THE FIRST SIGNAL MESSAGE.

It Was Sent at Bull Run by Gen. E. P. Alexander, C. S. A.

By. BRIG.-GEN. E. P. ALEXANDER, C. S. A.

Lieutenant of Engineers, U. S. Army, and was on duty with the Corps of Cadets at West Point as Assistant Instructor in Practical Engineering. Here, one Sunday morning. I became acquainted with Dr. Albert J. Myer, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., and learned from him of the system of military signals which he had devised and which he was then under order to develop and bring into practical operation.

Surgeon Myer had been authorized also to select some young officer to assist him in his experiments, and our accidental acquaintanceship resulted in his making application for me to be relieved from duty at West Point and assigned to duty with

This was done, and I remained on duty with Surgeon Myer from Oct. 3, 1859, until March, 1860. The first three months were spent about New York Harbor, experimenting and perfecting our apparatus by daily and nightly signals, between Fort Hamilton, on the Narrows, and Sandy Hook, and Navesink Highlands. Then, everything being satisfactory, we went to Washington and exhibited the system to the Military Committees of the House and Senate, which resulted in the passage of a law creating a Signal Corps, of which Surgeon A. J. Myer was the head, with

rank of Major.

I. at my own request, was returned to duty in my old corps, where I continued to serve until after the secession of Georgia, my native Stat. On May 1, 1861, I resigned, being then on duty at San Fran-cisco, and I returned East via Panama, and arrived in Richmond on June 1.

WITH THE CONFEDERATE ARMY AT MANASSAS.

Confederate armies were being formed at that time in West Virginia in the Shenandoah Valley, at Manassas Junc-tion, at Yorktown, and at Norfolk. On my arrival I was promoted Captain of Engineers, and several applications were made for me for different positions; but President Davis had been Chairman of the Military Committee of the Senate when Maj. Myer and I had appeared before it on a number of occasions, exhibit-

odies of woods, but very many mediumsized ones, and very much second-growth pine. Our line of battle had been chosen long the stream of Bull Run, about three miles north of Manassas, and the course of the stream was generally wooded and bordered with small fields and pastures, giving very few open stretches. I was not at all sanguine that I would be able to render any valuable service, but, fortun-ately, I had the time to make a thorough search of the whole country, and as will be seen, one line which I opened up disclosed the vital secret of the enemy's strategy in time to allow it to be successfully

LOCATING SIGNAL STATIONS.

About a mile east of the little village of Manassas, or the farm of a Mr. Wilcoxen, I found a high, rocky point, cov-ered with cedars, but having a good outook over a valley to the north and west I made this point a central station, and by clearing it off, and by some clearing at other points. I got two straight six-mile ranges; one northwest to a bluff over Bull Run Valley, on our extreme left, a short way above the Stone Bridge (by which Warrenton turnpike crossed Bull Runi and the other north to Centerville, about three miles beyond the Run, opposite our center. Another station was found near the Run, opposite our right center; and a fourth near our headquarters in the vil-lage. This was the utmost that the topography permitted, and I established et the men to practicing by day and by night.

It is not necessary for me to refer to the operations preceding the 21st. Early that morning McDowell's turning column was approaching Stalley Ford, two miles above Confederate left at Stone Bridge; and after a very early breakfast. Gens. Beau-regard and Johnston, with their united staffs, started to the front opposite their center. They had sent orders to Ewell, on their extreme right, to advance and turn the enemy's left, but these orders miscarried in some way, and were never receivour center, which was waiting in vain for the right to begin, and ample time was al-lowed McDowell's turning column to complete its long march and to make the fight

And now I may introduce the incident

As the rather 'arge party, with an es eort of couriers, moved nown the road soon after breakfast, Gen. Beauregard called me to him, and directed me to take a cour-ler and go to my central signal station on the hill near Wilcoxen's house, and to re-main there in general observation and to send him messages about anything that could be seen. I was far from pleased at the receipt of the order, for I had hoped to accompany the two Generals through-out the day, and the chances of seeing anything important from this place seemed infinitely small. There was no help for it, however, and Beauregard deserves credit for the thought of taking every possible means of acquiring prompt information. If we had had a balloon this would have

been the time to send it up. By rare good luck the Wilcoxen Hill had a particularly good outlook beyond the Stone Bridge. From it could be seen our algual station on the bluff in rear of Stone Bridge, six miles off, and then beyond that for miles the level valley of Upper Bull Run, with its fields, fences, pastures, etc., was foreshortened into one narrow band of green. I arrived on Wilcozen's Hill about 8 a. m. After a careful study, with the glass, of the whole field, I fixed the glass upon the Stone Bridge station and ot from the operator there some details about the developments of the morning.

In September, 1859, I was a Second narrow band of green above the flag, the My eyes were always remarkably quick and good, and I had had long training with a glass. It was but a single flash, but the color was that of brass, and the shape a horizontal line. It could be nothing but the reflection of the morning sun from the side of a brass gun. I brought my glass very carefully to bear exactly, and presently made out a little swarm of still fainter glitters, and I knew that it was a column of bright musk t barrels and

bayonets. It was about 8:45 a. m., and I had discovered McDowell's turning column, the head of which at this hour was just arriving at Sudley, eight miles away. I at once appreciated how much it might mean, and I thought it best to give Gen. Evans, in command at the Stone Bridge, immediate notice, even before sending word to Beauregard. So I signalled Evans quickly, "Look out for your lett; you are turned." Gen. Evans afterwards told me that the pickets which he had had at Sudley, being driven in by the enemy's advance guard, had sent a messenger, and the two messengers, one with my warn-It was about 8:45 a. m., and I had dis-

an article by S. B. Evans, in the issue of Sept. 25, 1902, Averell's ride to save the troops composing the garrison of Fort Arbuckle, Indian Territory, at the opening of hostilities in April, 1861. Having been stationed at this old fort for over two years after the civil war, and having been over a great part of the Territory in the '60's I wish to state that Averell's description of the country and distances is very accurate. The country was then truly "wild and woolly." The distance from Fort Smith, Ark., to Ar-

Only those who have traveled the wild and uninhabited prairies of the West can form any idea as to what Averell must have endured on this ride to Arbuckle.

SOLDIERING ON THE FRONTIER.

Experiences of an Infantryman in the In-

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In look-

ing over old copies of your paper, I saw



been an old Filibuster) for sound advice on the field, and I have no doubt that Wheat was consulted and advised with here. Poor fellow, he fought as well as advised, and fell shot through both lungs. He re covered, but at his next fight, Gaines' Mill, 11 months after, he fell, leading a charge and could only exclaim: "Bury me

on the field, boys."

Having sent Evans my brief notice of his immediate danger, I wrote a note to Gen. Beauregard, which I can quote, I believe, verbatim, as it was framed after my idea of what the reports of reconnoit ering officers should be—the exact math ematical truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. I kept no copy of it, but its impression upon my own brain was very vivid, and it was about as follows: "I see a body of troops crossing Bull Run about two miles above the Stone Bridge. The head of the column is in the woods or this side. The rear of the column is in the woods on the other side, About a half mile of its length is visible in the open ground between. I can see both infantry and artillery."

When I had it written, it looked very

same for notice of the great event I took it him off at a gallop, with some two and a SPASONABLE AND MATERIAL ASSISTANCE

Gen. Beauregard, in his report of the battle, does not mention the receipt of this note, but says generally that I gave him seasonable and material assistance early n the day with my system of signals. Gen. Johnston is a little more explicit, and says: "About 8 o'clock, Gen. Beaure-gard and I placed ourselves on a com-

manding hill in rear of Gen. Bonham's left. Near 9 o'clock the Signal Officer, Capt. Alexander, reported that a large goody of troops was crossing the Valley of Bull Run, some two miles above the bridge. Gen. Bee, who had been placed near Col. Cocke's position; Col. Hampton, with his Legion, and Col. Jackson, from a point near Gen. Burnham's left, were ordered to basten to the left flank." dered to hasten to the left flank."

Bee's force comprised the 4th Ala., 2d Miss., and the 7th and 8th Ga. The Hampton Legion was one regiment, and Jackson had five regiments, the 2d, 4th, 5th 27th and 33d Va. So in all, 10 regi-ments, with an average distance of about three miles to go, were now en route to reinforce Evans with his one regiment

I need proceed no further in the history of this battle, though it included the send ing of several other signals, and other may of interest which concerned our

knowledge of what was taking place. It is known of all men that the delay made by the troops above mentioned gave time for the arrival of the brigades of Early and Kirby Smith and two regi-ments of Burnham's, and that their ar-rival changed a defeat into victory. As rival changed a defeat into victory. As the sending of these troops to the left was caused by the timely warning of the approach of the enemy upon that flank; it must fairly be attributed to the operation of the system of signals. And as to the value of that victory in moral effect upon the Confederate army and people, those who have fully appreciated the immense power given by "morale" to any army, will realize that

without which our subsequent victories-prolonging the war for four years-would have been almost, if not quite, impossible A Story for Your Life.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I want to tell you how much we value your ex-cellent paper. It is the only paper at our house, and there is a riot to see who gets

as 25-pounder brass field or light artillery, I have always been of the opinion that these gans were buried there by Maj. Emory's troops when they were making their escape to Kansas, in April, 1861, after burning or dumping the limbers and enissons into the river. This seems very probable, because that was the only place they could cross the river. That ford or cross-ing was, as stated above, seven miles due east of Arbuckle, and is on the direct road to Fort Gibson, I. T., and Fort Scott, Kan. Of this road I also have a very distinct recollection, having marched over it from Fort Leavenworth, Kan., to Arbuckle, a distance of over 500 miles. When the cannon were discovered every

body was anxious to see what they looked like, and we were shoveling sand as though we had struck a gold mine, when some one sung out, "Torpedoes!" The ditch was cleared of everything except shovels in two seconds; old veterans as well as greenhorns put in their best licks to get out of harm's way. A Dutchman named Hess, an old veteran, alone re-mained, and said, "Tarpedoes, 'll." Ned distance and accosted him thus: "Git out thier, ye bloody Sourkrouter. If ye tutch the sthring tied to the tutchhols, it's blow ye into smithereens." Hess replied. "You vool, did you effer see a gannon pall come frum the sides of a gannon?" Everybody had a laugh at this, but Owens could not be induced to come near till he saw there was no string to the "tutchhole," as he called the vent. These cannons we took to the fort. They were set up as posts, one at each corner of the parade ground. muzzle down, and after the prisoners in the guard house had polished them as bright as a gold dollar, they made the parade ground look very attractive.

A brief description of this frontier fort

may be of interest to some of the readers of The National Tribune, as a great many of our most distinguished officers had at some time in the long ago, been there, and as this was an old place in the '60's, when

saw it for the first time.

The fort was on a rise or plateau of perhaps 100 acres. The buildings were in a regular square around the parade ground-two barracks on the west side two on the east side of the parade ground with five or six officers' quarters on the south side and two on the north. The pahad gravel walks running through the cen-ter, east and west, north and south. There was a well of good water in the enter, near the tall flag staff, on which

Creek; east was a small ravine, and beyond a high prairie; south were deep ravines with some timber, and beyond this three miles from the fort, was the Indians' "bathtub," where we would bathe in the Summer. This pool of clear spring water was 18 feet deep. A fall of 40 feet has caused the water to wear the rocks off until the pool, within a mass of solid red rock is as clear as crystal. I omitted to state that all the buildings in the fort were of hewed oak logs, with shingle roofs. No wall or breastwork surrounded them.

about the developments of the morning.

M'DOWELL'S FLANKING COLUMN DISCOVERED.

While I was reading the motions of his fag, the sun being low in the east, and I leoking toward the west, from up in the leoking toward the west, from up in the looking toward the morning.

HOUSE, and there is a riot to see who gets them.

I looke sun them.

I looke sun to see who gets them.

I looke sun them.

I looke sun the see who gets them.

I looke sun them.

I looke sun the see with us at Arbuckle.

I looke see who gets them.

I looke sun them.

I looke sun the see who gets them.

I looke sun them.

I looke su

of the white officers were drilling them, the Orderly Sergeant had charge, and they would get into scrapt and hammer each other over the head with their Spencer carbines until the woot would fly. They were very much afraid of spooks, as they termed a ghost, and we were always very careful to answer their first challenge when they were on guard at the old mule corral, for with the second "Who dar" generally came the drack of the Spencer carbine, and many a "tow suffered from

generally came the crack of the Spencer carbine, and many a tow suffered from wounds and some even death for disregarding the word "Who dar?"

R. H. Pratt, present Superintendent of the Carlisle Indian Schlod, Pennsylvania, was an officer of this colored regiment, and for a long time was our Post Adjutant. J. P. Roy, Major, 6th Inf., was commanding officer, and a kinder officer never wore shoulder straps. Gen. B. H. Grierson, of the Illinois Cavalry during the rebellion, was Colonel of this colored regiment, and was our commanding officer at Fort Sill later. buckle is just 300 miles, as he states.

regiment, and was our commanding omcer at Fort Sill later.

Horse-thieves were very active in that part of the country in the '60's. Army mules and cavalry horses were constantly disappearing. In 1869, when Lieut. Hermann made a raid into western Texas, he captured 130 mules and 45 cavalry horses. They killed three horse-thieves and cap-tured nine others, which they brought to Arbuckle. A tougher set I never saw; they were desperadoes of the worst type. A detachment started to Fort Sill with these nine prisoners, their hands tied be-hind their backs. When about a half mile west of the fort, the prisoners worked their hands loose and attacked the colored guards. Four of the thieves were killed, and one wounded, who died in the hospital the next morning. That man told me his name was Williams, and that he was from Kansas, but refused to give me the address of his parents. When I offered to write to them in case he did not recover, he said, "I do not want them to learn of my fate." He was about 27 or 28 years of age, and if washed and shaved would have been a handsome man. Near the place where the shooting oc-

curred lived a man named Henry Court-ney, who furnished the beef for the gar-rison for a number of years. He was dis-charged from the 6th U. S. Int. in 1846, rison for a number of years. He was discharged from the 6th U. S. Inf. in 1846, and had lived there ever since. He was from Ohio, and of a quiet unassuming disposition, but as brave as a lion. I frequently visited his ranch. One day after we had indulged in some "Texas lightning," as the moonshine whisky was called. I remarked, "How did you manage to live here during the war, when there were no troops at the fort?" He had a habit of addressing me as "My son." Said he, "My son. it was mighty close nipping sometimes; the Comanches were always on the lookout for my topknot, but I managed to keep it till now. They killed one one of my little children, though, a little boy two years old. There are a very few persons I have ever told of this murder, but I will tell you." As he straightened himself up, his eyes seemed to flash fire.

"A very sad affair," I said, "but you had your revenge in killing the two mur-derous redskins." "Two! Yes, my son, since that day I have killed 14 of the Comanche Indians.

These 14 stayed right where I dropped them, and a number of crippled ones got away. Once they came upon me in the woods-five of them. The first I knew an arrow went through my hat. I jump ed behind a tree and saw an Indian watching me from behind another big tree shot him in the head and he dropped Then the other four shot arrows as fast as they could, but I kept behind the tree and loaded my rifle. Then I shot another through the breast. Before I could load again, the other three charged me. I dropped the rifle and pulled my heavy Colt's navy and shot two of them; on made his escape through the bush. I the went and put a ball through the head of each, to make sure they would bother n no more in the future. In the tree that had sheltered me were sticking 13 arrows. The Caddos, a small tribe flying north of They would notify me if any of he Comanches, Wichitas, or Arapahoes

This man Courtney was then about 45 years of age; everybody knew him at the fort. We always called him "Dad Court-

Comrade Spring's story, "With the Regulars in the Sixties," is very interesting to me, as he and I were the same harness at the same time. "The Extermination of the Dogs at Fort Bowie," which appeared in a recent issue, reminds me of a very similar incident at Arbuckle.

When the order was given to shoot all dogs that tried to imitate the cavalry bugles at guard mount, a detail of the colored cavalry was made for the purpose. As soon as the first call was being sounded, a large dog, with a double-bass voice started to yell. Lieut. Joe Nord-strom, 10th Cav., was Officer of the Day. From a safe distance we named him "Buckskin Joe," because he wore buckskin pants when not on duty. This officer called to one of the sharpshooters to come and shoot the big dog. The man came, took aim, and fired just as another colored rade ground covered about eight acres, and man came out of the door where the door was standing. The ball went through the neck of the dog, and glanced off on the log of the barracks, striking the heel of the darky's cavalry beet, knocking it off. center, near the fall hag staff, on which the Stars and Stripes were to be seen every day the year round, rain or shine. Northwest of the parade ground was the Commissary building and sutler store, then kept by Thomas Green, of Richmond, Va., and J. S. Evans, of Philadelphia, Pa. West of the fort, just down a steep hill, was the finest spring of good pure after the dog firing as fast as he could

and J. S. Evans, of Philadelphia, Pa. West of the fort, just down a steep hill, was the finest spring of good, pure, healthy water in that country. It was about eight feet square, with a stone wall around it seven feet high, with a shingle roof over it. My bunky, Elias Leader, who was a stone-mason, built the wall, and I suppose it is there today, just as it was long ago.

Further west was Garrison Creek, and north the thick underbrush to Wild Horse Greek; east was a small ravine, and better the dog, firing as fast as he could more the dog, firing as fast as he could more the dog, firing as fast as he could more than the dog, firing as fast as he could more F, 6th U. S. Inf., Herndon, Pa.

A Pocket Testament. W. M. Lain, Bethel Springs, Tenn., has pocket Testament, picked up at Bethel a pocket Testament, picked up at Bethel Springs in 1862, just after that place was abandoned by the Union soldiers. The regiments here stationed, Mr. Lain believes, were the 48th and 49th Ill. The Testament is cloth bound, and contains the name of Isaac S Doron born Inn 27. Testament is cloth bound, and contains the name of Isaac S. Doron, born Jan. 27, 1843; age at time of writing, 21 years. It would seem that the owner had been with his regiment at Corinth, Miss., as Corinth appears in several places in the book. Mr. Lain would be pleased to correspond with members of the regiment or with the

ASYLUM PEN. Recollections of Gloomy Days in Southern

Prisons. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have been very much interested in Capt. Beech-am's adventures. I was a comrade in-misery with him in the Columbia Jail in South Carolina, and also in Camp Asylun I well remember when Capt. Beecham and a few other comrades were turned in with us at the jail. We stood around the group while they told us of the terrible mine explosion at Petersburg, where they were taken prisoners with the colored troops who had fought so gallantly. Among the prisoners were Bowley, Sauders and others—boys from 19 to 21 years, officers of the colored troops.

The night of Dec. 12, 1864, the prison

ers, 70 or 80 in number, were taken from the jail to the Asylum Pen and turned in like a drove of cattle, with no shelter and all of us thinly clad. We had been taken prisoners during the warm weather. But we had at the Asylum Pen a long bedthe ground—and for covering we had the canopy of heaven. We slept spoon-fashion, as close to one another as we could possibly get; the closer the warmer, and warmth was what we were after. There was no turning or kicking around; once in the spoon, we had to stay there, until our bones ached and we could endure it no longer. It depended upon our staying qualities and the length of time we could stand the spooning. Two or three hours did the most of us. Then we would get up and walk around. So we passed the nights from Dec. 12 to Jan. 14, before all of us were provided with shelter.

I still have my diary, made of brown paper, bought of a sutler by name of Catlin at a cost of \$1 Confederate. The dol-lar I got of Capt. Clark; his reg ment I have forgotten. I gave my note for \$25, greenbacks, payable on demand when we should arrive in God's country, for \$300 Confederate money, and this note never having been presented, is still unpaid. I have never seen or heard of Capt. Clark

since.

I will quote from my diary:

"Tuesday, Jan. 10, 1865—Eight dollars
for meat; \$3 for bread. Sunday, Jan. 15,
paid Capt. Clark \$27. Thursday, Jan. 19,
two pounds cotton, \$3.25. One hundred

their two quivers full of arrows, with the remark, "These I will keep as long as I live."

thinking we would not get excited over male. If the soldier is alive I should like trifles. Finally, Johnny's patience gave out, and he said, "Now, Yanks, I will tell some corrections. you once more to come out, and if you do not, I am going to shoot into that hole." I do not recollect which answered first; maybe we both squealed at the same time, but we came out, all the same, and were taken to the gate, where the rest of the comrades were in waiting. We were then marched to the train, which was waiting

for us to get londed. The first train load of prisoners left Coumbia on the evening of Feb. 16, and arrived at Charlotte on the evening of Feb. There, I made my escape from the camp the next day, and arrived in our lines at Greenville, Tenn., Sunday night, March 26, 1865.—WILLIAM L. RILEY, Cos. C and G, 21st N. Y. Cav., El Dorado,

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In the is-ue of Dec. 25. under "Picket Shots," I note John I. Brady, 1st Del., writes that Col. Clinton D. McDougall, of the 111th N. Y., succeeded Gen. Alexander Hays in command of his brigade, which is an error. Col. Geo. Lamb Willard, a Captain in the Regular Army, and Colonel of the 125th N. Y., was placed in command of this bri-gade, which was the Third Brigade, Third gade, which was the Third Brigade, 1a rd
Division, Second Corps, and was composed at Gettysburg of 39th N. Y., then
reduced to a battalion, Maj. Hugo Hillebrandt, known as the Garibaldi Guard;
the 111th N. Y., Col. C. D. McDougall;
the 11th N. Y., Col. Willard; 125th N. Y.,
Col. Eliakim Sherrell. Col. Willard was
killed July 2, at Gettysburg, while reinforcing the Third Corps at the Wheatfield.
Col. Willard was succeeded by Col. Sher-Col. Willard was succeeded by Col. Sher-rell, who was killed on Cemetery Ridge during Pickett's charge July 3, and then, and not till then. Col. McDougall assumed command of the brigade as senior field officer present. This brigade covered it-self with glory and honor at Gettysburg. as well as on many other hard-fought bat tlefields .- D. C. HAGADORN, Lockwood,

Say-"Send Help"

And I'll Send It.

n the cle of toff. I will mail you an order—good at any drug store—for six bottles Dr. Shoop's d the the the the toff. I till succeeds, the cost is \$5.50. If ran it fails, I will pay the druggist myself—
and your mere word shall decide it.
Don't think I can't cure because others ran have failed. I have a way that no other could man knows. Let the remedy itself con-

At least you know this: If I failed very often the offer would ruin me. No sick one need pay, if he cannot pay gladiy; yet 39 out of each 40 pay.

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 MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C.

PICKET SHOTS

From Alert Comrades Along the Whole

W. L. DeMonbrun, Co. E, 11th Ky., Patterson, Iowa, writes: "In a recent number of The National Tribune, a comrade gives an account of the battle of Aug. 6. 1864, near East Point, Ga., in which there are some inaccuracies: (1) Lieut.-Col. E. L. Motley, of the 11th Ky., commanded the skirmish line. (2) Two com-panies of the 11th Ky, were in the front line and lost 28 men; the other companies in reserve. (3) My memory Col. Bird, of the 1st Tenn., was in command of our brigade—the Third Brigade, Third Division, Twenty-third Corps—and two days after the battle Col. Bird turned over the command of the brigade to Col. Riley, of the 104th Ohio. (4) As I remember the Third Brigade, it was comosed at that time as follows: 1st Tenn. Col. Bird; 11th Ky., Col. Love; 104th Ohio, Col. Riley; 12th Ky., Lieut.-Col. Rossen; 112th Ill. and the 4th Ohio L. A., Capt. Stone. (5) The 16th Ky. was not in our brigade, nor in the division, nor yet in the Twenty-third Corps. (6) We marched over that field the morning of Aug. 7.

and the sight haunts me to this day. dead and wounded lay everywhere. A FAMILY OF SOLDIERS. Perhaps no soldier of the War of the Rebellion had more relatives with military records than William B. Chandler, Co. K. 8th Ky., of Patoka, Ill. Comrade Chandler's grandfather, John Belcher, and his wife's grandfather, William Farmer, served in the War of 1812. His father-n-law, John Cox, served in Co. F. 111th Ill.; his brother, Augustus Chandler, served in Co. K, 8th Ky. Cav. Two other brothers, C. C. Chandler and J. S. Chandler, served in Co. F, 111th Ill., and another brother, L. A. Chandler, served in other brother, L. A. Chandrer, served in Co. K, 6th Ill. Cav. His brothers-in-law served in the following commands: G. Z. Edwards, Co. F, 111th Ill.; W. H. Ballance, Co. D, 111th Ill.; W. T. Bright, Co.

THE FIRST SHOT AT FRANKLIN. Comrade John Coffman, Co. K. 63d Ind., Third Brigade, Third Division, Twenty-third Corps, Mardock, Okla., claims the honor of firing the first shot over the Union breastworks on Nov. 30. Confederate officers standing a little to the left of the Union center. Gen.

I. N. Stiles, temporarily in command of the brigade, Gen. T. H. Henderson being sick, ordered the shot fired. Immediately sick, ordered the shot fired. Immediately the officers riding to the left of the uniber of brothers in their commands. Co. A., 54th Pa., had the following brothers: David R. and William the group dispersed, the officers riding to their several commands. Comrade Coffman would like to know how many of that group came out of the battle, as 13 Gen-eral officers were killed in the fight that egan shortly after this initial shot was

Isaiah Phipps, Co. A, 24th Ind., Mitchell, Ind., recalls that on the march from Bruin's Landing to Port Gibson some of the men of McGinnis's Brigade were foraging. A chicken took refuge under the control of the contr der a house, and a comrade who crawled under after it, finding an old coffee pot, which seemed unusually heavy, brought it out with him. On examination the pot was found to contain several pounds of silver coin. This the forager divided with the members of his mess. Comrade Phipps would like to hear from any one was found to contain several pounds of liver coin. This the forager divided with the members of his mess. Comrade the members of his mess. Comrade the remembers the affair.

THE ANDERSONVILLE STOCKADE.

Will L. Eaton, Co. I, 4th Mich. Cav., 1941 Several who remembers the affair.

1941 South King St., Honolulu, H. I., writes: "In the issue of Nov. 13 I saw an article in relation to the double stock-ade at Andersonville. I entered the stock-ade about the 5th or 6th of Aug., and left it about the 1st of Sept., en voyage to Charleston race course, then Florence itor National Tribune.]

Prison. I think I was in the first lot to leave. I am positive there was only the hewn stockade when I left."

A YOUNG SURVIVOR OF THE WAR. C. L. Maranville, of Poultney, Vt., is

there until the final rush, when he was The Chaplain is also mistaken as to the vater in the ditch. There was no water of any consequence in the ditch. The ground was of such a nature that it would not hold water any length of time.

Comrade Lohr was promoted to rank
of Sergeant for his gallant deeds on that

occasion. He is now living at Latrobe, Pa., and his old comrades bear him in toving remembrance for his soldierly quali-

The taking of Fort Gregg was one of the fiercest engagements of the war, but of short duration, lasting about 40 minutes. The troops taking part were complimented for their gallant work by the commanding officer.—A. I. ELLIS, Cos. O and H. 54th Pa. I., Uniontown, Pa.

The Petersburg Express.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: What I supposed was the Petersburg Express was a 100-pounder mortar, mounted on a flat car, run up from City Point on the railroad which crossed our lines a little south of Fort McGilvery. It was some distance in rear of our siere line. I saw it a good in rear of our siege line. I saw it a good many times, and was near it when fired on the morning of July 30, 1864, at daylight. Gen. Hancock, at the head of the Second Corps, on its return from a demonstration north of the James, halted the corps for rest. The General and staff were a few rods south when the mine was were a tew roas south when the mine was blown up, and the mortar fired shots into Petersburg. The shots went nearly over Fort McGilvery, and the fort that was blown up was three miles or more to the southwest. The shots when fired made a terrible noise going through the air, and the boys as far south as Forts Steadman and Morton thought the shots went over them. I think it was found to be like the lyddite guns in Africa-cost money, made a great smoke and noise but did little to wards ending the war. It was soon taken back to City Point, I think by one of the ance, Co. D. 111th Hi.; W. L. Bugar,
A. 1st Ill. Cav.; Fred Lenegar, Co. K. mortar was what was called the received to the control of the con

Brothers in a Pennsylvania Company. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I consider The National Tribune the greatest paper the honor of firing the first shot the Union breastworks on Nov. 30.

The shot was fired at a group of degrate officers standing a little of the standing as li

lowing brothers: David R. and William B. Bryan: Jacob R. and David Calihan; William H. H. and Charles Barckley; Robert H. and David Findley; James K. Kiper; William, George, James and Sam-nel Lightner; William and David Powell; William and John B, Stearn.—David R, BRYAN, 1st Serg't. Co. A. 54th Pa., 312 Market St., Johnstown, Pa.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Can you give in your paper the Nation's losses in the different conflicts of our country; namely, Revolution. War of 1812, Mexican, War of the Rebellion, and war, and oblige an old subscriber?

ed. In the War of the Rebellion there were 125.000 killed and died of wounds,