TALS AND
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rth Telling of Experiences and Adventures Great National Struggle.

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enemy either in battle or skirmish." (Ohio in War, page 255.) Not a man of them got a medal, never thought of it, tho that certain Maine regiment got one for each member for staying in Washington, D. C., at the request of President Lincoln, and part of them skedaddled away back to the land of pine knots. Still, they took the medal, while six non-vets of our regiment fought at Atlanta after expiration of their time and were killed. All the non-vets went in, some of them against their officers' protest; but they did not, according to Fox, belong to a fighting regiment, so it made no difference.—W. H. H. Minturn, Co. G, 39th Ohio.

(The sudden rush of sizzling hot weather, big plumber's bill, or something like has riled Comrade Minturn's usual fine temper. Col. Fox does not say that the 200 did better fighting than any others. He says their losses show beyond a doubt that they did "considerable fighting."—Editor National Tribune.)

REMINISCENCES OF BULL RUN.

The Men Wanted a Chance to Try It Over the Next Day.

Editor National Tribune: I receive weekly much gratification on reading The National Tribune, and oftimes find myself wondering if we old fellows do not sometimes compel our memories to sustain as facts many events that we have imagined. The impossibility of our placing our squadron, battery or company just where it was renders the effort to do so by another simply absurd. There is something to be remembered in Gen. Grant dedicating his Memoirs to the soldiers and sailors, because none knew them better or had more faith in them than he; yet, the Memoirs are often contradicted by those who must confess that no pen has done all more justice than his who led them to final victory. When spoken of by veterans, commanding armies, as the "greatest living soldier," he never forgot those who enabled him to prove himself the man who could be thus spoken of with truth. I am not going to contradict anything that has been said by another. I am going to state what my mishaps and seeings were in my first battle. The regiment was moving to the front by a wood road in "column of fours" when first subjected to artillery fire, several projectiles going overhead and one ricochetting along the flank of the regimental column, knocking up a dust. I then heard a command of caution, "The first movement will be by the left flank," and sure enough by a left face we were in line and "forward" knot us out of the wood and to a ridge where a fence had been and beyond a ravine. Then we were facing the enemy. It was a good line, that fired by volley and then "at will." I have never seen a better. One man I must find fault with; a Sergeant got thru the ranks, advanced about three yards and must have masked the fire of four men at least. Fighting as a mob is a crime. I saw no running away. I have had occasion a number of times to tell some that I have my doubts of veterans who have never seen any soldiers but "those who were running away." I was thrown forward on my toes by what appeared to me an awfully loud report of a gun at the back of my head, which caused a ringing in my ears, but no damage. The firing ceased and I heard the clear, ringing voice of Col. Henry P. Martin: "It has been reported that we are firing on friends! Advance the colors!" Out went the Stars and Stripes, and the volley that Old Glory got, too high for most of us, settled the question of friends. We advanced to the colors and began again. This time a battalion in gray was coming up the slope led by a field officer with red sash and on a bay horse. He was bringing up his regiment in good style, was quite near and was, I think, about riding around his right flank to the rear, that all might have a chance to fire, when his horse gave a pitch forward and both horse and man went down. I have never known what regiment it was, but it quickly followed that it was forcibly put out of the light. The Rhode Island boys were busy to the left of us, and one man in a fence corner, in advance of the general line, was doing remarkbaly well. The New Hampshire men were near our regiment, and when seen by me were doing well and in good order. I did my level best to fire as fast and often as possible, for we all know it does discomfort one's aim to be under a direct fire of cannon and musketry. I believe I thought more of that than of killing any one. My only mishap was the dropping of a percussion cap when pulling it thru the lining of lamb-wool of my cap pouch, my finger and thumb being unused to articles so small. Some one at the left and rear said: "I can't get those ——— men out of that ditch."

I did not turn to see who it was, neither did I see a ditch nor men in one. The firing ceased, and most of the men were sitting, when I strayed over to where one of our howitzers was being worked for dear life, and passed a man lying on his face, dead, I suppose, uniformed with white felt hat, red shirt and white pants. I know not his regiment. He was on our line near our howitzer and a little to the rear of where the Rhode Island boys were fighting. I did wrong in straggling, but did not do it under fire; besides, I was in plain view and would be taken for a battery support. The Newburg boys of the Howitzer Co. 1, ceased firing, and I had a view of the field that was grand. In front, in the hollow, was a squadron of cavalry as immovable as statues. To its left the marines—I judged it was they, from their white belts—were deployed and going for the timber up the slope on the opposite side of the hollow. There was nothing in front of us in sight and no firing. Away to the right of the New Hampshire men a caisson team at a gallop was coming obliquely towards our line. Just then a comrade accompanied by a Zouave called to me to come, and I went with them.

I can never forget my mortification and disappointment that night. A begrimed, dirty private, my blouse first wet with perspiration and then covered with dust, the dust making it look like mudarmor. Food in my haversack and no thought of eating. If we could only have another chance! I did then and while life doth last will sympathize with Gen. McDowell, my General, for what must have been his feelings, in comparison, from others not realizing at the proper time where victory was for the taking of it. I was near to committing suicide when in some troops near Fairfax Court House a soldier bawled "Cowards!" I did not know the troops. They were closed en masse, resting. There was a quick facing to the left, a Springfield brought to a "ready," the silence that reigned for a second can be imagined, and the poor, defeated ones passed on—the Zouave, my comrade, and myself.

The presumption that the "Enemy could have marched into Washington that night was brilliant, but void of execution on account of its impracticability." The men who fought that day would have fought better next day. They would have dropped "well enough" and pressed every advantage gained, aided by fresh troops. Johnston realized it and said it. When one thinks of the military talent and fame acquired after by men who were in that particular battle, it would have been glory enough to have died upon that field—Hull Run. —W. R. Murray, 71st N. Y. S. M., Burnside's Brigade, Hunter's Division, Army of Gen. McDowell, Brooklyn, N. Y.

EGGS $12 A DOZEN.

Life on a Hospital Boat on the Mississippi River.

Editor National Tribune: I was Acting Hospital Steward and A. A. Surgeon on the U. S. N. hospital-ship Red Rover when Banks's army and Admiral Porter's fleet of gunboats went up Red River, and we arrived at the mouth of Red River on April 19, 1864, to receive the sick and wounded. Here was anchored one of the monitors with her large guns ready for any emergency. In a few days Admiral Porter's vessel, the Black Hawk, came out of Red River and anchored near us, she being too large for the river. Sick and wounded were brought to us every day. The weather was very warm, and it was becoming rather monotonous until April 26, when the rebel side-wheel steamer Gen. Price came out of Red River, running very rapidly, with a full head of steam on, coming directly toward the Monitor, where the boys were watching her movements and when at a proper distance they gave her a 400-pound shell, cutting off the port-side wheel and all that side of the vessel, making her list to the starboard side, and that wheel running rather deep in the water. But she did not stop. Away she went on one wheel, passing every vessel on the river, until she got 25 miles below New Orleans, where she was destroyed.

May 16 Banks's army came to Morganza Bend. Admiral Porter came out with his fleet, and, of course, hundreds of sick and wounded for our care. The 18th we went down to New Orleans for supplies, receiving the sick from the different vessels on the way, and some from the South Atlantic Squadron, until we had about 900, some of them severely sick with fever and others badly wounded, the object being to transport them north to Memphis and Mound City. After we had got most of our supplies on board I found we were short of eggs. I gave two of my assistants money to go out in the city and purchase 10 dozen, as that amount would do us until we would get up to Vicksburg, supposing they would cost $2.50 or $3 per dozen. In a few hours they came back, and reported they could not get them for less than $12 per dozen, supposing I would not be willing to pay that, which was correct. Then I went along, and met with the same demands at several places, which I very positively refused to pay. One grocery man would let me have them for $10 per dozen in Confederate currency, but would have $12 per dozen in them — greenbacks. I then went to Gen. Benj. Butler. He had helped me several times, and I made a statement of my trouble to him, and he said he did not know whether he could help me or not, but when he said it he had a broad smile on his face. However, he gave me a note to a grocerman, but the best he would do was $8 per dozen. So I gave him $80 for 10 dozen of little creole hen's eggs not larger than bantam eggs.

We left New Orleans May 22, and on arriving at Morganza Bend found a number of vessels there with a large number of sick for us. At the mouth of Red River we had to wait for more vessels with sick, so we did not arrive at Memphis until June 3. We sent our sick to Hospital Pinkney, and the next day I was getting ready to go up the river, when there came an order for me to report to Admiral Porter immediately. I did not know he was near, as we had left him at New Orleans, but I learned he was anchored over near the Arkansas shore, a mile off. I dressed in my best, with side-arms, and went over in the cutter, was soon admitted, and saluting the Admiral I asked: "What is the desire of the Admiral?" He, looking at me with his terrible, black, piercing eyes, shook his finger at me, and said he commanded me to buy eggs for the sick if they cost $12 apiece, let alone $12 a dozen.

"Very well, Admiral. Anything further?"

"That's all." And I bowed myself out. To me that was a terrible stinger, and the first and only time I was ever called on the carpet. I was unable to see where I had done wrong. True, I had refused very positively to pay the Confederates $12 a dozen for their eggs. I was doing business for the Government the same as I would for myself, accounting faithfully for every cent and not helping our enemies. Arriving at our hospital boat, I ordered the firemen to fire up, and we started up the river. When we came to Cairo I got on an Illinois Central train and went to Bloomington, Ill. There I found a man who had 18 barrels of fresh eggs packed in oats for 37½ cents per dozen, and when I said I would pay him the cash and take all of them he looked at me fairly wild, as he supposed I only wanted a barrel or two. I ordered them sent to Mound City, Ill., and when they came I had a small basketful sent over to Admiral Porter with my compliments and price. On this same trip up on Sunday, May 29, 1864, we came to Island No. 35, which belonged to Jo and Jefferson Davis, about 300 acres. It was overflowed by the river when high. We stopped here and let all go on shore that could be spared from the sick. We always had eight of the Sisters of Charity with us as nurses. They had not been on shore for some time. At Jeff's residence Aunt Betty, as they called her, Jeff's old housemaid, was making a great fuss about two —— rebs, as she called them, who had just been there and took Massa Jeff's silverware. Questioning her which direction they had gone, she pointed to the upper end of the island. Taking four men with me who were armed, we ran to our boat, and could see them starting across the river in a skiff. We got down our cutter, and started after them. As we came near them they dropped their oars and took up their guns. As we could show five to their two they went at their oars again. We pulled by the side of them and they surrendered. Taking their arms and oars from them, we towed them to the hospital boat, and returned the prisoners over to the Captain. I asked him what should be done with the silverware. He said it was too small a matter to turn over to the Government; to divide it among ourselves. It consisted of one dozen knives and forks, one dozen tablespoons, one dozen dessert spoons and one and a half dozen teaspoons. They being white metal, or German silver, triple-plated. I divided them into five piles as near as I could, I taking one pair and bought the shares of three others, so I got four-fifths of them, but the fourth man said his wife would rather have them than a quarter-section of land. Aunt Betty said she was with Massa Jeff when he bought them in Paris, France; that she had made three trips with him across the ocean, and that he had been working up this way for 12 years, and that some of the great men would come and talk all night with him in his room at the hotel in Paris. Aunt Betty we brought away with us to cook for the Fleet Surgeon. This silverware I have yet in fair condition, but in order to keep them from the thieves have to keep it locked in a safety vault in the city. So you can see Ben Butler did not get all the spoons, if he did report me to Admiral Porter.

Another incident worth relating: On the Arkansas side of the river, well down towards the south side of the State, was quite a high bluff of land, where we often buried some of our dead, then cut logs and rolled on the graves to keep the jackals from digging them out, the logs extending out six and eight feet on each side. One man died after we left Vicksburg, and we stopped there to bury him. I sent out three Irish coal heavers who were on deck, with orders to roll the logs in front and dig a
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