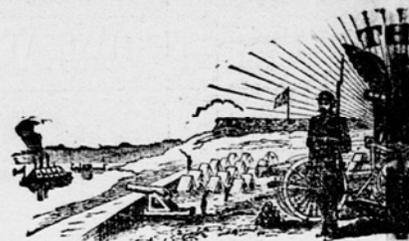


National



"To care for him who has borne the brunt of the war."

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY

FIGHTING AT TUPELO.

The Live Eagle Brigade and Its Gallant Work.

A BOLD RAIDER.

Gen. Smith and His "Guerrillas" Make Ready.

A WALL OF BLUE.

Rebels Too Well "Remember Fort Pillow."

BY R. C. MILES, 8TH W.S., STETSONVILLE, WIS.



ABOUT the date of Gen. Van Dorn's successful raid into Holly Springs and capture of that place Dec. 20, 1862, with its garrison, Col. Murphy in command, and over a million dollars' worth of military stores for Gen. Grant's army in his so far successful advance

in the direction of the Confederate stronghold, Vicksburg, Gen. N. B. Forrest, the Mississippi Buccaneer, with his irregular cavalry makes a successful raid in the rear and break up Grant's line of communication at Davis's Mills and other points in the vicinity of Grand Junction, and during the ensuing year 1863 successfully raids and terrorizes the rich and populous States of Tennessee and Kentucky, plundering the weak and defenseless, and forcing the able-bodied men into the rebel armies to fight their own Government against their will; burning bridges and destroying railroads and other property.

In February, 1864, he defeats Sooy Smith, in command of three times his numbers, and drives him back out of Mississippi, thereby depriving Gen. Sherman of his co-operation and aid in the Meridian expedition.

This brilliant success of Gen. Forrest against a force of three times his numbers adds materially to his prestige, and secures him additional scope of command and power for organizing for still more effective aggressive

orders received by Gen. Smith at Alexandria to return with the troops under his command to their respective corps under Gen. Sherman in Georgia, are countermanded, and he is ordered to organize a sufficient force from the remnants of his regiments, after furloughing the re-enlisted men, and from such other forces as are in the vicinity, and to treat with the bold raider for an adjustment of affairs in that section of the country.

In the organization of this expedition, the officers of Co. E having all gone home, along with about three-fourths of the men, on veteran furlough, in the consolidation of companies of the Live Eagle Regiment for more effective operations, the writer finds himself under the command of the efficient and gentlemanly officers of Co. H, but with the same personal freedom of action when not on duty, whether in camp or on the march, as we have always been accustomed to under the officers of Co. E.

and made some pretty lively demonstrations in that direction, beside sending out a forage train in that direction on the afternoon of the 11th, in which the writer was detailed to play a hand, Gen. N. B. appears to take his movements as an indication that A. J. is disposed to avail himself of Southern hospitality at his Hotel des Militaire in Oxford, when, as appears later, Gen. A. J. had no such intention, it being an entire misapprehension on the part of N. B. Forrest, he having relied altogether upon appearances.

Instead of inquiring of Gen. A. J. personally as to his pleasure, Gen. N. B. wishes to dispense Oriental hospitality by intuitive anticipation of his guest's desires, in which he is soon satisfied that he does not succeed.

Early on the morning of July 13, Gen. Smith, with his whole retinue, starts out on the road east for Tupelo, without saying anything to Gen. Forrest about his intentions, or waiting for him to take the advance and escort us with his intended pomp and parade,

valley or ravine from their scope of observation in line in that direction vance of the enemy on and from the range of they are within 600 yards.

In fact, the Live Eagle the salient of the right flank, it being the most constructed position to assault but the line is well sheltered the ridge from the artillery of the advancing enemy action on their part; wade of our (Third) Division extends our line what refused, and facing right toward the swan rear of the Second (Li from the direction of assault fire of the assaulting force down the valley and surround brigade on their right.



THE FORT PILLOW MASSACRE.

The 4th of July, 1864, is observed in Madison, the State Capital of her native with lively music and salvos of artillery in our front to proclaim our coming, and having The remnants of the Minn. together form on



cattle, and for his widow and orphans."

DAY, DECEMBER 21, 1893.

Tribune.

Library
War Department
1868

VOL. XIII—NO. 21—WHOLE NO. 645.

the south, which lim-
tion from our position
n and covers the ad-
our front from view
of our artillery until
ds of our position.
gle Brigade occupies
flank of the National
st open and unob-
sault from the west;
ltered by the crest of
lery and infantry fire
y until it is time for
while the First Bri-
vision (the Ohio Bri-
to the right, some-
ng diagonally to the
mp, therefore to the
ive Eagle) Brigade
tack, though under
rees as they advance
upporting the latter

roar of musketry, mingled with salvos of
artillery and the exultant yells of the ad-
vancing Confederates as the advance falls
back to their position in the National line
of battle, or to the rear as reserve, and on
comes the yelling masses of the exultant foe,
pouring in a steady storm of leaden hail,
while the solid shot and bursting shell are
shrieking past, plowing the earth, crashing
through the tree-tops, exploding over head,
and scattering their searching fragments
into our recumbent ranks.

On come the confident rebels—one, two,
three consecutive lines of battle deep—
charging down the slope in front with their
infernal yell.

Our light batteries make exhilarating
music as they are rapidly served by intrepid
gunners, and send their shell and grists of
grape into the charging ranks.

A too-venturesome officer comes galloping
from the right, and tumbles from his horse
just in front of our line, within 20 yards of
the writer. A rifle-ball plows a furrow
through the scalp of a comrade at our side,
and, turning his head, he asks who struck
him. We answer, "You were hit, sir, by a
Johnny rebel!" As the July sun is pouring
down his torrid heat, we advise him to go at
once to the Surgeon and get a plaster over
the gaping wound. He answers: "Not by a
—good many, until I pay them back for
their impertinence. I'll pay them back in
coin as good as any they can give."

On comes the yelling host, while jests
and gibes are all the signs of dread or fear
that emanate from men who patiently await
in that recumbent line. But now they are
charging up the slope. Their front ranks
are within 50 yards of our line; they have
reached the cordon of their fate; an order
rings along our line, "Second Brigade, to
your work, and

"REMEMBER FORT PILLOW!
And now before that rebel crew
A wall of blue leaps to their view
A wall of bristling steel
A blinding flash! A stunning crash
Their onward rush is staid!
Another flash and deafening roar!
A storm of lead sweeps through their ranks,
The death-storm crashes through the corn
And strews their torn and mangled forms
Upon the fated field!
An instant's pause! The Union cheer
In thunder tones breaks on the ear,
And then with vengeance loud and clear,
"Remember now Fort Pillow!"
With senses dazed they hear the cry,
As round them dead and wounded lie,
And from their dazed fate they fly,
Remembering Fort Pillow!

As the right wing now enjoys a respite, while
the battle rages with steady momentum

THE SABER BRIGADE.

Incidents in the History of Minty's
Cavalry of the Army of the
Cumberland.

GALLANT FIGHTING

Raiding Around the Rear of
Johnston.

TRUE PATRIOTISM

Marked Difference Between
Respective Casualties.

BY R. H. G. MINTY, BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL,
U. S. V., OGDEN, UTAH.



DESIRE to begin
this letter by correct-
ing a slight inaccura-
cy which appears
in my last.

Private Durfee, of
the 4th Mich. Cav.,
who was so seriously

wounded, was not in
Capt. Garrett's com-
mand. He was on picket duty near the place
where he was shot.

Lieut. Palmer, of the 4th Mich., was in
command of a picket north of Farmer's
Bridge. His videts were driven in. Two of
his men, Durfee and another, of whose name
I have no record dashed forward, drove
the enemy for considerable distance and
made one prisoner, but in the end Durfee
received the terrible wounds mentioned, and
his comrade was made prisoner.

When the ambulance was sent to bring
Durfee to camp Capt. Garrett was sent out
with his company of scouts, and he drove
the scouting party of Texans, as stated.

On May 16 the brigade crossed the Ooste-
naulta on the pontoon bridge at Lay's Ferry,
and at once pushed forward in advance of
the right flank of McPherson's army, meet-
ing and driving Ferguson's Brigade beyond
the Rome & Kingston Railroad, which we
destroyed from the junction to within two
miles of Kingston.

This incident is thus described by Vale,
page 284:

"MINTY CAME IN COLLISION

March! Gallop—March!" and away went
2,000 horsemen over the rough road; the
entire valley seemed to shake under

THE MIGHTY TREAD,
and the thunder of that gallop echoed far
and wide among the hills and along the
river.

We arrived at the bridge in good time to
prevent its destruction, and at once built a
strong crown-work of rails and logs cover-
ing the north end.

Our position was about three miles west
and two to the rear of Johnston's army.

About two hours after the completion of
the crown-work a division from the Army of
the Tennessee arrived and took possession
of it. I think my men were somewhat dis-
appointed at not having had a chance to de-
fend it against an assault of the enemy.

We marched across the bridge and re-
joined our horses. When attempting to
move them it was found that fully 300 had
been rendered totally unserviceable by our
five-mile gallop.

Johnston held the railroad bridge at Car-
tersville, and two highway bridges between
it and Gillem's Bridge, in strong force. He
destroyed all of them after crossing his army.

Pontoons had to be constructed for the
use of the Armies of the Cumberland and
Ohio; the Army of the Tennessee crossed
the river on Gillem's Bridge.

Van Horne, in the "History of the Army
of the Cumberland," Vol. II, page 74, says



GEN. R. H. G. MINTY.

"The Army of the Tennessee crossed the
river at the mouth of the Conosure Creek,
on a bridge which had been

SAVED FROM DESTRUCTION,
and advanced toward Dallas by Van Wert."

This was on the 23d. The Second Cavalry
Division, moving as usual in advance of the
infantry; my brigade leading, arrived at

8th Wis. and 5th
a battalion, with

organizing for still more effective aggressive operations, which he employs in the most infamous outrage committed during the war, and the most barbarous act ever known or recorded in the history of civilized nations—the Fort Pillow affair. An act which has buried any meritorious qualities in his very unclean character entirely out of sight under an impenetrable cloud of infamy. As he becomes more powerful through his boldness and successes and increasing popularity with the authorities of the Southern Confederacy, its controlling element, the Slave States' rights politician, and proportionally more infamous in his depredations and outrages, it becomes the more necessary for the National military authorities to direct some of their resources and power toward his suppression.

After the gallant and chivalrous affair of Fort Pillow, judging rightly that he has made himself sufficiently notorious to attract



GEN. N. B. FORREST, C. S. A.

unpleasant attention from the National forces in the vicinity, he now makes a hasty retreat out of Tennessee into his northern Mississippi stronghold. Gen. Sturgis, with 12,000 troops, is sent out from Memphis in pursuit of the bold raider, but he has already made good his escape across the line of the M. & C. R. R. with his booty, and he is now gathering and organizing a powerful force for still bolder operations.

During the month of June, 1864, Gen. Sturgis is again sent out to interview Forrest, accompanied by a grand retinue of 9,000 infantry, 3,000 cavalry and 200 wagons loaded with army stores. He, like Gen. Banks, sends Gen. Grierson, in command of the cavalry, ahead with the wagon-train of army stores as a peace offering. But Gen. Forrest, like Dick Taylor before, is not pacified, but wants also the negro regiments which constitute a part of Gen. Sturgis's bodyguard, and pitches into them without waiting for any ceremony, which very much discomposes Gen. Sturgis's calculations, and also his equanimity, and he turns about in disgust at such unceremonious treatment and "giggs" in lively time. In fact, he joins the stragglers of his army in a very unmilitary, go-as-you-please race for Memphis. And we are credibly informed that he took the "sweep-stakes."

It is also reported that Gen. Forrest was also in the race, but that the afore-mentioned negro regiments got in his way and caused him to lose time. Otherwise he would have "got there" and Sturgis would have "got left." As it was, Forrest claimed a "foul." The umpire gave him first "innings," and Sturgis was "ruled out."

But now Gen. A. J. is on deck with his "Guerrillas," having arrived at Memphis from the Red River expedition, and as Gen. Forrest persists in making himself more prominent than pleasant in the vicinity, the

State, in a jubilant and appropriate celebration of this great National holiday. A large majority of the Live Eagle Regiment on veteran furlough are scattered in their respective homes throughout the State of Wisconsin, also celebrating, while the remnant of the Live Eagle Regiment at the front, now under orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice, is lying quietly at La Grange, Tenn., enjoying a rest in their camp at that place.

On Tuesday, July 5, all is ready for the advance. The time passed since the 23d of June has been actively employed in repairing the railroad from Memphis to La Grange and the concentration in the vicinity of the latter place of the required force and necessary army supplies for the expedition, and now, on the morning of July 5, Gen. A. J. Smith's advance, including what is left of the Live Eagle Brigade, marches out to Davis's Mills, and bivouacs in position to cover the Division Pioneer Corps while they repair the bridge across Wolf River and the road across the swamp.

As is usual in Gen. Smith's method of advancing on an expedition against the enemy, the great wagon-train is dispensed with. Besides the ammunition train, a few Headquarters baggage wagons and ambulances, only one wagon is allowed to each regiment for commissaries and sick or

DISABLED MEN.

On the morning of July 8, 1864, Gen. A. J. Smith, with a "full deck" of about 12,000 men and his right bower, "Fighting Joe Mower," crosses the Wolf River at Davis's Mills, and gets under way in the direction of Forrest's retreat, in the vicinity of Tupelo, Miss. The men are furnished with three days' rations, with notice that they are to last six days, as no more can be issued within that time.

Gen. Forrest is reported to be well prepared with a force of 14,000 well equipped and effective men, and prepared to receive his renowned and distinguished visitors with appropriate ceremonies, and having held the champion's belt against all opponents, and at times against tremendous odds, he is now very anxious to try his skill with the renowned A. J., and stake his Mississippi Buccaneers against Smith's "Guerrillas."

Although Gen. Forrest is rising in rank and importance, and is now at the head of a much larger and more efficient force than ever before, and Gen. Smith's retinue is much inferior in numbers, in consideration of A. J.'s former prestige and renown, Forrest is quite willing to accord him an honorable reception.

Accordingly on our arrival at Pontotoc, Miss., on the 11th of July, 1864, we find him prepared to furnish us with lively entertainment in whichever direction we may choose to avail ourselves of his hospitality, whether in his "city" of Tupelo to the eastward, or to the west in his Oxford Castle, at both of which places he has made liberal provision for our ample accommodation and grand reception.

As our present location at Pontotoc is on the direct road, and near midway between those two principal rendezvous of our chivalrous entertainers, we are not particular at which place we avail ourselves of their distinguished hospitality, and Gen. Smith neglects to give Forrest a personal intimation of his choice in the matter. But having advanced his cavalry outposts well to the front in the direction of Oxford, to the west,

our front to proclaim our coming, and having a long day's march of about 22 miles, we advance pretty lively to accomplish it in time for supper, and there is no time to correct the program of procession; therefore our entertainers have to content themselves with

BRINGING UP THE REAR

with such music as they can furnish, with such hurried and informal arrangements as they can command, and an occasional "matinee" on our flanks as we pass along the road.

Gen. Forrest presses close on our rear with his infantry and batteries, while his cavalry make two brilliant dashes upon the flank of our marching columns, from advantageous positions from the right of the road, and attempts the capture of our wagon-train. But the train not being a very long one, and well guarded, with the infantry close up in the rear for support, they only succeed in killing and wounding a few of the train-guards and a few mules in their dash upon the train, when they are repulsed and severely punished for their audacity.

As the writer hurries to the sounds of the tumult the rebels are just disappearing in the woods away to the right, and we notice one comrade of our regiment with a bullet-hole in the center of his forehead, lying in the road, unconscious, but breathing at intervals.

Arriving in the vicinity of Tupelo just at night, Gen. Smith forms his forces in line of battle in a semi-circle around the town, from the swamp on the southeast to the swamp on the northwest, his flanks resting on the swamp and his rear protected by it as it covers the town from the northeast and bars all approach from that side.

Gen. Forrest has now discovered that he has an "old player" to deal with; that his first trick is taken with a good-sized trump, and rightly guesses that there is more where that came from, and makes up his mind that he has got to take big risks and play a bold game or lose the stake.

Our remnant of the Live Eagle Brigade

minn. together form our the Second Brigade for 2d Iowa L. A. occupy geous position on the ri the line. The gunners o noticed adding to their of ammunition by picki lot of damaged cartridges batful against their assail day's battle, and which share in the terrible slaug charging masses of confi in front of our Live Eagl

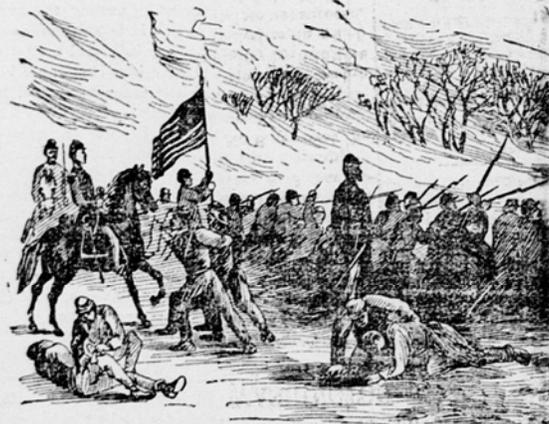
The extreme left flank line, resting upon the sw easterly beyond the town, and owing to the semic Gen. Smith's position a rectly in the rear of the l on the right flank, is oc orred Brigade, who so brava vance of Forrest's victori pursuit of Gen. Sturgis' their retreat back to M various regiments, briga composing the line of ba left are advantageously, leaders, A. J. Smith and

RESIST ANY

which can be brought aga more broken and hilly those principal approach and south.

The dawning light of closes the patiently-w Gen. Smith's army whe ouacked for the night, in ering Tupelo from the lying under the forest tected from the cool dam neath the twinkling star sky. The men are loung proximity to their resp the line, in expectant re movements of the enemy.

Soon distant carbine a turb the morning quiet; leys of carbines and mus the ear as Forrest's irte



THAT WALL OF BLUE.

(Second of the Third Division) occupies a good position along the top of a low wooded ridge facing a cornfield, which extends from the edge of the swamp over a quarter of a mile to our right, some distance to the left along our front, and a mile or more up the valley to the west from the swamp on our right, in the direction in which our brigade line is facing; while something over a quarter of a mile to our front a wooded ridge extends well into the aforementioned

mounted infantry come i National videts in develo position around Tupelo; rating sounds of lively carbines, mingled with th tions of musketry, as su are attacked and driven in line and fall back steadi regiment or brigade in ad a parallel ridge 300 or 400 makes a pretense of stub

by a battalion, with
 six-gun battery, the
 lying an advanta-
 ridge in that part of
 of the battery were
 supply and variety
 ing bullets from a
 es, to be used by the
 ilants in the coming
 doubtless had its
 ighter of the valiant
 sident Confederates
 le Brigade.
 nk of the National
 wamp facing south-
 over a mile distant,
 ircular contour of
 around Tupelo, di-
 Live Eagle Brigade,
 occupied by the Col-
 vely resisted the ad-
 sions troops in their
 s routed army in
 Memphis, while the
 ades and divisions
 ttle from right to
 osted by our able
 Jos. A. Mower, to
 FORCE
 ainst them over the
 y country between
 ches from the west

f July 14, 1864, dis-
 caiting soldiers of
 ere they had bivou-
 line of battle, cov-
 west and south,
 trees, or not prop-
 up of the night, be-
 us of the Summer
 ing in convenient
 pective positions in
 adness for the first

and rifle-shots dis-
 ; then rattling vol-
 usketry break upon
 egular cavalry and



in contact with the
 oping Gen. Smith's
 ; then the exhibi-
 volleys of cavalry
 the heavier detona-
 cavalry outposts
 in upon the infantry
 lily to the rear. A
 advanced line along
 0 yards to the front
 bborn resistance; a

the battle rages with steadily-augmenting
 din a mile or more distant away directly
 in our rear, as Forrest is making a tremen-
 dous assault upon the extreme left of the
 National line. We listen with far greater
 anxiety than we experienced when the yell-
 ing hordes were charging directly on our



A DESPERATE SKIRMISH.

front, as we do not know the situation. But
 we are so satisfied from the waning and
 receding sounds that the enemy is repulsed
 and driven from the field. And, as we learn
 later, the Colored Brigade received them
 with the war-cry, "Remember Fort Pil-
 low!" They were repulsed in their assault,
 and then the darkies were ordered to charge,
 and woe to the rebs who fell in their way!
 Down went the bayonet and Johnny bit the
 dust. They remembered Fort Pillow, and
 took no prisoners.

Again the conflict changes to the right
 wing, and the Confederate columns come
 down upon us in fresh and confident masses.
 Down the valley and over the ridge in our
 front they advance, while their numerous
 batteries are sending their missiles into our
 2d Iowa and 6th Ind. L. A., while their
 shell are bursting overhead and sending
 their wicked fragments flying in all direc-
 tions. The eight guns of the 2d Iowa and
 6th Ind., the only batteries in the vicinity of
 the Live Eagle Brigade, are sending their
 shell and grape into the advancing columns
 of Confederates; but, as usual in receiving an
 assaulting enemy, there is no answering shot
 from the Live Eagle Brigade, and the spiteful
 bursting shell and sweeping grape plowing
 their ranks and strewing mangled corpses
 among the sheltering corn has no effect upon
 their advancing lines.

Again a line of blue leaps from the
 ground. The assaulting lines of the enemy
 extend to the left, along the front of the
 Third Brigade of the Third Division, and
 also to other divisions of the Sixteenth
 Corps, but they are

REPULSED AT ALL POINTS
 with terrible slaughter, and with little loss
 to the National forces.

It is now near 3 o'clock in the afternoon.
 The right wing has been enjoying a half-
 hour's respite from the storm of battle,
 while away to the left the roar of musketry,
 mingled with the heavier thunder of artil-
 lery, conveys to our attentive ears the pro-
 gress of the battle along the center of the
 National line, and the din of conflict now

(Continued on second page.)

"MINTY CAME IN COLLISION
 with Ferguson's Brigade about a mile and a
 half after crossing the Oostenaula, which,
 attacking vigorously, he soon brushed from
 his path, and pushed on rapidly to the rail-
 road between Rome and Kingston, as by
 cutting the road he would isolate the force



at Rome and prevent the removal of the
 arms and military stores at that place.
 After heavy fighting Minty succeeded in
 getting possession of the road, and destroyed
 it from a point about two miles out to the
 Kingston junction."

On the 18th I was in position near Wood-
 land, northeast from Kingston. Early in
 the day Gen. Garrard ordered me to send
 one regiment on the Kingston road, and, as
 the enemy was in "full retreat," to "charge
 whatever they met."

I sent the 4th Mich. Cav., commanded
 by Lieut.-Col. Park, to whom I repeated
 Gen. Garrard's orders.

Col. Park met the enemy within one mile
 of Woodland, and charging home drove them
 to within two miles of Kingston, where he
 ran into a division of infantry; and was at
 the same time

ATTACKED IN REAR
 and on both flanks by Ferguson's Brigade of
 Cavalry.

Turning on the cavalry the 4th, using
 their sabers freely, cut their way through,
 losing three officers and 24 enlisted men
 killed and wounded, and one officer, Capt.
 Horace D. Grant, taken prisoner, his horse
 having been killed under him.

The officers wounded were Lieut. Ran-
 dolph, mortally; Maj. Robbins, now a prom-
 inent lawyer of Adrian, Mich., right arm
 shattered, and Lieut. J. M. Carter, now of
 Los Angeles, Cal., shot through the right
 lung.

On the 19th the Second Cavalry Division,
 with the Saber Brigade in advance, drove
 the enemy out of Kingston, and about an
 hour later the advance of the Army of the
 Tennessee marched in, and with it came
 Gens. Sherman and McPherson.

A few moments later Gen. Garrard in-
 structed me to move to Gillem's Bridge (five
 miles) at a gallop, and "to hold the bridge
 at all hazards."

The brigade was then standing in columns
 of fours; the orders "Mount—Forward—
 March!"; staff officers hurrying to the rear
 with instructions to regimental commanders
 to keep their men well closed up; "Trot—

infantry; my brigade leading, arrived at
 Van Wert that night, without coming in
 contact with the enemy. Early the follow-
 ing day I pushed forward toward Dallas;
 about two miles from which I struck the
 enemy, Bate's Division, covered by a small
 force of cavalry. I attacked vigorously,
 and drove him back to within half a mile
 of Dallas, where Hardee had already com-
 menced intrenching.

I was now fully 24 hours in advance of
 the army. As night approached I fell back
 about half a mile to a small stream, and
 bivouacked for the night.

An exceptional act of personal gallantry
 occurred early in the day. Capt. G. W.
 Lawton, Co. C, 4th Mich. Cav., commanded
 the advance-guard; I was riding at his side,
 when we struck the enemy two miles from
 Dallas, and received a volley from a party
 of sharpshooters.

Lawton at once turned to his men and
 gave the order, "Left front into line—Gal-
 lop—March!"—and placed his command in
 position; and then, and not until then, did I
 learn that in the first fire he had been shot
 through the upper portion of the right lung.
 He was by this time so faint from loss of
 blood that he

HAD TO BE SUPPORTED
 on his horse while being taken to the rear.

He was, on my earnest recommendation,
 brevetted Major. He lived for many years,
 a prominent lawyer of the State of Michi-
 gan, and died at Lawton, in that State, on
 Feb. 8, 1887.

On the 25th, Gen. Garrard came up with
 the Third Brigade and moved the division
 to the Powder Springs road, where he took
 position.

McPherson's line was now in close contact
 with the enemy's works at Dallas; our posi-
 tion being on his right flank, slightly ad-
 vanced.

To me was assigned the duty of picketing
 toward the Dallas and Villa Rica road, about
 three miles in advance of Gen. Garrard's
 position. The 4th Regulars having been
 placed on temporary duty with Gen. Mc-
 Pherson, I had only the 4th Mich. and 7th
 Pa.

Early in the afternoon my advance picket
 on the Villa Rica road was driven in, and
 the enemy took a strong position with that
 road in his rear. The key to the position
 was a ginhouse a short distance west of the
 road.

A battalion of the 4th Mich. (dismounted),
 commanded by Capt. Pritchard, moved for-
 ward to assault the ginhouse, while a bat-
 talion of the 7th Pa. (mounted), commanded
 by Maj. Jennings, with a

GALLANT DASH
 turned the enemy's position.

The Confederates at the ginhouse, fearing
 capture, made a rush for their horses, but
 Jennings and Pritchard's men were quickly
 amongst them and drove them inside the
 lines at Dallas, killing nine and capturing
 25, 14 of whom were wounded by sabers.

The 4th Mich. had killed 10 and wounded
 15 in the attack on the ginhouse, making
 the total Confederate loss 59. Our loss was
 two men of the 7th Pa. wounded.

This great contrast, the marked difference
 between our casualties and those of the
 enemy, invariably prevailed when we used
 sabers. The dashing charge, the gleaming
 sabers, and the wild cheering of the horse-
 men always disconcerted the enemy; their
 fire was wild and uncertain, and when we
 struck them our keen sabers always did
 effective work. Our Spencer carbines were so
 effective, and we had such unlimited confi-
 dence in them, that in our

DISMOUNTED FIGHTING
 we always felt that we could cope with
 seven times our number; the confidence the
 men had in themselves and their weapons