many officers of the line were shot down. Enlisted men fell like grass before a mower.

We continued to advance, wholly unsupported, except on the left flank by the 114th Ill., which by this time, having received the concentrated fire of the entire rebel force, was only equal to one good company. The enemy in our front was unable to withstand the withering fire we poured into them, and fell back, the 93d steadily advancing. We were suddenly astounded by a raking fire on the right flank, where the rebels, having no opposition in their front, stood fast, and, owing to the thick bush, we were unable to see them. At the proper moment they rose and poured into us a destructive volley, forcing us to retire to avoid capture, as they were already beginning to close up in our rear. Those whom we had been driving, seeing our dilemma, charged us and

POURED IN A GALLING FIRE.

Falling back, with our ranks thinned most fearfully, we met the 72d Ohio—the next regiment after the 93d Ind. to arrive, fully 15 minutes behind us. As in the case of the 114th Ill. and our own regiment, it was sent immediately into battle single handed against the entire rebel force, as the two advance regiments were practically hors-du-combat. Soon it too was forced to fall back to a line with our artillery. The Waterhouse Battery (Co. E, 1st Ill.) had just arrived and gone into action.

Then followed the 95th Ohio and 10th Minn., of our brigade. One at a time they were brought to the front and whipped in detail. Regiments numbering 400 to 500 men in the morning had become reduced to mere battalions of 150. Fully half the command had for the time being ceased to be available. They had been cruelly and uselessly sacrificed by the Commanding General, and at a time when common sense alone should have dictated the husbanding of his strength. His command was large enough to have gone anywhere in that section, had it been properly led. Most of the troops were veterans, and in his wagons there still remained 10 days' rations, which would have enabled him to

HOLD A PICNIC

for that length of time in a section of country which was contributing of its substance in horses and men to the Confederacy.

During the afternoon Gen. Bouton's Brigade of colored troops became hotly engaged, and fought with coolness and desperation. Gen. Bouton was twice captured during the day, and as often retaken by his men.

About 4 o'clock Gen. Forrest had received sufficient reinforcement to assume a vigorous offensive, and then the horrors which followed really began, as our troops were forced back to escape being surrounded. The large wagon train with which Sturgis had sought to overawe the rebel force had so blocked the roads that not more than six of the 20 pieces of artillery were ever got into position; in fact, if any other battery than that of our brigade (Waterhouse's 1st Ill.) escaped, I failed to see it.

The teamsters became panic-stricken, cut loose from their wagons, and started pell-mell for the rear, and it must be admitted that they were justified in doing so. The retreat began about 5 o'clock, and before an hour had passed it

BECAME A ROUT.

Old veterans who had fought at Vicksburg, Shiloh and Jackson, now for the first time realized that their commanding officer was unworthy of their confidence. They had little trust in him when they left Memphis, and certainly he did nothing afterward to inspire confidence. It is no stretch of the imagination, I think, to assume that had Sturgis been removed by a kind Providence or some other agency even after the retreat began, and Grierson or any other officer placed in command, the lines would have been reformed and a victory won. As it was the men, knowing they had done all that mortals could do, having used their last cartridge before they gave an inch, and seeing their ordnance stores and supply train in the hands of a victorious enemy, with no rations in their haversacks and Memphis 150 miles away—the nearest point where supplies could be obtained—felt that their safety depended upon the rapidity of their movement toward Memphis.

Two miles to the rear the roadside was strewn with shells and fixed ammunition, which rendered it most dangerous to venture off the main road. This was done to lighten the weight of the gun-carriages, it still being believed that the bulk of the artillery could be saved. When we reached the swamp a scene of the

WILDEST CONFUSION AND HORROR

presented itself. There, stuck in the mire, were more than a dozen ambulances filled with wounded, bleeding men, their moans intermingled with curses upon whoever was responsible for the blunder. The ambulances could not be moved, and the guns were spiked and left as a gift to the Southern Confederacy.

The night of June 10 was one of horror indescribable. Forrest was following us with vigor. The cavalry had expended nearly all its ammunition, but was of great service in protecting the flanks. Men were so worn out that a volley of musketry would scarcely arouse them. To add to the horrors the rain poured down in torrents. We arrived at Ripley early on the morning of the 11th, but with only a mere skeleton of an army. The infantry halted on a hill overlooking the town, and attempted to check the advance of the exultant foe, who, elated with their easy victory, were more bold than was their wont, and we, of course, correspondingly depressed. We were without ammunition and had had nothing to eat since the morning before. Our stomachs were

CLAMORING FOR FOOD,

but none was to be had. We could make but a feeble show of resistance, and were soon nearly surrounded and narrowly escaped capture; in fact, the 72d Ohio did lose about 100 men. Poor fellows! they marched all night through mud and rain over roads through the woods, that had to be felt for, as it was too dark to see them, hoping thus to effect their escape, but were doomed at last to surrender and about-face and trudge wearily back over the same road, driven by a cruel foe like animals rather than brave men.

We scattered upon different roads, each man for himself, in an endeavor to reach Memphis and outwit the rebels.

Here let me insert a thrilling narrative from the pen of "F. W. S.," a telegraph operator, who was with the headquarters of Gen. Sturgis on this expedition, and from whose report I have drawn some of the preceding narrative. He says:

"As we halted at Ripley on the morning of the 11th Gen. Sturgis called me aside and said: 'You understand fully the situation of affairs. Forrest has not only whipped us, but has captured everything, and is following us up; he is not a mile in our rear now. He will follow us as long as he can pick up stragglers, even to Memphis. It will not do to send dispatches, but you must start at once and go to the point you left the telegraph wire and telegraph Gen. Washburn our condition and ask him to send some more troops as far out as possible to help us; also, to send all the rations and forage possible. I fear the wire has been cut, but go until you can reach Gen. Washburn. Go as fast as you can.'

"I did understand the situation exactly, and started at once with 25 picked men for the point where I had left the wire tied to a gatepost 10 days before. It was a terrible march we made that day. The country was full of guerrillas, but I was in that frame of mind and bodily condition that I almost wanted to be taken in. In other words, we all needed rest.

"I had a magnificent horse, a thoroughbred, that had been captured from a rebel Colonel, and, notwithstanding the hard service he had done the previous 10 days, he apparently appreciated the situation, and at times it was necessary to hold him back. The officer commanding the cavalry insisted on going slower, but my orders were such that we sped on at a rattling gait. At noon we were six men short. They

COULD NOT KEEP UP.

"About 6 o'clock in the evening we overtook Capt. Moore, of the 10th Mo. Cav., who was taking a squad of prisoners to Memphis. He also had a piece of disabled artillery and a wagon with rations and forage. The Captain had left us three days before, and was very much surprised when I informed him of the status of affairs and advised him to quicken his pace. He was thunderstruck at the information and at the remarkable time we were making.

"Begging a few hardtack and a little bacon, we again pushed on. I had no little trouble in keeping the officer in command from halting for the night 10 miles away from the wire, but fortunately compromised the matter by resting 10 minutes and borrowing enough corn to feed when we reached the line.

"At 11 o'clock that dark night we reached the point where I had left the wire. Dismounting, I groped around in the darkness for the link that could alone contribute to the safety of the command who might be fortunate enough to reach that point. The nervous suspense of the 10 minutes I was

FEELING AROUND FOR THE WIRE

can never be described. The fear that I should find it lifeless, rendered the suspense most painful.

"Finally, groping around on the ground, my hand came in contact with the wire and in an instant I found myself fully 10 feet distant; the 50 cups of Grove battery which had been put on at Memphis were still there, as I had abundant reasons to believe. The wire had not been molested. No human being ever received the electric current—or, for that matter, the evidence of things not seen—with greater delight than did I when the discovery was made that the wire was safe and help would come. For myself I cared little, but for the thousands of brave men who were plodding along to escape the horrors of Southern prison-pens I did care, and if my endeavors could contribute in aiding them, it was a pleasure to do so.

"Informing the Captain in command that all was well, he unsaddled the horses, and in less than five minutes they were fast asleep and all was still as death. The men, overcome by fatigue,

DROPPED ON THE GROUND

and were soon in dreamland. The 25 men I had started with had dwindled down to 11. Attaching my pocket instrument to the wire, I called Gen. Washburn's headquarters once, and the answer came back promptly. I will here say that no response to a call I have ever made sounded so musical or carried with it so much expression of good will as did the answer to my telegraph call that night 23 years ago. If my memory serves me correctly, John Frank was on duty at Memphis that night. I asked him to send an Orderly to Gen. Washburn's house and request him to come to headquarters at once, as I had very important news to communicate. This was done, and the operator came back and said, 'Go ahead.' I began by explaining that I had no written dispatches, but that I had left Sturgis at 5 o'clock that morning, and stated as briefly as possible what was wanted; that if much of the command was saved it would have to be done by fresh troops coming out and taking the rear; that supplies, medicines, etc., must also be brought out. I then gave him an account of the fight. The General at first could not comprehend the story, and, in fact,

SUSPECTED I WAS A REBEL,

and that this was a trick to capture a train of supplies. No man could have believed that those old veterans could have even been worsted by Forrest's force, much less defeated. He did not know that the old veterans of the Sixteenth Corps had been double-quicked five miles on a sultry day, and each separate regiment pushed into the fight by detail, and when one had been slaughtered or captured another worn-out band of veterans was ordered to the sacrifice. Yet such was the fact, and no man, save perhaps the ponderous staff of Sturgis, will ever question the truth of this statement.

"Gen. Washburn asked many questions concerning the fight. I told him I had given him the material facts, and he must excuse me. I was completely worn out and must go to sleep; in fact, in was impossible to keep awake. My guard of 11 men were sound asleep; and there, for over an hour, in the darkness of night, cold, hungry and stiff, did one of the telegraph fraternity render good and efficient work, a service which without doubt

SAVED MANY A MAN'S LIFE.

"At Memphis all was confusion. Orderlies were sent hither and thither, and the few remaining troops were ordered to be ready at a moment's notice. Subsistence was loaded on cars, locomotives were fired up, and the night was one of excitement and activity. The writer, 27 miles away, with nothing but a rubber blanket, slept soundly, and was only awakened in the morning when Capt. Woodward, of Gen. Grierson's staff, shaking him, said:

"'For God's sake, wake up; there's no time to lose. Send this message as quick as God will let you, and then skip out of this. I'll saddle your horse for you.'

"Rubbing my eyes, I could hardly appreciate the situation, but it all came back to me as I heard, away off on our flank, that familiar bang! bang! bang! The message asking for ammunition for the cavalry was sent, and within 20 minutes I was in Collierville, three miles nearer Memphis.

"Here again I attached my pocket instrument, and calling the depot office at Memphis, made inquiry if any trains had left with troops to help us out. The headquarters office broke in and said:

"'Don't you answer that question; that's not Fred, but some rebel operator who has slipped in between him and Memphis. Forrest has probably gobbled our man and wants to

CAPTURE SOME TRAINS.'

"When I heard that my heart sank within me; to use the phrase of the day, I was 'paralyzed.' What had I done to deserve such treatment at the hands of friends? It took fully 10 minutes to convince the boys at Memphis that I was the person I represented myself to be. From the morning of the 10th to midnight of the 11th I had rode 110 miles, and that, too, after I had been in the saddle 10 days previous, and then to be called a rebel was crushing.

"About 9 o'clock the whistle of an engine was heard in the distance, and soon the train came in sight, bearing fresh men, food and supplies. No incoming train was ever more cordially welcomed. The fresh men moved out toward the front." [These men were the old Sixteenth Corps, under Gen. A. J. Smith, who had opportunely arrived from Red River in the very nick of time, the Sixteenth Corps being represented on this expedition only by our brigade, the First, of the First Division, which had been loaned to Sturgis.—LACOCK.] "They saved from capture hundreds who would doubtless have been gathered in by Forrest. Those of us who had gotten safely through remained at Collierville during the day, and were that night taken to White's Station. A portion of the fresh troops, however, remained behind to aid in protecting those who might

BE FORTUNATE ENOUGH

to escape pursuit by the rebels.

"Thus did Sturgis return to Memphis, and in this condition did he bring back part of the 10,000 veterans he started with on the 1st of June. No effort was made to reform his lines at any time. I assume that an old Army officer who would slaughter a command as Sturgis did, and be pursued almost to the city of Memphis by a greatly inferior force in every respect, could not have been in his right mind. He certainly could not find at West Point any treatise which justified his conduct on this occasion. Of the 10,000 men intrusted to his care he sacrificed fully 3,000. More than 1,500 of these brave men found themselves in Andersonville, where two-thirds of them died of starvation."

Of the First Brigade, Sixteenth Corps, the 72d Ohio lost 11 officers and 237 men; the 95th Ohio went into the fight with 319 men and officers, and only 159 escaped; the 93d Ind. lost fully as heavily of officers and men, including the Lieutenant-Colonel and Adjutant; the 114th Ill. and 10th Minn., the two other regiments of the brigade, were also

LEFT MERE SKELETONS.

For fully a week after those who escaped the pursuit of the rebels continued to arrive at Germantown and White's Station. On the 13th Gen. Sturgis asked to be relieved, and he was, but he had little to turn over. Of the 200 new wagons and six-mule teams he had but one left; of the 15 or 20 ambulances he had none; of the 20 pieces of artillery he had but one, and that was the one that had been disabled and sent back two days before the fight."

[*To be continued.*]

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CHICKAMAUGA.

A Reply to Gen. Wiley and a Defense of Gen. Thomas.

BY CAPT. AMASA JOHNSON, 9TH IND., PLYMOUTH, IND.

Of all the great battles of the late war none has given rise to more controversy and difference of opinion than Chickamauga. Much of this is owing to the night march of Sept. 18 to get the Union troops in position, and to the constant severe fighting and changing of brigades and divisions from right to left from early morning of Sept. 19 until the night of the 20th. Often positions were occupied successively by different troops, and owing to brigades being detached from their divisions and divisions from corps and sent to Gen. Thomas's assistance, it became on the Union side more of a fight by divisions than any of our most important battles. In fact division commanders were largely left to carry out their individual views, with very little interference from Gens. Rosecrans or Thomas.

Now, as to Gen. Wiley's article in the THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of May 19, I wish to say, in regard to his taking the credit for suggesting the building of breastworks on the morning of the 20th, it is the newest thing I have heard on that battle, for he is neither entitled to the credit of first making the suggestion or first throwing up works, as I shall prove. I was with Col. Suman, of the 9th Ind., on the morning of Sept. 20, and immediately after Gen. Palmer's Division, to which we belonged—as did also Gen. Wiley's regiment—had been placed in line. We all believed that we would fight a defensive battle, and Col. Suman suggested to Gen. Hazen that we could make our position impregnable in a few minutes with rails and logs. Suman's experience in the Mexican war and also in West Virginia campaigns had given him large experience as a soldier. I remember that Hazen at first objected to his suggestion, saying that the enemy's artillery would throw shells into our works and cause many to be killed by the rails; but Suman thought differently, and assured Hazen that he would place the heaviest logs and rails in front and obviate his objections; Hazen then consented, and the 9th Ind. was the first to begin the works.

As we had no intrenching tools we only built small works of rails and logs, and Gen. Palmer had these continued along his entire front. They were also extended so as to cover nearly the entire front of the army on both sides of us. All this was done after daylight the morning of the 20th, and Hazen, in his book, entitled "A Narrative of Military Service," published in 1885, gives great credit to Col. Suman for his suggestion. He not only speaks of it on page 29, where he says: "At daybreak Col. Suman, of the 9th Ind., came to me and suggested a breastwork along our front, which no one before seemed to have thought of," but further says, speaking of cover in battle: "This was our first really useful improvised cover of infantry." Again, in his chapter on the "Lessons of the War," page 331, Hazen says:

At Chickamauga the work of logs, begun after daylight at the suggestion of Col. Suman, and at first objected to by Johnson, the officer who suffered most at Stone River from the want of such a defense, had a most important bearing upon the fortunes of the day. The little damage done by Polk's Corps proves this. With more effective fighting than the day before, I lost only 13 men against more than 400 the previous day.

At the Reunion of both armies at Chattanooga, Sept. 19, 1881, Gen. Cheatham, when visiting the battlefield and speaking of this old crumbling line (proposed by Col. Suman), said: "Only for this little work we should have swept you from the field before noon." Gen. Hazen, replying, said: "And I do not doubt it."

Thus we have a distinguished officer on the Confederate side and one on the Union agreeing that but for Col. Suman's foresight we would have been swept from the field. Col. Suman was one of the best Colonels in Palmer's Division, rose to be a Brigadier-General, and no officer was oftener complimented by his superiors for gallantry in action.

While the works we built were slight, still no Confederate army could have captured them. Gen. Wiley is mistaken when he says the firing behind these works was not "heavy or terrific." My remembrance is that we never had heavier musketry firing than we did along those works up to 11 o'clock in the morning, and I find that in Gens. Hazen's and Palmer's reports, as well as in the Confederate accounts of the battle, they mention the terrible firing of that morning, which ended with the complete repulse of Polk's Corps. It was this day that Gen. Palmer distinguished himself for consummate generalship, and in recognition of which he was afterward given command of the Fourteenth Corps.

Now, as to Gen. Wiley's criticisms on Gen. Thomas:

1. "That he failed to communicate to his subordinate commanders or the troops under him the fact that the battle was a defensive one." As Gen. Rosecrans was in command the first day, that could not apply to Thomas; and the second day, when Thomas commanded, the very fact that breastworks were built and manned along our entire line showed the battle was to be a defensive one.

2. "That having chosen or been compelled to adopt a line illy-adapted to defense, he failed to strengthen it by any artificial appliances." Again it must be remembered that Rosecrans commanded, and that Thomas with his corps marched all night of the 18th to get between the Confederates and Chattanooga and to hold possession of roads leading to that place. Thomas could not foresee that he would be in command on the 20th, but when the supreme command unexpectedly devolved upon him no General could have done better.

3. "That he failed to give any directions to his division commanders as to what should be the formation of their troops in line, but left each to act on his own judgment, in consequence of which interior divisions of Palmer and Johnson were unnecessarily strong." Thomas did direct each division commander as to the part of the line he should hold, and to have gone further when he had such able and experienced Generals as Reynolds, Palmer, Baird and Johnson to command his divisions would have been useless. As to Palmer being "unnecessarily strong," I was close by him much of the time during the 20th, and I am certain from his looks and what he said that day he would have given his right arm to have had 10,000 more soldiers, for Palmer not only held his own line, but sent many of his regiments to help other commands. Gen. Grose's Brigade was only in reserve a short time in the morning, for Palmer threw every soldier he had into the battle.

Now, as to Thomas leaving the field the night of the 20th. He could not have staid with any prospect of success. Three entire divisions were miles away in his rear, with no certainty of their coming to his assistance. His army lay in the shape of a horseshoe, with only one road to Rossville open. A large portion of his troops were out of ammunition, which he could not supply and continue in his position. We must consider the further fact that brigades and even regiments had been detached from their commands and placed in other divisions and brigades, so that not only Thomas but even division commanders did not know the exact force they had. For this reason, if for no other, it became absolutely necessary to fall back to Rossville and allow each regiment to rejoin its brigade and each brigade its division, and to be resupplied with ammunition, which had been exhausted, and also that the troops might be supplied with rations. Gen. Rosecrans is to be commended for giving his order to fall back to Rossville the night of the 20th, and Thomas for obeying.

As to the morning of the 21st, when we occupied the ridge at Rossville, we had been furnished with ammunition and rations and the army was again reunited, each command in its proper place. I think we were on the morning of the 21st in better shape to advance and fight a battle than at any previous time, and that we did not then attack the enemy could not have been the fault of Thomas. We know if Bragg had advanced and attacked us that morning, under the impression that we were defeated, he would have been surprised and beaten.

As to Gen. Hill's statement in the *Century* that our army had become "disorganized masses of men hurrying to the rear," he was greatly mistaken. Bragg never did a wiser thing than to refrain from attacking us in our strong position on the 21st. Bragg had done his best on the 20th and completely failed, and had lost the flower of his army. Our fighting had been so terrific that Hill, in his article, truly says:

But it seems to me that the clan of the Southern soldier was never seen after Chickamauga—that brilliant dash which had distinguished him on a hundred fields was gone forever.

Now, if Bragg had gained the victory, as Hill claims, it would certainly not have destroyed the "clan" and "dash" of the Southern army so effectually. It had no such effect on Thomas's soldiers—witness their magnificent charge up Missionary Ridge a few weeks later.

Of all the officers at Chickamauga none are entitled to greater credit than Gen. Granger, who, without orders, advanced from Rossville Sept. 20 and cut his way through a part of Bragg's army into Thomas's almost surrounded army, losing fearfully in his successful undertaking. It was the turning event of the day, for many of Thomas's regiments and brigades had exhausted their ammunition, and we never could have made that desperate fight at Horseshoe Ridge, repulsing every Confederate charge, had not Granger arrived in the nick of time and supplied us with the long-looked-for ammunition. Never did a General do better under the circumstances than Gen. Thomas. It was his good staying qualities as well as his good generalship at Chickamauga that gained him the command of the Army of the Cumberland, in which command he not only acquitted himself with enduring honor, but gained the love of every soldier in his command. I have no doubt that when the terrible life-and-death struggle at Chickamauga is finally written, Gens. Thomas and Granger will be awarded the highest praise, as they have been in the past by their old comrades of the Army of the Cumberland.

GEN. BLACK.

How He Protected His Men From Congressional "Economists."

[*National Free Press*, of Washington.]

The Government clerk is a man who does not receive much sympathy from the public at large, but he is a man who is required to perform a good deal of health-destroying labor. His work is stinted, and if he does not perform his daily stint he falls into the bad graces of his chief, and he is lucky if worse does not befall him. Of course there are a few "soft" places in the various Departments of the Government, but the average Government clerk is a hard-working man who goes home in the evening fatigued, fretful, and strongly of opinion that time is out of joint. Gen. Black, keenly sensible of the trying nature of hard clerical work, warmly espoused the cause of his men when the Appropriation Committee of Congress, last session, wished him to make his men work over hours. He resisted the pressure then put upon him, and his attitude on that occasion proved that he has a warm spot in his heart for the wage-worker, as well as the soldier.

It seems incomprehensible to some that a man can do enough work between 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. to become tired. He can, however, especially when that work is of a semi-judicial character, and more especially when he works at high pressure in competition with others. When asked by a member of the Appropriation Committee if his men could not work extra hours, Gen. Black replied that he would not like to make them work extra hours, because he thought that when the hour for quitting arrived they had performed all the work they ought to do. Some, he admitted, might be able to stand an extraordinary strain, but there were many who could not, and he did not think it right to sacrifice the weak by working them over hours. The action of Gen. Black in thus protecting the clerks under his control from those who wish to pose before their constituents as cheese-paring statesmen of the first order is in harmony with his previous utterances on the labor question, and in striking contrast with the manner in which the clerks in another Department of the Government have been handled. Gen. Black has proved himself to be the friend of the wage-worker.

THE QUESTION SQUAD.

Comrades' Queries and Replies—Odds and Ends of Information.

[Comrades answering these inquiries are requested to write directly to the persons asking for the information, and not to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

L. C. Carrico, Box 90, Otterville, Ill., wants the addresses of Capt. Fred. Benteen, U. S. A., and First Lieut. Wm. Davis, 10th U. S. Cav.——Peter McCullough, No. 130 Illinois avenue, Indianapolis, Ind., wants to find some of his late officers and comrades, especially Patrick Scanlan, Jacob Rutherford and Nelson J. Brooks, of the U. S. steamer Tensis.——Nathaniel D. Johnson, Co. H, 8th Ky. Cav., St. Charles, Ky., desires the address of some comrades of the Pennsylvania Vols. who knew John Piper, who was killed somewhere in the South just after Lee's surrender.——N. J. Champion, Danville, Ind., wants the address of Capt. J. F. Putnam, 8th Ohio L. A.——Thomas Atkinson, Berne, Ind., wants the addresses of Dr. Ridenour, Surgeon, 12th Ohio, and Capt. H. McCay, Co. B, 5th Ohio.——Henry Fenerbach, 2728 Dickson St., St. Louis, Mo., wants the address of Maj. Hamilton Dill, 1st Mo. Eng.——G. W. Dunham, Kirksville, Mo., wants the address of Wm. A. Staley, Co. H, 7th Mo.——Isaac Willitt, El Dorado Springs, Mo., wants the addresses of Lieut. Putnam, Harrison Ralph and Erastus Eldridge, all of Co. D, 9th N. Y. Cav.——John B. Ward, Seneca, Mo., wants the address of any officer or private who was a member of Co. D, 86th Ohio.——Colon Forsythe, West Elizabeth, Pa., wants the address of John Glenn, Co. M, 23d Pa.——Charles W. Taylor, Chehalis, Wash. Ter., would like the addresses of any members of Co. D, 11th U. S. Inf., who were in the company when it was consolidated with Co. K, in 1868 or 1869, and knows of his being in the hospital at Jefferson, Tex.——William B. Kirby, 8th Kan., Altona, Ill., desires the addresses of Capt. John Kimbley, First Lieut. James Martin, or any other member of Co. K, 53d Ind.——D. T. Osgood, Gloucester, Mass., would like the address of any member of the 5th N. H.——James Puttick, Kirbyville, Mo., wants the addresses of some of the members of Co. G, 162d N. Y.——F. A. Lindal, Stockton, N. Y., would like the address of comrades who served with him on the Signal Station at Bermuda Hundred, Va., in May, 1864.——Mrs. E. Herbert, Oakland City, Ind., wants the addresses of Keep Clark, formerly of Rock Rapids, Lyon Co., Iowa, and George McQueen, John McQueen, George Wagner, and Will McN. Chilarn, also of Iowa.——Michaul Gassenschmidt, Rock Falls, Ill., wants the address of any members of Co. A, 24th Ill.——The widow of Henry Macy, Co. H, 59th Ohio, Box 34, Petersburg, Ind., would like to learn the address of the Surgeon, officers, First Sergeant or privates who were with the regiment from its organization up to December, 1862, or who remembers anything about her husband incurring varicose veins and lung disease, for which he was discharged on Surgeon's certificate of disability.——Moultin Post, No. 218, Sullivan, Ill., wants the address of Byram M. Calender, Captain, Co. D, 12th Mo. L. A.——S. R. Nissley, Elizabethtown, Pa., wants the name and address of the soldier who was struck by lightning at Cloud's Mill, Va., in July, 1865. He was either a member of the 2d or 20th Pa. Cav.——Isaac W. Ingle, Napoleon, O., desires the address of his brother Elbert W. Ingle, Co. I, 68th Ohio.——D. M. Peters, Sandoval, Ill., wants the address of David Thommers, Co. E, 18th Ohio.——D. L. Freeland, Laird, Neb., would like the address of any comrade belonging to Co. G, 4th Wis. Cav., who was at Baton Rouge, La., in the Winter of '63 and '64.——E. C. Goodrich, Co. D or A, 57th Pa., Tioga, Pa., would like the address of any members of his company or regiment who re-enlisted with him.——E. J. Barry, Morris, Ill., wants the addresses of the members of Co. A, 16th U. S. Inf., who enlisted in Chicago in 1864.——J. S. Tindall, Graves, Kan., wants the address of James Strong, Co. I, 23d Iowa.——J. T. Craig, Clearwater, Kan., wants the address of Wm. Eliason, who was transferred from the 35th Ohio to Co. F, 2d Vet. Reserve Corps; also, the address of any comrade who served in Co. F, 8th Vet. Reserve Corps.——David Dearmin, Weeping Waters, Neb., would like the addresses of John W. Burks and Granville B. Ward, both of Co. K, 14th Ind.——James Gilfay, Pekin, Ill., wishes the addresses of John Welch and Edward Kearny, who served in the Mississippi Marine Brigade.——Samuel Tainer, Box 65, Martinsville, O., wants the address of John Cottrell, alias John Pungeliot, Co. D, 2d Ohio H. A.——W. W. Craig, Box 627, Newton, Kan., wants the address of the comrade who was arrested on his way back to his regiment when he had been detained by sickness, just at the close of his term of service, and sent to the Alexandria Jail. He belonged to the 29th N. J.——D. M. McElhaney, Co. B, 1st Ill. Cav., late 16th Ill. Cav., Buena Vista, O., desires the addresses of Capt. George Hamilton and Second-Lieut. S. W. Kelly.

The Sleep Which The Drugs Bring.

Sleep-bringing drugs mean mischief. They bring sleep, it is true, but they bring more mischief than rest. The sleep produced is not healthy. There is no refreshment in it. The more you take these drugs the more they rack your nerves, demoralize your brain and give occasion for more and more drugs. "How, then, shall I procure sleep?" asks the nervous and shattered victim of insomnia.

The records of the victories of Compound Oxygen are full of cases in which sleepless sufferers have been blessed with quiet and refreshing slumber. That of Mr. Arthur Hagan, of Philadelphia, a well-known merchant, may be mentioned as one. On taking Compound Oxygen, with faithful perseverance and good nursing, his shattered nervous system was restored to health, his dyspepsia departed and he entered into the enjoyment of good health.

Mr. J. B. Kenyon writes from Bedford, Ohio: "Your Compound Oxygen has worked wonders for me; has made a new man of me; have not had an attack of *asthma* since using it; was in very bad shape when I commenced; would not do without Compound Oxygen for *ten times its price; first time I inhaled it I went to sleep at once, and I never rested better in my life.*"

A hint to the sleepless: Don't take drugs in order to induce sleep. Write to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN for the treatise on Compound Oxygen, which contains much that every sufferer from sleeplessness ought to know. Address 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SUNDAY MEDITATION.

[For Review Sunday, June 26, we print the following on the apparatus for Sunday-school work, defining the apparatus and showing the difficulties of prescribing its details. For next Review Sunday we shall set forth an itemized exhibit of the apparatus.]

We call attention to Sunday-school apparatus. Some one has dubbed the apparatus the machinery. One always feels he is treading on delicate ground when he deals with this subject, and a measure of boldness is needed by the writer. With some ideas as to this matter, we shall proceed. As one suggestion follows another, we may not be able in every case to affirm, "Thus saith the Lord." But if held strictly to this rule we could have little to say on many an important subject. The whole Sunday-school enterprise, as conducted in our day, is quite modern. While it is not anti-scriptural, it is not the most apparent scriptural institution. Had it been it would not have escaped the attention of the Fathers and Reformers and have been left to the 18th and 19th centuries for organization and development.

This is the Dispensation of Principles. It was well the Hebrews in the babyhood of the Church had their ritual fully prescribed. The more mature Church of the New Testament is left with some greater freedom in devising forms. The Preface to the Book of Common Prayer for the Episcopal Church in the United States begins thus: "It is a most invaluable part of that blessed liberty, wherewith Christ hath made us free, that in his worship different forms and usages may without offense be allowed, provided the substance of the Faith be kept entire." Our limit of freedom is the violation of the Scriptures. What is required of us is not so much that we be Bible Christians as that we be not anti-Bible Christians (so called.) So, as to ritual, we are not so much to seek to have it according to the Bible, but be sure it be not contrary to the Bible. Readers should remember this principle as we proceed. Do not ask whether items of apparatus specified be biblical. Probably they will not be.

The apparatus of an artisan is his tools; of a house, its furniture; of a battle, instruments of war. Webster says an apparatus is "a complete set of instruments or utensils for performing any operation or experiment." By the apparatus of the Sunday-school we mean all the external appliances used in the work of the institution—its tools and instruments. The spiritualities are entirely different. They are results to be sought by the apparatus. What we speak of is like the carpenter's scaffolding, which is torn down and tossed away as useless after the structure is completed. The tools of the Sunday-school are as the plow to the farmer. No agriculturist would ever buy a tool for its own sake. It cannot be eaten. It has no life. The apparatus is not the end itself, but simply an aid in accomplishing the end. As workers we differ from God in that we always require the presence of an instrument. There is nothing necessarily between God and effect. So there is a call for Sunday-school apparatus. Then there is a vast difference in tools. Some are dull, heavy, clumsy; others sharp, effective. There is chance for choice in Sunday-school instrumentalities.

It is never so agreeable to discuss the externals of any religious enterprise. About these there is great difference of opinion. Hence, it is impossible to deal with the tools and meet approval on all hands. The writer runs a gantlet, and is sure of blows on one side or the other. The first obstacle he meets is prejudice. If he do not favor all the modern inventions in Sunday-school apparatus, he is guilty of fogeism—is called an ancient—is thought to have rattling bones, and believed a good subject for burial. If he urge the adoption of new measures, he is styled an innovator—an iconoclast—a radical.

Another great danger to an advocate of modern implements is the charge of formality. Some have a wondrous antipathy to ritualism. "Too much form in our Sunday-school," they say, "and by and by there will be too much ritual in our Church services."

The writer who insists on drawing the lines between extremes, and points out a safe middle way is, *e. g.*, situated like the author who would discuss the proper limitations of diet. If he plead for too great abstemiousness, he is thought a fit candidate for recluse life. We would not wonder if, in a little while, we saw him practicing all the mortifications and rigidity prescribed by St. Basil. If, on the other hand, he commend mirth and affirm there is nothing better for a man than to eat, drink and be merry, (Ecc., 8:15,) we expect to see him giving loose reins to every appetite, and, by ruining his constitution, filling an early grave. He must avoid extremes. He must neither court asceticism nor woo sensualism. He must walk between Zeno and Epicurus, looking at neither philosopher. He must advocate neither stoicism nor Epicurianism. Even if careful to avoid both, he will not please all. He will be situated like St. Paul at Athens; some calling him a babbler, and others accounting him the originator of a new philosophy. (Acts, 17:18.) Some declared Christ was an ascetic; others, that he was a glutton. (St. Matt., 11:16-19.) So, one considering Sunday-school apparatus, incurs prejudice or is thought formal. If one deal with the ends to be sought by the tools in this Christian work, there is general unanimity, and that specially among all persons ranked as evangelic. There is no fearful course through which to sail between Scylla and Charybdis. Out here Ulysses is safe.

Another difficulty in discussing the tools in the Sunday-school shop, is the fact that all these externals are necessarily subject to change, while the end of our Sunday-school work, to wit, the mental and spiritual training of the scholars, must always remain uniform in character. The instruction of the school must never vary. The teacher of one century, so far as subject-matter is concerned, could as well instruct in any succeeding century. No improvement is to hoped as to facts to be taught. On the other hand, we must expect great changes in apparatus—great differences of opinion among the succeeding generations—great diversity of practice. The Sunday-school as such is quite modern. It has not yet fully developed, nor has it yet found its true and lasting place in the Church. Thus new and not fully tried, it would be difficult to furnish an outline for a fixed and universal apparatus. The Scriptures are silent on this subject. And even granted we could lay down the plans for an apparatus so simple and so adapted to its design as to meet no criticism, we are not sure that then our labor on this subject would be completed. Apparatus is necessarily changeable, and hence must constantly be a subject of agitation.

There are two causes:

1. Apparatus for Sunday-school, like that for any other purpose, must improve. This is specially so in the early days for its demand. One plan must yield to another. The old tool must be thrown away and replaced by another more perfect and better adapted to its work.

2. Ritualistic apparatus will always remain unsettled and arguable. Specially with children there is call for modification to relieve from monotony. We have to study to interest the mind when it is most flighty. The instruction must not vary. The only chance for yieldableness is in methods.

"New occasions teach new duties. Time make ancient good uncouth.
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of truth.
Lo, before us gleams her campfires! We ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly thro' the desperate Winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood rusted key."

Truth is the same forever. Rites, ceremonies, forms, methods may fluctuate.

One caution must never be forgotten as to externals. They must not cover up principle. They must not blind the student as to the spiritual and mental. We are not all ears and eyes, and so satisfied with object teaching. There is the abstract. Make clear that apparatus is only a means to an end. Avoid materialism. Guard the children against the idea there is nothing save what can be seen or heard. Do not run the class into practical idolatry by making pictures too real. Do not drive pupils into superstition by not developing faith. The sensuous should lead to the spiritual. Often children must be taught apart from all utensils, tools, representations, so that they may realize there is an invisible, but nevertheless real, world. It is well to cultivate in children the reflective faculty. Let beauty suggest the beauty of holiness. If you draw with pencil or crayon a lamb, stop not without showing that our Savior was innocent, harmless and a victim, and that we should be mild, tender and willing, if need be, to suffer and die in the interest of the right. So force the material into the service of the spiritual. The microscope is useful for enlarging the object and the telescope for bringing it apparently nearer. Use everything for the sake of magnifying Christ and impressing more fully the beautiful example which he left. Apparatus is simply the medium.

FROM NEBRASKA.

A Comrade at Kearny Sends Kindly Greetings.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: You have a large list of readers in Nebraska who watch for the arrival of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE as the coming of a dear friend, who has been the means of securing to the soldier element many lasting favors by your energy, ability and steady fight in their behalf. During these trying times, when prominent newspapers and leading officials of the Nation denounce ex-Union soldiers as libertines, liars, thieves and "scum," we recognize that you voice the sentiments of nearly every volunteer soldier in hurling the epithets back into their teeth, with some plain facts as to the rights and privileges of those who dared to face something more dangerous than hostile words and hollow speeches.

Though Nebraska became a State sometime after the war, it has a larger proportion of ex-Union soldiers in it than any other State according to its population. Our Governor, Gen. John M. Thayer, raised the 1st Neb., joined Gen Grant at Donelson, and followed him through his rapid and victorious campaigns in the South. All of our State officials save one were soldiers. The Secretary of State and Land Commissioner each lost a leg in battle.

The last Legislature appropriated enough money to prepare a fine cabinet in which to place relics and mementos of the war. It also appropriated $30,000 with which to build a Soldiers' Home, which will be on the cottage plan. The last Legislature contained in the lower House 38 and in the Senate 17 ex soldiers, so you see we are at least respectably represented in the halls of legislation. A bill was passed to have taken a complete census of the soldi