, Co. A, 48th Ind., Aurora, Neb., would like to know if any of the men are alive who were on the foraging expedition with him at Barton's Station, Tenn. The detail was under Capt. Billows, who marched 13 men of the detail back to camp under guard for bursting open and eating a lot of watermelons. Would like to know what has become of Capt. Billows. He has always been a Democrat, but can't stand Cleveland this time, because of his constant vetoes of pension bills.

Give Them Their Due.

D. Moore, Co. C, 27th Mo., and Co. D, 17th V. R. C., West Cliff, Colo., wants to know why the men who are admitted to the Soldiers' Homes, and who stood between the rebels and the Stars and Stripes, are not allowed a vote, but are treated worse than these same rebels and the pauper and criminal classes of the country. Every soldier who is a pensioner outside these homes is allowed the franchise, and he thinks these veterans better entitled to that privilege than people who have come here from foreign countries and have been naturalized since the war.

Our Constituents.

Russell Colton, Industry, Kan., says he is a subscriber for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, and cannot find words to express his admiration for it.

D. C. Pettitt, Birmingham, Iowa, renews his subscription for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, and says he cannot do without the paper, and wishes us continued prosperity.

J. L. Taylor, Co. L, 1st Ark. Cav., Howard, Tex., thinks THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE the best paper ever published, and is the only friend of the old soldier in the United States. He thinks the arrears of pension should pass Congress this session. He also wants to know if Cleveland's substitute had received a wound or contracted disability, whether the President or the substitute would receive a pension? He would be pleased to hear from any of his old comrades of the 1st Ark. Cav.

[The man who receives the wound or contracts the disability gets the pension.—EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

James O'Donnell, Sergeant, Co. —, 10th Mo., Judsonia, Ark., renews his subscription for the best paper in the world, the soldier's friend, THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. Would like to know if all the comrades of the 10th Mo. are dead, as he never sees anything regarding them. He thinks comrades should vote for

19, 1864; Snicker's Ferry, Va., July 18, 1864; Kearnstown, Va., July 24, 1864; Opequan, Va., Sept. 19, 1864; Fisher's Hill, Va., Sept. 23, 1864; Cedar Creek, Va., Oct. 19, 1864; Hatcher's Run, Va., April 1, 1865; Fort Gregg, Va., April 2, 1865; Appomattox Courthouse, Va., April 9, 1865. After the assault on Fort Gregg Gen. Gibbon presented the regiment with a bronze eagle with a small ball in its talons, inscribed as follows: "Presented to the 12th W. Va. by Maj.-Gen. John Gibbon, commanding Twenty-fourth Corps, for gallant conduct in the assault on Fort Gregg, Petersburg, April 2, 1865." The engagements do not include skirmishes.

O. N. Bascom, 16th N. Y. battery, says he "would like to make a little correction in your statement of the history of the 16th N. Y. battery. The two first Captains you mention never were connected with the battery organization. F. L. Hiller resigned instead of being discharged, and the last time that we saw the defenses of Washington, unless they extended as far south as Richmond and Petersburg, was about daylight on the morning of April 18, 1863. After that time we saw service at Suffolk, in front of Richmond and Petersburg, were with the two Fort Fisher expeditions and finally started for home from Raleigh, N. C., about July 1, 1865."

Frank A. Laud, Co. C, 3d Md., Nathrop, Colo., says: "In reference to the article headed 'Quantrell's Victim,' I will state that Jack Splane is dead. He died at Tin Cup, Gunnison Co., Colo. I knew him well. He suffered greatly from the wounds he received at Lawrence, Kan. Quantrell told Splane when he fired the last shot into his body to tell his God that Quantrell was the last man he saw on earth. Dan Splane, his brother, I think is a resident of New York city, and he was out here five or six years ago in the interests of the Alpine Silver Mining Co."

M. N. Snell, Hop River, Conn., seeing in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE an account of a rebel flag being pulled down, is reminded of an occurrence somewhat similar which took place at Hop River July 1 last. Some English people of that town put up the British ensign, while below this flag they placed the Stars and Stripes. When asked to take down the British flag they refused, and it remained floating until nearly sunset on the 4th of July, when Michael O'Connor tore the rag from the staff. One man fired five times at the British flag before it was taken down. This occurred while the people were celebrating our natal day not more than a third of a mile from the place.

A Dish of New P's.

P stands for Pudding, for Peach and for Pear,
And likewise for Poetry and Prose;
The Parrot, the Pigeon that flies in the air,
The Pig with a ring in his nose;
For Paper and Pen, for Printer and Press,
For Physic, and People who sell it;
But when you are sick, to relieve your distress
Take at once Pierce's Purgative Pellet.

Oh, yes, indeed! These are the P's for you, poor, sick man or woman. Nothing like them for keeping the bowels and stomach regulated and in order—tiny, sugar-coated granules, scarcely larger than mustard seeds. They work gently but thoroughly.

A Contradiction.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I saw in the "Picket Shots" of the 19th of July a communication from Ben Johnson, of Jacob City, Utah, advising the ex-soldiers to come to Utah for homes. I have lived within four miles of Ben Johnson for 18 years. He writes that there are "millions of acres of rich Government land, and there are a great many flowing wells in the valleys, and on some land water could be got from five to 15 feet by digging; and, besides, you have such a large range for live-stock."

I desire to say this is all a misrepresentation from beginning to end. Good agricultural land has all been taken up years ago by Mormons. If the land and water were here it would be impossible for a Gentile to live in a Mormon community. There are millions of acres of Government land; yet it is absolutely worthless. There is nothing of the flowing wells he speaks of in this valley, and the few which have been tried are sulphur water. The water that can be got from 15 to 20 feet is alkali; no water can be got at five feet. On such land the ground is all alkali; nothing can be raised on it. And as to the range for live-stock, it is of no account. There are thousands of Mormons seeking homes in neighboring Territories. I would advise all ex-soldiers and their friends not to seek homes in Utah.—PHILIP FAUST, 7th Mo. Cav., Ophir, Utah.

MORRISTOWN, TENN., July 4, 1888.
The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.:
Gentlemen—Five years ago I was so unfortunate as to contract an extremely bad case of blood poison. My bones ached and my muscles began to swell and contract. I was under treatment of the physician from the inception of the disease until I found that he could do me no good. Then, through the advice of a friend I began taking S. S. S. Your medicine seemed to have an immediate effect. I took six bottles, and to-day am sound and well. That was two or three years ago, but I have seen no evidence of the return of the disease, and I take this opportunity to thank you for what it has done for me. It saved my life. You can refer any one to me. R. M. WALL.

FARMERSVILLE, TEX., June 22, 1888.
The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.:
Gentlemen—The mother of a member of our firm was afflicted with a cancerous sore on her face for about twenty years. During the past few years it troubled her very much by continued pain and itching. She used your S. S. S., and the sore has disappeared and is apparently well. Should it break out again, will advise you.
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ment and every feature bent on strict duty to his country and his flag. As I passed with the shot, shell or canister opposite to him to meet John Worick, our eyes would sometimes meet, and told his thoughts more than words, "Which of the boys will fall?"

Charley Barnes, with his warm heart and nature and unflinching firmness, said to me: "We cannot all survive these rebel bullets."

I think Will Preston handled the lanyard. It was done with dexterity. He was an active boy, true blue, loyal and brave.

Milt South was gunner, and put in many well-directed shots; the canister being very effective.

Brad W. Stout was Sergeant of the gun. He was a fine-looking and fearless soldier; his bearing either in the saddle or on foot was everything that could be desired. His nature was warm and his friendship sincere; he would do anything in his power for his comrades. He knew he had a splendid detachment of men that he could depend upon; and everybody liked Brad.

The volleys of musketry and booming of artillery, screeching and bursting shells, with the movement of troops and the thundering from both armies, made us all know that the battle raged fiercely and that the approaching columns of rebels were pressing us, when we saw our infantry support falling back. Many of the horses of the battery were wounded, some dying, some killed; the riders were busy extricating such from the limbers and caissons. Amid this ordeal the battery remained, firing canister at the advancing rebel ranks. Dave was wounded, but helped load the last charge, when we were ordered to fall back. While the last gun was being limbered-up I helped Dave mount the lead team, the rider (Charley Taft) giving up his place to him. The blood was flowing freely from his wound, and left crimson stains upon my overcoat. I only had time to say, knowing he would be placed in an ambulance as soon as possible), "Good-by, Dave; I cannot begin to tell you how sorry I feel and how I will miss you; you must hurry up and get well and come back to us." He replied: "So will I miss you, Charley, and all the boys; but I'll not forget you, no matter where I go."

Brave Capt. Pinney and many others of the command were seriously wounded. Clark found Mart Campbell, of another gun, wounded badly. He wanted to lie down. Clark said "No; the rebels are right after us!" He halted one of the caissons and put him on it and held him there while passing through the woods, sending one of the boys ahead to hold an ambulance, as he saw everything was moving back rapidly. After placing him in the ambulance the caisson went on.

When that grand and noble rider "Curly" Worick came along with a Parrott gun (the horses were all killed except his wheel team) he was urging his horses on until he reached the opening, where there was a hill; the horses drew it half way up, and were completely tuckered out. The glorious old 59th Ill. boys were near and falling back with the other stanch, grand regiments of our brigade. Clark asked some of the boys of the 59th if they would help him run the gun a few rods up the hill, so Curly could get it off. They answered "Yes; that the —— rebels shouldn't have that gun anyway." Some of the boys took hold with a will and helped run the gun to the top of the hill. If any of these boys are now living it would be pleasant to know the fact and to hear from them.

Capt. Pinney was being taken off the field by brave young Lieut. George Q. Gardner and private Joe Hoffman, when he said to them, seeing the enemy pressing onward: "My God! leave me here, George, and save the battery." At his request they reluctantly laid him down on the battlefield, with his sword by him, and in a short time he was captured, a wounded prisoner, with many others.

When I left the field I had two cases of canister in the gunner's bag. Charley Barnes had taken them out of the limber chest and laid them on the ground. Thinking we would take another position immediately, I carried them through the woods, but abandoned one case by dropping it in a hollow stump, as they were very heavy. When the rebel cavalry charged, the right wing of the army was routed by the concentration of the rebel forces to crush it. History shows the cause of the disaster to that wing of the army that advanced so proudly a day or two before.

Seeing I would be taken prisoner, and that

Captain. Am glad you escaped unharmed. You must take care of yourself, my boy; I won't be with you."

When we went into camp in the timber near the Shelbyville pike, the strongest and bravest hearts felt more forcibly the bond that bound us together as companions-in-arms.

Dave's blanket was not unfolded, as it had been a few nights before, when we lay down together by the old third gun. But Clark, and Brad, and Charley, and Bill, and the other members of the detachment were there. I felt proud of each one. I thought more of the boys on the other guns and those who commanded us. Of the riders on the third gun the beauty of each one's character in battle shines with the same brilliancy as the cannoneers. And no doubt in the army life, 'round other guns, and on picket-lines, and in battle, in camp or on the march, many of the boys in blue have had an experience similar to my own with some comrades with whom they have messed and bunked in the army days.—C. C. Cunningham, 5th Wis. battery, Monroe, Wis.

Sketch of Army Life by a "Grayback."

D. H. Murphy, Ducktown, Tenn., sends the following sketch of army life, which was written by a rebel soldier from the camp of the 1st S. C. Graybacks, before a swamp or behind Petersburg or thereabouts, under date of Sept. 4, 1864, to his wife:

Beloved of my soul: Your war-worn husband takes his pen in hand in a strange land on a foreign strand under the command of our mutual friend, Col. Pinck Buzzard, of Rain House, S. C. My ink is pale, and so am I. My pen is poor, and so is my grub. Last night I had a mud-puddle for a pillow, and covered myself with a sheet of water. I long for more whisky barrels, more biscuit, and less bullets. How I wish you were here. The farther away I get from you the better I like you. So that you may know how we work here in defiance of the Yanks, I send you a diary of my labor.

Four o'clock.—Called up from a roll in the mud by a roll of the drums. No prospect of a roll of bread. Shoulder spades.

Four and a half to six a. m.—I dig and throw up the earth; get sick and throw up yesterday's rations.

Seven o'clock.—Another roll of drums; filing off into line; filling my inexpressibles with sacred soil; drawing ramrods but no pay. No shelling out by the Government, but a great deal too much shelling out by Grant.

Nine o'clock.—More drilling, but not of the cotton kind wherewith to increase my present supply of one shirt.

Ten o'clock.—More digging—spadular researches into the geological formation of the earth; find it to comprise alternate strata of sweat, sunstroke, boulders and blisters.

Twelve o'clock.—Evidences of dinner. Saw Capt. Yopstick picking his teeth with a 10-penny nail, and the Corporal taking a chew of tobacco.

Oh, Mariar, if you only knew what I have suffered to save you from being bombarded by the Yanks! Rather than any Northern scum should blockade my dear Mariar I'd apply for a divorce. Col. Pinck came very near being shot in the neck last night by one of his own officers. The Colonel had just got his staff together and struck his noble steed with it when Capt. Swipes leveled a bottle at him. Fortunately the contents missed his jugular and went down the natural way. I am reduced to a skeleton; my eyes are sunk so far into my head that I can look down my windpipe clear through my interior. If I had a hole in the top of my head I would make a first-class telescope—I've got a glass in me now. My chin is so sharp that it shaves itself. I am going on picket duty to-night. Picket duty is awful hard work. Almost every night a picket's gun goes off, and when we go to look for him we find that he has gone off too.

Ever your dear husband,

Buckhorn Handle.

Who Killed Gen. Polk?

Editor National Tribune: In your issue of Aug. 30 the Kenesaw (Atlanta) *Gazette* is credited with the statement that a Maj. Bundy was the man that aimed the shot that killed Gen. Polk at Pine Mountain, Ga. Let me inform your readers that Maj. Bundy was not the person, and I never heard before that he made any claim to the shot. Now, justice for the dead; his name was James McCollum (now deceased), a Corporal of center section, 5th Ind. L. A. I stood by and saw this done by order of Gen. Sherman in person, then on the spot. I have no doubt the General would vouch for the truth of this statement. How is this, boys of the 5th? Wake up, and don't let our dead comrade's laurels wilt to any Major that did not fire that shot.—George Maltby, 10th Ind. L. A., McPherson, Kan.

For Nervous Debility
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. A. M. Bilby, Mitchell, Dak., says: "I have used it in a number of cases of nervous debility, with very good results."

selected to take a small reconnoitering party and pass out into the woods on the right and front of the Chancellor House and push on and over our own pickets to the front as far as practicable. In doing this Maj. Lowry's party ran on to the enemy. At once a sharp skirmish-fire occurred, both sides firing, and our skirmish-line was advanced. About 10 or 20 minutes after our batteries opened up a tremendous cannonade-firing began down the road near where the Jackson monument now stands. Then all was still and quiet again. The next day, May 3, one of Jackson's men was taken prisoner in these woods, and verified Jackson's death. I saw the scouting party immediately after they returned. One of them said that he was challenged by the enemy and requested to surrender. On refusing a sharp volley was fired at him as he ran off in a diagonal direction to our lines. This occurred a little while after dark, at about 9 o'clock, on May 2. Gen. Whipple (Union) was killed by a sharpshooter from this same piece of woods, and on Sunday, May 5, I think, the 4th Mich., supported by the 62d Pa., drove in the enemy's pickets at or near this same spot, showing that the enemy was still here in force. It was as a hornets' nest.—W. C. Beck, Co. D, 62d Pa.

ANOTHER NEW YORK MAN'S SAY.

Editor National Tribune: The boys are wide apart as to the exact time of the killing of Stonewall Jackson. My regiment had just returned from a reconnoissance, and as we halted our Chaplain (Fletcher) came to me and said:

"Billie, Stonewall Jackson has got our knapsacks;" we having stacked them before going on the reconnoissance.

I replied, "Let the knapsacks go to the devil," being too wornout to care for them or anything else. I had just looked at my watch, and it was 12 o'clock midnight. Col. Costar gave the command "March; change front; stack arms—rest," and in less time than I can write this the shot was fired that killed Stonewall Jackson, followed by other shots and some artillery firing. We were called to "Attention; take arms," and moved out of range of the shells, and when all was quiet we rested on our arms until after daylight, when we were marched down into the timber, and then the ball was soon opened by the New York Irish Brigade going in on a charge. We were kept in reserve that day, notwithstanding the effort of Gen. Francis C. Barlow to get us in. The circumstances as to the time of the firing, etc., are very distinct in my memory to this day, as also is the famous order of Joe Hooker, having the enemy on ground of his own choosing, where they must come out and fight or "ingloriously retreat," and when the boys cheered after the reading of the order, "Old Growler" (Bill Tower) said they would cheer out of the other corner of the mouth before we got through with it.

Having had my say I am ready for some other fellow to have his, and will retire in better order than the Army of the Potomac did in that campaign, and with less financial loss, for my knapsack was worth over $25, with the accumulations from Winter quarters.—W. H. Wilson, Co. C, 134th N. Y., Barlow's Brigade, Steinwehr's Division, of the Flying Eleventh Corps, Topeka, Kan.

THE 73d N. Y.'S CLAIM.

Editor National Tribune: I have read with much interest the statements of comrades concerning the wounding of Stonewall Jackson as they have appeared in The National Tribune. The story that strikes me as being the most probable is that of Comrade Saunders, of the 72d N. Y., which appeared Sept. 6.

If the 73d N. Y. deployed in the woods to the left of the plank road, as described by Comrade Saunders, they would form a line at nearly right angles with the right wing of the Third Division (Whipple's) of the Third Corps, and it was within the angle thus formed that Jackson was shot; that is, in front of the right wing of Whipple's Division, facing north, and also in front of the 73d N. Y., facing west. The time of the shooting as stated by Comrade Saunders also corresponds with the time fixed by the Confederates—soldiers and citizens—whom I heard talking about it on the battlefield at the time; viz, between 1 and 3 o'clock on the morning of the 3d of May.

Much as I would like to be able to agree with my old friend and comrade, Capt. Ryan, of the 86th N. Y., and claim the honor for our-

recollection the scene of the attempt to escape, of which the Colonel was the only unfortunate victim. It took place, however, in Prison No. 3, Danville, Va., while I was paying an enforced visit there as Second Lieutenant, 39th Mass.

The following data is taken from my diary written during my imprisonment: The attempt to escape was made Dec. 10, 1864, just before dark, when the detail of prisoners who brought water from the River Dan were starting with the guard for the night's supply. When the door was opened a rush was made to overcome them, and in the excitement it was expected that some of the prisoners would be able to escape. In the uproar I heard one shot fired, but could not now say whether I heard any others, and it seemed to be at one of the windows near the door. Owing to the crowd I could not see any one fall, but as soon as it became evident that the plan had miscarried the crowd dispersed, carrying me along with them, and returned to the upper floors of the building followed by the commandant of the prison and some officers with drawn swords and pistols. At the same time the guard surrounded the outside of the building, and we expected a general fusillade into it; and, consequently, we all gathered near the center of the building and crouched on the floor in order to avoid the bullets if they came up through the floors. The officers made a demand for the ringleaders of the plot, but did not succeed in obtaining any information, but finally arrested one man, who was a companion of Col. Raulston, and took him out to the guardhouse. The Colonel was removed to the hospital in the town, and from day to day we received accounts of his condition. Finally, on the evening of the 15th inst., we received word that he was not expected to live through the night, and the next morning report came that he was dead.

In giving this account of the circumstances attending his death I cannot state that he was the leader of the party, as would seem to be the case as given by Comrade Chandler. It was considered by the majority of the prisoners as an uncertain plan, and met the approval of but a few, and if I recollect right they belonged to the cavalry arm of the service. The death of the Colonel cast a gloom over the rest of us and made us feel still more keenly our situation, and how little opportunity we had of escaping our fate which hung over us and came to many a poor victim as the days passed along. Nothing but the prospect of exchange in the future, which some days seemed near at hand and others far distant, kept us from all going the same road.—C. Henry Chapman, Captain, 41st U. S. C. T., Box 491, Providence, R. I.

One Who Was There.

Editor National Tribune: Noticing a letter in your paper of July 19 from Comrade Robert A. Sayers asking to hear from a comrade or a survivor of the battle of Gaines's Mill, June 27, 1862, and who was held there as a wounded prisoner, I would say to him, Comrade, shake; for I was with you at that time and place, and will corroborate the statement made by you as to our treatment. I remember the large house, although I was not an occupant of the same. I was one of the less fortunate ones who were entertained in one of the negro huts. We had mother earth for our couch and our Government shoes for pillows. Ah, yes, I remember the spring. Many is the time I have cooled my parched lips with its cooling and soothing water, and also washed my bandage and cooled my aching head and painful wound in the streamlet formed by that delightful spring, returning to my more helpless comrades with a filled cup or canteen, as they also craved that cooling draft, cold water, which, thank God, was free and plenty. As to food, we did not have toast for supper nor roast beef for dinner, but had to content ourselves with stirred-up flour, made to the consistency of paste—a tin cupful for a ration. Although that time of pain and hardship is passed, and long years have intervened, yet we cannot forget—no, never—the scenes and experiences of those dark and dismal days of our prison life while held as prisoners of war. But, comrade, our sufferings were not in vain, for through them we helped to save a Nation's life and maintain the honor of our flag, which to-day floats from the highest pinnacle of fame, honored by the men of all Nations.—Edward Creech, Sergeant, Co. D, 1st Mich., Third Brigade, First Division, Fifth Corps, Forest Hill, Mich.

Iowa, thinks The National Tribune the best friend of the soldier in the country. He has been a reader of the paper for years, and it does him good to hear from his old comrades. He served three years and saw the elephant. Hopes the soldiers will vote to place men in power who will carry out the promises made to the veterans during the Nation's peril, and not for men who regard them as paupers when asking for what is justly due them.

Random Shots.

A. R. Depew, Moscow, Pa., takes exception to the criticism of Gen. Cecil Clay, in which he classes him with a class of people who make reckless assertions in an ignorant manner. He does not deny the charge of being an ignoramus. But if he was a private he was there, and had his eyes open and was duly sober. Fort Harrison was stormed by the Third Brigade, Third Division, Eighteenth Corps. He does not say that the whole division was not there, but he knows that the main fort was taken by the Third Brigade. He was there, and was the sixth man in the fort. Col. Roberts, who commanded the Third Brigade, handled his troops in an admirable manner, and if he were alive would say that his brigade took Fort Harrison. "Honor to whom honor is due."

S. B. Johnson, Co. L, 1st W. Va. Cav., East Liverpool, O., says E. A. Barstow, Ithaca, Mich., claims that Wm. Barton is the only survivor of the battle of Waterloo. He says there is living in East Liverpool, O., an old veteran named John Kast, who was born in Wurtemburg, who belonged to a Bohemian regiment, and who was present at the battle of Waterloo. He hopes Congress will pass "The National Tribune" Pension Bill before they adjourn.

Geo. T. Kniveton, Co. C, 2d Pa. Cav., Opolis, Kan., is glad to see that the boys of his regiment have at last come out of their holes and are preparing to erect a monument at Gettysburg to mark the spot which the regiment held so nobly during that battle. Although a constant reader of The National Tribune, this is the first shot he has heard from any of his comrades, and he hopes they will continue firing, and turn their guns upon Congress and never let up until every old soldier gets his dues.

Wm. H. Gray, Co. E, 14th Ind., Panther, Ky., enlisted in April, 1861, and served until June, 1864. He would like to see something in the columns of The National Tribune from some of the members of the 4th and 8th Ohio, 14th Ind. and 7th W. Va. He thinks Col. Carroll, of the 8th Ohio, could give an interesting account of the brigade's conduct in the battle of Chancellorsville after the Eleventh Corps had stampeded. He thinks the comrades of this brigade should come to the front and tell of some of their deeds on many bloody battlefields. He thinks also that "The National Tribune" Pension Bill should become a law, as it would help many of the needy veterans, their widows and orphans.

D. M. Needler, Adjutant, Benj. R. Dunn Post, No. 440, New Cumberland, Ind., says: "It is not of the youngest soldier I write, but of the oldest veteran. Our Post on the 25th ult. mustered as one of its members Comrade James McPherren, of Co. A, 30th Ill., who was born June 3, 1808. His grandfather fought in the Revolutionary war for American liberty; his father fought in the war of 1812 for the maintenance of American liberty, and James fought for the suppression of the slaveholders' rebellion, furnishing six sons for the same purpose. Who can beat it?"

William T. Orr, First Sergeant, Co. E, 5th U. S. Cav., thinks the "Boy Spy" was off his base when he said Gen. Robert E. Lee was the Colonel of his regiment, the 2d U. S. Cav. Gen. Lee's regiment was the 2d Dragoons until 1861, when the reorganization took place. The 1st Dragoons was made the 1st Cav., 2d Dragoons the 2d Cav., Mounted Rifles 3d Cav., 1st Cav. the 4th Cav., and the 2d Cav. the 5th Cav., to which he belonged. Comrade Orr served six years in Texas under Gen. Lee, but could not stay South with him, although Gen. Twiggs turned the command over to the Confederacy; but the boys would not have it that way.

B. R. Hartzell, Co. E, 12th W. Va., Camp Dennison, O., being at the Columbus Encampment, took from the regimental banner the names of the battles in which the regiment were engaged, with the dates, and as he thinks his old comrades would like to see them, gives them here: Winchester, Va., June 13 and 14, 1863; Newmarket, Va., May 5, 1864; Piedmont, Va., June 5, 1864; Lynchburg, Va., June 18 and

to Morgan County, Tenn., has brought me so many inquiries from my soldier comrades that I take this means of answering them, as to answer each one separately would take all my time. Morgan County is on the Cumberland table land. The eastern part of the County lying east of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad is broken and in part mountainous, but with valleys of fine land between the mountains; while the western part is more level and but little bottom land, nearly all flat upland. On the broad, flat table land the soil produces good crops of grain, hay, and all kinds of vegetables, and the country produces all kinds of fruits, apples and other large fruit, as well as all the small-fruits and berries. The country is thinly settled and well timbered with various kinds of valuable timber, including oak, pine, hickory, cherry, and some walnut. The country is well watered with pure, soft, freestone water, and is healthy, being free from all malarial diseases. The range for stock is splendid, making it a fine stock country. We have good schools in every neighborhood, and churches of all prominent denominations. Land is cheap, and emigrants are wanted who are willing to make homes and help develop the country.—Thos. J. Roberts, Sergeant, Co. B, 6th Tenn., Kismet, Tenn.

Cheap Homes for Veterans.

Editor National Tribune: This is a grand place for Union soldiers to locate. They can buy the best lands in the world for a nominal price, and they can raise all the grain and fruit which a semi-tropical climate will produce. Lands can be bought here from $3 to $5 per acre, in what is called the uplands of Middle Tennessee.

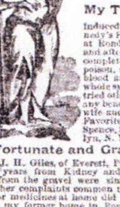
I have been looking for a home where I could have a good climate, good water and land and good society, but have never struck anything equal to what I find at Ridge Post, Davidson Co., Tenn. I have lived in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania and all the Northwestern States, but have found nothing to equal this section of the country. A man can come here with small capital and buy good land for a small sum, and improve it and live off the timber and the produce which he can raise.

It is the country for a poor man, and I recommend veterans looking for a healthy country to come here. Should any comrade desire information regarding these lands, if they come to me or write to me at Ridge Post, Davidson Co., Tenn., I will do all I can to give them information.—Isaac Shane, Ridge Post, Davidson Co., Tenn.

Campaign supplies. Write for free Price-List to E. A. Armstrong, Detroit Mich.

Mr. Dalrymple, the Dakota wheat grower, expresses the belief that wheat in the interior of that Territory will be sold within a few months for $1 a bushel. He is near the center of the wheat-growing district in the Northwest, and better able to judge the character of the coming crop than the majority of commercial reporters.

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.



You have often seen them with pale faces, poor appetite, head and back ache, symptoms common to the sex. Fathers and mothers, lose no time in securing Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y.

My Thoughtful Wife

induced me to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, (made at Rondout, N. Y., you know), and after two weeks' trial I was completely cured of malarial poison, associated with impure blood and derangement of the whole system. I had previously tried other preparations without any benefit. Thanks are due my wife and Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.—Thomas G. Spence, 184 12th St., South Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Fortunate and Grateful Woman.

Mrs. J. H. Giles, of Everett, Pa., says:—I suffered for many years from Kidney and Gravel troubles. The pains from the gravel were simply awful. Besides I had other complaints common to my sex. No physicians or medicines at home did me any good. I finally visited my former home in Rondout, N. Y., and began using Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made in that place. A few words tell the result. I am a happy and perfectly well woman once more. Thanks to Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

DR. D. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Prepared at Rondout, N. Y. Price $1; 6 for $5.

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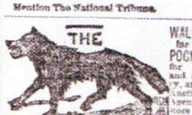

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