Recitals and Reminiscences

Stories Eminently Worth Telling of Experiences and Adventures in the Great National Struggle.

THE TRAIN MOSBY CAUGHT.

Driving the Train From Washington With Green Drivers and Stubborn Mules.

Editor National Tribune: I do not want Comrade Engler to think that he is all that is left of that skirmish at Berryville. I want to relate a little personal reminiscence of that scrap.

I was Commissary Sergeant of the First Brigade, First Cavalry Division, at that time, and went to Washington from City Point with Capt. McKinney, Commissary of Subsistence of the same brigade when the Sixth Corps and the First Division of Cavalry were transferred to the Shenandoah Valley.

We could not get transportation for our brigade train, and the Captain drew from the Post Quartermaster at Washington wagons, mule teams and drivers and commisary supplies to haul thru Maryland to Harper's Ferry. He got this aggregation strung out in line on the Tenleytown road one hot afternoon, and in a dignified manner took his place at the head of the column, while I dropped in at the rear to prevent straggling and to keep the column closed up.

The mules were young and apparently unbroken. The drivers were citizens, not soldiers, some white and some black, and they were a long way from being experts in mule driving.

Recent rains had left small pools of water along the road, and they proved to be great attractions for the hot, thirsty mules. They would leave the grade and go into those pools regardless of consequences, and no amount of jerk-line persuasion or strong cuss words could check their headlong career.

GREEN DRIVERS AND STUBBORN MULES.

The wagons were loaded to the bows and in great danger of being upset. The Captain, naturally a kind-hearted man, lost his temper, and had one man tied to a wagon for insubordination, but that had no effect upon the mules. They were masters of the situation, and the only thing to do was to keep them headed in the right direction.

The dignity of the Captain began to come down, and he finally surrendered to those mules. "Sergeant," he said, "get this train along as best you can; I am going ahead," and he rode away.

I had the man untied from the wagon and got the good will of all. I believed the men were doing the best they knew, but many a time that afternoon I devoutly wished that Mosby would come and get the train. And this was the train, or a portion of it, that he did finally get at Berryville that eventful morning, as related by Comrade Engler.

I don't remember now how long we were getting to Harper's Ferry, but we finally got there, and were parked on Bolivar Hights. I was ordered to join an outgoing train with three days' rations for the brigade. The wagons were loaded just as they came from Washington, with hard bread, sugar and coffee. Fresh meat was to be supplied from the herd of cattle that accompanied the train. The Government did not furnish embalmed beef for its soldiers in that war, as it did in the Spanish-American War. As I remember it now, six wagons were loaded with commissary stores and seven with forage, making 13 in all assigned to the First Cavalry Brigade.

It was dark when we reached Charlestown. I was riding in company with the brigade butcher, Comrade Maer, of my own company. He proposed that we stop and try to get supper. We dismounted, entered a hotel and inquired if we could be served with supper. We were answered affirmatively, and taken into the dining-room and seated at a long table that was already set with plates to accommodate 50 or 75 persons. No other men appeared about the house while we were there, and when we had finished supper we mounted and rode ahead.

We overtook the wagons, and found that they were having all kinds of trouble. Tires were running off and wheels breaking down. Once more the Captain rode ahead, telling me to assist the train in every way possible. As soon as his tracks had become a little cold I, too, rode forward.

As we came near Berryville the train seemed to be halting ahead. I stopped in a little clump of trees, dismounted and lay down. I knew nothing more until I woke from sleep just in the gray of dawn. My companion, Marr, was asleep there at my side. I got onto my feet, and there right abreast of me in the road stood the doomed wagons. Tires were off from some of the wheels, rims and spokes all gone and the hubs worn to a point at the outer end. Mules were unhitched and feeding at each end of the wagons.

I gave my horse a ration of oats and began to take observations. Some distance ahead I could hear the noise of wagons getting into the road and going ahead, but in my immediate vicinity everything was quiet and at rest.

I was strongly impressed with the belief that those wagons should be in readiness to move, but who was to give orders? Where was the Captain and the Quartermaster in charge?

I went among the wagons, woke up the drivers and urged them to hitch up and be ready to move; but that same spirit of indifference that had prevailed with them all the way from Washington was still on the outside.

I went back to my horse and mounted. An officer came riding from the front, inquiring for the officer in command of the train. I told him I did not know where he was.

He ripped out a few oaths, and said it would be left behind if it was not ready to move very soon. He turned and rode away, and I then rode among the wagons, urging the drivers to hurry.

They were getting the bridles on the mules, when that first shot from that small piece of artillery that Comrade Engler speaks of struck the ground close by. Then they woke up to see what was the matter. I tried to assure them there was no danger, and had partially succeeded, when the second charge came landing among the wagons, followed by the rebel yell of Mosby's men charging our position.

It was daylight then, and they were coming at full speed ahead in plain sight. I turned to the escort on the right of the road, and saw them scattered among the trees on the ground, eating hardtack and drinking coffee, in no condition to repel an attack. I was well mounted, and I quickly made a detour to the right in an effort to reach the train beyond the point of attack. I could hear their commands to halt, the reports of their guns and the "ping, ping" of their bullets.

I wanted to halt and congratulate Mosby, but I feared my motives would be misconstrued and that he would insist on detaining me. I had heard reports of Andersonville, and I did not care to go there.

I reached the column in safety, and the next day reported at brigade headquarters, some distance south of Winchester.

My company companion was captured and given a mule to ride across the hills to Culpeper. He was familiar with the ground, and he slid off the mule while passing thru a grove unnoticed and stopped until the column passed. They had taken his shoes, hat and most of his raiment, and in this condition he made his way to Alexandria and was taken for a deserter. Several miles of red tape had to be unrolled before he was returned to his regiment.

The Captain was asleep on the ground, and was wounded and left there with others, and it was some time before he again reported for duty.

Just why they should kill and wound so many as Comrade Engler tells of I cannot understand, for I did not think there was any resistance made.

I regretted the loss of the cattle. The herd contained about 200 head, as fine beef as ever crossed the Potomac, and I had not included them in my previous wish for Mosby to capture.—Albert Swift, First Sergeant, Co. 5, 1st N. Y. Dragoons, Brownsdale, Minn.

KIMBALL'S BRIGADE.

Conspicuous Gallantry at Antietam, Fredericksburg, etc.—Named the "Gibraltar Brigade" by Gen. French.

Editor National Tribune: A recent communication published in your paper from Owen T. Wright, of Co. D, 14th Ind., which is true in all respects, recalls to my mind that I sent you a communication on the same subject over a year ago, but it was misplaced.

As quite a number of the 14th Ind. comrades have asked me why I did not answer the communication of Maj. Dwyer, I have concluded to send you the substance of the communication I heretofore sent, and you can exercise your own judgment as to whether the survivors of Kimball's Brigade should be thus vindicated.

In the issue of March 19, 1908, is a statement by Capt and Brevet Maj. John Dwyer, of the 63d N. Y., in which the gallant Major is very much mistaken. He says, in giving an account of Meagher's Brigade at Fredericksburg: "French's men were in line, prostrate, across the field. Meagher swept ahead, leaving Kimball's regiments far in the rear."

I speak of Maj. Dwyer as gallant because he belonged to a gallant regiment, and could not have attained the rank he did in that regiment without being a gallant soldier. But sometimes gallant soldiers are mistaken, and such a thing might easily occur in the excitement of a great battle.

I saw Meagher's Brigade make its magnificent charge at the Bloody Lane at Antietam. It was on the immediate left of Kimball's Brigade. At Bristow Station Kimball's Brigade, then under command of Col. S. S. Carroll, later a Major-General, was on the same line with the famous Irish Brigade.

The 14th Ind. was on the left of the brigade at Fredericksburg, and therefore was the last of the brigade to cross the millrace. The regiment was on the fore front of the battle line from the first charge until some time after French's Division was ordered off the field, and no regiment went beyond its advance line. In going over that cannon-swept field the color-bearer was killed and each detail of the color guard was either killed or severely wounded. After their ammunition was exhausted and other troops came up on the advance line the 14th Ind. was withdrawn about 20 feet, and remained there until after 4 o'clock p. m., some time after the division had been ordered off the field. The writer remained on the front line until every man of the 14th Ind. was sent to the rear, and did not leave the front until some time after Hancock's Division came up.

The original brigade, known as Kimball's Brigade, was composed of the 4th and 8th Ohio, 7th W. Va. and 14th Ind. At times other regiments were temporarily attached to the brigade. The brigade was complimented for its gallantry at the first engagement at Winchester in March, 1862. At Antietam it lost more than half its number in killed and wounded in front of Bloody Lane, and was named the "Gibraltar Brigade" by Gen. French on account of its stand at that battle.

It followed the fortunes of the Second Corps under Col. Carroll, and was complimented for gallantry at Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Morton's Ford, the Wilderness and Spotsylvania Court House, where it fought at the Bloody Angle. Its last battle was at Cold Harbor, after which the old regiment went out on account of expiration of term of service.

Never before have I seen a statement that any troops left any of these regiments "far in the rear." The 8th Ohio, 7th W. Va. and 14th Ind. are included in Fox's History, 300 Fighting Regiments, and all that kept the 4th Ohio from being in that list was that it was detailed on other service at the time of the battle of Antietam.

The 1st Del., one of the most gallant regiments in the service and one of Fox's 300, was in Kimball's Brigade at Fredericksburg, under command of Maj. Smith, afterwards Gen. Smith, who was the last general officer killed in the war of the rebellion, and who at one time had command of the famous Irish Brigade, of which Maj. Dwyer's regiment was a part.

The 24th and 28th N. J. regiments were temporarily in Kimball's Brigade at Fredericksburg, and the Colonels of these regiments were complimented by Gen. Kimball and by Col. John S. Mason, who succeeded Gen. Kimball in command of the brigade after Gen. Kimball had been wounded, for the manner in which they discharged their duties during the battle. These regiments were short-term regiments, and this was their first battle.

Personally I could not see any of Kimball's Brigade after arriving on the advance line, except the 14th Ind., on account of high plank fence intervening, but over the tops of the fences, after the smoke of battle would clear away, I could see that our flags were still there all the time until after Hancock's gallant division came up on the rear.

Details were sent over the river, under flag of truce to bury the dead at Fredericksburg. Serg't W. H. Cole, of the 14th Ind., afterwards Capt. Cole, of the reorganized 20th Ind., was sent over in charge of a detail.

On his return he said he met Confederate Gen. Stewart, who asked him what brigade made the first charge. On being informed that it was Kimball's Brigade, he said it was the most gallant and daring charge that he had ever seen or heard of.

If my memory is not at fault, after the battle of Gettysburg there was some faultfinding between Gens. Meade and Sickles and perhaps others, made to President Lincoln, at which the President said that at the battle of Gettysburg there was enough glory to go all around.

The thought has come to me that in the Second Corps—the corps of Sumner, Couch, Hancock, Warren and Humphreys, and in which served Howard, Sedgwick, French, Richardson, Alex Hays, Miles and many other distinguished soldiers—the corps that sustained the greatest loss on the battlefields of all the corps, there is enough glory to go around without one part detracting from another.—E. H. C. Cairns, 14th Ind., Bloomfield, Ind.

THE FOGGY MORNING ATTACK.

Cedar Creek and the Magic Effect of Sheridan's Arrival.

Editor National Tribune: On the morning of Oct. 19, 1864, the boom of cannon, the terrific rattle of musketry and the rebel yell simultaneously broke upon the ears of the drowsy boys at Cedar Creek and aroused them from slumber. They rushed out of their tents into the darkness of a foggy morning, realizing that the enemy had attacked them with vigor. The tumult of battle came roaring across the fields from the direction of the Eighth Corps, upon the left flank. Immediately the long roll sounded in all the camps. The 114th N. Y. formed a line of battle before their camp and awaited orders. The rebel yells were drawing nearer and nearer. In a moment an order came for the regiment to move out in line upon the summit of a hill in front of its camp. They were compelled to struggle against a torrent of panic-stricken fugitives. The Eighth Corps, so gallant in all its former engagements, had been entirely and instantly changed into a disorganized mass of stragglers. So suddenly and silently did the enemy rush upon their camp that many were unable to arm or dress themselves before they were compelled to seek safety in flight. They came running to the rear without hats, coats or even pants. Altho they made desperate and heroic efforts, they soon found that they were too few in numbers to cope with the hordes of rebels swarming all around their front and flanks. Again and again the enemy persistently broke to pieces or doubled up the left flank. Four miles of an inglorious retreat had been passed, in which every hill, wall and grove had been contested. The crisis over, Gen. Wright ordered a regular line of retreat. Gloomily our boys tramped across the fields. Near 11 o'clock there seemed to be an unaccountable disturbance among the troops near the pike. Cheers were heard in the distance. While wondering what it all meant a staff officer rode up to Col. Davis, who was commanding the First Brigade, to which our regiment belonged, and gave the following thrilling order: "Gen. Sheridan has arrived on the field. The General directs that you halt where you are, face about, form a line and advance to the position you last occupied in the woods." The cheering came nearer, and finally Gen. Sheridan came into view. The enemy heard the yelling, and thought the Federals had received reinforcements. They were right; a powerful reinforcement had arrived, but it was only one man. He rode along in front of the regiment, his face beaming with smiles, his black eyes glistening. "Boys," he said, "we're going back to take supper in our old camp."

The General devoted a long time to the study of the position and the formation of the army. Nearly 2 o'clock the skirmishers commenced to fire rapidly and hurry back upon the lines, and about 3 o'clock an order came for the entire line to advance.

The foregoing is in part a memoranda made by an officer of our regiment immediately after the battle. The loss of the 114th on Oct. 19 was 128 men in killed, wounded and prisoners—half it took into the engagement.—C. A. Sumner, Co. B, 114th N. Y., Norwich, N. Y.

Ruse Saves the Wagons.

Editor National Tribune: The fact that the 6th Ind., 1st Ohio, battalions of the 15th, 16th and 19th U. S., with Battery E, 4th U. S. Art., that composed Rousseau's old Fourth Brigade when the 5th Ky. (Louisville Legion) saved the day at Shiloh, was not mentioned when you gave all the honor to the 5th Ky., a gallant lot of men, makes me suggest that there were other fighting regiments just as good, which show as great a percentage of loss as the gallant old Legion.

After the battle of Carrick's Ford, the last stand Gen. Garnett made (he was killed with an unknown boy by his side, whom we buried in the orchard), I was sent back by Gen. Tom Morris with six wagons to Cheat Mountain Gap with some sick and wounded, to pick up Gen. Morris's baggage.

The rebels were scattered all thru the mountains, and we soon ran onto a bunch of 75 or more in a little valley, broiling beef on their ramrods. I had a young fellow, a boy of the 16th Ohio, riding with me. We were right on the Johnnies before we knew it. Promptly, in a loud voice, I told my Orderly to ride back and order up the 6th Ind. Now, the 6th was 10 miles away and going north, while we were going south, but the ruse worked and the rebels skedaddled and were soon out of sight, climbing the mountain.

I never saw the Ohio boy again, and I don't know who he was nor what his name was.

Who was the rebel boy we buried at Carrick's Ford? We cut this epitaph on a board and put it over the grave: "This is the boy who stayed by his General and shared his fate; name unknown, but supposed to belong to a Georgia regiment." Annie Stephens refers to this incident in her history of that campaign.

Gen. Garnett was sent thru our lines in Gen. Morris's ambulance to Virginia.

I think The National Tribune gets better all the time. The Lincoln papers are excellent and well timed. Comrades and Johnny rebs, write to me.—A. S. Prather, Branson, Mo.

The Pole Bridge Across the Tennessee.

Editor National Tribune: Some of us old boys were talking about a certain rude, crude, rough pole bridge built across the Tennessee River. I think, by the mechanics and engineers at or before the battle of Chickamauga. I recollect it, and after the trees and stumps were all used up for campfires I, with a squad, crossed the bridge and went over to Stringer's Ridge after wood. Can any of your many readers tell who built it and when our division, Gen. J. J. Reynolds's, crossed the river at Shell Mound and Lookout Mountain at Stevens's Gap. I think Wilder and Crittenden crossed at Chattanooga after Bragg left, and perhaps they built the bridge. I had a picture of it, but have lost it, and now some of us are trying to find out something about it. I am sure that a detailed account of that unique crossing would please many of your readers.

Was Mrs. Turchin the constant companion of the General? I saw her only once. Sept. 18, Cos. H and C of my regiment, the 105th Ohio, were a guard for the division ammunition train from Pond Spring in McLemore's Cove to the battlefield of Chickamauga, and the train was parked in rear of Snodgrass Hill. Mrs. Turchin rode at the head of the column on one horse, leading a three-year-old colt. Being somewhat of a Dutchman myself, I marched alongside for most of the trip, and that was my acquaintance with her and the only time I ever saw her. She was continually in the saddle. Could some of your readers of the fine old Turchin Brigade tell us a little about her? I know it is pretty late to inquire, as they have both gone over the Great Divide. As the days go by I read my soldier paper with enhanced interest.—J. C. Hartzell, Sebring, O.

Has Lived a Century.

O. D. Pease Post, G. A. R., 94, Department of Wisconsin, located at Watertown, Wis., believes that it has the oldest member of any Post in Comrade Wenzel Quis, who is 100 years old and has been a member of O. D. Pease Post for 21 years. Comrade Wenzel Quis celebrated the 100th anniversary of his birth at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Ernst Kunert, near Beaver Dam, Wis., last week, and as a reminder of the occasion O. D. Pease Post, of which he is an honored member, presented him with a gold-mounted cane bearing the dates 1809-1909.

Another Youngest Son.

R. J. Gates, Mount Alton, Pa., can go Comrades French and Champlain, of Oklahoma, two better in their claim for the youngest son of a veteran of the civil war. He served in the 58th Pa., and his youngest son was one year old last February, the next youngest three last June and his oldest seven last August.

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PICKET SHOTS

From Alert Comrades Along the Whole Line.

Pairs of Brothers.

The remarkable result of a letter to The National Tribune, in which some comrade named the fact that several pairs of brothers had served in his company, has brought to light about a hundred other cases, in which were phenomenal numbers of pairs of brothers. A. P. Farleman, Co. G, 4th Mich., Adrian City, Mich., recites the fact that in Co. G, 4th Mich., of which he was a member, there were seven pairs of brothers, and not one pair came out without one or the other either getting killed or wounded. Their names were: Loren and Edwin Webster, Martin and Alonzo Pennock, Henry and Chester Plummer, William and John North, George and Scott Fogle, John and Richard Clegg and Charles and James Saxton.

W. A. Holland, Creston, Iowa, claims that Co. C, 77th Ohio, had a greater number of brothers than any company in the war. Their names were as follows: Robert and John Edmonds, Samuel and James Jewell, John and Wm. Arthur, Thomas and Joseph Mitchell, John and David Hines, Leonard and William Barnhart, Joseph and Samuel Kigens, Isaac, William and John Thorp, Sardine, Hiram and Love Eaff, Wm. and James H. Holland, Leonard and John Marlow, Washington and Calvin Beaver, Lloyd and John Biddle and Perry Biddle, father. What company can beat this?

Youngest Child.

Comrade French, of Co. B, 12th Ohio Cav., is the father of the youngest son of a veteran, he is quite sure. He has a son who was six years old Aug. 27, 1909. Edward P. Champlan, employe of the U. S. Indian Office, who is 67 years old, has a five-year-old son, which he thinks beats Comrade French. Then comes Wm. G. Broad, of Canandaigua, N. Y., who says that he can beat them all. He is 70 years and six months old, and the father of a 24-pound son, who was a year old on Oct. 21, 1909. He says he will send a chromo to anyone older than himself who can certify to his being father of a child so young. Comrade Broad was a member of the 3d Mo. Cav. and Co. A of the 5th regiment, Veteran Relief Corps, and would be glad to hear from any of his old comrades.

Does Anybody Know of Him?

Jenkin Evans, Slatington, Pa., says that they have there a woman 70 years old and very poor, whose husband left her about 20 years ago with five children to maintain, and she has not heard of his whereabouts for years. He was a pensioner, and drew his last pension at the San Francisco agency in September, 1906. His check was mailed to him to the infirmary, Provo, Utah, and he was dropped from the rolls for failure to claim pension. Comrade Evans has written to his last address, but they do not seem to know anything about him. He may have changed his name. He wishes that anyone knowing of John Merkle, 4th Pa. Cav., would write to him, and the news will be gratefully received by his wife or by Comrade Evans.

Wants to Hear From Her Son.

Mrs. S. J. Meinhard, Lunsford, Va., is a veteran's widow, and wants much to hear from her son, who enlisted in the Regular Army when he was a minor and served three years, going to the Philippines. He went to Texas, where he was mustered out, and Mrs. Meinhard has been unable to hear anything about him. When last heard from he was at Laredo, Tex. Her sons's name is Willie A. Meinhard, and he belonged to Co. F, 19th U. S.

Another Veteran's Baby.

E. D. Waldo, 1st Vt. Cav., Cabot, Vt., says that Edward Burnham, who served one year in the 4th Vt. and later in Co. I, 11th Vt., is 64 years old and the father of a daughter two days old, and remarks: "Come again, you Western dads." Comrade Waldo says that he is heartily in favor of the widows' pension. He can see no reason for a woman who married after 1890 and has cared for the old veteran all these years being asked to go to the poorhouse to die.

Address Wanted.

John W. Kidd, 732 Orchard street, Santa Rosa, Cal., wants to hear from comrades of the Signal Corps who served with the Department of the Gulf. He particularly desires to hear from anyone who remembers how he was injured by being thrown from a vicious horse at New Orleans in the Spring of 1864. He belonged to a squad which had been sent into the city for horses which they were required to ride without saddle or bridle. When he was found it was thought that he was killed.

Three Generations in the Army.

William F. Crawford, Second Sergeant, Co. A, 9th Ill. Cav., Milan, Ill., answers a challenge by saying that in his company was an enlisted man by the name of F. C. Bruner, who is still living. His father, H. B. Bruner, served in the 93d Ill., and his grandfather, Solomon Bruner, served in the Grayhead regiment. He claims the pennant.

Wants to Hear From Her Brother.

Miss Hattie Holmes, 226 South Fifth street, East Saginaw, Mich., is very anxious to find her brother, who is the son of a veteran. His name is Irving Holmes, but he usually goes by the name of Barney Holmes. He is about 17 years old, blue eyes, medium hight, and left home about seven months ago. When last heard from he was in Riverside, Mich.

In Error.

In the item concerning the erection of a monument in memory of the 47th, 86th and other Illinois regiments at Peoria, Ill., on the ground where these regiments were mustered into service, the statement was made that Col. W. A. Thrush, of the 47th Ill., was one of the surviving Colonels. Col. Thrush was killed at the battle of Corinth, Miss., Oct. 3, 1862.

The Youngest Soldier.

John W. Howe, ex-County Treasurer of Montgomery, Kan., claims to be the youngest soldier. He was born July 5, 1848, enlisted Oct. 4, 1863, and was mustered out Feb. 13, 1866. He belonged to Co. A, 120th Ind., known as "Hovey's Babies." It belonged to the First Brigade, First Division of the Twenty-third Corps.

Information Wanted.

Henry Brown, 615 Stewart avenue, Arlington, N. J., is anxious to learn something about Levi Frederick. Comrade Frederick served in the 95th N. Y., Co. F, enlisting in 1861 and being mustered out in 1865. Any information concerning him will be very gladly received by Comrade Brown, and it should be sent to him direct.

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Battle of Falling Waters.

Comrade Bray Ellis, Windsor, Wis., contributes to the Madison (Wis.) Democrat an interesting story of the first fight of his regiment, the 1st Wis., at Falling Waters, July 2, 1861. It was a small affair, but quite a big one to those three-months men.

Birth Records.

James R. Perrigo, Dunbarton, Wis., says that he is one of many who are cut off from receiving pensions because they canot furnish proof of their age. He wants a new rule made in the Pension Bureau which will cover such cases.

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WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights. I pay spot cash for these claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 431 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

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GET MARRIED. MATRIMONIAL PAPER WITH advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc. mailed sealed. Free. G. F. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

ADDRESSES WANTED

WANTED.—Comrades who knew "Charles" or "Carl" A. Malmstrom, one of 60 young Swedish men who came to America for the purpose of enlisting in the civil war and did so in Chicago in 1864, and was at Chattanooga (Lookout Mt.), Dec. 25, 1864. Willing to pay for reliable information as to what company and regiment he belonged. C. C. Malmstrom, Care U. S. Mint, Denver, Colo.

WANTED—The addresses of members of Co. I, 26th Wis., by Frank Rezarch, Box 14, Haugen, Wis.

WANTED—The address of J. H. Foxworthy, Co. H, 33d Ind. Volunteers. Address Mrs. S. S. Jacks, 419 Colorado street, Sawtelle, Cal.

WANTED—The address of Foster M. Haskell, Co. I, 10th Me. V. I. Address Mrs. Joshua W. Smith, 637 North Queen street, Martinsburg, W. Va.

WANTED—The address of Joseph Hopkins; last seen or heard of was at Fort Larned, Kan., driving Government team in the Winter of 1865 and 1866; and also the wagon-maker of same place and date; have forgotten his name and regiment. Address James H. Scott, Route 1, Independence, Kan.

WANTED, Information.—A lady brought up by Louisa Virden wishes to learn of mother, Nancy; Uncles John, George, Archie, Ruben Tolliver, or DeTolliver; father, Amos; Uncles David and George Wilson. Mother's second husband, John McJohn, wishes to learn where her relatives, both sides, grandparents, died or live, company and regiment any served in. Geo. H. Maxwell, 404 North Main Street, Rockyford, Colo.

WANTED—If any comrade who knows the address of John or James Haines, of 2d Iowa Reg't, or can give any information of him, it will be thankfully received by Mrs. Faith A. Hughes, (widow of James M. Hughes,) 924 North Corona St., Colorado Springs, Colo.

WANTED—The addresses of members of the 13th N. Y. Independent Battery, Light Artillery. Address Dietrich Lemmermann, Veterans' Home, Napa Co., Cal.

WANTED—Name and address of the Secretary and Treasurer of the California Volunteer Veteran Association, who succeeded Capt. Geo. H. Pettis, deceased. Address E. J. Adams, Box 22, Apex, Colo.

WANTED—The present addresses of Capt. Wingate and Lieuts. Hanson and Geo. W. Knight, of Co. H, 77th. Thomas Brown, 715 Gen. Taylors St., New Orleans, La.

WANTED—The address of Samuel R. Hardy, Co. D, 67th Pa. Ten years ago he was known to be in Omaha, Nebr. Levi Hardy, South Allentown, Pa.

WANTED—The address of Mrs. Maggie Mesnole, a nurse at the Adams and Gayoso Hospitals, at Memphis, in 1864 and 1865. Her home prior to her army service was Mendota, Ill. H. B. Martin, Pavilion, Wyo.

WANTED—The address of William Peckham, who left his home in Martville, N. Y., four years ago, and has not been heard from since. Henry A. Peckham, Martville, N. Y.

WANTED—Owen Stephens, Long Beach, Cal., wants to know the address of Hiram H. Young, a member of his company (B), 3d Mich. He also says that his regiment was not organized at Detroit, but at Grand Rapids at the same time as the 2d Mich.

MEDICAL.

ANY MAN SUFFERING FROM ATROPHY, varicocle, or any form of weakness, can find a good remedy in Turko Giant Ointment. It is a harmless outward application, acts directly on the nerves and muscles and gives strength and vitality to old and young men. A small box sealed in a plain wrapper, 20c; large box $1. We guarantee to give satisfaction or money back. DEAN & DEAN, Dept. H, 692 Third Ave. New York

J. P. Those suffering