FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns.

ANOTHER SURVIVOR.

A Man Who Went With Cushing Against the Albemarle.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I was one who, together with one Connor, both of the Chicopee, Capt. Herold, volunteered to accompany Cushing in his adventurous trip to Plymouth, Oct. 26, 1864. In Donnelly's report, published in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, I noted several errors, notably "that he and the Lieutenant were the only two survivors of the expedition," and now I see an account in the Chicago *Record* of March 6, by John McDermaid, and also note errors in his account.

I am 53 years old, a resident of Emmett, Canyon Co., Idaho; a member of Fremont Post, 23, of Idaho. I enlisted at Brooklyn Navy-yard, April 15, 1864. I went on board the receiving ship Vermont, and was transferred to the Chicopee.

We arrived in Albemarle Sound the last of April, 1864. The day before our arrival the Shamrock, Miami, Whitehead, Valley City, and the sister ship to the Southfield were attacked by the rebel ram Albemarle. The contest was virtually a draw. Those named were the only Government vessels in the sound at the time. The Chicopee arrived next day. The Otsego, I am certain, never joined us until June following.

I think I may truthfully state that the only two engagements ever had with the Albemarle was the first at Plymouth with the Miami and Southfield; the latter was sunk and the Miami's Captain killed. The second was that above noted. I cannot remember the circumstance of four young men trying to wade across from the mouth of the Roanoke River to Plymouth. I am quite sure Cushing did not attempt the destruction of the Albemarle previous to his successful trial.

At about 7 o'clock p. m., Oct. 26, 1864, Cushing visited the several vessels at anchor in the sound and took on board his volunteers. The squadron consisted of the flagship Shamrock, Chicopee, Otsego, Mattabasset, Valley City, Whitehead, and the former companion vessel to Southfield, and two steam tugs, all lying at anchor in Albemarle Sound seven miles below Plymouth, where the rebel ram was stationed. The crew that volunteered numbered seven men, beside the Lieutenant and Engineer. Another launch pulled after us with a crew of 20 men.

We steamed up to the mouth of the river, and, the night being very clear and light, we disembarked and lay in the swamp all next day. At about 8:30 on the evening of Oct. 27, 1864, we pulled for the sunken hull of the Southfield, where a rebel picket was stationed. After capturing this picket, Lieut. Cushing left the second launch and crew there, and with his original crew of seven started about 9 p. m. up the river for Plymouth. This was over two miles below Plymouth. The only persons of the crew whom I can now recall were Lieut. Cushing; Wood, Acting Master's Mate; and Connor, who was from my ship. We hugged the shore of the middle island, opposite side from Plymouth.

We steamed up the Roanoke to a point opposite the town, then changed our course for the town and an object we took for the Albemarle. It being very dark and rainy, we made a mistake. After ascertaining this fact, we backed off to the middle of the stream, and finally located the ram.

When within 50 feet of the vessel, we discovered the log obstructions placed around her, and Cushing ordered a backward movement 300 feet away, then had all the steam turned on and a second time approached the monster, remarking without excitement:

"We are here, and there is no use retreating."

Cushing stood erect in the bow, with lanyard of torpedo in one hand and the trip-line in the other. I was at the tiller; the rest, except the Engineer, were near to Cushing. This time the launch jumped the obstruction and approached the enemy's hull. The torpedo exploded and the work was done. We were discovered when approaching the second time, hailed, and, making no answer, were furiously fired upon with small-arms.

Cushing made reply by turning loose his 12-pound howitzer. Our launch being powerless, the Lieutenant told us to take care of ourselves. During the confusion it was hard to form a plan of action, and I think the men acted only by instinct. I found myself five minutes later struggling in the river, bearing away from the scene of disaster. After a long time, and when about exhausted, I touched Middle Island, where I concealed myself for two days. The flagship Shamrock, in steaming up with the squadron to take possession of Plymouth, picked me up.

I met Lieut. Cushing on board; he was very glad to see me alive; he told me he had up to that time seen only one of the crew—Wood, who sank near the Lieutenant. After Wood went down, he struggled on, almost giving out, but landed below and on the Plymouth side. He told me how he had escaped, and about sending the colored man to see if he had destroyed the ram.

I was soon transferred to my own vessel, the Chicopee, and never again met any of that crew save my shipmate Connor in New York City, after the war. He was captured that night. I am very sure Comrade McDermaid is mistaken when he says he was sent on board the Chicopee to compare notes with Cushing. The Lieutenant was not on board the Chicopee after the evening of the 26th, when he called for Connor and myself. After his escape he first boarded the Shamrock, where I met him, and remained there until after the fall of Plymouth; he then left the Roanoke and Albemarle Sound on the Whitehead, with orders to report to Admiral Farragut at Fortress Monroe.

After the occupation of Plymouth by the Federals, the rebel ram was raised. I attended the diver during the operation, and after her resurrection was detailed as one of her crew on her trip to the Norfolk Navy-yard, and ordered from there to Brooklyn Navy-yard. Upon arriving I found an order granting me two months' liberty, with instructions to report at expiration to any Navy-yard in the United States for my final discharge. I remained in Brooklyn, and was discharged there as per above order.

COMMANDER W. B. CUSHING, U. S. N.

Comrade McDermaid does not say what became of his ship, the Otsego. I will say that about a month after the raising of the Albemarle, the Otsego, on accompanying the fleet up the Roanoke, was blown up by a torpedo. Comrade McDermaid mistakes when he says that Cushing and one Huntington landed on opposite side from Plymouth. The latter I do not remember, but Cushing told me on evening of second day after the blowing up, that he landed alone, and on the Plymouth side. There certainly was but one attempt made by Lieut. Cushing to destroy the Albemarle. He only lay by from evening of 26th to evening of 27th, as above stated.

BLOWING-UP OF THE ALBEMARLE.

I would like to correspond with Comrade McDermaid. Hope he will write me.—GEORGE GARLAND, Caldwell, Idaho.

Drunkenness is a Disease.

Will send free Book of Particulars, How to Cure "Drunkenness or the Liquor Habit" with or without the knowledge of the patient. Address Dr. J. W. Haines, 187 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

A CLOSE SQUEEZE.

Seven Pennsylvania Cavalrymen Charged a Swarming Host of Johnnies.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: It was during the retreat of Gen. Hunter from his famous raid on Lynchburg, Va., that six men of our command—the Ringgold Battalion (afterward the 22d Pa. Cav.)—J. B. Shallenberger, George Keihl and Alexander Powell, of Co. D; W. H. Harrison, of Co. G, and Jack Floyd, of Co. A, and one other comrade, whose name I have forgotten, under Capt. W. F. Spur, of Co. G, were placed in the advance of the retreating army. Their orders were to advance to Salem and go on picket about three miles beyond on the pike leading into Tennessee, and to stay there until relieved. This, I think, was the 19th of June, 1864.

We took up our position at the house of Maj. Green, of the rebel army, and threw out our videts, this being in the night. We stayed there till in the afternoon, when the rebels began to bother us considerably. The Captain sent one of the boys towards town to find out what was going on. He reported that the army had passed through Salem in the direction of White Sulphur Springs, and the town was full of rebels. There was no way for us to escape except through the town, as we were shut in by the range of mountains. There was but one road on which we could make our way. That one was directly in the center of the town.

The Captain ordered us to mount and move down the road in the direction of town. The rebels discovered us, fell in our rear and followed till we stopped on the hill overlooking the town. Here the rebels in the town, under McCauslin, discovered us. They drew up in line across the road leading to White Sulphur Springs.

Not a shot had been fired. They appeared to be waiting for us to come down and be captured. The Captain turned to the boys and said we would have to surrender. Comrade Floyd said:

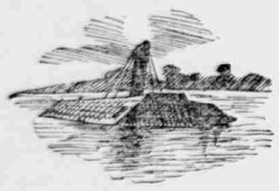
"Not by a —— sight."

The Captain asked: "What will we do?" And they all answered as one man: "Charge them. If we are captured it will be trying to join the command."

The Captain ordered us to charge, and we made more noise than a regiment. We went right at them, shouting at the tops of our voices. Their lines broke, and we passed through and on to the road the army had taken.

When the rebs realized the situation they closed in on us, and we had one of the prettiest races that ever I took part in for about two miles, when Capt. Paxton, of the 1st Va. Cav., having charge of the rear-guard, placed his men on the top of the hill, let us pass, and opened fire on the pursuing rebs.

This brought them to a halt and saved us. We lost one man, Comrade Floyd, captured. He starved to death later in a rebel prison. I don't know that we ever got credit in any report for the part we played on that occasion, but there are comrades living today who will vouch for the truth of this. Comrade Harrison still lives in our town, and Comrade Keihl only a few miles away. The rest have passed to the Great Beyond, for all I know. Capt. Paxton, who came to our rescue just in time to save our lives, is a neighbor of mine.—J. B. SHALLENBERGER, Co. D, 22d Pa. Cav., California, Pa.



THE WRECK OF THE "ALBEMARLE."

Now He is In for It.

Comrade J. T. Stanhope, Co. L, 13th Mo. Cav., has removed from Madison County, Ark., to Green Forest, Ark., and says he is willing to answer all communications addressed to him relative to northern Arkansas. The Editor suggests that the comrade have printed a large number of descriptive circulars, else he will be overwhelmed with communications, and be unable to answer a tenth part of them.

DRUMMED INTO COLUMBIA.

A 15th Iowa Boy Tells How He and His Comrades Led Kennedy's Command.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In your issue of April 9 Lieut.-Col. Kennedy, of the 13th Iowa, pays his respects to Lieut. McPeak with regard to his entry into Columbia. I wish to add to his statement something important and in justification to myself and comrades who went with the Colonel and marched at the head of his regiment into this hotbed of secession. These boys, now men occupying prominent positions in our country, should at least have been mentioned for the part taken in connection with Col. Kennedy on this memorable occasion. Just why the Colonel left us out I could not say. I know that a braver or more gentlemanly officer did not leave Iowa to fight for Old Glory, and as for his regiment, the 13th Iowa, there was not a better regiment.

I have read THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE for many years, but have never in all that time read of anyone trying to write up or give in detail a history of a drum corps in the Union army. I don't feel qualified to do it, but will relate some experiences of the drum corps of the 15th Iowa, and the part this drum corps took upon its entry into Columbia. I had been a drummer in the 14th Pa. I went to my home in Iowa and enlisted in the 15th Iowa, Co. G. The regiment was organized at Keokuk, and we drew drums with sheepskin heads early in the Fall of '61. Some of my happiest times spent in the army were while marching down Keokuk's main street drumming on dress parade while I thought all of its good-looking girls were looking at me.

H. T. Reid was our first Colonel. This was his home, as well as the home of our beloved General, W. W. Belknap. We proceeded down the river, arriving early Sabbath morning, April 6, at Pittsburg Landing. Having a brother in the 3d Iowa, I went out to the front and found him, and while with the 3d heard the first long roll of the opening of the great battle of Shiloh. Hurrying back to my regiment I found them in line. A staff officer took us to the front. Formation perfect, with drum corps at its head, we received our baptismal fire, 165 men falling killed and wounded.

Our duty was to carry our wounded to the rear on stretchers to the Surgeons. We were always expected to be with the regiment in time of battle, unless in the discharge of this duty.

Our drums were not giving satisfaction, and my chum, a long-headed fellow by the name of John S. Bosworth, conceived the idea of bursting these drums, with the exception of one, to be used to play the calls upon.

The Colonel in command, Lieut.-Col. Hedrick, whom we all loved, investigated and found these drums worthless. So our officers, through the persistent efforts of our Adjutant (Pomutuz), who was an artist himself, a lover of good music, as well as a good judge of Garibaldi (we drummers called it whisky), procured for us 10 new brass drums, with extra heads, from New York, sufficient to last us during the war.

So at the time Col. Kennedy crossed the river and went into Columbia, his regiment not having any drums, the drum corps of the 15th Iowa was detailed to go with his command. The Colonel, in speaking of just before reaching the Capitol—how the half-crazed blacks and an occasional rush for the old flag by an escaped Yank made it an exciting scene, with the rattle and bang of the best drum corps in Sherman's army, and the inspiring music of such tunes as "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Johnny Comes Marching Home," etc.—said: "Is it any wonder that the natives gathered around us and gave expressions of joy? Why, boys, to me this was better fun and I had more laughs to the square inch than I ever did at any circus." So I think we are justly entitled to our share of whatever honor there is in it.

Upon our arrival at the State Capitol Building the men stacked arms in the aisle of the building. The flag was placed upon its roof. I went out to take a look at the city. I went up a street where the fire was raging. Two persons were standing in front of a building; they were of the Jewish persuasion, and had a small stock of notions. I took a hasty inventory of stock, found some dried beef, tobacco, and what at the time I thought was soda water, but was Holland gin. Knowing that some of the boys were afflicted, as well as Big Ben, Fife-Major of the 13th, with malaria, I took as much as I could carry back to camp. The patrol captured me. I gave them the slip, and landed that medicine in the basement of a brick building in which Col. Kennedy had his quarters.

We boys made a night of it, so that we had no reveille next morning, and when ordered to rejoin our regiment, Big Ben was ordered to play. There were too many holes in his fife, and he could not find the right one. I imagine I can see Col. Kennedy laughing yet at the ludicrous sight.

Davis had his leg taken off before Atlanta. Co. D's drummer went foraging for chicken for a sick drummer, and never came back. I have learned he was blown up on the steamer Sultana coming home. I drop a tear when I think of his sad fate. Big-hearted L. S. Tyler is a prosperous merchant of Salem, Mass. The balance of my boys, I know, are good citizens.

I saw Gen. Govan (Confederate) out here sometime ago. He carries a gold-headed cane presented him by Crocker's Iowa Brigade. If the Johnny of the 14th Ala.,—Govan's command,—who captured my drum and photo of my best girl on the 22d of July before Atlanta, when Govan's command turned our flank, sees this, I should like to hear from him.—HENRY METZ, Winlok, Wash.

A Hundred Miles to the Doctor

is a long trip, but who would not gladly make it, if by so doing one could relieve the sufferings of a loved one at home? But when the journey proves of no avail, as far as relief is concerned, but simply a waste of time and money, it is indeed discouraging.

Mr. Frank Smith, of Belt, Mont., brings the situation vividly to mind in a letter dated Dec. 8, 1895: "My wife had been sick for over two years. Used to go as far as one hundred miles to the doctors for her, but none of them could help her. She suffered intense pain in her abdomen, and was frequently unable to leave her bed. She seemed to have frequent internal hemorrhages, as large quantities of clotted blood would pass from her system. I happened to read in a paper about Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer. I sent for some. My wife tried it, and after using four bottles she was well. It is indeed a most excellent preparation—a veritable household necessity. It has done us much good and saved us large sums of money."

There is probably no household but what some time or other finds itself in need of a reliable family remedy, especially in a case of emergency. This is doubly true of localities remote from physicians and drug stores.

Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer holds an enviable position as a family medicine. It has been in constant use for over a century, but has never been extensively advertised. Druggists do not handle it. It can be obtained only of the proprietor or special local agents. If there are none in your neighborhood write to Dr. Peter Fahrney, 112-114 So. Hoyne Ave., Chicago, Ill.

An Effect of the Wilson Bill.

This year's logging crews are now arriving in Bangor, but there is little of the old-time activity in Exchange street and vicinity. Instead of $100 to $150 apiece, as in former times, these men bring down only $25 to $50, as a rule, which makes a woeful difference to the clothing dealers, boarding-house keepers, and, save the mark, to the liquor dealers.

THAT HISTORIC DISPATCH.

How It Was Captured by Dahlgren and His Little Band.

[*Greencastle Echo-Pilot.*]

In your issue of Feb. 12 you mention the capture of the rebel mail in the streets of Greencastle, an incident of the great military movement around the cyclonic storm-center—the battle of Gettysburg.

In conversation with Mr. Daniel A. Carl, now residing at Hancock, Md., then a private in Co. K, 6th U. S. Cav., and one of the survivors of the raiding party, he stated that Capt. Ulric Dahlgren's command of 10 men was formed near Frederick City, Md., June 30, 1863, out of the following cavalry commands: Two men and horses from the 1st U. S. Cav., three men and horses from the 2d, three men and horses from the 5th, and two men and horses from the 6th.

The cavalrymen detailed for this daring raid were selected with particular reference to the condition of their horses, the best men and horses being taken. This raiding party was instructed to operate on the lines of Gen. Lee's communications; to kill, capture, and destroy whatever would be of service to the Confederacy. With this end in view they left Frederick City on July 1 at daylight, and reached the vicinity of Middleburg, Pa., the night of the same day. They started at daylight on July 2, and came to Greencastle "soon after sun-up." The entire command (10 men and Captain, 11 in all) was standing in the public square, when Mr. Carl asked permission of Capt. Dahlgren to call upon his uncle, Dr. Adam Carl. Permission being given he was invited to partake of some food, but declined, saying he did not have time to eat, but would accept a few ears of corn for his horse, which were promptly given him, and were laid on the ground at the mouth of the alley near the corner of Dr. Carl's house. His horse commenced eating, but when about half finished Capt. Dahlgren rode up and said to Mr. Carl: "Get ready; there is a squad of rebels coming, and we are going to fight." Mr. Carl mounted his horse and joined the command, which was standing in the corner of the square in front of the U. N. Spielman properties. Capt. Dahlgren dismounted, and stood concealed behind a large post, which then stood at the corner of the pavement in front of the building now occupied by Barnhart Bros., but then occupied by Kreps & Prather as a generel store. From behind this post the Captain had an unobstructed view down South Carlisle street, and without being seen by the party of approaching rebels.

Capt. Dahlgren said to his men: "Boys, there is something important in that party, for there are two men mounted and a lot of infantry guarding them. Now, boys," he continued, "how will we take them? Will we ride into them with the saber, or will we depend upon our pistols and carbines?"

Mr. Carl says every man of the 10 drew his saber and held it up, saying, "We will take them with this." When the time for action arrived the command executed a left half-wheel, the order to charge was given, and Capt. Dahlgren with his 10 men, with a ringing cheer and mighty impulse, threw themselves upon the enemy, who, taken completely by surprise and awed by the dauntless courage of the handful of determined men, at once surrendered without firing a shot.

The captured party consisted of two mounted mail carriers guarded by 22 infantrymen, and had two mail bags containing many private and official letters. These latter Capt. Dahlgren took possession of, and almost the first one that he opened he stopped and said: "Boys, here is an important dispatch from Jeff Davis to Gen. Lee. I must leave you and endeavor to place it in Gen. Meade's hands as quickly as possible. Serg't Cline, take charge of these men; make your way to Emmitsburg and deliver all prisoners to the nearest Union forces. If any of these fellows attempt to escape, shoot them."

He at once rode off, and Mr. Carl says he never saw him afterward. All the mail matter left by Dahlgren was put into the bags, the arms and accouterments of the rebels were put into a house near the scene of the capture, and the entire party moved off down the Leitersburg road, past McDowell's blacksmith shop, through Waynesboro, and arrived at Monterey House about 12 o'clock, where they took dinner. From there they proceeded by the main road to Emmitsburg, reaching there about 4 o'clock, finding the town occupied by the Union forces, when they turned over the captured mail and prisoners, 28 in number, having made four captures during the day in addition to those taken with the mail.

The entire raiding party was at once disbanded, the men going to their respective commands, and they were never afterward together.

In reply to my query, whether it was not subjecting men to great hardship to compel them to walk from Greencastle to Emmitsburg in so short a time, Mr. Carl replied: "Perhaps so; but they did not walk all the way. They were made to 'double-quick' (run) part of the time, and when anyone threatened to play out he was made to take hold of the stirrups of the horsemen and was thus assisted along, the horses going most of the time at a dog-trot. We did this to get away from the rebels, by whom we were surrounded most of the day, frequently seeing large and small parties of them, whom we managed to elude, and we arrived safely within our lines at Emmitsburg."

In reply to a further inquiry as to the confirmation of the local statement that Capt. Dahlgren stationed a portion of his men at some of the alleys along South Carlisle street and that at a signal (the firing of a gun) all were to rush upon the rebel party, but that the plan miscarried by the premature discharge of a carbine in the hands of one of the cavalrymen and that the saber charge was resorted to that the rebels might not escape, Mr. Carl replied: "No; there were but 10 of us; we were all in the charge together and we did not fire a shot. No one was stationed at the alleys."

The latter story has become grounded here locally and it is possible that some such incident (accidental discharge of a gun) may have occurred, but it must have been at a subsequent raid, for it is now well-established that Captain, afterward Col. Ulric Dahlgren, visited Greencastle twice, first when he captured the rebel mail with 10 men and subsequently with 100 men, when he captured a portion of the rebel wagon-train south of Greencastle.

Mr. Carl's statement of the formation of the raiding party that captured the rebel mail containing the now celebrated dispatch, its marches, its result and its final destination is so clear and explicit that it sets forth in sharp accentuation an historical fact of National importance.

For the first time all the facts connected are here stated.

In confirmation of Mr. Carl's statement I quote from the Memoirs of Capt. Dahlgren, page 159:

"At m. (noon) Middleburg, Md., (near Frederick City, Md.) proposed to General —— to take some men and operate on the rebel rear. Gen. P—— ordered a Sergeant and 15 men to report. Only 10 came. With those and four scouts under Serg't Cline we started out."

"Thursday, July 2—Captured dispatches in Greencastle. Reached the battlefield near Gettysburg at night. Hard fighting."

Mrs. Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren, speaking in language replete with truth and eloquence of the services of the gifted and noble Ulric, says: "A hard ride for life of 30 miles (from Greencastle to Gettysburg) over rough mountain roads, and at midnight he handed Gen. Meade the famous dispatch that Mr. Royall says turned the tide of battle the next day."—F. A. BUSHEY.

PICKET SHOTS.

From Alert Comrades All Along the Line.

Entering Columbia.

H. H. Collins, Lieutenant, 9th Mich. Cav., writes: "Allow me to reply to J. C. Kennedy, of the 13th Iowa, in regard to being the first to enter Columbia. Not that I wish to pluck one Laurel from either him or Gen. Howard—both of them were fighters and gallant men—but they should give the cavalry credit.

"Gen. Kilpatrick's Cavalry marched nearly all night Feb. 16, 1865, reaching Broad River about daylight. The bridge was gone, our pontoon-train was in the rear, and before the wagons reached us, and pontoons were laid down, it was about 8 o'clock.

"While laying the pontoons no troops could be sighted in Columbia. All that could be seen was a train of cars backing in to take away our prisoners from the stockade. We reached the stockade, I think, about 10 a. m. We saw no troops of any kind, and went into camp close by. There was a small yellow flag on the courthouse at that time. Some time after getting into camp we saw the Stars and Stripes floating on the courthouse. Had any of the cavalry commanders seen fit they could have put a flag on the building before the 13th Iowa did.

"After resting about two hours in camp, fire broke out not far from the State-house. The wind blowing stiffly, smoke caused us to move camp a mile to the right. After so much controversy and contention about Columbia, the cavalry puts in a claim as being the first troops in Columbia, notwithstanding Col. Kennedy's declaration."

Deserves the Honor.

Joseph Hartsock, 55th Ill., Davenport, Iowa, writes: "A medal of honor was granted April 23 to Dr. Orion P. Howe, of Sutton, Neb., Corporal, Co. C, 55th Ill., for most distinguished gallantry in action in the assault on Vicksburg, Miss., May 19, 1863. The medal was forwarded to Dr. Howe the same day. Thus after 33 years comes this reward for brave and gallant deeds on the battlefield, which have been perpetuated in a letter of Gen. W. T. Sherman, written at the time to Secretary Stanton, recommending Orion P. Howe for an appointment to a cadetship in the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., which was in due time made, and he studied for one or two years, but failed to complete the course. The brave deeds of Orion P. Howe have been immortalized by a beautiful poem, by Boker, beginning:

"When Sherman stood beneath the hottest fire
That from the line of Vicksburg gleamed."

About Gettysburg.

B. H. Tripp, Middletown, Mo., writes: "I am about to put in print some facts in regard to the battle of Gettysburg, and want every comrade who sees this, and was with the First and Second Brigades, First Division, First Corps, to write what they can remember of the first day's battle, and all he can remember about the march from Emmitsburg to the place where they first met the rebels. State the time of day the march began; what was seen on the road; what time you reached Cemetery Ridge; the hour you reached Gettysburg, and what you saw in the town. Tell me the time you reached Seminary Ridge, and when Gen. Reynolds was killed. If you have a diary, written at the time, that will be better than what you can remember. Write it all out just as you would tell it to me, and send to me at Middletown."

Ewell's Capture.

Lars E. Johnson, Lieutenant, 5th Wis., Wiota, Wis., writes: "In your issue of April 30, W. K., Galesville, Wis., asks who captured Gen. Ewell. I was present on the extreme right of our line-of-battle; Co. C of our regiment being sent out on skirmish-line to protect our right flank. Serg't Cameron, of that company, was then commanding, and it was to him and his comrades that Gen. Ewell surrendered."

200,000 MEN CURED.

Since 1891 over 200,000 men have used the simple, harmless recipe which cured me of lost vigor, from errors and excesses. You can prepare it yourself or I will furnish it ready for use cheaper than a druggist can. Recipe and full directions by addressing, MR. THOMAS BARNES, Box 556, Marshall, Mich.

JUST MISSED IT.

Sixth Corps Sharpshooters Were Close at Ewell's Heels.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: To the article, "Capture of Gen. Ewell," in your issue of April 30, in reply to inquiry of W. K., Galesville, Wis., my attention was drawn, owing to the fact that I was one of the many comrades who took an active part in the capture at Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865. I was also one of the small company surrounding Ewell—within 20 feet of him—before he dismounted.

I do not offer the following as any correction or particular addition to the article already published, but because it brings old war times to memory. I was a member of the 122d N. Y., but served with the Second Division, Sixth Corps Sharpshooters, in 1865 and at Sailor's Creek. We made our advance on the enemy under a very heavy fire of artillery as rapidly as possible through the water, with mud and mire of the creek for some distance. The shots of our own artillery were passing over us, destroying the enemy's ranks, while we were ascending the higher ground from the creek and facing the enemy.

We nearly reached the rebel line, when its shattered ranks broke, leaving the ground covered with dead and wounded. At this point our artillery ceased firing, and we went across the fields in hot pursuit, pressing the rebels rapidly for a long distance, with every move to our encouragement.

We there saw a mounted rebel officer and his Aids making quick time toward our left, undoubtedly running from the cavalry on our right flank. Our commanding officer—Maj. Terrill, of the Sharpshooters—then, at the hight of his voice, sang out: "Gen. Ewell ahead! On men! Get him alive!"

We were in short shooting distance, and could have brought him to the ground. We made no delay in swinging our line around, and apparently had Gen. Ewell in our hands near a piece of woods, which we would prevent him from entering, but there we were surprised to see a regiment rise to their feet from behind a fence with orders to halt.

Gen. Ewell there made his stop, and our small company of sharpshooters immediately circled around him within a few feet, while he remained mounted. Gen. Ewell then pleasantly said to us:

"You are noble, good soldiers."

The Second Division of Sharpshooters, however, always regretted that the honor of the capture did not fall to us, as we expected when making the run. The regiment that had the honor was, if I am not mistaken, a Massachusetts regiment.—HOMER PECK, Lansing, Mich.

Reduced Rates to Washington.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will hold their Annual Meeting in Washington, D. C., July 7 to 13.

For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell tickets from all points on its line East of the Ohio River to Washington at one single fare for the round trip, July 6 to 8, inclusive, valid for return passage until July 15, inclusive, with the privilege of an additional extension until July 31 by depositing tickets with Joint Agent at Washington.

Tickets will also be on sale at stations of all connecting lines.

Delegates should not lose sight of the fact that all B. & O. trains run via Washington.

THEIR RECORDS.

Brief Sketches of the Services of Various Commands.

[THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE has in hand several hundred requests for regimental histories. All such requests will be acceded to in due time, although those now received cannot be published for at least a year, owing to lack of space. Numerous sketches have already been published, and of these none can be found room for a second time, until all have been printed.]

Battery E, 1st R. I. L. A.

This battery, which served in Birney's Division, Third Corps, was generally known as "Randolph's Battery," in honor of Capt. George E. Randolph, who commanded it until Jan. 5, 1864, when he resigned. Capt. William B. Rhodes, who next commanded the battery, was discharged March 8, 1865, having previously been brevetted Major. When mustered out Jacob H. Lamb was in command. The War Department credits the battery with 12 battles, as follows: Yorktown, Charles City Crossroads, Malvern Hill, Second Bull Run, Chantilly, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and Petersburg. Its loss at Gettysburg was three killed, 26 wounded and one missing, which places it in the very front rank of light artillery batteries having remarkable losses in single engagements. According to Col. Fox only seven batteries in the Union army suffered a heavier loss during their enlistment than Battery E, 1st R. I. L. A., it having had 17 men killed in action. Besides those killed 12 men died of disease and other causes.

Battery F, 1st R. I. L. A.

This battery served in the Eighteenth Corps, and is credited with a loss of 10 men killed and 17 died. Capt. James Belger was discharged Dec. 30, 1864, and during the latter part of service Capt. Thomas Simpson commanded. At Drewry's Bluff three men were killed, 14 wounded, and four reported missing. The command was known as "Belger's Battery."

Battery G, 1st R. I. L. A.

Fifteen battles are credited to this command by the War Department, as follows: Yorktown, Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Mayre's Hights, Gettysburg, Rappahannock Station, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Opequan, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek. Capt. Charles D. Owen resigned Dec. 24, 1862; Capt. Horace S. Bloodgood resigned April 24, 1863, and during the remainder of the service Capt. George W. Adams, Brevet Major, was in command. At Fredericksburg, while commanded by Capt. Adams, the battery lost five killed and 18 wounded. It was generally known as "Owen's Battery," and served in French's Division, Second Corps. Its total loss in the service was two officers and eight men killed and 18 men died.

Battery H, 1st R. I. L. A.

This battery served in Wheaton's Division, Sixth Corps, with a loss of two men killed and 10 men died of disease, accidents, and other causes. Capt. Chas. H. J. Hamlin was reported missing in June, 1862; Capt. Jeffrey Hazard resigned, Aug. 17, 1863; and when mustered out the battery was commanded by Capt. Crawford Allen. The organization was generally known as "Allen's Battery."

The 2d Mass. Cav.

Co's. A, E, F, L, and M of this regiment were organized at San Francisco, Cal.; H, at Boston, Mass.; B, C, D, and I, at Readville, Mass., from Dec. 10, 1862, to June 20, 1863, to serve three years. The regiment was mustered out of service June 20, 1865. Col. Charles R. Lowell, an officer of the Regular Army, who entered the field with the regiment, died, Oct. 19, 1864, of wounds received in action at Cedar Creek. He was succeeded by Col. Casper Crowninshield, who was discharged, June 16, 1865. Maj. Archibald McKendry was the ranking officer when the regiment was mustered out. At Cedar Creek, while in Merritt's Division, Cavalry Corps, the command lost seven killed, 16 wounded, and one missing. Its total loss in the service was eight officers and 82 men killed in action or died of wounds, and three officers and 138 men died of disease, accidents, etc.

The 3d Mass. Cav.

This regiment, with the exceptions of Co's. I, L, and M, was organized as the 41st Mass. Inf., at Boxford and Lynnfield, Mass., from Aug. 31 to Nov. 1, 1862, to serve three years. Its designation was changed to the 3d Mass. Cav., July 22, 1863. Co. A, 33d Mass., organized at Boston, Mass., Aug. 6, 1862, to serve three years, was assigned to this regiment as Co. I. Co's. A and B, battalion 2d Mass. Cav., unattached, Gulf Squadron, organized at Lowell, Mass., Dec. 27, 1861, to serve three years, were assigned to this regiment as Co. M. Co. C, battalion 2d Mass. Cav., unattached, Gulf Squadron, organized at Lowell, Mass., Dec. 6, 1861, to serve three years, was assigned to the regiment as Co. L. Co. L was mustered out Dec. 27, 1864, and Co. M, Jan. 31, 1865. Two new companies were organized at Readville, Mass., in February, 1865, to serve one year, and assigned to the regiment as Cos. L and M. The regiment was consolidated into a battalion of six companies, July 21, 1865, and retained in service until Sept. 28, 1865. Col. Thomas E. Chickering resigned in September, 1864; Col. Lorenzo D. Sargent was discharged March 10, 1865; Col. Burr Porter was discharged July 21, 1865, and when mustered out Lieut.-Col. Frederick G. Pope was in command. At Opequon, Va., Sept. 19, while in Grover's Division, Nineteenth Corps, the regiment lost 19 killed and 87 wounded. Its total loss in the service was five officers and 101 men killed and two officers and 180 died of disease, accidents and other causes.

The 4th Mass. Cav.

The regiment was organized at Readville, Mass., to serve three years, as follows: Cos. I to M, inclusive, Oct. 23, 1861, to Nov. 19, 1861, and Cos. A to H, inclusive, from Dec. 28, 1863, to Feb. 8, 1864. Cos. I, K, L and M were detached from the 1st Mass. Cav. as a battalion Aug. 4, 1863, and formed part of the 4th Cav. at its organization. These four companies veteranized on the expiration of their terms, and remained in service until the close of the war. Col. Arnold A. Rand resigned, Feb. 3, 1865; Col. Francis Washburn died April 22, 1865, at Worcester, Mass., of wounds received in action; and when mustered out the regiment was commanded by Col. Horatio Jenkins. The command served in the Tenth Corps, and lost a total of four officers and 28 men killed and two officers and 128 men died.

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[*St. Louis Republic.*]

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