WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

The Week's Doings at the National Capital.

THE NATIONAL DRILL.

Washington was all a-glitter last week with gaudy uniforms, gilt-edge officers and brass-mounted drum-majors. Camp George Washington contained about 2,500 soldiers, who, when not on duty, turned themselves loose on the city, parading by companies with bands and banners, or thronging public places in squads. They "had the floor," and everything else yielded to them. They had a rather rough time of it in camp, as it rained every day of the week without an exception. It was usually clear and pleasant up to noon, and in the latter part of the day clouds and rain in abundance, with occasional light winds that blew down tents and created general wreck and chaos—just as they used to "in the war."

There were daily competitive drills, about 30 infantry companies participating in the contest. They were conducted by a board of officers selected from the United States Army, with Col. Henry M. Black, 23d Infantry, at its head. Some of the companies drilled superbly, handling their arms and loading and firing and going through the various evolutions with a precision that was indeed admirable, and elicited the heartiest applause from tens of thousands of spectators.

The drills by the Chicago Zouaves and the Memphis Merchant Zouaves were unusually exciting. The Zouave organizations executed many peculiar and difficult movements with marvelous rapidity and accuracy. The Chicago boys introduced a novel feature in their drill that was highly appreciated by the spectators. A 12-foot fence was erected, and was used to give an exhibition of how the Zouaves scale the ramparts. At the word of command the men broke for the fence. The heavier men formed a pyramid, leaning against the fence, and the lighter ones jumped from back to back until they were able to grasp the top of the fence, when they disappeared like lightning. Guns were passed by those who were waiting their turn to climb. Finally but two men remained on the ground. One jumped lightly on the other's shoulders and in a moment was on the rampart. The last man passed his gun up to him, and, keeping a strong hold on it, was drawn up with great ease. This performance created prolonged applause and laughter among the spectators.

One of the most interesting drills of the week was the individual contest. There were 59 men in line. The contest was conducted like a spelling match—whenever a man made an error he dopped out. The first word of command took 10 men out of line, and 15 minutes later but 19 men survived. When the number of competitors had been reduced to five there was much excitement. Finally but three remained, and then there was a sharp struggle; it resulted in Private H. G. Stacke, of the San Antonio Rifles, capturing the first prize; Serg't Conrad, of Co. B, Washington Light Infantry, second; Serg't Jesse R. Wagner, of Co. A, Louisville Legion, third. Enthusiastic soldiers picked up the winners and carried them on their shoulders for quite a while. Serg't Conrad was escorted to camp by the members of his company. The first prize consists of a gold medal and $100.

On Wednesday there was a general parade of all the troops through the principal streets of the city. The marching was very fine, and during the halts several of the officers took occasion to put their men through the manual of arms, to the delight of the spectators. The most notable incident of the review was the withdrawal from the line of the Vicksburg Southrons and the Merchant Zouaves, of Memphis, because a colored organization, the Capital City Guard, of this city, was placed in front of them. The action of these companies was generally condemned, for it was the opinion of the majority of the other Southern organizations that there was no occasion for drawing the color line.

The greatest interest was taken in the "kid" band from Milwaukee, composed of 30 boys from 6 to 16 years of age, who furnished excellent music. The little fellows played with an intelligence and precision not met with in many mature organizations, and were heartily applauded wherever they went. They serenaded the newspaper offices, Grand Army headquarters, and seemed to greatly enjoy the ovation they received. In some instances the instruments were bigger than the boys, but they blew them with excellent effect. When playing they were as solemn as little owls, but when not at work they munched peanuts and cakes, played mumblepeg, danced dolls and indulged in all the mischief that usually belongs to the boy in knickerbockers.

The marksmanship contest took place at the rifle range in the Arsenal grounds. The shooting was at 200, 300, 500 and 600 yards. There were 33 competitors, and the eight prizes were won by the following scores out of a possible 200:

Lieut. Pollard, Washington Light Infantry	172
Capt. Chisholm, 20 Md	167
Private Grossman, 2d Iowa	166
Private Moring, Virginia Blues	165
Private Cash, Washington Light Infantry	164
Lieut. Hobart, 1st Mich	161
Private Johnstone, Washington Continentals	161
Private Falk, 1st Minn	160

At last a change came in the weather, and on Sunday the weather was delightful. Not less than 15,000 people listened to the sermon in camp, delivered by Rev. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and witnessed the beautiful dress-parade which followed. It was the first decent day's weather that the drill people had, and the spectacle far outshone that of any day during the week.

The entire grand stand, with seats for 12,000 people, was filled from end to end, and a large concourse of people moved about on the grassy promenade in front, when at 3 o'clock Dr. Talmage with his long-tailed, black Prince Albert coat and his little round-crowned brown felt hat, was escorted by a committee of local gentlemen into the drill ground and onto the platform which had been specially erected for him. It was placed within a dozen yards of the grand stand, and as nearly as was practicable in the middle of that vast semi-circle of seats, all occupied by ladies and gentlemen eager to see and hear the famous Brooklyn divine. It was the largest congregation he had ever preached to.

There are few men who could have made their voices carry over half the space covered by Mr. Talmage's office, but the Doctor syllabled his words with such a stentorian voice that almost every word he said was plainly heard.

"Yesterday," said the orator, "was Decoration Day with the Confederates; to-morrow, all over the country, the survivors will decorate the graves of those who died for the Union. Standing between these two celebrations, and with soldiers from the North and soldiers from the South mingled together in this encampment, is it not proper that we should mark the contrast between those times, when the people of this country met in bloody war, when the North and the South hated each other with a relentless hatred, and these better times of peace, when North and South meet in blessed brotherhood and smiling peace?" The speaker did not fail to recall the leading experiences in the soldier's life, his leaving home, the parting kiss, the hardships he suffered in the army, his homesickness, the love-letters he wrote, and his return home, if he ever returned.

Rain had spoiled nearly all the dress-parades of the week, but that on Sunday was a splendid exhibition. The flower of the camp was in the ranks, and the command was in the hands of Gen. Augur himself and his able staff. Six battalions of picked men, including the Louisville Legion, the Washington Light Infantry, the National Rifles, the Toledo Cadets, the Vicksburg Southrons, and most of the companies who won marked distinction in the competative drills were included. The Louisville Legion was a full battalion in itself. The Washington Light Infantry had equal honor. The other four battalions were made up of different companies, wearing different uniforms, four companies to each battalion.

The six battalions were marched to the field one after another, to the music of the Marine Band, and when drawn up in company column, facing the judges, they stretched almost from one side of the drill ground to the other, four deep. Even when all stood still and in the same position, or when, by battalions or the whole brigade acting together, the manual of arms was executed, the sight was very pleasing. The Marine Band was out in full force with 50 men, dressed in the whitest of trousers, white helmets and red coats gleaming in the sunshine. The band never looked better than when it trooped across the field in front of the six resting battalions playing the "Rival Regiment" as only the Marine Band can play it.

But the full splendor of the parade was not seen until the soldiers, having gone through the manual exercises, started to march pass the grand stand and away to camp, with the Marine Band playing the "Gladiator's March." Company after company started, until a battalion was marching. Then one battalion followed another in rapid but regular succession, until in a few minutes all the soldiers of the dress parade were moving. The lines they formed were beautiful, and their movements graceful in the extreme. When all were in motion various manuvers were executed, which gave variety and added beauty to the spectacle. While some were marching east others were marching west, some down the middle and others obliquely. Some marched in straight lines, while others wheeled and made circular motions, ever moving and exchanging places like dancers in a ball-room. But no stately minuet ever possessed half the poetry of motion exemplified in the parade. The uniforms, too, were fine. It would be difficult to get together a body of men with uniforms that would make a better showing on dress parade. The various colors offset each other and were well selected for effect. A row of snow-white shakos rose up here, offset by a long line of black bearskins, and a mass of red plumes might be sandwiched between a group of white helmets in front and another group of brazen spikes in the rear. In the coats there was as much variety as in the hats, both for shape and color. They were red, white, blue and gray, and all the other colors. In the trousers there was less variety. Most of them were either light blue or dark blue, but there was a sufficient sprinkling of white ducks to give a light and airy appearance to the whole.

A SABER DRILL.

A pleasant diversion in the program last week was the introduction of a genuine, old-fashioned saber drill, by a squad of the 1st Milwaukee Light Battery, under command of the Captain of the battery, Joseph B. Oliver. The 1st Light Battery is the pride of Milwaukee, and well it may be, for it has 80 members, whose average age is 23, and hight 5 feet 8½ inches, all drilled to perfection. Capt. Oliver is a veteran of the old 5th Wis., and also was a member of Gen. Hancock's staff. The uniform is bright and jaunty, and when worn by such a platoon of lithe, shapely, muscular young fellows as those Capt. Oliver led on to the ground on Friday afternoon, the immense audience was captured on sight. The capture was completed when the men "deployed for saber-exercise," and the long, bright sabers went flashing through the sunbeams, in executing "right moulinet," "left moulinet," and the swinging cuts against cavalry and infantry. Every movement in the manual was executed faultlessly, and in perfect unison, and the exhibition was vociferously applauded by nearly 20,000 spectators. The marching was as good as the manual of the saber.

The distribution of prizes to the successful competitors took place on the drill ground Monday afternoon, and the picturesque scene was one long to be remembered. Lieut.-Gen. Sheridan, who had been selected to distribute the prizes, appeared in good time attired in all the magnificence of full dress, and while waiting for the soldiers to assemble sat quietly in the shade of the Judges' marquee. Gen. Augur and the members of his staff, mounted on gallant steeds, pranced about in the foreground. By 3 o'clock all the soldiers left in camp, or nearly all—about 2,000—had assembled in full dress. They were massed into six large battalions, facing the grand stand and extending nearly all across the drill ground. In handsome and varied costumes they presented an imposing appearance; and the sun beamed upon the forest of bayonets which flashed back its rays. An immense assemblage of spectators filled the grand stand from end to end, massed on the promenade in front of the grand stand, and pressed hard upon the double guard of police and military to pass the fence into the arena. The Treasurer of the Drill Committee had in his hand a number of large white envelopes, open so as to show the money they contained, which varied in amounts from $5,000 downwards. The largest sum, which represented the first prize for company drill, was made up of five $1,000 Treasury notes. The announcements were as follows:

I.—REGIMENTAL.

First Regiment Virginia N. G. (sole competitor); prize, a magnificent stand of colors (United States flag, regimental flag and guidons), with gold, silver and bronze medals to the officers.

II.—BATTALION.

1. Washington Light Infantry; prize, $3,000.
2. Louisville Legion, of Kentucky; prize, 1,500.

III.—COMPANY.

1. Lomax Rifles, Co. B, 1st Ala; prize, $5,000.
2. Co. D, 1st Minn.; prize, $2,500.
3. Belknap Rifles, Co. B, 3d Tex.; prize, $1,500.
4. National Rifles, Washington, D. C.; prize, $1,000.
5. San Antonio Rifles, Texas; prize, $500.

IV.—CAVALRY.

No competitors.

V.—LIGHT ARTILLERY.

1. Battery B, First Regiment Indiana Artillery (or Indianapolis Light Artillery); prize, $1,500.
2. First Light Battery of Wisconsin (or Milwaukee Light Battery); prize, $1,000.

VI.—MACHINE GUNS.

1. Battery A, Ohio (or Cincinnati Battery); prize, silver trophy and $750.
2. Battery A, Louisville Legion; prize, $500.

VII—ZOUAVES.

1. Chicago Zouaves; prize, $1,000.
2. Memphis Merchant Zouaves; prize, $750.

VIII.—CADET CORPS.

1. Michigan Military Academy Cadets; prize, $1,000.
2. Maryland Agricultural College Cadets; prize, $750.

IX.—INDIVIDUAL DRILL.

1. Private H. G. Stacke, San Antonio Rifles; prize, gold medal and $100.
2. First Serg't Chas. F. Conrad, Co. B, Washington Light Infantry; prize, silver medal and $75.
3. First Serg't J. H. Wagner, Co. A, Louisville Legion; prize, bronze medal and $50.

Several of the companies whose "fancy" drill had captured the public and made them favorites were left out in the cold in the award of prizes. The marking of the judges was on the strict West Point standard, and the fantastic and graceful performances not down in the "regulations" did not count. A grand dress parade closed the exercises of the day, after which Camp George Washington was broken up and the companies one by one left for home.

DR. TALMAGE IN WASHINGTON.

The famous divine of the Brooklyn Tabernacle—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, who, since Henry Ward Beecher's death, is beyond all question the foremost of American preachers—came to Washington to preach a sermon to the militiamen in camp. The Reverend Doctor's pictures do not do him justice. He is a much more attractive, winning man than seems possible when studying his portraits. Large in frame, full in outline, with a ready, genial and *genuine* smile, he impresses those whom he meets as a wholesome, true man, whom it will be helpful and pleasant to know. The secret of his hold upon men is at once apparent. Dr. Talmage served as Chaplain to the "Philadelphia Coal Regiment," and has a warm interest in the veterans and all that pertains to them. At stated intervals he preaches sermons for the benefit of the Brooklyn Relief and Employment Bureau, and invariably secures large contributions for that splendid charity.

COMRADE E. A. DUBEY,

who is one of the pillars of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, accompanied the "Dominie," as he affectionately terms his spiritual adviser. Comrade Dubey is a man who should be well known to the veterans. He is a fine specimen of what a comrade should be. He served creditably in the 10th N. Y., and the G.A.R. has no more active, unselfish member. His ingenuity in finding ways to replenish the treasury of the Brooklyn Relief and Employment Bureau is only equaled by the energy and business-like way in which he carries out his schemes. He, Majs. Thomas Bell and J. W. Kay, Gen. McLeer and Corp'l James Tanner make a team that is hard to equal anywhere. Some years ago they became distressed at the number of disabled soldiers who were grinding organs on the street or appealing in various ways to the charity of the public. They determined upon a more systematic method of relief than had yet been devised. A vacant, cheerless room in the City Hall, which had been used for the detention of prisoners, was secured, and by the aid of painters, frescoers, paper-hangers and furniture men was transformed into a pleasant headquarters—the famous "Room 15"—which has become so well known as the fountainhead of good works. A meeting of the prominent business men was called there, and after they had been warmed up by appropriate speeches an appeal was made to them for funds to carry on the work outlined. The response was immediate and liberal, and so well was the charity dispensed that the subscriptions have been continued from year to year. These have been supplemented by various ingenious devices—fairs, exhibitions, Christmas donations, advertising schemes, etc. There is now some measure of relief and employment for every deserving veteran, or his widow and orphans, in the city, and the shams and impostors have been driven off. Any application for relief, on the ground of being an old soldier, to any business man is met by reference to the Bureau. There the applicant is examined by a competent comrade, and if he is found to be really what he claims, he is given transportation to his home, food, clothing, or employment, as his needs demand. If he cannot show his right to this he is handed over to the police. The hand-organ grinders have disappeared from the streets, and the business men at their counting-rooms and their wives at home are disturbed no more by applications which they dislike to either grant or refuse. Comrade Dubey is a sturdy, well-built man, overflowing with geniality, and has enough "go" in him for a steam-engine. He is a successful business man, and every waking hour sees him driving either at his own business, or at something connected with the G.A.R., or the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

MEMORIAL DAY.

All the Departments in Washington were closed on Memorial Day and business, public and private, was suspended. The day was observed in a manner that bore evidence to the interest, constantly increasing from year to year, in tribute to the memory of the heroic dead. Services were held at all the cemeteries here, although the chief point was Arlington, where, in the populous city of the dead, lie the remains of about 14,000 soldiers.

Early in the day the committee of ladies having the flowers in charge were busy at Grand Army Headquarters, and at 9 o'clock they started with wagon loads of flowers for Arlington and the other cemeteries. The Grand Army Posts having charge of the ceremonies at Arlington were escorted to West Washington by the militia companies in camp, under command of Gen. James B. Carnahan, of Indiana, with Col. Charles King, of Wisconsin, as his Chief of Staff. The colored Posts were saluted by the Southern companies when the escort came to a halt in the same manner as the white Posts were. The first division of the procession was made up as follows: Vicksburg Southrons and band, Belknap Rifles, Lomax Rifles, Bullene Guards, of Kansas City; Louisville Legion and Drum Corps, American Cadet Band, of Milwaukee; the Eighth Separate Company, of New York; Co. D, 32d N. Y.; Grand Rapids Guard, of Michigan, and Custer Guards, of Michigan. The second division was composed of local military companies and G.A.R. Posts.

The Aqueduct bridge was in such an unsafe condition that the procession had to be taken over by ferry, and that occupied so much time that the committee in charge of decoration did not wait, but began to strew the graves with flowers before the procession arrived. No distinction was made, and the graves of Union and Confederate soldiers were strewed alike until every one of the graves was decorated with flowers and marked by a small flag. The procession reformed in front of the Alington Mansion at 1 o'clock, and headed by the Marine Band marched to the tomb of the unknown dead, where, while the band played a dirge, the monument was decked with flowers. The procession then marched to the pavilion, where, after introductory exercises and an original poem by Comrade J. C. S. Burger, Department Commander J. B. Burke introduced the orator of the day, Representative C. C. Matson, of Indiana. Ex-Congressman Anderson, of Ohio, also made an address.

AT GEN. LOGAN'S TOMB.

The exercises at the tomb of Gen. Logan, in Rock Creek Cemetery, were picturesque and interesting. The Logan Guard of Honor had charge of the services. Such a profusion of floral tributes as decorate the last resting place of the dead General has rarely been seen. The graceful marble facade of the tomb was almost hidden from view by great shields, crosses and other devices cunningly wrought in flowers of vivid hues. Two waving flags of immortelles on a ground of ferns, bearing the words, "Brave Logan," rested against the emblematic figure at the top, sent by the G.A.R. Department of Illinois. Beneath it was suspended a gigantic wreath of white roses from John A. Logan, jr.'s, father-in-law, Mr. Andrews, of Youngstown, O. The Young Republicans, of Philadelphia, contributed a large easel-bearing cross, crown and swords. Mrs. Stanford sent a piece composed of an anchor and bleeding heart bound with satin ribbon. U. S. Grant Post, of Brooklyn, was represented by a shield of roses and immortelles, and the local Posts of the G.A.R. displayed as their tribute an elaborate corps badge and National shields. Other contributions to the outside decorations were a shield and cross from the Christian Temperance Union, of Chicago; a National shield, bearing the words "Forty Rounds—John A. Logan," from the Logan Invincibles, of Baltimore, and a large cross from the Citizens' Corps, of Saratoga.

In the interior of the tomb the floral decorations seemed to be even more profuse than outside. The entire rear wall was covered with a background of roses and daisies bearing an enormous star of Jacqueminot roses encircling a large portrait of Gen. Logan. This was a tribute from the Logan Guard of Honor. The flag of the Chevalier Bayard Commandery wrapped the casket, which was loaded with flowers. A wreath of evergreens from New Mexico rested on the center. At the head was an elaborate floral pillow, while a large basket of cut flowers at the foot marked the respect of the United States Senate. A contribution from Gen. Logan's Masonic Commandery also occupied a place of honor.

A crowd of several hundred people gathered before the tomb some time before the arrival of the procession, and gazed curiously at the decorations and at the sentinels detailed from the 3d U. S. Art., who for five months have unceasingly marched to and fro across the roadway. About 5:30 the procession made its appearance, headed by the Citizens' Corps, of Saratoga. They formed a line opposite the tomb, leaving a place for the G.A.R., which came next, and was represented by about 75 veterans.

Mrs. Logan, who had temporarily occupied the sentries' tent, was given a seat on the left of the tomb. She was accompanied by Mrs. Tucker, John A. Logan, jr., Manning Logan and wife and Miss Brady.

Doring's City Band, of Troy, played sympathetically "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and Comrade Fred Brackett called the assembly to order, explaining the nature of the duty which called them together. Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman offered an affecting invocation, which was followed by a poem eulogistic of Gen. Logan, delivered by Professor Edward Townsend. Six colored men stepped forward and, taking their places in front of the tomb, sang "Farewell" with great feeling.

The orator of the occasion, Thomas H. McKee, delivered an oration, and at its close the veterans of the G.A.R. entered the tomb with uncovered heads, in single file, each depositing a rose upon the casket. They were followed by the Citizens' Corps, the members of which bore daisies in their left hands, which they likewise placed upon the casket. Music and the benediction closed the services.

DEATH OF MAJ. BEN: PERLEY POORE.

A few days ago Maj. Ben: Perley Poore, the veteran journalist and Washington correspondent, was suddenly stricken down at the Capitol by something in the nature of apoplexy. The doctors had little expectation of his recovery at any time after, but though lying unconscious most of the time, he seemed to rally at times and his friends were hopeful. He died soon after midnight Saturday night, at his rooms at the Ebbitt House. He had been sitting up part of the day and talking more than at any time since he was taken sick. He was still feeling better when Mrs. Poore left the room a few minutes before his death, and no one was with him but his attendant, Kimball, who has for many years been his messenger at the Capitol. He died quietly and without a struggle.

Maj. Poore was born in 1820, at his ancestral home, on Indian Hill Farm, near Newburyport, Mass. At an early age he learned the printer's trade, and when 21 years old assumed the editorship of a newspaper at Athens, Ga. While occupying that position he made the acquaintance of Mr. Hillyard, who was appointed Minister to Germany in the following year. He chose the talented young editor as his secretary, and both of them remained abroad for five years. Shortly after his return he came to Washington as the correspondent of the *Boston Atlas*, and has remained in this city ever since that time.

When the war broke out he enlisted in the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, of Boston. He was commissioned Major and assigned to the duty of drilling raw recruits in this city. He had always been an ardent Republican, and in 1862 Senator Anthony appointed him clerk of the Committee on Printing, which office he has occupied continuously ever since. Before this he had joined the Masonic order, by which he was held in high esteem and in which he soon gained the front rank. At the time of his death he was a Mason of the Thirty-third degree, and with the exception of Gen. Albert Pike and Benjamin Dean, of Boston, none ranked higher in that powerful order than the venerable journalist. He had many warm friends, and probably none of them were more devoted to him than Senator Anthony, who bequeathed him the sum of $25,000.

Maj. Poore was most convivial in his nature and a thorough lover of social entertainments. Nobody ever loved a good story better than he, and nobody ever knew better how to relate one. An ordinary anecdote became a masterpiece of wit under his skillful manipulation, and he was thoroughly popular with both old and young men. A biographical sketch, however restricted, would be incomplete without at least a mention of the old family homestead on Indian Hill, Mass., in which seven generations of his family have breathed their last. This property was acquired by the family as early as 1650 in a very peculiar way. Shortly after the Mayflower landed on bleak New England shores, an ancester of Ben: Perley Poore came over to this country, being one of the earliest pioneers. He purchased a team of oxen and a large wagon, and organized an overland route between Portsmouth and Plymouth. On one of these journeys the lone stage was attacked by a band of Indians, who killed the oxen, and the owner made complaint to the Governor of Massachusetts, who summoned the chief of the offending tribe before him. In return for the oxen the Indians ceded Indian Hill to the owner, and the property has remained in the family for over two centuries and a quarter. At the time the Salem witches were burned the shrewd old pioneer, who had erected a dwelling on the site, took some of the timber of the domicile in which the unfortunate women had lived and built an addition to his house with it.

In this ancient habitation many curious and precious relics are stored, among them being the manuscripts of Congressional messages from every President since Buchanan, the bed that Napoleon died on, and a number of George Washington's love letters.

The deceased leaves a wife, two sisters and a grandchild. He had two daughters, both of whom he survived. His grandson, Ben: Perley Poore Mosely, of Newburyport, is the last direct descendant of his house, and the veteran journalist was the last of his name. On several occasions prior to his death he signified his intention of leaving the family homestead and its contents to the Massachusetts Historical Society. Sunday afternoon the remains left Washington for Massachusetts.

For more than 40 years Maj. Poore has been a voluminous writer, and was, perhaps, the best known and most widely quoted of all the correspondents at the National Capital. His recent contributions to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE were received with marked favor by its readers.

RESTORED AT LAST.

Gen. Ben P. Runkle has had a career marked by startling vicissitudes. He was a young lawyer and a leading Democratic politician of Logan County, O., when the war broke out. Then he and the Douglas Guards—a political military company, which he commanded—volunteered for service, and entered the 13th Ohio. He continued in the regiment when it was reorganized for three years, and was promoted Major shortly after the battle of Carnifex Ferry. At Shiloh he was terribly, and it was supposed mortally, wounded. Partially recovering at last from his wounds he was commissioned Colonel of the 45th Ohio, with which he served a year, when he was again prostrated, and after several attempts to keep the field was at last discharged in 1864, but accepted a Lieutenant-Colonel's commission in the 21st Veteran Reserve Corps, and then was assigned to duty in the Freedmen's Bureau, where he had some thrilling experience during the Memphis riots. Next he was commissioned Major in the 43d U. S., but in 1872 was court-martialed and dismissed. He brought suit, claiming that this was improperly done. Last week the Supreme Court of the United States decided that the approval of the President of the proceedings was necessary to perfect them, and this not having been given, the sentence was null and void, and that Gen. Runkle stands in the same position he would be if the trial had never taken place.

ARMY INDEMNITY CLAIMS.

Some of the claims for indemnity for loss of property and clothing by army officers and soldiers afford no little amusement to the accounting officers of the Treasury. There are over 200 of them, and the claims range from $50 to $2,000. The articles for the loss of which indemnity is claimed are in many cases rather odd. One soldier embraces in his claim the following items: One overcoat, $100; second-hand toothbrush, 50 cents; one hymn-book, 50 cents; one pack playing-cards, $1. Another wants $4 for the loss of whatnots. A claimant asks $1 for an Evangeline, and yet another requests $2.50 for the loss of "one housewife, complete." These claims arise under the act of March 3, 1885. The act is so indefinite that the Secretary of War refused to pay any of the claims until this week, when Serg't McKinney was granted indemnity for loss of property and clothing in the line of duty. Secretary Endicott has asked for further legislation on the subject. But Congress at its last session failed to take any action which would be in the nature of an interpretation of the act. A board of officers was finally appointed to prepare a list of articles for which claims could be made. The list, being completed, was approved by the Secretary and the accounting officers. None of the claims now on file will be settled in a hurry, as the Secretary hopes to obtain some legislative action next Winter. In the meantime, however, the accounting officers will take up the claims and consider their legal features. Those that seem to be covered by the provisions of the act will be submitted to the Secretary of War, who will decide whether the articles for which indemnity is claimed were actually lost in the line of duty. If he concludes that they were, the claims will then be paid by the accounting officers.

A VISITOR FROM SALISBURY, N. C.

Prof. J. O. Crosby, Principal of the State Normal School at Salisbury, N. C., was in the city last week, on his way North, in the interests of the institution of which he is the head. Prof. Crosby, who is a bright mulatto, and a gentleman of education, was a slave during the war, and the servant of Gen. Means, who commanded the officers' prison at Columbia, S. C. He was also servant of Wm. Staunton, the sutler of the prison. He was in position to render many little favors to the officers who were imprisoned there, and doubtless many of them still remember him. He would be glad to hear from any of them.

PERSONAL MENTION.

The Governor of Indiana brought with him as a member of his staff Capt. Isaac R. Strouse, of Rockville, Commander of the "McCune Cadets," and one of the rising journalists of Indiana. Capt. Strouse was born since the war, but most of the males of his family did good service in the field. He is a clever writer, and a frequent contributor to Eastern magazines and periodicals, besides doing much good work on the paper of which he is the associate editor.

VETERANS IN THE CITY.

Maj. Wm. Kreuzberg, 181st Ohio, Lafayette, Ind. Maj. Kreuzberg gets his title from the 1st Ind. Veteran Legion, of which he has recently been promoted Major. He is also Inspector of the Department of Indiana, G.A.R.

Capt. N. I. Throckmorton, formerly of the 40th Ind. Capt. Throckmorton is Adjutant of the 1st Ind. Veteran Legion, an organization made up wholly of veterans of the war of the rebellion.

Comrade J. B. Cheadle, formerly of the 6th Ind. Cav., and now Member of Congress from Indiana.

Jacob Winch, 2d Minn., Hagerstown, Md.

C. H. Shook, Cumberland, Md.; formerly of the 3d Md.

Rev. R. B. Mundy, of Fostoria, O., and formerly of the 49th Ohio. He was wounded and taken prisoner, and confined in Andersonville and Florence.

Capt. C. H. Freeman, 141st N. Y., Corning, N. Y.

H. S. Ailes, Co. C, 118th Ohio. Comrade Ailes resides at Sidney, O., and is Auditor of Shelby County.

J. S. Laughlin, 20th Ohio. Comrade Laughlin lives at Sidney, O., of which he is Postmaster.

Capt. D. F. Farrand, Co. I, 36th Pa. Capt. Farrand is in the lumber business at Ridgeway, Pa.

W. H. Gooding, 5th Ind. Cav., Greenfield, Ind.

She Couldn't Understand.

[*Middletown Mercury.*]

A Newburg girl went to a grocery for a pound of saleratus the other day, and after making the purchase stepped upon the scales with the package in her hand. "Why, I've gained a pound!" was her delighted exclamation, and, then, remembering that she had the saleratus in her hand, she dropped it in her pocket, and then attempted to adjust the weight so as to show the difference of a pound. After several minutes' effort she gave it up as a bad job, and left the grocery satisfied that no reliance was to be placed in its scales.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

A Confederate Cavalry Officer Tells of Hood's Rear-Guard after Nashville.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: As history should be true in all its details, I ask permission, through your columns, to correct one or two mistakes made by Lieut. R. W. Surby, in his article published in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of Sept. 9, 1886. In his account of the fighting in the rear of Hood's army on the 17th of December, 1864, he says:

About 2 p. m. the rebels were compelled to make a stand to save their trains. * * * This stand was made on Little Harpeth Creek, a few miles south of Franklin. * * * The most desperate fighting was over Ross's (rebel) Brigade colors. * * * The colors were captured and brought off in triumph.

The fact is, Ross's Brigade, after leading the advance of Hood's army as far as Franklin, and participating in the engagement there, was sent with Gen. Forrest to Murfreesboro and remained in that vicinity until Gen. Hood was forced from his position in front of Nashville, and did not rejoin the main army until the rear was crossing Duck River at Columbia on the evening of the 18th. The brigade struck Duck River some distance above Columbia, but being unable to cross, proceeded on the north side and crossed on the pontoon bridge on which the main army was then nearly done crossing. Hence, Ross's Brigade was not on Little Harpeth on the retreat; did not lose its brigade colors there, and in truth and in fact never lost a stand of brigade colors anywhere during the war.

After crossing Duck River, and during the respite afforded by the temporary detention of the Federal advance in crossing Rutherford's Creek and Duck River, our rear-guard was reorganized for the balance of the retreat, under the command of Gen. Forrest, and was composed of eight brigades of infantry under Gen. E. C. Walthall, and the available cavalry. The eight infantry brigades reported only 1,601 effective men. From Columbia to Bainbridge, on the Tennessee River, Ross's Brigade participated in all the fighting that occurred in the rear of Hood's army. Jackson's Division, composed of Ross's Texas Brigade and Armstrong's Mississippi Brigade, were the last troops to leave Pulaski, and attempted to burn the bridge over Richland Creek, saw it extinguished by the Federal cavalry, and next day were in the affair on Anthony's Hill, nine miles below Pulaski, where the Federal advance was led into an ambush. The Confederates had a strong natural position, but not fortified. There the Federal advance was repulsed with the loss of a few prisoners and horses and one piece of artillery.

The Federal forces pressing our rear on this memorable retreat were gallant, brave and active soldiers; but, while they pressed us closely, the Confederate rear-guard had to fight hard to save a shattered, dispirited, barefooted army from destruction. How well we did our part I will leave the boys in blue who followed us to say. Gen. Thomas, in his official report dated Jan. 20, 1865, says this of Hood's rear-guard:

He had formed a powerful rear-guard, made up of detachments from all his organized forces, numbering about 4,000 infantry, under Gen. Walthall, and all his available cavalry, under Forrest. With the exception of this rear-guard, his army had become a disheartened and disorganized rabble of half-armed and barefooted men, who sought every opportunity to fall out by the wayside and desert their cause to put an end to their sufferings. The rear-guard, however, was undaunted and firm, and did its work bravely to the last.

Gen. Thomas, however, greatly overestimated our infantry strength. The correct number of effectives is given above.—S. B. BARRON, Lieutenant, 3d Tex. Cav., Ross's Brigade, Rusk, Tex.

Gen. Turchin's Advice to the Boys.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I notice that Gen. Turchin occasionally makes an excellent speech at some soldiers' gathering. The old Army of the Cumberland boys will remember him as a brave and able officer, and I venture to recall an incident that may please and amuse them.

Some time after the battle of Stone River the Chicago Board of Trade Battery, which was attached to the Second Cavalry Division, then under command of Gen. Turchin, became short of men, and, as Capt. Stokes did not want to accept raw recruits, Gen. Turchin ordered a detail of four men from each regiment of his division to help man the battery. Several of the regiments took advantage of the call to unload upon the battery a number of "hard pets," whom the company officers were extremely glad to get rid of. In due time their unpleasant characteristics began to crop out, and Capt. Stokes indignantly appealed to the General, who at once came over in person to investigate the matter.

When he arrived the Captain mustered all the detailed men, mounted and fully accoutered, before him, and told the General plainly what he thought of them, taking the details from the different regiments in turn, and overhauling them man by man. As he progressed the General ordered the objectionable men out of the line until only those remained whom the Captain approved and desired to retain. To these men (the writer was one of them, in the 4th Mich. Cav. detail) Gen. Turchin proceeded to make a short speech, as follows:

"Boys, you have peen detailed for very important service. A pattery is more important than a company of cavalry—than two or tree companies—than a whole regiment! I want only goot men mit this pattery, and Capt. Stokes says he thinks you are goot men. Now, boys, you will be away from your regiments, and your Captains cannot look after you and take care of you, or reward you if you are goot soldiers. I hope you will be goot and obedient, and that Capt. Stokes will make goot reports of you. And pecause you are detailed away from your regiments, and have no one to care for you, I vill pe a father to you, and look after you, and if you pe goot poys and do your duty and obey your officers I vill protect you and advance you—but if you pe pad, I vill put you through!

—J. D. DILLENBACK, Denver, Colo.

"Grab a Root!"

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: As Comrade Fisher, 33d Wis., wants to know the origin of "Grab a root," I will tell him what I know about it. In the Summer of 1862, when Gen. John A. Logan commanded the First Brigade, Third Division, Seventeenth Corps, the 61st Ill. was in our brigade. Its Adjutant was a small German, who rode a cream-colored pony. On one of our marches—I think from Owl Creek to Jackson, Tenn.—the Adjutant was cantering along as he usually did when he had a chance. His pony came to a sudden halt and the Adjutant went over his head. He tried to get something to strike him with, when Gen. Logan, who was near, told the little Adjutant to "Grab a root!" The boys got it for a by-word and used it very freely ever after. He came to our regiment once at Bolivar and the boys commenced to yell, "Grab a root."—W. E. STEVENS, Cos. A and K, 12th Mich., Eau Claire, Wis.

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