

All of these articles from the National Tribune, a Veterans newspaper, are from about 1890 to 1910. Most are letters to the editor written by Andrew J. Jacobs and G.W. Littlejohn. The 22nd Ky. consisted mostly of Carter County men.

Submitted by: Glen Haney – bud at ncweb.com

CHICKASAW BLUFFS.

The Fighting of Dec. 29, 1862, in Which the 22d Ky. Participated.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: At Chickasaw Bluffs the 22d Ky. lay in Cypress Swamp during night of Dec. 28, 1862, preparatory to crossing the bayou between us and the rebel rifle pits and breastworks. Pontoon-bridges were laid about midnight. We awaited a renewal of the conflict of the previous day. At dawn we still held the position where the 54th Ind. and the rebels had swayed back and forth.

Shells were scattered thickly about the ground, broken cypress branches were strewn about dead men who lay in rows awaiting burial.

We broke the fast of the night at sun-up, with gloomy apprehensions of what might soon occur. The bugle sounded "fall in." The 16th Ohio marched up behind us. Some said they had come to relieve us, but such was a mistake. We were ordered to march across the bayou. Before crossing we unslung knapsacks, throwing them in a pile without a guard.

We crossed on the pontoons and soon struck a heavy outpost, commanding approaches to the rebel works. This the rebels had just left on our crossing. Foster's battery took station at our backs on the banks of the bayou, and tried to draw the enemy's fire from us, until we could get a good foothold on the east bank.

We passed the outpost and tried to deploy on the field, but the enemy's crossfire swept down on us from both wings in terrific volleys of iron hail. Foster's battery could not draw the enemy's fire.

Men fell on all sides. Many of the line officers of the 22d Ky. were shot down. Capt. Garrard, Co. H, and Capt. Hegan, Co. G, were shot dead; Col. Monroe was slightly wounded.

Finding we could not carry the works, the retreat was sounded and we fell behind Foster's battery. The artillerymen did their part nobly; so did the good old 16th Ohio, with whom the 22d Ky. was always the best of friends. Indeed, the brigade in all did well.

After the Chickasaw Bluffs charge we fell back to the Yazoo River. I was wounded, and rode in an ambulance from the field hospital to the boat-landing. The field hospital was a bloody place. The Surgeons were plenty, and armed with all sorts of instruments to amputate people's arms and legs; so the scene was ghastly to one who was not habituated.

I recollect I set my Springfield down by the door and there I left it. I reported to Chaplain Sumner, who dressed my wound and ordered me to go in first ambulance to the hospital boat.

Here, the wounded were gathering fast from the Bluffs, and many that were not wounded, "playing off" as nurses, getting away from the battlefield. The next morning I went aboard the hospital boat. I was standing on the bow. I heard considerable noise in the direction of the cabin. Quite a crowd of so-called nurses were making a flight down the stairs, followed by a large man, who was kicking at them.

He walked up to me, looking me in the eyes, but did not say a word, and walked away. I afterwards learned he was the Surgeon-General.

Our command proceeded up the river to assault Arkansas Post, while we wounded were transferred to hospitals at Keokuk, Iowa, and Memphis, Tenn.—A. J. JACOBS, Co. D, 22d Ky., Wesleyville, Ky.

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From Corp'l Huff.

Editor National Tribune: I, like other veterans, want to condemn the miserable pension law that cuts out the second wife unless she happened to marry the soldier prior to 1890. I have a second wife, and she is as true and loyal as my first wife was, and will have quite a lot more care on her hands, as I am now past 61, and in a few years at the most will be a burden on her hands. If my candidate for Congress was to intimate that he was opposed to a bill that will put all widows on an equal footing I would do my level best to defeat him. Some one in The National Tribune some weeks ago wanted to know if anyone was living who was present when the two rebel spies were hung at Lexington, Ky. Yes, I was there. The large man with black hair and mustache was named Wm. McGee, and the other, who talked so long, bragged that he had killed 16 Yankees, and only regretted that he didn't have 1,000 lives to give for the Southern Confederacy, was Dave Ferguson. My mother is still living at De Evert, Carter County, Ky., and is 89 years old. I am 61, and my baby, John P. Huff, Jr., is eight months old. If any of the old comrades who served with me and whom I have not met since the war should happen to read this, let them write me.—John P. Huff, Corporal, Co. K, 40th Ky., Plummer's Landing, Ky.

MUSTERED OUT.

STEWART.—At Grayson, Ky., March 21, Alvin Stewart, aged 82. Comrade Stewart served in Co. C, 14th Ky.

LESTER.—At Grayson, Ky., June 28, 1903, John Lester, aged 61. Comrade Lester served in Co. E, 45th Ky.

FRAZIER.—At Grayson, Ky., May 12, 1906, Capt. O. M. Frazier, aged 70. Comrade Frazier served as Captain of Co. C, 14th Ky.

BELLOMY.—At Grayson, Ky., Feb. 12, 1904, Thomas Bellomy, aged 70. Comrade Bellomy served in Co. A, 188th Ohio.

RANKINS.—At Grayson, Ky., April 19, 1906, I. S. Rankins, aged 67. Comrade Rankins served in Co. G, 173d Ohio.

WYMAN.—At Eau Claire, Wis., Dec. 2, 1906, Milo B. Wyman. Comrade Wy-

The Inscription on the Coins.

G. W. Littlejohn, Grayson, Ky., is an old Kentucky mountaineer and ex-soldier. He has been trying to keep up with the 20th century, but the President has knocked him out in the removal of the inscription on our coins. It was fully understood by men of wisdom of the time when it was ordered to be placed on the coins, and it was an announcement to the world that we as a Nation and a people trusted in God.

FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What the Veterans Have to Say
About Their Campaigns.

EARLY WAR DAYS IN KENTUCKY.

Experiences of the 22d Ky. Soon After
Enlistment.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The 22d Ky., in part, was made up at Grayson, Ky. The so-called Wilson's battalion, from Grayson, was sent to Camp Swigert, Ky. Col. Lindsey's battalion being there in camp, the two battalions spliced, resulting in the election of Col. Lindsey as Colonel of the 22d Ky.

I have not forgotten our leaving Grayson in 1861. At that date it was but a small village, consisting of three or four stores. Our bivouac was in the old brick Courthouse, from which our drummer would beat long-roll, ration-call, etc., when necessary. I recollect the boys would drop small particles of brick down from above on Snyder's drummer, to hear him swear at them while in the discharge of his military duties.

One very cold morning I came in from guard-duty; being feverish, I went to the well, at the edge of the Courthouse, to get a drink. Frost had fallen thick on the bucket. My lips adhered to it. I was fastened to the bucket, and did not know what to do. However, I resorted to strategy, letting the water run over the edge of the bucket, and so thawing my lips loose.

When we left Grayson we marched to the Ethern Tunnel, about 12 miles from Ashland, Ky. We embarked on flat-cars. Our eyes must have been very red when we got to Ashland, as we were subjected to much smoke and falling cinders on the way. We had on citizens' clothes, and looked, no doubt, like a lot of Confederates starting for the general rendezvous at Ashland.

We descended the Ohio to Camp Swigert on the steamer Boston, which at that time plied between Portsmouth and Cincinnati. At Camp Swigert we became part of the 22d Ky., drew tents and uniforms, and looked a little more soldierlike. I think our arms consisted of Belgian rifles, said to be about as safe before us behind, having this characteristic of the army mule.

We fared very well at Swigert until the measles put in an appearance, which raged in our midst all winter, and did us a great deal more damage than the Southern Confederacy did.

When we left Camp Swigert we went to Ashland, where the sick were left, the regiment going on to Hig Sandy. Some of the regiment went with Garfield to Pound Gap, where they demoralized a rebel recruiting-station, returning afterwards to Piketon, Ky., to camp.—A. J. JACOBS, Wesleyville, Ky.

THE 22d KY.'S SERVICE.

Some Dealings With John Morgan That Were Interesting
If Vexatious.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: During a certain period in 1862, after reaching the Gap, the Gibraltar of Kentucky, we spent our time in drilling and picket duty. Bragg's army followed us from Tazewell, went up Powell's Valley, and came through into Kentucky by way of another gap that the Government had neglected to guard. Pretty soon our rations became scarce. Our Gen. Morgan saw he would have to evacuate the Gap and strike through to the North to get supplies, as the rebel forces were between us and Lexington, our depot of supplies.

One evening in the month of August, 1862, our Colonel and some officers informed us that we must get ready to march through Kentucky and gain some point on the Ohio River, where communications with our supplies could be reached. Accordingly, about 1 o'clock, we left our Sibley tents on the hillside and our sick folks to the enemy's mercy, and, amid flying dust and tramping of many men, bid adieu to our fortifications and took up line of march.

We left behind us the finest water country in the world—cool springs on both sides of the mountain, and one spring was large enough to run an overshoot mill whose capacity ran a sawmill, cornmill, wheat-mill and perhaps could have blown a furnace if there had been one handy.

Our march was one of toil and privations. Rations were scarce, as it required a fine lot of provisions to feed 12,000 men, and in an enemy's country. The dry season was on us, and water was scarce, and what we did get was warm and unwholesome. I recollect one night, being on a water hunt with some comrades, we descended an almost perpendicular cliff. We found the water and came off all right except Stephen Wootton, who fell and broke his leg. Our feet became very sore about the time we reached Grayson, Ky.

John Morgan, with a troop of Confederate cavalry, harassed our rear and front, and one day captured two privates of Co. D, Devlin and James. That was just before we reached West Liberty. They were paroled the next morning, after bivouacking in a log the previous night.

The next day the Johnnies had a fight with our rear guard. It was jokingly said, John Morgan was George Morgan's rear guard coming through, for he was in the advance of George Morgan or in his rear most of the time. Maj. Cook commanded the rear guard, consisting of Co. C and Co. D, 22d Ky. Morgan made a dash for our beef cattle, and shot a fellow, who made a most miserable lamentation. Maj. Cook concluded that he would go back to the wounded man's assistance, so we faced about and started down the road. Presently John Morgan's men put in their appearance, riding up the road several abreast. Capt. Scott threw us across the road, disputing Morgan's advance, but Morgan came leisurely along.

Capt. Scott gave orders to fire. Seeing that Morgan aimed to stampede us, he then sounded retreat. We went as fast as our legs could carry us, for we were tired of the Johnnies' presence, they being too close for comfort. The firing soon brought the brigade to our assistance. Morgan at once fell back, after firing a volley at our retreating forms.

We all came off very well excepting Serg't Danner, whose gun burst. The day following John Morgan was in the advance. Foster's battery shelled him heavily, and caused him to move off on a forced march towards Grayson. We reached Grayson without much difficulty, and found a great many of our friends and quite a lot

of home guards. John Morgan left Grayson for Olive Mill, where he had a fight with the home guards. Many houses were burned, among them being Capt. Scott's house.—A. J. JACOBS, Head of Scouts, Grasse, Ky.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The battle of Thompson Hill, Miss., or Port Hudson, was fought on May 1, 1863, by the Thirteenth Corps and the Confederates under Bower and Pemberton. After the running of the Vicksburg blockade Gen. Grant attacked the Grand Gulf blockade. Failing to silence the Confederate guns he concluded that another blockade must be run. The army disembarked from the transports and marched below Grand Gulf, being on the opposite side.

Our march was made safely, and we went into camp about dark on the evening of April 28. We were close enough to witness the Grand Gulf batteries open fire on the passing boats; the transports under full head of steam came through without much damage, while the ironclads replied to the rebels viciously.

It was an imposing sight. The earth shook under our feet as volley after volley was fired with great rapidity. The Mississippi River was lit up to all appearances with a great conflagration, the water was lit up with bursting shells and the flashes from the heavy guns in impregnable positions in the bluffs.

Presently our transports came floating down to camp, which caused loud cheering from the troops. After them came the ironclads with battle-flags floating on the night breeze.

The next day Gen. Grant ordered us aboard the transports. All the boats were loaded full of soldiers. Grant headed the headquarters boat for Grand Gulf, as if he intended to land under fire. He held the boats about two hours near the enemy's batteries, and all at once pointed down-stream, the rest following.

Gunboats and transports loaded with troops disembarked seven miles below Grand Gulf, and drew rations. We resumed marching about 3 o'clock, aiming for the narrow passage leading for the bluffs back of Grand Gulf, known as Thompson Hill. A race was made by rebels and Yankees—we to gain a foothold; our enemies to prevent us farther advance.

Grant had misled the rebels as to his real intentions, and they delayed so long that we were well under headway beyond the danger limit before we met their advance near Thompson Hill. When we did meet military movements were suspended until morning, as further marching was dangerous. The new April moon was receding behind the Mississippi hills when we laid down our arms, knowing that the morning light would bring us face to face with our antagonists.

About 4 o'clock next morning we were aroused to prepare for battle. This morning found my appetite bad. When the bugle sounded we fell in. Our division was the center of the battle-array. The battle opened early on our right, the rebels charging our right wing heavily, but a discharge of musketry repelled this charge. Our battery (Foster's) threw shot and shell obliquely into the lines, scattering them back in confusion. The day was hot and oppressive. There was a gap between our right and center, and the 22d Ky. was ordered to hold this. I recollect Col. Worthington said:

"Boys, hold the position; we have shade, and we must hold it at all hazards." So we did.

About noon we charged the rebels through a cane-brake. A bear figured as a non-combatant, playing back and forth during the day. He did not seem to know which was the right side—rebel or Union. As we were going through the cane-brake Stephen Dehart, of our company, fell against me, being struck by a spent ball between the shoulders. I thought he was mortally wounded, but upon assisting him to his feet found that he was not. The battle was now raging fiercely toward Port Gibson, and by sundown the rebels were completely put to flight.—A. J. JACOBS, Co. D, 22d Ky., Head of Grassy, Ky.

Young Kentucky Soldier.

G. W. Littlejohn, 40th Ky., Grayson, Ky., writes: "Our village claims to have sent out one of the youngest soldiers in the war, Alexander Fraley, born July 5, 1850; enlisted in Co. D, 40th Ky., July 22, 1863, for one year; mustered out Dec. 30, 1864. He now resides in Kingfisher, Okla., and is an applicant for the office of U. S. Marshal. His soldier comrades in the mountains of Kentucky send him good greeting, with an earnest hope that he will succeed in getting the position."

Going Back at Chickasaw.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: It was on Dec. 29, 1862. The 22d Ky. was badly cut up, as was also the rest of De Courcey's Brigade, the brigade that Gen. Sherman in his Memoirs says struck a sandbar and refused to go ahead at Chickasaw Bayou when so ordered by their superior officers. I want to give my own experience. After the slaughter, when I started on the retreat, I had heard no orders for retreat, but I was wounded, and saw, too, that I had better go quickly. The roar of musketry was terrific, the field was enveloped in smoke, while shot and shell shrieked through the air, threatening us with destruction immediate and terrible. My comrades were falling on the right and left.

I dropped my cap and did not halt for it, but held on to my Springfield rifle. My arm was bleeding, and my left hand was badly swollen, when I got back to our reserves, who had not crossed the bayou to our assistance. When I struck the bayou on my retreat it did not look so wide as it really was. I jumped, intending to land over in the Union lines, but I stuck fast about the middle of the bayou. Presently a shell came along. Fearful lest it might explode over me, I surged heavily in the endeavor to regain my freedom. The shell threw quite an amount of mud and water upon me, as it struck not far away, and buried itself out of sight in the bottom of the bayou. Luckily my shoe-strings broke, and I climbed to the top of the bank a sad sight.

I got orders to report to the field hospital for treatment. I was stopped by the cavalry in the rear, who had orders to look after stragglers. I did not pay much attention to their orders, but was going on, when

a Sergeant said: "Let him through; he is wounded."

I soon reached the hospital, which presented a horrible sight to one not accustomed to such scenes, for I was more used to the front. Several Surgeons were busy amputating limbs in a cool fashion that suggested the slaughter-yards. I met Chaplain Sumner, who at once cut off my shirt-sleeve, wrapped a bandage around my arm and ordered me aboard the first ambulance that came along. The vehicle was already full, but I found a place by the driver, and rapidly was driven to the Yazoo, where the hospital boat was under protection of the ironclads.—A. J. JACOBS, 22d Ky., Head of Grassy, Ky.

SERVICE AGAINST GUERRILLAS IN KENTUCKY.

Henry M. Hutchison, Co. C, 40th Ky., Elkfork, Ky., writes that he left his home in Elkfork, Morgan Co., Ky., in Sept. 1863, and after much difficulty reached Grayson, Carter Co., Ky., where he enlisted in Co. C, 40th Ky. His company was commanded by Capt. J. B. Nipps. His service was of the most hazardous kind, being largely against guerrilla bands in Kentucky. He was taken prisoner at Mt. Sterling, Ky., in June 1864, by John Morgan. He was just recovering from typhoid fever. He was kept a prisoner five days and nights and all this time was compelled to march at double quick, Morgan's raiders being hard pressed by Gen. Burbridge. On the fifth day Comrade Hutchinson was paroled. He made his way home and there was nursed to health by his father who was a physician. He again joined his regiment and served until Dec. 30, 1864.

Carter County and the Comet.

Comrade A. J. Jacobs, Co. D, 22d Ky., writes from Smoky Valley, Ky., about his experience as a home-guard in the first days of the war. This was in Carter County, and he says his company was armed with old smooth-bore muskets after the model of 1812. They had large percussion locks and ancient bayonets. The Carter County Home Guards were without cartridge-boxes and had to carry their ammunition in their pockets. These venerable guns, Comrade Jacobs says, were a great load to carry. He said the great comet in the sky in those strenuous days made a light almost as bright as the moon. "This token of bloody war," he adds, "caused much alarm among the people of Carter County."

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Thirty-four years have passed away since the Chickasaw charge, in which Gen. Sherman says Courcey's Brigade stopped behind a sandbank and refused to move.

I can't understand why he made such a statement. I remember well how we were scattered by the concentrated fire of Pemberton's forces thickly lining the bluffs. They had a crossfire on our brigade, and we were enveloped in shot and shell from the time we crossed the bayou until the retreat was sounded.

If Capt. Foster, of the Wisconsin battery, is alive, he can tell how the 22d Ky. and 16th Ohio suffered; for when we crossed the bayou Foster tried to draw the fire from the rebels by a terrific bombardment of the bluffs, but he failed. They threw their shot and shell into our advancing columns.

Foster's battery was attached to our brigade, and did all in their power to assist us out.

Such a statement as Sherman's is not correct. I am not very positive about any but the 22d Ky. I know they suffered heavily in line officers and privates. Capts. Garrard and Higan were killed on the field; Bruce and Bacon, Lieutenants, were wounded. Many of our fellow-soldiers from old Carter County sleep on or near the Chickasaw battlefield.

What has become of the members of the old Wisconsin battery? I should be glad to meet them and shake hands and thank them for assisting us gallantly in days gone by. If any of you are readers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, write to it, so we can hear from you; also, the 16th Ohio should speak up once in a while.—A. J. JACOBS, Co. D, 22d Ky., Wesleyville, Ky.

Editor National Tribune: I belonged to Co. D, 22d Ky. During the Vicksburg campaign we marched to Hard Times, and then to the rear of Grand Gulf. The battle of Port Gibson resulted, and we made a hasty exit from there.

Grant's skill mystified Pemberton. He was trying to cross Black River, but could not determine Grant's strength. Grand Gulf was known as Grant's base of supplies.

After the Raymond fight and the capture of Jackson Grant turned his face toward Vicksburg, still keeping Pemberton in the dark as to his intentions. Even Halleck at Washington couldn't understand what Grant was about, and ordered him to fall back and succor Banks at Port Hudson. Halleck's dispatch was too late. Sherman was crossing Black River, and McClernand was marching in that direction.

Pemberton had crossed Black River, and wanted to try his generalship. He did not have to wait long, for Hovey's Division, backed by Carr's Division, showed him what they were made of. I never saw men fight so bravely. Our division was held in reserve. Late in the evening the enemy gave away. I shall not forget the roar of musketry. Artillery could not be used at such close quarters.

On the evening of May 16, the day before the engagement at Champion's Hill, we were close to Pemberton's command, but during the night Pemberton fell back. Our Lieutenant asked for volunteers to picket a bluff in our extreme front. I was one of those to go. When we reached there we found the Johnnies in possession. They opened fire, and we fell flat and hugged the ground until we could find an opportunity to get back to our line. If Ralph Ball, who was one of us, is in the land of the living, I would like to hear from him.—A. J. Jacobs, Co. D, 22d Ky., Smoky Valley, Ky.

THE CHARGE AT CHICKASAW BLUFFS.

A. J. Jacobs, Co. D, 22d Ky., Breckinridge, Ill., writes: "The division commanded by Gen. Geo. W. Morgan was disastrously defeated at Chickasaw Bluffs. The brigade to which I belonged was composed of the 16th Ohio, 22d Ky., 42d Ohio and 54th Ind. Col. J. F. De Courcey, of the 16th Ohio, commanding the brigade, noting the enemy's formidable position and superior numbers, protested against making the charge, predicting failure. However, he obeyed orders. Many were killed and wounded, myself among the latter. The wounded were sent to various hospitals up the Mississippi River, those of my regiment being sent to Memphis. Upon one occasion I awoke at midnight to find myself in the 'midst of death'—on the one side was a dead comrade and on the other side another was dying. Such is war."

THE 22D KY. UNDER FIRE.

Doings at Vicksburg in Which Comrade Jacobs Had Some Unenviable Experiences.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: It was during the siege of Vicksburg, on May 22, 1863, that we were drawn up to make a general charge along the lines, as Grant no doubt thought he could break through with the forces at his disposal and carry the Vicksburg works by storm. The charge was to be made at 10 o'clock.

The 22d Ky. stood at attention. I felt very gloomy under existing circumstances. In our front were strong forts bristling with monster guns, looking through portholes connected by rifle-pits. In front of the rifle-pits were cut trees so thick that it seemed to us we could not cross against such fearful odds. To add to my bad feelings, our Serg't-Maj. Herrington was walking to and fro in our front, saying that he knew he would be killed in the charge that was about to be made. He had on a broad-brimmed hat, and, sure enough, fell about the time he started into the charge.

I recollect my feelings as 10 o'clock drew near. Lines of blue stretched away as far as the eye could trace, heavy columns of infantry taking stations where appointed. I stepped to the front about two paces, and looked up and down the line to see if the men looked as bad as I felt. They seemed to have an ashy hue that made me feel worse, so I stepped back, pulled my cap down, and when the order came for a forward movement we started into the assault with odds against us.

Fort Beauregard belched forth a stream of iron hail. The rifle-pits added a stream of smoke and fire. We moved until we came to the fallen timber. We had orders to lie down and await developments. The air over our heads seemed to be full of shot and shell. The sun was hot, and lying on the ground almost unbearable. As the brigade was massed to make the assault we had to hug Mother Earth, as the shot would come in close proximity to us, threatening us with utter annihilation.

Matters were growing worse with me every moment. The brigade was so close that you could walk on men, and Fort Beauregard seemed to throw her shot all at me, so I thought I would change my tactics. I thought if I went forward, and not backward, it would be all right, so I at once proceeded, spread out over the ground much as an alligator, and grasped my Springfield rifle in my hand; so you see my traveling was slow. As most of the brigade was in our front, they wanted to know where I was going,—especially officers,—and what regiment I belonged to. I would answer, "22d Ky.," and they would say, "22d Ky.'s behind; go back." I paid no attention, only answered that I was "advancing to take the place myself, as you fellows will not go ahead."

I was soon ahead, and found three more of the 22d, who had preceded me—Al Hall, of my company; an old Irishman by the name of Ganery, member of Co. A, and Allen Keeser, of Co. E. I at once joined this forlorn hope, as they had located themselves in a hole caused by an up-turned tree. Here I shot Allen Keeser's rammer away. I was shooting both the Springfield guns, while Keeser acted as cannoner. The shot I fired containing the rammer turned me to a right-face, as I was firing the gun kneeling. I reached the gun to Allen, and asked him what made his gun kick so. He replied that it did not kick. When he resumed loading he saw the trouble, and said to me: "No wonder, you shot my rammer away." He had left it in the gun by mistake. We held our advanced position till night, let our skirmish line fall back, and then rejoined our company and regiment.—A. J. JACOBS, Co. D, 22d Ky.

A REBEL SHARPSHOOTER.

Comrade A. J. Jacobs, 22d Ky., of Wesleyville, Ky., writes of his experience with a sharpshooter during the siege of Vicksburg. He was on a skirmish line with orders not to shoot unless the rebels started the engagement. It was a hot May day, and both armies were quiet, except one sharpshooter stationed about 300 yards from Comrade Jacobs's position. The rebel wore a white hat, and on this account was rather conspicuous. Standing on a cartridge box, and laying his Springfield rifle across the embankment, Comrade Jacobs awaited the appearance of the sharpshooter. Comrade Jacobs and the sharpshooter both fired at the same time. In dodging the flash of the rebel's gun, Jacobs tumbled off his box, and when the Sergeant arrived, he was lying in a ditch some feet from his original position. The shot stopped the rebel's firing for the remainder of the day.

Carter County and the Comet.

Comrade A. J. Jacobs, Co. D, 22d Ky., writes from Smoky Valley, Ky., about his experience as a home-guard in the first days of the war. This was in Carter County, and he says his company was armed with old smooth-bore muskets after the model of 1812. They had large percussion locks and ancient bayonets. The Carter County Home Guards were without cartridge-boxes and had to carry their ammunition in their pockets. These venerable guns, Comrade Jacobs says, were a great load to carry. He said the great comet in the sky in those strenuous days made a light almost as bright as the moon. "This token of bloody war," he adds, "caused much alarm among the people of Carter County."

Chickasaw Bluffs.

A. J. Jacobs, 22d Ky., Smoky Valley, Ky., was wounded at Sherman's repulse upon Chickasaw Bluffs, Dec. 29, 1862. They were defeated by Grant's failure to reinforce Sherman from Holly Springs. Grant was held back by Van Dorn destroying his supplies at Holly Springs. This left Johnston and Pemberton loose, so that they filled the Chickasaw works full of men by railroad from Jackson, Miss. After being wounded Comrade Jacobs was sent to the field hospital, and had his wound dressed by Chaplain Sumner. He was then put on the steamboat Von Phul, and the next morning, while standing on the bow, he heard a tremendous row in the cabin. He saw a lot of men making quick time down the steamboat stairway, followed by a strong-looking man, who was kicking them right and left. After finishing this he walked up to Comrade Jacobs and looked him over closely, giving him a bad fright, but did not even ask a question. Later he learned that he was the Surgeon-General, and the men he was kicking off the boat were skulkers, playing nurses with white strings tied around their arms.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: During Morgan's retreat from Cumberland Gap in 1862 we were at Manchester, Ky. Capt. Scott, Co. D, 22d Ky., was detailed for picket one morning. Capt. Scott took his company out to the picket line and stationed his pickets, as on such occasions. Serg't Danner, of Co. D, with six privates, I being one of the number, were placed farthest from camp. When night-fall came we had no countersign. This made us somewhat nervous, as it would necessitate an enemy or friend dismounting, if horseback, to be recognized. The night was dark, and I some distance from the reserve.

I had been on post about 30 minutes, when I heard clanking of sabers. I supposed the rebels were advancing, and I beat a hasty retreat to the reserve.

As I came up I screamed "Rebels! Boys, fall in to ranks." This did not seem to awaken any except Private Geo. Smith, who, instead of getting gun and executing vengeance on night-raiders, turned a somersault into a brush-pile. I awakened the Sergeant, who was frightened, as he feared a court-martial to try us for neglect of duty. On our return to camp the night-raiders proved to be our Colonel and Officer of the Day.—A. J. JACOBS, Co. D, 22d Ky., Croft, Ill.

Occurrences Before the Siege of Vicksburg.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I was a member of Co. D, 22d Ky., and during 1862 we were attached to the Thirteenth Corps, commanded by Gen. Sherman. Preparatory to the Vicksburg campaign there was a general rendezvous at Memphis, Tenn. Gen. Sherman appeared in person and reviewed our command. He was followed by his Staff and Orderlies. It was a late autumnal day, and amid the blast of bugles, rattling of drums, and roar of artillery Gen. Sherman rode along our line, occasionally checking his horse to speak pleasantly to the men.

Harvey Wilburn had on boots. He asked if he preferred boots to shoes. He spoke to George Ruder, asking him how many cartridges he had in his cartridge box. George replied: "None." Sherman rode on to address his next man. I said to George, after the General had passed: "What made you tell him you had no cartridges?" He replied: "I understood Sherman to ask about a deck of cards?" I shuddered when George told the General he had no cartridges, as it was contrary to regulations to be destitute of ammunition.

After the review we boarded transports for Vicksburg. "The Gibraltar of the Confederacy." We traveled during the day only, lying along the Mississippi shore at night. When headquarters stopped, the boats dropped in above until all the fleet was lined along the shore, looking much like a huge steamboat landing. We reached the mouth of the Yazoo on Christmas evening, and cast anchor preparatory to ascending the Yazoo the next day. We well knew we were on the eve of a desperate conflict, and that many of our comrades would give up their lives in the great undertaking before us.—A. J. JACOBS, Co. D, 22d Ky., Smoky Valley, Ky.

On Picket Near Cumberland Gap.

Editor National Tribune: Six men of us were on a picket post. William Ray and myself stood together while the other four were our reserve. Shortly after taking our position we could hear walking around our post, but could see nothing. It was not a dark night. The moon, which was about in its first quarter, was struggling thru fleecy clouds. Our first supposition was that the footsteps belonged to a prowling enemy on our flanks, trying to put a bullet into us, but there were no shots. Comrade Ray and myself kept a tree between us and the supposed enemy, with our Springfield ready, but seeing nothing we refrained from shooting, fearing to hit some one on the post and alarm the camp. After two hours of straining our ears and eyes at every sound, every nerve at concert pitch, expecting any moment to hear the report of a gun, our relief came and we went back to camp. No enemy appeared at all, there was absolutely nothing "doing," and the sound we heard was probably all our imagination, but it made a very unpleasant and never-to-be-forgotten evening for us.—A. J. Jacobs, 22d Ky., Olive Hill, Ky.

Joke on the Picket.

Editor National Tribune: In 1862, while marching from Cumberland Gap to the Ohio River, Serg't Ruder said to me one morning: "Jack, get your gun and cartridge box and report to Adj't Robb." I said: "I don't want to help shoot that man who was sentenced to be shot for killing a comrade." He said: "Report to Adj't Robb at guard mounting." I was slow putting myself in battle array. However, I got my gun to go, and by orders of Capt. Scott I went on picket with my company. How glad I was. I didn't have to witness the execution.

By some mistake we had no countersign. I was with a post consisting of a Sergeant and six men. I was on second watch. The night was dark. I fully determined, should the enemy come, to wake the reserve, in order that they might share the honor. Late in the night I heard clanking sabers. I at once thought the Johnnies were upon us, so I hurried to wake the guards. I screamed so loud "Rebels" that the supposed enemy heard me. They were the Colonel of my regiment and the officers of the day. They laughed loud at my sudden retreat. The Sergeant, after waking, said: "You played ——! All of us will be arrested to-morrow." But we were not.—A. J. Jacobs, Co. D, 22d Ky., Smoky Valley, Ky.

Name in these articles are:

Harvey Wilburn, George Ruder, William Ray, Al Hall, Allen Keeser, Chaplain Sumner, Ralph Ball, Alexander Fraley, Stephen Dehart, Henry Hutchison, Alvin Stewart, John Lester, Capt. O.M. Frazier, Thomas Bellomy, L.S. Rankins, John P. Huff, G.W. Littlejohn