



"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES.

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SAVING THE NATION.

The Story of the War Retold for Our Boys and Girls.

AT SPOTTSYLVANIA.

The Death Struggle in the Virginia Wilderness.

AT EARLY DAWN.

Hancock Sweeps over the Rebel Intrenchments.

BY "CARLETON."
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LXXIX.

To the Boys and Girls of the United States:

To comprehend the great plan which Gen. Grant was carrying out, let us read the dispatch which came to him from Gen. Butler, who, on the morning when the Army of the Potomac started from Culpeper for the Wilderness, was moving up James River.

This is the dispatch from Butler, who had landed at Bermuda Hundred, between Petersburg and Richmond:

"We have landed here, entrenched ourselves, destroyed many miles of railroad, and got a position which, with proper supplies, we can hold against the whole of Lee's army. Beauregard, with a large portion of his command, is left south. I have whipped Hill to-day, killing and wounding many and taking many prisoners."

While Butler was striking at Lee's communications south of Richmond, Sheridan, with the cavalry, was cutting the railroad south of that city, destroying 10 miles of track, a train of cars, burning a million and a half of rations and Lee's medical stores.

The dispatch was very encouraging, but too sanguine. A few days later Gen. Butler found himself hemmed in at Bermuda Hundred and unable to strike a blow. His cavalry entered Petersburg, and had Butler gone there instead of to Bermuda Hundred, he could easily have held it.

With this dispatch before him Gen. Grant prepared to begin the conflict. Through May 11 the engineers were along the picket, looking through their field-glasses to see where were the weakest points in the Confederate lines.

Gen. Mott drove back the rebel skirmishers before him, that he might get a little nearer.

THE SALIENT.

North of Spotsylvania one and a half miles is the farmhouse of Mr. Landron. In the same direction, but nearer the Court-house, is the house of Mr. McCool, a one-story building with a chimney at each end, a piazza, with grand old oaks shading it. McCool's house was inside the rebel lines; Landron's, one-fourth of a mile north of the rebel breastworks.

The engineers reported that the angle, shaped like the letter V, the apex toward Landron's house, was a point that might be attacked successfully.

Gen. Grant determined to attack along the entire line, while the Second Corps, under Hancock, was to carry the works in front of Landron's.

The night is dark and cloudy, rain is falling, but the men of the Second Corps are making their way along a narrow path through the woods. The heavy rain turns the earth to a morass beneath the feet of the men. For a week they have been on the march or in battle. Through all the days there has not been an hour when you could not hear either the boom of cannon, the volleys of musketry or the rattling fire of the pickets. The men are weary, but through the deep mire, their clothes drenched with the falling rain, they plod without a murmur.

At midnight they come into position in the woods between the houses of Brown and Landron, throwing themselves on the ground just in rear of the picket-line. No word is spoken. There has been no rattling of canteens, no clanking of swords. In silence, like specters, the men in blue have marched through the mire and gloom of the night, and now they are waiting for the dawn.

The engineers have taken the position of the breastworks from Landron's during the day with their compasses, and now they set them, examining them by striking a match to get the right direction.

Birney's Division is on the right. He must cross a marsh, creep through a dense thicket of young pines, growing where the plow once turned its furrows, where slaves have hoed tobacco—land worn out for cultivation and turned to wood.

Barlow's Division is on the left, with a clear field before him. Gibbon's Division and Mott's, of the Ninth Corps, are in reserve.

The division commanders have timed their watches. Day is breaking. The fog hangs low. It is a half mile to the rebel intrenchments.

Barlow has four brigades—Brook's, with the 2d Del., 64th N. Y., 53d, 145th, 148th Pa.; Miles's, the 20th Mich., 61st N. Y., 51st, 146th, 138th Pa.—these in the front line, with Sny's and Brown's Brigades in the second line.

On through the low shrubbery, out into the open fields they move, keeping even step till, in the gray of the morning, they see the dim outline of the rebel works, and then with a cheer they rush on in solid mass. A single volley flames in their faces as they rush up the slope. The next moment they are over the works, clanking with the bayonet. There is a fierce struggle; men fire in each other's faces. The slaughter of the rebels is fearful. The mass of Union men surging like a tidal wave of the sea upon the Confederate line sweeps it away.

Four thousand surrender themselves, with 20 cannon, caissons, and horses, several thousand muskets, and 30 colors—nearly the whole of Gen. Johnson's Division.

With the killed and wounded Lee has lost in a moment not less than 5,000 troops. Those not captured flee through the woods toward the second line of intrenchments, nearer the Court-house. Hancock's men rush after them. Barlow is at the east angle, held by Stuart's and York's (Confederate) Brigades.

Owen's and Carroll's Brigades of Gibbon's Division are close behind Barlow, and at the decisive moment come pouring over the intrenchments, capturing two of Stuart's cannon, wheeling them round and sending shells into the fleeing rebels. Birney's Division, followed by Mott's, leaped upon the west angle held by Terry's, Walker's, and Battle's Brigades.

It is not a surprise to the Confederates. Their pickets have been sending in word since midnight that the Union troops have been moving on Brown's and Landron's farms. Gen. Lee thought that Grant was moving to turn his left, and withdrew a portion of the artillery along the intrenchments, to move to the Court-house; but at daylight it was on its way back. Johnson had sent word to Lee that he was to be at-



FIGHT AT THE BLOODY ANGLE.

tacked. His own troops were ready, and Gordon's Division was also ready to support him. Gordon had placed Evans's Brigade by the McCool house, and Pagan's and R. D. Johnston's to support Roder's Division.

The success of the charge threw Birney and Barlow into confusion. The men were in a mass, the regiments disorganized. In their enthusiasm they rushed after the retreating Confederates, but were met by Gordon's troops, and the fight became desperate, the Confederates driving the Union troops back upon the intrenchments.

ARRIVAL OF THE SIXTH CORPS.
"Go to Hancock's assistance," is the order from Meade to Wright, commanding the Sixth Corps.

Russell's and Wheaton's Divisions, accompanied by Wright, come in upon Hancock's right near the McCool house.

Wright is wounded at the onset, but does not leave the field. And now begins one of the most stubborn contests recorded in history. The Confederates are on one side of the intrenchments, the Union troops on the other. It is 6 o'clock. The sun has risen, the fog lifted, but under the gray clouds the struggle begins. A. P. Hill's troops come pouring through the woods to Gordon's assistance, capturing a few Union troops.

Gen. Hancock plants his artillery on a knoll on Brown's farm, sending a storm of shells over the heads of the men in blue. Some of the cannon are run up to the breastwork loaded with canister, sending an enfilading fire along the Confederate lines.

Through the day the contest goes on. Gen. Louis Grant, commanding the Vermont brigade in the Sixth Corps, has this to say about the unparalleled struggle:

"It was not only a desperate struggle, but it was literally a hand-to-hand fight. Nothing but the piled-up logs or breastworks separated the combatants. Our men would reach over the logs and fire into the faces of the enemy; would stab over with their bayonets; many were shot and stabbed through the crevices and holes between the logs; men mounted the works, and with muskets rapidly handed them, kept up a continuous fire until they were shot down, when others would take their places and continue the deadly work."

Several times during the day the rebels would show a white flag about the works, and when our fire slackened, jump over and surrender, and others were crowded down to fill their places.

It was there that the somewhat celebrated tree was cut off by bullets; there that the brush and logs were cut to pieces and whipped into bucket-stuff; there that the rebel ditches and cross-sections were filled with dead men several deep.

I was at the angle the next day. The sight was terrible and sickening, much worse than at Bloody Lane (Antietam). There a great many dead men were lying in the road and across the rails of the torn-down fences, and out in the cornfield; but they were not piled up several deep, and their flesh was not so torn and mangled as at the angle."

What a storm of leaden rain swept over those intrenchments! The branches of trees are riddled to shreds, like basket-stuff. An oak tree 22 inches in diameter is cut down by the ceaseless hail. It falls upon the Confederates in the trenches, injuring several members of the 1st S. C.

OTHER ATTACKS.

A few moments after Barlow and Birney leaped over the intrenchments, the artillery of the Fifth Corps began to thunder.

Gen. Meade thought that Lee would send reinforcements from Longstreet's line to help regain the works, but he did not.

It is 9:30 when Warren's troops advance. A storm bursts upon them from Field's Division. They almost reach the intrenchments, but the fire is too destructive.

Gen. Humphrey, Meade's Chief-of-Staff, orders the troops to withdraw, and sends Cutler's and Crawford's Divisions to help the Fifth Corps.

THE NINTH CORPS.
Going now over to the road leading from Spotsylvania to Fredericksburg we see the Ninth Corps on both sides of it. The contest began at 6 o'clock, when Potter's Division rushed upon Lane's Brigade of Hill's Corps, capturing two cannon; but Scales's and Thomas's Brigades came to Lane's assistance and Potter was driven back without being able to take away the cannon.

At 9 o'clock there is another struggle. Wilcox's Division of the Ninth Corps holds the left of the Union line south of the Fredericksburg road. Heth's (Confederate) Division is behind the intrenchments. Gen. Wilcox's men creep up through a pine thicket,

A farmer who knows every foot goes through the woods as his guide. It is 5 o'clock in the afternoon when the head of Ewell's column appears west of the road leading to Fredericksburg, and west of Mr. Harris's house, near which are Gen. Grant's headquarters. Col. Kitching's Brigade and Gen. Tyler's Division of heavy artillery are near the road. Col. Kitching's pickets discover Ewell's advance, and come running up with the news.

I was at Gen. Grant's headquarters.

"Pack up those wagons; harness the horses; quick!" It is the order of the Provost-Marshal, Gen. Patrick. Ten minutes and the trains are packed ready to move.

There comes a ripple of musketry from the woods, and then volley upon volley. It is the first engagement for the soldiers of the heavy artillery, and though they have been practicing with heavy cannon they are at home with the musket, and send their volleys upon Ewell's advancing line.

The Fifth Corps is nearer than either of the others, and the Maryland Brigade comes up on the run, followed by Birney's Division of the Second Corps.

If Ewell had any thought of creating a stampede, he did not have an opportunity to carry out his plan. He was held at bay by Kitching and Tyler, and when Birney arrived was driven step by step. The sun goes down, with light flashes gleaming in the thickets. At 9 o'clock Ewell gives up the struggle, having lost nearly 1,000 men. He has found out where a portion of Grant's troops are, but accomplished nothing more.

Three weeks have gone by, with continuous, stubborn fighting. Not an hour of silence the while, but a ceaseless cannonade or musketry, either the firing of pickets or roll of volleys by brigades and divisions. Never before such a three-weeks' struggle in this western world.

[To be continued.]

THE TENDER HEART.

BY HELEN GRAY COKE.

She gazed upon the burnished brace Of plump ruffed grouse he showed with pride; And grief was in her face. "How could you do it, dear?" she sighed. "The poor, pathetic, unlovely thing! The songs all hushed; oh, cruel shame!" Said she, "The parting never mine."

"You men are savage through and through, A boy is always bringing in Some article of such a white and blue, Or butters into a pie. The angworm in anguish dies, I'm sure, the pretty trout to lose— "My own, we fish for trout with flies. "Don't wander from the question, please!"

She quoted Burns' "Wounded Hare," And certain burning lines of Blake's, And Ruskin on the fowls of air, And Coleridge on the water snakes. At Emerson's "Forsaken" he began to feel his will bent; and At Browning's "Donald" utterly His soul surrendered and succumbed.

"Oh, gentlest of all gentle girls," He thought, "beneath the blessed sun!" He saw her lashes hung with pearls And swore to give her all his gun. She smiled to find her point was gained And went, with happy parting words. (He subsequently received several copies of The trine her hat with humming birds. —From The Century.

THE BRIGHTEST THING IN TOWN.

BY ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND.

Let me draw you a picture, rude and rough, Of the brightest thing in town. If I had but wit and skill enough 'Twould win me a lasting renown. Let no one disturb me. Leave me alone! Give me a chance! It is all I ask. Let me try my hand—no master's, I own— At this impossible task.

Impossible? Yes, for an Angelo, To paint the picture I wish you to see. Impossible? For what? For a young man, This picture that lives with me.

And yet, 'tis only a half-grown girl; Half or whole, I do not know; A face hung o'er with hair all a-curle, A face like mine, and I will prove. The brow of some calm, reflective Greek, And a nose not Roman nor Aquiline. An oval face and an olive cheek. Flashed like wine, like wine.

A chin like some famous old Van Dyke, Tapering soft to a point, just so; And a mouth—now what is his young mouth like? Don't guess what? "You don't know."

JEFF DAVIS.

An Old Song in Praise of the Ex-Chief of the Confederacy.

The recent tour of Jeff Davis through the South has called to the mind of many comrades a poem composed during the war, which was once very popular among the Union soldiers. We have received several copies of the same from various sources and reproduce it, as follows:

Oh may that case, Jeff Davis, doat, In open sea, in open boat, In my chariot, without a coat. Glory, hail! glory!

Without a compass, sail or oar, A million miles away from shore, How richly we'll ride the mountain roar. Glory, hail! glory!

May sharks devour him, stem and stern, A whale engulf him down in turn, And the devil get the whole concern. Glory, hail! glory!

Oh may that cursed traitor dwell In darkest pits of deepest hell, And give his teeth and groan and yell. Glory, hail! glory!

And mid his teeth and frantic cries, Oh may eternal ashes rise, And blow forever in his eyes. Glory, hail! glory!

In burning brimstone may he be, While little devils dance before him, Then lock the door and lose the key. Glory, hail! glory!

Too young to be a Paymaster, Stanton called a spade a spade always, according to a Cleveland Leader correspondent. He had a bold front of shaggy hair, and the Major-General with his shoulderstraps, his clanking sword and his strut of pomposity had not so much effect with him as had the tears of a soldier's widow. He spoke very sharply to officers whom he found loafing about Washington when he thought they should be in the field, and it was not uncommon for him to say: "Well, sir, I would like to know what you, an officer of the United States Army, are doing at Washington? If they don't need you at the front, I'll see about mustering you out."

Lobbyist Stanton was known on hand approached him more than once. Senators and Congressmen had not much weight with him, and he made no bones of saying what he thought in most characteristic language. At one time one of the other members of the Cabinet wanted Stanton to appoint a young friend of his as Paymaster in the army.

"How old is he?" said Stanton. "He is only 21," was the reply; "but he is thoroughly respectable and honest."

"Mr. Secretary," responded Stanton, emphatically, "I would not appoint that young Gabriel Paymaster if he was only 21."

A FRIEND IN NEED.

An Officer's Story of the Best Day's Work of His Life.

A PICTURE OF WO,

Drawn from the Union Prisoners of War.

THE WRETCHED VICTIMS

Comforted by a Canteen and Kindly Words of Cheer.

BY A VETERAN IOWA COLONEL.

Every week reading THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE through it, sometimes strikes me that in all the war incidents narrated in its columns one terrible experience has rather been overlooked, although often incidentally alluded to by your contributors. I mean the experience in rebel prisons. As one of the miserable wretches who was there, I am sometimes inclined to think, when I grow hot and mad over my own prison-life memories, that any veteran, though he went through the war from the beginning to the end, is rather putting on airs when he assumes to know all about the late war, unless he graduated from a rebel prison. We who had been in many battles never knew the full terrors of war or its sometimes almost unbelievable cruelty, till in confinement we sorrowfully realized "man's inhumanity to man."

I have no intention, however, of inflicting upon your readers personal experience of my own trials and sufferings. I merely propose telling the story, as it was told to me by an old officer, of what the narrator declared was the best day's work of his whole life. "And though my life be blackened with sins," he grimly remarked, "if there is a recording angel he will

WIFE OUT SOME OF THEM for what I did then." Mainly, I give his own words as nearly as I recollect them, with probably now and then a rhetorical touch of my own.

"We were more than a thousand prisoners, all officers," he said, "on the way from our last prison-camp at Columbia, S. C., to Wilmington, for the general exchange of March 1, 1865. Early on the morning of Feb. 26, soon after our own arrival at Goldsboro in box and cattle cars, another train came in and stopped not far from where we were standing on the track, our own train unloaded. Learning that this last train was one of prisoners from Florence, a few of us obtained permission to visit them. It was a terrible spectacle. I see it yet in dreams sometimes, and ever in memory. The train was made up of platform cars, and the night had been very cold for that southern climate. Every emaciated prisoner had been uncovered the night through, with not a mouthful of victuals during the whole trip, and hungry when they started.

"The cars had just been unloaded. With not a blanket, not a coat, vest, or pair of shoes in the whole crowd, and the remnants of clothing on them in tatters and showing their nakedness, black as negroes from hovering over prison-camp pine-wood fires, and vermin-covered to their heels, many of the hopeless, gibbering idiots, and others dying where they lay—these miserable wretches, too ragged and filthy for the meanest tramp's association, were United States soldiers, men who, a brief time before, as time flies, had in gay uniforms marched from their homes amidst the tears of mothers, brothers, sisters and wives for the war, anticipating only death as the worst, and as the best a return home crowned with patriotic glory.

"Shocked as we were, it was no time for mere pity and tears. Acting on the impulse we hurried back, enlisted others, and asking no permission from guards, returned to these poor sufferers with what we could gather in the way of food and garments. Over the heads of their guards we threw them what we had, the rebel officer in command at first protesting, till he was told he would next be thrown among the starving wretches.

"Some of the prisoners took the hardest thrown them, gazed for a moment wonderingly at it, then tasted, and next

DEVOURED IT LIKE BEASTS, and wildly looked around for more—idiots from hunger and cruelty. Yet these givers, officers in rank, were nearly all coatless and barefooted, covered with vermin, and very hungry till started on this exchange route. But they probably thanked God they were not as some other men—looking at these Florence prisoners. Soon afterward these prisoners, who were the first started from Florence as the men best able to stand the trip, (Heaven help those left behind!) were marched to a camp a mile or two distant.

"On my return to our own camp or stopping-off place on the railroad track, a rebel officer of sympathetic heart, who had made a note of the whole thing, invited me out of the lines and took me to a close-by saloon. Sick and weary, I sacrificed all the temperance principles I had been nursing for many months in prison, where there was no saloon, and went with him. We drank apple brandy, the beverage of that region, and I well recollect that my Confederate friend paid \$5 a drink for it—\$10 for his treat—but it was in his own national money. Telling the saloonist my own experience of the last hour, his heart was opened. He told me to bring him the biggest canteen I could find, and he would fill it with apple brandy, if I would take it to these prisoners; for, said he, 'that will be food for 'em.'

"Like the flash of a gun I was off, and soon returned with a canteen borrowed from a rebel guard. It was promptly filled, and, by the price of our drinks, I estimated its value at \$500.

"With a companion I was given 'leave of absence' to follow the Florence prisoners to their camp. They were strewn along the street and road beyond like dogs. Men had nearly trampled, and even crawled, till they could go no farther. We gave them each a drink from the canteen and something from our haversacks, and encouraged them to get up and try it again, and many did. Thus we went on our trip of mercy till the ammunition was expended and the camp not yet reached. More than this, on the street I stopped at every house and begged and pleaded with the women—for there was not a man about—to do something for

THESE POOR, STARVED WRETCHES lying at their doors—make them soup, give them anything, for they were starving to death; cover them, for they were shamefully naked. On our return there were already heavy responses being made by these women, trying to restore skeletons to manhood or to life. But there were four of the skeletons beyond hope of earthly resurrection.

"On reaching the railroad track again I found another platform-car train had arrived with prisoners from Salisbury principally. Unloaded, they were almost to a man lying on the ground, hopeless and helpless, their last prospect gone of exchange for the present, ragged, starved, smoke-blackened and vermin-eaten like the first lot. The most impressive, melancholy feature of the spectacle was that not a voice could be heard in this crowd of 500 men. No comrade was talking with another. It was like the sleep of death, only as men impatiently moved or changed position or weakly fought the vermin. Exchange had been promised, and, after long, weary miles of hungry and half-frozen suffering, they were now dropped by the roadside, and this was but the usual transfer to another rebel prison. Home and plenty and freedom so close by; now prolonged, cruel suffering, with death a more certain promise of relief than exchange.

"The reaction was terrible, especially as there was no strength in the flesh to rally the spirit. Food for the body we had not, but they must be aroused into life or action, or many would die where they lay. The rebel officer in command, a kindly man, told me they were utterly disheartened; he had told them they were going to be exchanged, but they would not believe him. 'Then I will try it,' I replied.

"I had struck the left of the line, and commenced talking cheerfully to the boys, who seemed to recognize my blue uniform, such as was left of it. I told them I was one of themselves, a Union soldier and a prisoner; that there were a thousand of us near by on our way to be exchanged; the delay would be only for two days, etc.

"We've been fooled too often that way,' hoarsely growled one man.

"But you will never be fooled again,' I replied, 'for here in my hand is a copy of a dispatch received last night by the rebel officer in command here, and I read the dispatch to them, ordering our delivery for exchange at a certain point (nine miles from Wilmington), March 1. While talking to them, many got on their feet,

CROWDED AROUND ME, and would no doubt have cheered, but there wasn't a cheer left in them. They shook each other by the hand, and laughed and cried and talked. I told them to march out to camp, and they would not be prisoners three days longer.

"The rebel officer stood by and heard all, and as I turned away, said: 'That's just the thing. Now talk all the way up the line just as you have done, and I'll get them out to camp all right.'

"I did talk to squads at a time, and showed them that dispatch, till I got to the right of the line, and all that could were standing on their feet, and the murmur of many voices heard where before was the stillness of death. Home was again in their sight, and the men who an hour before prayed for death, now determined to live.

"I am sure I saved many lives that day," the old officer said, "at least I know I put life and hope where before all was despair—and without that some would not have seen the next sunrise, and a few did not, anyhow."

But the story was not yet closed. The narrator, who at times was in tears, now laughed, and then said: "Well, there was rather a funny or singular sequence to all this. Several years ago, in my own little home city, I met a gentleman on the street who looked intently at me, half stopped, went on, and finally returned and overtook me. Putting his hand on my shoulder rather familiarly, as I thought, he looked at me again, and then said:

"I may be mistaken, but don't think I am; we have met before."

"Very likely," said I.

"We are both gray-bearded now, and moderately well dressed," he continued. "When I last saw you we were not gray-bearded, and rather ragged and most decidedly lousy. Yet I may be mistaken, for we were only skeletons then."

I attempted a reply, when he stopped me.

"Hold on, I know your voice," and he warmly shook my hand.

"He proved to be one of the identical prisoners to whom I had talked that eventful day to which I have alluded. The narrator, who at times was in tears, now laughed, and then said: "Well, there was rather a funny or singular sequence to all this. Several years ago, in my own little home city, I met a gentleman on the street who looked intently at me, half stopped, went on, and finally returned and overtook me. Putting his hand on my shoulder rather familiarly, as I thought, he looked at me again, and then said:

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THE PENSION OFFICE.

The Army and Navy Survivors' Division.

A VALUABLE AID

In Furnishing Information to Pension Claimants.

ADDRESSES SUPPLIED

Of Comrades Whose Evidence is Desired.

The Army and Navy Survivors' Division of the Pension Office is a most valuable aid to applicants for pensions in securing necessary evidence. Something concerning its origin and present usefulness will be read with interest. In its conception Post 2, G.A.R., of Philadelphia, plays a very prominent part. Post 2 has for some years published a roster of its members, giving late rank and service, and in the hands of Maj. Frank A. Butts, formerly a Reviewer in the Special Examination Division of the Pension Office, a copy of this roster proved a most valuable aid toward procuring witnesses in cases that could not be adjudicated because of the absence of testimony of officers and comrades.

After much thought on the subject Maj. Butts suggested to Col. W. W. Dudley, then Commissioner of Pensions, that some record, compiled in similar form to this roster, would be of value to the Office. Col. Dudley, in listening to his suggestions, realized at once the advantage such a record might be, as in an analysis of pending cases made in June, 1883, the astonishing fact had been disclosed that of 244,000 cases then pending, 204,000 were awaiting the response of claimants to calls for necessary evidence, and of these a very large proportion awaited the evidence of officers and comrades to show the origin and existence of the disability for which pension was claimed, if contracted in service and line of duty—the very foundation of the right to pension, and hence necessary.

Early in October, 1883, Col. Dudley corresponded with Gen. Robert B. Beath, then Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and solicited his aid to obtain complete lists of the membership of the G.A.R. Gen. Beath gave his hearty endorsement, and in November, 1883, issued a General Order to the officers and members of the various Departments of the G.A.R., stating fully what was

DESIRED BY THE PENSION OFFICE, the object of same, and requesting the active co-operation of all Department and Post officers. It had been previously decided to issue to said Departments the necessary number of service cards, which had been designed expressly for this purpose. They call for name, arm of service, rank, company, regiment, (or if in navy, name of vessel and squadron), date of enlistment and discharge, and present post-office address.

As early as January, 1884, these cards began to return, and by April 1 there were about 50,000 ready for filing. The work had by this time assumed such proportions that the Chief of the Special Examination Division deemed it advisable to organize a separate section for it, and on the 16th of April such an order was issued and Maj. Butts was designated Chief of Section. As early as May lists of comrades were copied from the names on file and supplied to all cases sent out for special examination, and the Adjudicating Division finding such lists of great assistance increased their calls for same.

It has been most pleasing to the Office to note the interest that has been shown in this record by all veterans throughout the United States; letters are constantly coming in from private individuals everywhere, giving name, service, present post-office address, etc., and all seem anxious to add their contribution toward the completion of what so early proved to be one of the very best efforts ever made in favor of wounded and disabled soldiers.

While this record has been founded upon the information obtained through the Grand Army of the Republic, other sources have also been called upon to increase the file, and enough can hardly be said in acknowledgment of the aid rendered by the officers and members of regiments and associations. They, too, Special Examiners in the field are instructed to make lists of all ex-soldiers, not members of the Grand Army of the Republic, of whom they gain knowledge while investigating claims submitted to them for special examination. These lists are forwarded to the Office, where they are copied on cards and applied to the files.

The correspondence in connection with this work has been, and is still, one of its most important features. Very frequently a claim will hinge upon

THE EVIDENCE OF ONE OFFICER; perhaps his address will not appear on the records, while the names and addresses of other officers of the same service do appear. The idea of writing to the list named for the address of the one desired suggested