Recitals and Reminiscences

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

ABANDONED ON PICKET.

How Two Cavalry Boys Got Thru a Rebel Bivouac in the Night, and Joined Their Regiment.

Editor National Tribune: Aug. 9, 1862, found the 5th N. Y. Cav. in camp near Woodville, Va. We had established a line of pickets from there to Stannardsville, and rumors were flying thick that Lee was headed that way with his whole army. In the morning we drew 10 days' rations and an extra supply of ammunition. That looked suspicious, for bullets generally said business. At 11 a. m., off on the Madison Court House road, our regiment was halted in an open field after marching about eight miles. The 1st Vt. Cav. then went ahead to see if they could locate the enemy.

Our horses in stamping around uncovered something which caught the eyes of the boys, and soon the word "goobers" was sung out all along the line. Sure enough, it was a big patch

WE FIRED INTO THE MOVING OBJECTS AHEAD.

of peanuts. We dug a lot, and had fresh-roasted peanuts. About 5 p. m. our scouts returned and reported that they had found a strong line of pickets a few miles down the pike. Our regiment was then ordered to throw out a double line of pickets on all trails and roads. My company (H) was marched off about a quarter of a mile from the main road to the left, and about half of the boys were taken ahead and strung along in sight of one another. The rest of us formed a small reserve.

The moon came up as big as a cart wheel, and made things quite cheerful. Some of the boys found a rail or two, and we built a fire and had our coffee. Barker, our Lieutenant, had been cut posting the boys, and came back and told us not to keep up our fires longer than necessary, as we were more than likely to have visitors. About 10 p. m. the balance of us were ordered to relieve those on picket, and Serg't Murdock started out with us. Myself and a comrade, McMannus, were stationed on an old dirt road, which came up out of a little valley and skirted along the old field where the reserve was and intersected the main road a quarter of a mile to the right. We were instructed to keep our eyes peeled and to fire upon anything that looked suspicious coming from the front. Where the pickets had been posted was all right in daytime, allowing a clear sight in any direction, but at night, with only the road to watch it was a different proposition. We were conspicuous sitting on horses out in the open, so we decided to move ahead a few rods to where the timber shaded the road, so we could see and not be seen. We could see down this road some distance, where at the bottom of the slope was a small clearing, which gave us a fine show of seeing anything moving in the bright moonlight.

Indications of Danger.

We sat there for an hour or more, when a rumbling could be heard back of us off towards the main pike, which soon died down and all was still. With our carbines across the pummel of our saddles we simply leaned forward half asleep, occasionally opening our eyes to take a look at our horses' ears. Any old cavalryman knows what a sure indicator of danger those ears are; if they wag back and forth regularly all is well, but if they suddenly come to a front point and he becomes restless there's something moving. He either hears or sees what you do not, and you can begin to look out for breakers at once. My mare was a thorobred, and when she began to get nervous I knew there was something doing. We could see or hear nothing for at least 10 minutes, when all at once a dark mass moved out in the opening at the foot of the hill. Ed. said: "Infantry. Let's give them a dose and skip." We fired, and were off like the wind to where we expected to find the company, but no one was in sight, only a few stray coals of their fires left.

We had to move quickly, for we had stirred up a hornet's nest. We moved in an oblique direction, so as to hit the road some distance ahead. Across this old field we flew, thru a small strip of woods and into another clearing, and ran pop into a mass of rebel infantry and artillery, halted as tho they intended to stop for daylight. We were on them so close we came to a walk, and passed right thru an opening and were on the pike, which was lined with infantry as far as I could see. They were lying down in all directions. A few mounted men seemed to be working to the front, and we went with them until we had a chance to switch off into some timber on the side of the road.

We dared not ask questions, but kept moving along parallel with the column until we overtook a cavalryman who was dismounted, fixing his saddle. I ventured to ask his regiment. "4th Va.," says he. "How far ahead are they?" I asked. "Just a little ways," he answered. That settled it. As soon as we could safely do so we held another council of war. The moon gave us more uneasiness than anything else. We kept our revolvers ready, and decided to make a run for it.

Putting on our ponchoes to cover our brass buttons on our overcoats, which in the bright moonlight looked as large as our fist, we started back for the pike. As luck would have it, we came out some distance ahead of the main column, as far as we could see, and we took the pike boldly and were congratulating ourselves on striking a clear trail, when we fetched up on a squad of about 30 dough boys stretched out beside the road. Instinct seemed to tell us that this was the advance guard of the crowd behind, so we rode right along. Only one or two seemed to pay any attention to us. I thought for a second one fellow who got upon his feet was going to halt us. I said to him: "We are going ahead aways, and don't fire on us if we come back in a hurry."

Getting Around the Rebels.

We passed on without his saying a word, and about 10 rods ahead passed another solitary fellow standing by the side of the road leaning on his gun. He never let a peep out of him as we walked our horses past. We dare not spur our horses as yet, for we were not sure what was ahead. But after going a half mile I felt satisfied that the coast was clear, and we quickened up our gait. The country was now more open, and we could see plainly ahead, and were just ascending a rise in the road, when we detected some horsemen in the middle of the road. They had heard the clatter of our horses' feet, and we soon saw that they were headed towards us. That looked favorable, and the word "Halt!" rang out with a good old Yankee twang. I rode towards the squad. It was the 1st Vt. Cav. (twin brothers of the 5th N. Y.). Either regiment had hardly ever got in a scrape without the other was sure to be on hand to have a finger in the pie.) I gave the officer in command all information possible; then we started off on a road which we were told our regiment had taken, and soon came out on the Sperryville pike, running to Culpeper.

We found the road lined with Sigel's boys, and nearly blocked with wagons and artillery, all at a standstill. We worked our way thru the crowd, and found our regiment well on the way to Culpeper. We were also informed here that a sharp battle had been fought the evening before at Slaughter Mountain, and it was still undecided which side had been licked.

The company boys were surprised to see us, as the man sent to call us in had reported our post vacant, and they supposed we had been gobbled. Not finding us where we had been posted, and not thinking of our moving down the road, it only made him anxious to get out of there double-quick, as word had been sent to the reserve to retreat at once. It was a close call for us.

If this should meet the eye of any of those Johnny rebs that composed that advance guard, I would like to hear from them. I have always labored under the impression that when the officer in command of that squad found that he had let two full-blooded Yanks slip thru his fingers with two such fine horses that he must have given himself a right smart kicking.—D. H. Robbins, Co. H, 5th N. Y. Cav., Vineland, Minn.

"I Was a Good Soldier."

Editor National Tribune: Daniel P. Rice enlisted in Co. I, 2d Mich. Cav., Sept. 19, 1861, for three years at Leroy, Mich., and was discharged for disability at Louisville, Ky., Nov. 7, 1862. At one of our picket posts during the war seven men had been shot down by the enemy. The Colonel knew Dan Rice was a good marksman, so he was selected to stand post. He stood in plain sight of any rebel who might want to pick him off. He looked around for a less exposed position, and found some scrub-oaks, with logs lying around. He lay down in the deep shadow and waited. It meant death to be caught off post, but he was bound to protect himself as much as possible. He hadn't been there long when he heard twigs snapping near by. Presently he saw something stir and he fired. After the report of the gun he heard the boys coming, with the Colonel in the lead, and when they didn't see him at his post they all thought he was killed and called out for him. Dan yelled back, and directed them to him, and they all began searching for the object of Dan's shot. They found it, a dead rebel, and he proved to be the one who had picked off seven men on that post.

One time after a heavy battle his company was detailed to cover a retreat and while skirmishing to worry the rebels. Getting into close quarters, he told the rest to make sure of their way out, while he would stay. Bullets were whizzing around him thick and fast, and he got separated from his comrades, but he was a good rider, and he scaled hedges, fences and logs until he had ridden many miles in advance. He came to what he supposed was a rebel's farm. He left his horse and walked to the house. He was admitted, and told he might stay over night. He went to a spare room and found some clothes, which he put on for protection in case the Johnnies came. But they proved to be Union people, and he stayed there till his company came along. At another time, while skirmishing, he came upon a big burly rebel. He jumped at him, and knocked his weapon out of his hands. He marched him back to camp, and handed him over to the guard a prisoner. While in the army he had a horse kick him, and he had to ride horseback 30 miles before the wound could be dressed. He carried the print of that horse's shoe until the day of his death. The last words he said before he died were: "I was a good soldier."—Written by request of George Loud Post, Henrietta, Mich., of which he was a member.

Indian Regiments.

Editor National Tribune: I saw in The National Tribune of recent issue an inquiry about Indians in the war of '61-'63. I was with one of the Indian regiments. There were three organized and mustered into the United States service the latter part of August, 1862. The first regiment were all Creeks, with Creek officers. The Colonel's name was Pork-la-holes. In the second regiment were eight companies of Cherokees and four companies of Osages, 12 companies in all. The third regiment were all Cherokees, fine lads and good fighters, commanded by Col. Wm. Phillips, of Kansas; Lieut.-Col. Downing Fullock, a fine-looking man and greatly loved by the comrades. Wm. Forsman, Captain of Co. I, 10th Kan., was Major. The companies were officered as follows: Indian Captains, First Lieutenants and Orderlies detailed from the 10th Kan.; Sol Kaufman as First Lieutenant and myself Fourth Sergeant on Co. C, 10th Kan., as Orderly-Sergeants, Co. G, Cherokee. Our Captain, John Shell Fullock, Indian; Second Lieut. Red Bird, Sixkiller and another man. Capt. Shell was dismissed from the service, and Lieut. Kaufman promoted to Captain. The men were quick to learn, and soon learned the drill and commands. I did nearly all the drilling in the company from squad to platoon and the manual of arms, and I had my hands full for the first six weeks. Capt. Kaufman was a poor hand at drill; his feat was fighting (where he was always to the front), and of which we had a plenty. Our regiment was scouting nearly all the time, and was in all the battles from muster-in to discharge at the close of the war. I will give a few names in my company: Red Bird, Sixkiller, Young Red Bird, Young Duck Sundy, Yellow Hammer, Beaker, Ticken-nes-ky, Glascock, Hog, Shooter, Bottle. Fine names for roll calling. I enlisted April 1, 1861, for three months in Co. I, 19th Ohio; discharged Aug. 31, 1861; enlisted Oct. 24, 1861, in Co. I, 3d Kan. Jay Hawkers, Jim Lane's Brigade of K. M. Rifles; then Co. I, 10th Kan.; then was made Orderly-Sergeant, as stated.—Oscar Fowler, Eau Claire, Wis.

Too Much Pension Clamor.

Editor National Tribune: I have been a subscriber to your paper for many years. I greatly appreciate the plain, easily understood campaign descriptions given us from week to week by John McElroy, and I have at heart the welfare of The National Tribune, the only paper of its kind. I cannot but note the growing feeling that the constant clamoring for higher rates of pensions is averse to our interests as a whole. It is having a tendency to bring discredit to a class to whom all honor and praise is justly due. Certainly there are many cases where higher rates should be given, but for the most part the age pension is far in excess of rates paid by any other great Nation.

The enormous appropriation which the dollar-a-day bill would call for, as shown by The National Tribune several weeks ago, precludes the possibility of its passing. That public sentiment is adverse to a larger appropriation for pensions must be accepted by us all.

Let us not bring discredit upon ourselves as a class by a continued demand for a higher rate of pensions. While we are being paid the generous rates provided by the McCumber bill let us do what is possible for ourselves. Let us not devote the most of our time discussing bills for more pensions. Possibly a little more exertion on our part will tend to lengthened lives. Let us show that we have the same interest in the welfare of our country that impelled us to take arms in her defense.

I am aware that with some comrades my views will not be popular, and before they decide that I am either drawing a large pension or served my country by guarding a bridge or two somewhere in the rear, I will say that I entered service as soon as age would permit, and had a smell of powder at Perryville; then followed Knob Gap and the Cedars of Stone River. Later came Liberty Gap, and McCook's march over the mountains, and the day and night marches to the battlefield of Chickamauga, the 100 days under fire on the Atlanta campaign, the race back to Franklin and the two days' battle in front of Nashville, the chasing of Hood's army remnants out of Tennessee, then to Huntsville and into East Tennessee, with Kirby's Brigade to Asheville, N. C., and mustered out at close of war with the distinction of having been with the regiment in every engagement in which it participated.—George S. Myers, Co. F, 101st Ohio.

Heavy Regimental Losses.

Editor National Tribune: In The National Tribune of July 14 R. S. Mowry, Co. A, 1st Minn., makes claim that his was the first three-year regiment in the first great battle of the war, that its loss was the greatest, and that the brigade, division and corps in which he served lost heaviest in killed and wounded. The 1st Minn. was mustered as a three-months regiment, May 1, 1861, and in June was remustered as a three-years regiment. At Gettysburg it lost 82 per cent of its numbers in killed and wounded, the heaviest per cent of any Federal regiment in any battle during the war. The 3d, 4th, 6th and 8th Mass. were mustered in for three months, April 16, 1861; the 1st N. J. for three years, May 21, 1861; the 13th, 15th, 16th and 17th Ill., May 24, 1861, and the 2d Mich. May 25, 1861. Exact losses in brigades, divisions or corps will perhaps never be known. The comrade's division (Second Division, Second Corps) had three regiments, the 15th and 20th Mass. and 7th Mich., that are included in the 45 regiments having the heaviest loss in killed in action. The First Division, Third Corps, which was afterwards the Third Division, Second Corps, and commanded first by Kearny and afterwards by Birney, had six regiments, the 17th Me., 2d and 5th Mich., 103d Pa., 20th Ind. and the 1st Me., that are included in the 45 regiments having the heaviest loss in killed, the last-named regiment having lost the heaviest of any regiment in the service, its killed in action being 423, its killed and wounded being 1,283.—J. M. Doubleday, Caldwell, Kan.

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Patriotic Ancestors.

The following letter is from Miss Edna M. Williamson, Basin, Mont., and we will let her tell the story of her ancestors in her own way:

"Editor National Tribune: I am a little girl, 12 years old, and love to hear my grandfathers tell stories of their soldier life and incidents that happened on the firing line and in camp. Following are the names of my relatives who fought for their country: Great-great-grandfather, Thomas Garvin, fought in the War of 1812; great-great-uncle, Joseph Barrey, was Captain in an Ohio regiment; Grandfather J. B. Overturf belonged to Co. G, 14th Iowa; Grandfather H. C. Williamson belonged to Co. E, 44th Ohio, but re-enlisted in the 8th Ohio Cav.; Great-uncle James Williamson belonged to a Missouri cavalry regiment; Great-uncle Richard Williamson belonged to Co. E, 44th Ohio; was in the Andersonville Prison nine months, and lost the sight of one eye while there; Great-uncle John Williamson belonged to Co. E, 44th Ohio; Great-uncle Philip Simmons belonged to the 71st Ohio, and was killed in the battle of the Wilderness; Great-uncle Joseph Burum belonged to an Indiana regiment; Great-uncle James C. Wilson belonged to Co. F, 2d Iowa Cav.; Grandfather Overturf had two cousins in the war also; one S. F. Eccles, Second Lieutenant, Co. G, 14th Iowa, and one Wesley Overturf belonged to an Ohio regiment.

"I am very proud to think I had so many relatives who were willing to lay down their lives for their country."

Rebel Flags Again.

Editor National Tribune: The article on the rebel flags in your issue of Aug. 18 by Isabel Worrell Ball is very interesting reading to an old soldier of the Union. The question is often asked: "Why were the rebel soldiers so loyal to a flag unknown before the secession of South Carolina?" I think I can give a correct answer. It is that a large percentage of the population of the South had never known any other flag. At the breaking out of the rebellion I had been a resident of Missouri nearly seven years. I had been at many Countyseats, and had crossed the State several times, and on two occasions only had I seen a public display of the Stars and Stripes, and that was from the poles of circuses. How could a people have a reverence for an emblem they never beheld? The Southern Confederacy knew more of its traitorous rag at the end of its first six months than it had known of the flag of our country in all its previous history.—John N. Morton, Quartermaster-Sergeant, 1st Mo. Engineers, Hamilton, Mo.

At Brice's Crossroads.

Editor National Tribune: In answer to Col. Noble and W. E. Hayden I will say I know some things about Brice's Crossroads. First, I know that when we went into the fight on June 11 we met the cavalry coming out. I don't know how long they had been fighting or with what success. I know they were falling back where we went in. Second, I know when we were compelled to fall back, because we were flanked right and left by the rebels, the cavalry were not in evidence to protect our flanks. We formed several lines, and were flanked and had to retreat to prevent capture. Third, I know that when we got to Ripley next morning and while our Colonel was giving us a few hard-tack he had found somewhere we were ordered back down the road we had come into town on to meet the rebels. We had a fight with them there, and our Colonel was shot thru the lungs and left for dead. We were again compelled to retreat. We were nearly out of ammunition, and what little we had was gathered up and placed in the hands of a rear guard composed of infantry, which had several rounds with the rebel cavalry, for they followed us back to near Germantown, where we were met by the 21st Mo. on flat cars, and were taken into Memphis. We did not see a single cavalryman from Ripley to Memphis. We were three days and three nights retreating, without anything to eat and without sleep. I think the cavalry must have gotten into Memphis a long way ahead of us.—D. L. Riley, Co. F, 120th Ill.

A New National Anthem.

Wm. Sharrock, 68 Milton street, Lawrence, Mass., has written a new U. S. A. National anthem, "Thou Blessed Great Jehovah." The price is 10 cents a single copy, and price will be furnished for the dozens, hundreds or thousands.

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PICKET SHOTS

From Alert Comrades Along the Whole Line.

Opening the Chattanooga Campaign.

Launcelot L. Scott, Sergeant, 18th Ohio, Nelsonville, Ohio, says that during the latter part of August, 1863, the Fourteenth Corps lay in the Cumberland Mountains, a few miles north of Stevenson, Ala. Their camp, Camp Cave Spring, was at a copious spring of water on the side of the mountain. A large pontoon train was with us, their boats floating in the creek to tighten them. On Aug. 30 he, with a comrade, scaled the spur of the mountain east of their camp and, climbing into an oak tree, had an extensive view of the surrounding ranges and valleys. The broad Tennessee River flowed a few miles off, and beyond it rose the huge bulk of Sand Mountain. To the west, 15 or 20 miles distant, was a cloud of dust caused by the right wing of the army marching up the valley toward them. They sat in the tree for several hours watching. On the next day a larger squad of them went up to the mountain top. This day part of the dust cloud was much nearer, and they could see the sun rays reflected from the gun barrels of the marching men. They felt and talked of another campaign coming, and sure enough, at 1 o'clock on the next day, Sept. 1, they received marching orders. At 9 in the evening they arrived at Caperton's Ferry on the Tennessee on a long pontoon bridge. Large wood fires blazed on the bank at each end. The dark ranks of moving men would emerge from the dust and gloom into the firelight for a moment and then again fade away. Hurrying thousands and the rattle of the artillery trains alone broke the silence of the night. They crossed the bridge at the quick step and pushed on in the darkness for several miles to get out of the way of the other divisions, and then drew out to the side of the road to await the coming of the morning. So was commenced the great campaign for the occupation of Chattanooga.

The Seven Days' Fight.

T. Benton Kelley, Co. E, 8th Ill., Boston, Mass., says that he read in The National Tribune a communication from Comrade O. H. Masten, 1st Pa. Rifles, Biloxi, Miss., in which he claimed that the "Pony Section," as he terms it, of the Pennsylvania Rifles, Co. D, fired the first shot in the Seven Days' fight. He has a faint recollecion on June 26, 1862, of helping to check the advance of the rebel forces under Stonewall Jackson from near Hanover Court House to the outpost of the Army of the Potomac near Mechanicsville, Va. The 8th Ill. Cav., with the 6th U. S. Cav., was doing picket duty from the right flank of the army to the Pamunkey River, a distance of some 16 miles. The 8th Ill. Cav. had the left of the line connecting with the army. Jackson's advance struck the pickets of Co. H, and Capt. Hooker, who was in command of the Reserves, immediately responded to the attack at the front and was mortally wounded, being the first man to yield up his life in that prolonged struggle, that was nearly eight miles from Mechanicsville, where the 1st Pa. Rifles were in line, and he can say that it took that attacking force, which outnumbered us five to one, some four hours and a half to cover that eight miles to our infantry; every foot of that retreating fight was contested with all the ability and determination that was ever our humble lot to exemplify in that fierce struggle. He also remembers very well how he rejoiced at the sight of the Pennsylvania troops after that desperate attempt to check their advance.

Too Wide Awake.

J. C. True, Co. G, 40th Mo., Oatville, Kan., says that he and his partner had eaten the last scrap from their haversacks. As they toiled along in the ranks over the Tennessee hills in pursuit of Hood's army, they took note of two wise ones in the ranks, whose haversacks stuck out with fatness. They halted for the night. The last straggler had crept from the dying camp fire embers to his lair. Cautiously in the gloom they reached the tent that contained the fat haversacks. Carefully and cautiously they felt under the canvas. Then was something doing. The occupants, rugged lads from "old Kaintuck," were not asleep. They promptly grabbed their hands. It was too much strain on the tent pins. Down came the tent, and in the scrimmage they got free and fled. Shortly there stormed at their tent door the victims, loudly inquiring if they had "heard any camp thieves about?"

Eyes Lasted Century.

James Wall, the oldest man in the State of Connecticut, died at his home in Waterbury, Conn., Aug. 10, aged 103 years. He was born in Ireland, and only a few days before his death he told the story of the excitement which ran thru Ireland when the news came of Napoleon's death. He also remembered hearing the news of Waterloo. He came to this country in 1842, and in 1861 enlisted in the 9th Conn., and served all thru the war. He never wore spectacles, heard perfectly and maintained a standing challenge to lick any man of his age.

Execution of Custer's Men.

Hiram H. Fox, 14th Conn., New Haven, Conn., wishes that someone would give a fuller account of the execution of a number of Custer's cavalry by Mosby in retaliation for a like number executed by Custer. He thinks that Mosby's command assembled at or near Rectortown in the Fall of 1864, and drew these men by lot from among the prisoners of Custer's Michigan cavalry regiments. He desires this statement to back up some other statements that he has made which came from The National Tribune in years past.

"Tippecanoe and Tyler, Too."

Amos Mardis, First Lieutenant, 10th Ohio, Sylvia, Kan., says that it is generally understood that Gov. John Greiner, while editor of the Zanesville (O.) Times, wrote "Tippecanoe and Tyler, Too," the campaign song of 1840. What does anyone know about it?

Remarkable Shots.

On Sherman's march to the sea a cannon was fired by one of Sherman's men, and the ball entered a rebel mortar, which burst and killed several men.

At the War Museum in Old Libbey Prison, Chicago, may be seen two bullets which came together, point-blank, in midair in a battle, and they flattened out thin as melted lead.

Comrade John O. Milne, of Co. B, 1st Minn., Duluth, Minn., was shot thru his stomach and back. He had the ball mounted in gold, and wore it as a watch charm until his death, 1908.

Comrade Rev. J. H. Macomber, Co. H, 4th U. S. Cav., was shot thru his stomach and back, and the ball lodged in the pocket of his trousers. He carried the ball as a souvenir.

Comrade Jonathan White, 1316 Fifth street southeast, Minneapolis, of Co. H, 2d Wis., was shot in the left groin. The ball hit the pelvic bone and, glancing, passed thru the body and was taken out of his right hip. Comrade White was a member of the old Iron Brigade, which was formed by the 2d Wis., 19th Ind., 6th Wis., 24th Mich., 7th Wis. and Battery B, 4th U. S. Art. The commanders were: Gen. Rufus King, Gen. John Gibbon, Gen. Sol Meredith, Gen. L. Cutler, Gen. E. S. Bragg, Col. W. W. Robinson and Gen. J. A. Kellogg. They were engaged in 20 battles from Gainesville to Appomattox.

Comrade Geo. W. Merrick, Co. A, 34th Wis., was shot thru his folded blanket and his body just under the short ribs on his left side, and about 12 years after the war the wound was opened in his back and pieces of the old blanket taken out. The wound again healed, and he was quite well again.

Comrade H. B. Shaw, of Nora Springs, Iowa, Co. B, 14th Iowa, was shot in the left shoulder with a six-ounce grapeshot, which so paralyzed the arm that he has no use of it. He preserved the ball, and draws a pension of $45 per month. The ball was probably nearly spent, or it would have passed entirely thru his shoulder.

I am personally acquainted and have talked with all of these comrades and have seen the bullets (except the cannon ball).—A. C. Wendell, Co. K, 39th Wis., and Co. D, 46th Wis., Minneapolis, Minn.

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ADDRESS WANTED—Of any one who knew Peter Delorme, Co. C., 96th N. Y. Vol., during the war, 1861 to 1865. Please send to John Fagan, 22 Clifton St., Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—The address of William E. Duke, formerly of Clarksburg, W. Va. Address The National Tribune, Washington, D. C.

WANTED—Company G, 93d N. Y. National Guard, Attention! The undersigned desires the name and address of officers and privates of this company in order to assist a comrade to obtain his pension. Kindly send information to Dr. C. P. Caldwell, 4429 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—To hear from Erastus T. Cleaveland, James Clapper, William Capp, Albert Lewis or any of their friends. They all worked at the special diet kitchen at the Cumberland Field Hospital, Nashville, Tenn., the Winter of '64 and '65. Address James A. Price, Hicksville, Ohio.

WANTED—The addresses of Miss H. D. Dehaven and Miss H. J. Shaw, of Allegheny City, Pa., and kept a Christian Commission store at Cumberland Field Hospital at Nashville, Tenn., in 1864 and 1865. Should any of their friends see this, please write me. Address James A. Price, Hicksville, Ohio.

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