Gen. Grant, President-elect; Gen. J. M. Schofield, Secretary of War; Gen. H. W. Slocum, and nearly every general officer of note was present, except Gen. Sheridan, who at the moment was fighting the Cheyennes in southern Kansas and the Indian country.

At that time we discussed the Army changes which would necessarily occur in the following March, and it was generally understood that I was to succeed Gen. Grant as General-in-Chief, but as to my successor, Meade, Thomas, and Sheridan were candidates.

And here I will remark that Gen. Grant, afterward famous as the "silent man," used to be very gossipy, and no one was ever more fond than he of telling anecdotes of our West Point and early Army life. At the Chicago Reunion he told me that I would have to come to Washington; that he wanted me to effect a change as to the general staff, which he had long contemplated, and which was outlined in his letter to Mr. Stanton of Jan. 29, 1866, given hereafter, which had been repeatedly published, and was well known to the military world; that on being inaugurated President on the 4th of March he would retain Gen. Schofield as his Secretary of War until the change had become habitual; that the modern custom of the Secretary of War giving military orders to the Adjutant-General and other staff officers was positively wrong and should be stopped.

GREAT MEN'S HOBBIES.

Speaking of Gen. Grant's personal characteristics at that period of his life, I recall a conversation in his carriage, when, riding down Pennsylvania Avenue, he inquired of me in a humorous way:

"Sherman, what special hobby do you intend to adopt?"

I inquired what he meant, and he explained that all men had their special weakness or vanity, and that it was wiser to choose one's own than to leave the newspapers to affix one less acceptable, and that for his part he had chosen the "horse," so that when anyone tried to pump him he would turn the conversation to his "horse."

I answered that I would stick to the "theater and balls," for I was always fond of seeing young people happy, and did actually acquire a reputation for "dancing;" though I had not attempted the waltz, or anything more than the ordinary cotillon, since the war.

On the 24th of February, 1869, I was summoned to Washington, arriving on the 26th, taking along my Aids, Lieut.-Cols. Dayton and Audenried.

On the 4th of March Gen. Grant was duly inaugurated President of the United States, and I was nominated and confirmed as General of the Army.

Maj.-Gen. P. H. Sheridan was at the same time nominated and confirmed as Lieutenant-General, with orders to command the Military Division of the Missouri, which he did, moving the Headquarters from St. Louis to Chicago; and Gen. Meade was assigned to command the Military Division of the Atlantic, with Headquarters at Philadelphia.

At that moment Gen. Meade was in Atlanta, Ga., commanding the Third Military District under the "Reconstruction Act;" and Gen. Thomas, whose post was in Nashville, was in Washington on a court of inquiry investigating certain allegations against Gen. A. B. Dyer, Chief of Ordnance. He occupied the room of the second floor in the building on the corner of H and Fifteenth streets, afterwards a hotel.

I at the time was staying with my brother, Senator Sherman, at his residence, 1321 K street, and it was my habit each morning to stop at Thomas's room on my way to the office in the War Department to tell him the military news, and to talk over matters of common interest. We had been intimately associated as "man and boy" for thirty-odd years, and I profess to have had better opportunities to know him than any man then living. His fame as the "Rock of Chickamauga" was perfect, and by the world at large he was considered as the embodiment of strength, calmness, and imperturbability.

THOMAS COMPLAINS OF INJUSTICE.

Yet of all my acquaintances Thomas worried and fretted over what he construed neglects or acts of favoritism more than any other. At that time he was worried by what he supposed was injustice in the promotion of Gen. Sheridan, and still more that Gen. Meade should have an Eastern station, which compelled him to remain at Nashville or go to the Pacific. Gen. Thomas claimed that all his life he had been stationed in the South or remote West, and had not had a fair share of Eastern posts, whereas that Gen. Meade had always been there.

I tried to get him to go with me to see President Grant and talk the matter over frankly, but he would not, and I had to act as a friendly mediator. Gen. Grant assured me at the time that he not only admired and respected Gen. Thomas, but actually loved him as a man, and he authorized me in making up commands for the General officers to do anything and everything to favor him, only he could not recede from his former action in respect to Gens. Sheridan and Meade.

Prior to Gen. Grant's inauguration the Army Register showed as Major-Generals Halleck, Meade, Sheridan, Thomas, and Hancock Therefore, the promotion of Gen. Sheridan to be Lieutenant-General did not "overslaugh" Thomas, but it did Meade and Halleck. The latter did not expect promotion; Gen. Meade did, but was partially, not wholly, reconciled by being stationed at Philadelphia, the home of his family; and President Grant assured me that he knew of his own knowledge that Gen. Sheridan had been nominated as Major-General before Gen. Meade, but had waived dates out of respect for his age and longer service, and that he had nominated him as Lieutenant-General by reason of his special fitness to command the Military Division of the Missouri, embracing all the wild Indians, at that very moment in a state of hostility.

I gave Gen. Thomas the choice of every other command in the Army, and of his own choice he went to San Francisco, Cal., where he died March 28, 1870.

The truth is, Congress should have provided by law for three Lieutenant-Generals for these three pre-eminent soldiers, and should have dated their commissions with "Gettysburg," "Winchester," and "Nashville." It would have been a graceful act, and might have prolonged the lives of two most popular officers, who died soon after, feeling that they had experienced ingratitude and neglect.

Soon after Gen. Grant's inauguration as President, and, as I supposed, in fulfilment of his plan divulged in Chicago the previous December, were made the following:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, March 8, 1869.

General Orders No. 11:

The following orders of the President of the United States are published for the information and government of all concerned:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON CITY, March 5, 1869.

By direction of the President, Gen. William T. Sherman will assume command of the Army of the United States.

The Chiefs of Staff Corps, Departments, and Bureaus will report to and act under the immediate orders of the General commanding the Army.

Any official business which by law or regulation requires the action of the President or Secretary of War will be submitted by the General of the Army to the Secretary of War, and in general all orders from the President or Secretary of War to any portion of the Army, line or staff, will be transmitted through the General of the Army.

J. M. SCHOFIELD, Secretary of War.

By command of the General of the Army.
E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

On the same day I issued my General Orders No. 12, assuming command and naming all the heads of staff departments and bureaus as members of my staff, adding to my then three Aids, Cols. McCoy, Dayton and Audenried, the names of Cols. Comstock, Horace Porter and Dent, agreeing with President Grant that the two latter could remain with him till I should need their personal services or ask their resignations.

I was soon made aware that the heads of several of the staff corps were restive under this new order of things, for by long usage they had grown to believe themselves not officers of the Army in a technical sense, but a part of the War Department, the civil branch of the Government which connects the Army with the President and Congress.

In a short time Gen. John A. Rawlins, Gen. Grant's former Chief of Staff, was nominated and confirmed as Secretary of War; and soon appeared this order:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, March 27, 1869.

General Orders No. 28:

The following orders received for the War Department are published for the government of all concerned:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON CITY, March 26, 1869.

By direction of the President, the order of the Secretary of War, dated War Department, March 5, 1869, and published in General Orders No. 11, Headquarters of the Army, Adjutant-General's Office, dated March 8, 1869, except so much as directs Gen. W. T. Sherman to assume command of the Army of the United States, is hereby rescinded.

All official business which by law or regulations requires the action of the President or Secretary of War will be submitted by the Chiefs of Staff Corps, Departments, and Bureaus to the Secretary of War.

All orders and instructions relating to military operations issued by the President or Secretary of War will be issued through the General of the Army.

JOHN A. RAWLINS,
Secretary of War.

By command of GEN. SHERMAN:
E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

THE OBJECTIONABLE SYSTEM.

Thus we were thrown back on the old method in having a double if not a treble-headed machine. Each head of a bureau in daily consultation with the Secretary of War, and the General to command without an Adjutant, Quartermaster, Commissary, or any staff except his own Aids, often reading in the newspapers of military events and orders before he could be consulted or informed.

This was the very reverse of what Gen. Grant, after four years' experience in Washington as General-in-Chief, seemed to want, different from what he had explained to me in Chicago, and totally different from the demand he had made on Secretary of War Stanton in his complete letter of Jan. 29, 1866. I went to him to know the cause. He said he had been informed by members of Congress that his action, as defined by his order of March 5, was regarded as a violation of laws making provision for the bureaus of the War Department; that he had repealed his own orders, but not mine, and that he had no doubt that Gen. Rawlins and I could draw the line of separation satisfactorily to us both.

Gen. Rawlins was very conscientious, but a very sick man when appointed Secretary of War. Several times he made orders through the Adjutant-General to individuals of the Army without notifying me, but always, when his attention was called to it, he apologized, and repeatedly said to me that he understood from his experience on Gen. Grant's staff how almost insulting it was for orders to go to individuals of a regiment, brigade, division, or an army of any kind without the commanding officer being consulted or even advised.

(To be continued.)

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper of CASTORIA.

Kidney and Bladder Troubles Quickly Cured.

You May Have a Sample Bottle of the Great Discovery, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, Sent Free by Mail.

Men and women doctor their troubles so often without benefit, that they get discouraged and skeptical. In most such cases serious mistakes are made in doctoring and not knowing what our trouble is or what makes us sick. The unmistakable evidences of kidney trouble are pain or dull ache in the back, too frequent desire to pass water, scanty supply, scalding irritation. As kidney disease advances the face looks sallow or pale, eyes puffy, the feet swell, and sometimes the heart acts badly. Should further evidence be needed to find out the cause of sickness, then set urine aside for twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling is also convincing proof that our kidneys and bladder need doctoring. A fact often overlooked, or not always understood, is that women suffer as much from kidney and bladder trouble as men do.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is the discovery of the eminent physician and scientist, and as such is not recommended for everything, but will be found just what is needed in cases of kidney and bladder disorders or troubles due to weak kidneys, such as catarrh of the bladder, gravel, rheumatism, or Bright's Disease, which, in fact, is only advanced kidney trouble.

The mild and extraordinary effect of this great remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures. Sold by druggists, price fifty cents and one dollar. So universally successful has Swamp-Root been in quickly curing even the most distressing cases, that if you wish to Prove its wonderful merit you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. Mention THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The fact that this liberal offer appears in this paper is a guarantee of genuineness.

THE "ROOSTER REGIMENT."

Fighting Dick Was the Pride of the Gallant 121st Ohio.

[*Buffalo Express.*]

The 121st Ohio, recruited in Delaware, Hardin, Knox, Marion, Morrow and Union Counties, Ohio, and mustered in Sept. 11, 1862, for three years or during the war, was known as the "Rooster Regiment," and received its nom de plume by carrying with it a famous game chicken that had an aversion to all Confederate fowls. He was a reconstructed rebel, and on numerous occasions displayed his fighting qualities to the

FUN ON THE PICKET-LINE.

satisfaction of the Union troops by vanquishing his adversaries. He was called Fighting Dick.

On the 20th of November, 1864, the Fourteenth Corps encamped near the plantation of Howell Cobb, then a General in the rebel army. Sherman utilized his house for headquarters.

Fighting Dick was captured on this plantation by Abner Berry, a member of Co. E, 121st Ohio. Every regiment and every company had game chickens that were captured by foraging parties, and when brought into camp a cockpit was arranged and the fighting qualities were tested.

Dick became noted among the troops as a fighter, and was kept as a pet. He soon took to army life and was taught to ride a mule, and one comrade was detailed each day to lead the mule, which was also captured on a foraging expedition. Fighting Dick was utilized to good advantage on these foraging expeditions or on the march. He was taken from his perch on the mule and set down among a flock of chickens, guineas or turkeys and in no time would get into a fight, then the foragers would slip up behind his adversary and capture the fowl with which he was fighting, and by this means would soon capture a number of roosters, turkey gobblers or guinea fowls.

On a few occasions his crowing at night caused an order to be issued to kill him. No noise was to be made by the troops when there was an attempt to take the enemy by surprise, and on three occasions his crowing revealed the presence of the Union army. During a lull on the skirmish-line at Bentonville a rebel picket hallowed over to the Union pickets:

"Hollow Yank, have you'uns anything to swap?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Wall, have you'uns got eny game cock?"

"Yes."

"We've got one that can lick eny rooster in the Yankee army."

"What's his name?"

"Jiffersin Davis, be gosh."

"All right, we'll give you a whirl."

"What's the name of your rooster?" the Johnny inquired.

"Abraham Lincoln," was the reply.

"Wal, we'uns can lick 'Old Abe' in a jiffy."

The pickets repaired to a secluded spot near a ravine, out of the sight of the officers, and, after exchanging trinkets, set the roosters to fighting. Fighting Dick, alias "Abraham Lincoln," knocked out "Jefferson Davis" in the first round, and the Johnny picked up his lifeless game chicken and beat a hasty retreat. The Union picket returned to his post, the rebel pickets opened fire, and the battle of Bentonville was on.

After the army disbanded the rooster was taken to Morrow County, O., but became destructive to other roosters and was put in confinement. He was loaned to a poultryman, who let him run at large, and was attacked by a flock of guineas which proved too much for him. His remains were buried with the honors of war by the soldiers who cared for him during the march.

While on the march he was photographed standing on a cracker-box of the 121st Ohio. From that photograph a large painting was made by a lady in Mt. Gilead, O., which was purchased by the Regimental Association, and at the annual Reunion of the survivors of the regiment this painting is placed in a conspicuous place.

CONSUMPTION CURED.
An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

A Great Reunion.

Thomas Laughney, Co. L, 7th Mich. Cav., Custer's Brigade, Ogden, Utah, writes: "I would like to get the old soldiers interested in holding a great Reunion at the Nation's Capital during the present Administration. Let every honorably-discharged veteran be the guest of Uncle Sam for a whole week, and be taken to and from the city free of charge. Let the old boys once more march down Pennsylvania avenue and be reviewed by the soldier-President at the White House. Invite the veterans of the Southern army also, and make the affair indeed a Reunion of American soldiers."

FIGHTING THEM OVER

What the Veterans Have to Say About Their Campaigns.

[The Editor would be glad to receive from the veterans (Volunteers and Regulars) articles of from 800 to 1,000 words, written exclusively for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, and for publication in the Fighting Them Over department. The subjects should be of interest to veterans in general, and treated with especial regard for historical accuracy of statement. Narratives of the behavior of some particular regiment, brigade, or division on some field whereon it distinguished itself, in some campaign in which it took a prominent part, in some siege wherein it acted offensively or defensively; reminiscences of prison life, the march, the battle or the camp—all such are solicited. The naval veterans are invited to give narratives of their service in various enterprises. The Editor also desires for publication outside of the Fighting Them Over columns true, dramatic sketches of personal adventure, or of humorous incident, connected with wartime service. Articles will receive prompt consideration, and if available be inserted. Stamps should be inclosed if it is desired that the manuscript be returned if unavailable.]

"CANNONEER" GOES IN.

Unlimbers a Few Guns in the Cedar Creek Controversy.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have been reading with much interest, some amusement, and a little grief, the recent discussion of Cedar Creek in your columns. The most luminous contribution I have seen is that of Comrade T. E. Blanchard, 24th Iowa, in the issue of Nov. 11.

I am particularly struck by Comrade Blanchard's remark that Getty's Division of the Sixth Corps fought at Cedar Creek quite as well as Grover's Division of the Nineteenth Corps would have fought, if it had had the same chance.

This statement will be received by all students of history as a contribution of extraordinary value to the literature of Cedar Creek, for two reasons: Because it embodies a distinct admission on the part of the Nineteenth Corps that Getty's Division was there, and because it involves an express confession on the part of the Nineteenth Corps that Getty's Division, being there, actually did fight.

The chief historical value of this admission and this confession from so eminent a judge of fighting as the Nineteenth Corps is due to the fact that, prior to Cedar Creek, the Sixth Corps in general and Getty's Division in particular—or, for example, to get down to minor details, the Vermont Brigade in the extremely detailed sense—had never seen much actual fighting, but had enjoyed all through the war up to that time what was known in the Army of the Potomac as a "soft thing."

True, they had crushed a good deal of mud, and digested a large amount of hardtack and salt horse, but the first chance they ever had to fight as well as Grover's Division of the Nineteenth Corps would have fought, occurred at Cedar Creek.

This was apparently what might be called the sole opportunity of a lifetime.

The readers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE must understand that I lay no claim to share in the glories of the Sixth Corps. My presence for duty in the ranks of one of its batteries from July 9 to Nov. 4, 1864, was due to causes wholly beyond my control, and, I assure you, utterly without my consent.

My presence there meant that I had been arbitrarily and cruelly yanked by Capt. McKnight out of an extremely "soft snap" as Acting Ordnance Corporal at the City Point ammunition wharf.

Capt. McKnight had inflicted this cruel destiny upon me simply because, when surveying a line of available recruits for his battery in a sudden emergency, he noticed the fatal characters "4—B" on the cross-cannons which adorned my cap.

I didn't want to go with McKnight's battery. I didn't want to have anything to do with the Sixth Corps. I was perfectly content to check off the deliveries of ammunition issued at the wharf for other people to fight with during the entire balance of the war.

Perhaps if I had known at the moment when Capt. McKnight ordered me to step out and join his squad of recruits for battery M, that 33 years later I would be spared to read Comrade Blanchard's certificate that Getty's Division fought as well at Cedar Creek as Grover's Division of the Nineteenth Corps would have fought if——I might have felt differently about it. But as it was, not having the gift of prophecy, I did not welcome the destiny that made me for about four months an involuntary member of the Sixth Corps.

Possibly I ought to add here that about the only thing that tended in any degree to reconcile me to the situation was the fact, which I soon ascertained, that the moral tone of the Sixth Corps was pitched in the same high key as my own.

Everyone familiar with the history of the Army of the Potomac knows that the Sixth Corps, particularly during the last two years of the war, monopolized the morality and had almost what Wall street would call a "corner" on the religion of the Army. In those respects they had always been a shining example to other similar organizations.

The tradition was that, when driven to it in the dire extremity of self-defense, the Sixth Corps would fight. Incidents of this kind had occurred at Salem Church, in the Chancellorsville campaign; on the Plank Road, in the Wilderness; at the Bloody Angle of Spottsylvania, and in the two murderous assaults of the 3d of June at Cold Harbor!

But prior to Cedar Creek no division of the Sixth Corps, not even Getty's, had ever given the slightest evidence that it could in any emergency fight as well as Grover's Division of the Nineteenth.

For several years after the war I entertained somewhat exalted ideas about the behavior of Getty's Division at Cedar Creek. I may have been prejudiced by the fact that Serg't Alfred Aldrich, of the Vermont Brigade, prevented a rebel soldier from bayoneting me when I was down, by shooting the rebel over my prostrate form. But that prejudice has been completely dispelled by the overwhelming torrent of historical truth poured upon the affair in the last few years by the Nineteenth Corps and the cavalry.

And now, finally, comes the grand climax of Comrade Blanchard's unqualified declaration that Getty's Division of the Sixth Corps did fight there, quite as well as Grover's Division of the Nineteenth Corps would have fought, if, etc.

This reminds me of the celebrated occasion when, having lost his wardrobe and being forced to appear in society with little or nothing on except an umbrella, the late Richard Swiveller congratulated himself that an umbrella was something.

Getty's Division of the Sixth Corps certainly lost its wardrobe—such as it was—at Cedar Creek; but Comrade Blanchard, of the 24th Iowa, Grover's Division, Nineteenth Corps, has at the last moment, and after an arduous struggle of 33 years' duration, succeeded in saving its umbrella.

This exploit, performed, as it has been, under the most trying conditions in the face of the enemy, and assisted only by the cavalry, clearly entitles him to the Medal of Honor! Anyhow, all hitherto reasonable doubts as to the presence of Getty's Division at Cedar Creek are now removed.—THE CANNONEER.

A PRISON QUARTET.

Sweet Singers Whose Voices Made Life Less Burdensome at Belle Isle.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I was in squad 1900 at Belle Isle, but one counting day managed to get counted into squad 2, in the hope of getting out. At the first opportunity I did so, or I would not have lived to write this story of barbarous cruelty imposed on brave, loyal men.

In squad 2 I had the good fortune to meet with a comrade named Ed Alton, 13th Conn. Ed was a singer. Soon a quartet was organized, consisting of Ed Alton, J. D. Johnston, H. Waltons, and A. P. Watson, representing the Nutmeg, Empire, and Keystone States, with Benton Squires and Lieut. G. W. Miller, of Ohio, supernumeries.

The writer in those boy days was a great lover of music. His father, uncles, brother, and sister were all violinists, and his sister a pianist. Our prison quartet whiled the many evenings away. Comrades Johnston and Waltons being at one time theatrical performers, interspersed the concerts by reciting Shakspere.

All the prisoners made part of the voluntary audience. We would sing every National patriotic air we knew, and "Home, Sweet Home," usually closing with an original song called "Belle Island," composed by the quartet. This was encored, and always "brought down the house."

By good luck, and as I hoped it would be, I walked out with the first 720 exchanged, Sept. 22, 1863.—A. P. WATSON, Indiana, Pa.

They Got the Rails.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In July, 1863, while on the march to Gettysburg we—the 122d N. Y.—turned in for the night in a small meadow well fenced with rails. Headquarters tents were pitched at one end, and the company tents were stretched the whole length of the rather narrow field. Orders were given that no rails should to be touched; and what were we to do, tired and hungry, with no other kind of wood in sight? Such conditions were not to be tolerated in the camp of the 122d N. Y.

The owner of the farm was urging Col. Dwight to place a guard on his fine fences, and the big-hearted Colonel seemed inclined to do so. About this time the boys were halting between two opinions, but soon concluded that if they were arrested, and had to go to the guardhouse, they surely would have their supper. So there was little to risk, and possibly much to gain, and at once they started for that rail fence. One took a rail, and then others followed, with the farmer and the Colonel about three rods away. Of course, the farmer saw at once what they were doing, and cried out:

"See there! See there, Colonel! They're getting my rails now."

The boys walked slowly on towards the space left for fire, with eyes nearly shut, but ears wide open, a little fearful of the results, when the Colonel, taking in the whole situation, and no doubt wondering where his own supper was to be cooked, in an aggravated tone said:

"Well, I can't help it; the boys must have their supper." And so they did, but the poor farmer was minus about all of his rails when the soldiers left camp next morning.—GEO. H. LUSK, Co. A, 122d N. Y., Memphis, N. Y.

PICKET SHOTS

From Alert Comrades Along the Whole Line.

In a Hot Place.

M. H. McMullen, Co. C, 52d Ind., Haney's Corner, Ind., writes: "Reading the description of an artillery duel by the comrade of the 6th Wis. battery reminds me of my experience at Fort Donelson. After we had charged the rebel works at the extreme left and taken the first line, an Illinois battery was brought up. Several men from my company were detailed to assist the gunners, I being of the squad so assigned. My part was to carry shells from the caissons to the guns. I thought it was a pretty hot place, but it was my first experience. The rebels did not get our range and the shells were passing over us, which gave me some encouragement. I noted every time the gunner received a shell he shortened the fuse until he began dropping them right into the very midst of the enemy. Three shots were enough, and the rebels sought shelter.

"When the firing ceased I was exhausted and lay down in the snow by a big log. One of the drummer boys of my regiment came up, and, seeing me, went back to the company and reported 'Mc. is dead. I saw him lying on the hill. I know it was him by his red-top boots.' I had bought a pair of red-top boots before leaving Cairo, as I thought them necessary to every up-to-date soldier. A squad from my company soon came up and found me a very lively corpse."

At Cedar Creek.

William Barlow, 5th Inf., writes: "Comrade Blanchard's article on Cedar Creek is misleading. The Nineteenth Corps did not have the greatest number killed and wounded, although its loss in missing was greater. As a rule missing men have not been very effective in driving the enemy. His statement of the strength of the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps is wrong. The Sixth Corps numbered 12,615 at Cedar Creek, the Nineteenth Corps numbered at same date 13,176. These figures are from Col. Fox's book, and are official. The comrades I saw coming down the pike were more than humping themselves."

George W. Lackey, Berlin, N. Y., writes: "I was a Corporal in Capt. H. H. Dewey's company of the 10th Vt., and saw the first rebel shell as it fell in our camp at Cedar Creek the morning of Oct. 19, 1864. It struck not far from where I was standing. A few minutes later we were ordered into line. An officer rode into the camp and ordered us to surrender, as, he said, we were surrounded, and could not escape. I raised my gun and shot the officer from his horse. Capt. Dewey was swinging his sword and crying: 'We won't surrender, boys! Hoist that flag and follow me!' With Capt. Dewey at the head we formed line, and kept a fairly good organization, although driven back five miles. Sheridan rode past my regiment, hat in hand, coat thrown over the saddle, and swearing and calling to the boys to halt."

Had a Good Record.

W. H. Lutes, Co. E, 10th Iowa, Willow Springs, Iowa, writes: "The history of the 10th Iowa is one of varied and remarkable experiences. During its four years' service it traveled over 13,000 miles, and was 49 days under fire. We were mustered at Iowa City, Iowa, Sept. 2, 1861, where we were armed and uniformed. We went from St. Louis to Cape Girardeau, where we took part in a chase after Jeff Thompson. We next went to Bird's Point. The following Spring found us part of Pope's army. We took part in the siege of New Madrid, Island No. 10, Fort Pillow, and Tiptonville.

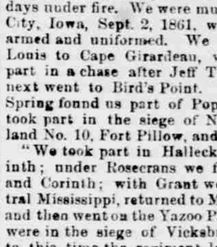
"We took part in Halleck's siege of Corinth; under Rosecrans we fought at Iuka and Corinth; with Grant we went to central Mississippi, returned to Memphis, Tenn., and then went on the Yazoo Pass expedition; were in the siege of Vicksburg, Miss. Up to this time the regiment lost 207 men in battle.

"We marched to Chattanooga, and took part at Missionary Ridge, losing 47 men. We were with Sherman on the Atlanta campaign and march to the sea. We were mustered out Sept. 1, 1865."

Saw Some Service.

William Johnson, Co. E, 48th Ill., Maxwell, Ky., writes: "THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is getting better every week, and I am much interested in the experiences being related by old comrades. I claim that my regiment was the equal of any in the Fifteenth Corps. We were in the Atlanta campaign, and in the fighting of July 21 and 22 lost heavily. Col. Lucien Greathouse was killed. I lost all my Confederate money and my knapsack, containing my bedding. Soon afterward I was sent to Atlanta, sick, but was able to march with Sherman to the sea. The next hot fight was at Fort McAllister, Dec. 13, 1863, where my chum, John Hicks, was killed."

Artificial Legs and Arms for Practical Purposes.



A. A. MARKS,
701 Broadway,
New York.

DEAR SIR:—I received the pair of artificial legs you made for me in due time; they fitted perfectly, and I have worn them constantly from the start. I work in the store from six o'clock in the morning until ten at night. The limbs are lighter than I expected, and appear to be very strong.
E. B. SCULL.

A. A. MARKS,
701 Broadway,
New York.

DEAR SIR:—My right leg was amputated four inches above the knee. In 1866 I purchased an artificial leg of you. I am compelled to say after ten years of constant use I am convinced that I made no mistake in taking your patent. My occupation is farming; I often saw wood all day; I have picked one hundred pounds of cotton in a day, and that was about as much as I was able to pick before I lost my leg.
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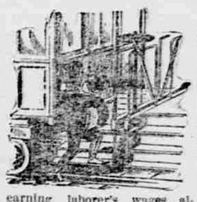

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