GOING TO THE UNION ARMY.

A Tennessee Refugee's Perilous Journey to Kentucky—Guided by a Federal Spy.

By Maj. WILL A. McTEER.

The dark clouds were fast gathering and the muttering thunders of war beginning to shake the hills of our beloved country. My home was in the Ellejoy "Flatwoods," near the Chilhowee Mountains, in East Tennessee. I was 17 years old, tall, slender and of delicate frame. It was with deep feeling that I saw the Stars and Stripes hiding away in secret places rather than floating proudly over the mountain homes of my native hills.

A company of Confederate cavalry, under the command of a rude, ill-mannered and profane Captain, bivouacked one night on our farm, and occupied our home. Next morning, without making known any charges, my father was arrested and taken from home. The community was abused in roughest language, and my mother forced to stand and hear the foul and profane curses of that wicked Captain. These things aroused my anger to its highest pitch, and stirred my soul to its depths in behalf of universal freedom. Quietly and sullenly, I stood to one side, without saying one word, but inwardly and before God uttering a solemn purpose and determination to be avenged, and to place my life on the altar of my country at the very first opportunity.

Soon after this occurrence I came in one evening from the field where I had been at work, and was informed that a party of friends would start that night for the Union lines in Kentucky.

Having finished my supper, I arose, and without making my purpose known, passing by where my younger brother sat, I placed my hand on his head, feeling to him good-by. He was then just beginning to talk. Being of such frail frame and delicate in health, my parents were opposed to my going to the army, so I had told them nothing of my plans.

I went out to a hollow tree in the woods where some weapons were kept concealed from the Confederates, and there armed myself with a big knife and a brass-barreled holster pistol that my grandfather had carried in the War of 1812, then started on the perilous journey.

THE RENDEZVOUS.

At the rendezvous my friends and I were separated, and we had trouble in getting together again. I was lost from the others, but at length was conducted to an old rail pen used for storing corn husks, and there found some of our neighbor boys. It was late in the night, and being very tired, I slept soundly until daylight the next morning. I was awakened by the voice of one of my original companions from whom I had become separated, and who had come in after I had got there, and had also taken a short nap.

A little digression will not be amiss here to show the destructiveness of war. There were seven young men in that shuck pen. Five were as strong and hardy as could be found anywhere. Two were frail and weak, and to all appearances unable to bear the hardships of a soldier's life. Four of the party went on at once, and the other three followed soon after. Four of the number never returned, but in far distant places their ashes sleep in soldiers' graves or rest under the turbid waters of the Mississippi River. One returned only to be buried in a few months in the burying ground near where they slept in that husk pen. He fought to the end, participated in the victory, then died from the effects of his service. The two frail ones alone were allowed to enjoy the fruits of the final triumph.

A good Union man supplied the party with an excellent breakfast the next morning, after which the four started northward.

THROUGH THE CONFEDERATE LINES.

A day's journey brought us to the place where we were to meet the guide to take us through the lines on our way. By some misunderstanding he had gone with a party the night before, and we had only to find places of concealment from Confederate eyes and await the return of the guide. After a number of days of impatient waiting he returned, and the next night we started.

We could travel at night only, and that was hazardous, as there were pickets and patrols all through the country, endeavoring to intercept all the Union refugees. This made progress quite slow. Approaching a road, some one was sent ahead who would make examinations for signs of the enemy, and if the way was clear, cross one at a time so as not to attract attention, for a little squad of men drew attention at all times in those days.

Coming to the region of a large ridge, which in fact was a small mountain, we traveled a while in the day time. This ridge was destitute of houses or other improvements, covered with timber alone, and the land so poor that one became hungry as soon as his feet touched its gravelly sides. So there was little danger of the Confederates roaming round there. The guide conducted the party along the ridge for some distance, then bidding absolute silence listened for what might be heard. A company of soldiers had been stationed on the north side of the ridge as he returned from his former trip, and he wanted to locate them exactly. When all was quiet they could be heard shoeing their horses, and were much nearer than we had thought.

This led to a change in direction, going along the top of the ridge a considerable distance further, and then ranging obliquely down the side until near the base, where was a corn field. Climbing over the fence, the guide and party were afforded very little protection or concealment, because of the dwarfed growth of corn and weeds, but the farther from that ridge the ranker the corn and weeds grew, until they afforded a place of complete concealment.

The guide had not communicated to us what he expected to meet or any of his plans. These questions were not asked him, for the party had implicit confidence in him, and if they, or either of them, should unluckily be captured, they wanted to be in such condition that they could not tell or give any information as to his plans, purposes or immediate destination.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

Going down into a deep hollow, the corn and weeds rose higher and higher until they shut out almost the rays from the sun, when suddenly we came to an opening about 20 feet square, near the center of which was a cold crystal spring, the limpid waters bubbling up and running down through the cornfield. A large log was lying within this open space, and sitting on the log and standing around the spring were a number of men. Three of these were of fine physique and wearing the uniform of Federal soldiers, all armed in the most approved manner with "Yankee" weapons. One of the number wore the uniform of a Confederate Lieutenant, and was likewise heavily armed.

The Ellejoy boys did not understand this surprise, and had it not been for the confidence they had in their guide they would have "cut fodder" for another locality. It was plain to be seen at once, however, that the guide was familiar with them, and understood his business.

The men in blue were truly Federal soldiers, while the man in gray was a Lieutenant in the 6th Tenn., U. S. Volunteers, and had been in Knoxville and along the railroad on a spying expedition. His errand was to ascertain the movements of the enemy, and if possible to learn of their plans. Just before the meeting above mentioned he had had a very narrow escape from capture, which would have been the end with him. There were a number of others here, so the company ran up to near 25 in all.

The soldiers traveled for a time with the others, and then went to another place, except the Lieutenant, who continued with us.

These away, the party was composed of 18 men. Here again is a striking illustration of war's dread work. Of the 14 added to the original four, only two returned to their homes, and one of them died in a very short time from the effects of wounds. The other still lives, but simply because he has been too strong-willed and stubborn to die. He has been shot, had smallpox, been bruised, wounded, beaten, smashed, but just would not die, and now, as age is clipping around his brow, he defies Father Time and mocks at his scythe.

At this spring the first guide turned us over to another, who was well acquainted with the country and situation. The latter conducted us safely, traveling at night only, for quite a distance, when he came to the borders of his territory. Then he returned, while the man who wore the gray took charge. While going on his perilous journey he had made a careful survey of the country and established posts for information on his return to the army.

CROSSING CLINCH RIVER.

Clinch River was one of the danger lines. The Confederates were picketing and patrolling the stream, and had destroyed the boats, and, as they thought, all means of passage. Approaching the river the guide followed down in the track of a deep and dark ravine. The bottom was covered with a quantity of small gravel that scintillated and threw out sparks when stepped on. This proved to be a considerable help as the guide could be easily followed, while the depth of the ravine prevented our being seen by any chance patrol that might be passing.

"I WENT TO A HOLLOW TREE, WHERE WEAPONS WERE CONCEALED, AND ARMED MYSELF."

A small hut was standing on the bank of the river, and a family lived there. He was a Union man, and from what was afterward learned his business was principally that of providing ways for crossing the river by the Union refugees. When asked by the guide for passage, he replied that the soldiers had destroyed all the boats, his own with the others, and that there was no way to cross. The guide soon made himself known, when a long wooden box was brought out from the feed lot, where it was kept as a feed trough for stock, and was partly covered with hay. It was am improvised boat and kept in that way to deceive the prowling patrols.

Only four persons could cross at a time, but the passage was safely made, and the party also warned as to danger on the north side of the river, by which trouble was averted.

Traveling at the dead hours of the night, the party approached a house standing at the roadside. There was a dim light in one room. The guide halted the company, gave strict orders for silence, while he went alone to the house without any further explanation. A dog made some noise, and in the house there was a noise as if a chair had fallen over. The boys feared that the guide had fallen into a trap and that their own safety was endangered. Each seized such weapons as he had, and waited for further developments. A man came to the door, then out to the fence and there met the guide. A short conference was held between them, when the guide, in stage whispers, told the boys to come up.

This was one of the posts for information which had been arranged by the guide before, and the dim light in the room was a signal for him to stop. The danger had just been passed as if by miracle. A command of Confederate cavalry had been stationed in the locality and was camped nearby, watching, patrolling and picketing for the Union refugees. That very afternoon they had changed and placed a picket post so as to more carefully guard the road on which the party had come. The "information man" was astonished that our passage along the road had not been discovered by the pickets, for we had come by their post.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

We came to a high point on a ridge about daybreak, and being very tired, lay down and slept till along in the afternoon. It was thought that danger was now over. One of the party went to a house near the foot of the ridge on the north side and arranged for a supper. He was informed that there were none of the enemy north of that point, and that nothing further was to be feared. The community was solidly for the Union, and it was soon known that a number of Union refugees were on the hill. It was but a short time until a number of other Unionists of the neighborhood came. It was a great relief to feel that our dangers were passed. It was a time of, but not the time for rejoicing. Going down a pathway along the side of the hill, the boys made more noise than all that had been made put together from the time we left home. Fortunately, the writer and another were naturally quiet, and now, although hilarious, made no demonstrations. We fell back several paces in rear of the others and were following along without saying anything. A noise at the foot of the hill attracted our attention, when looking through an opening into the public road in the direction the path was leading, we saw a body of Confederate cavalry. The cavalrymen were making a considerable noise, which saved us from being heard and discovered. It was with difficulty that the foremost of the party could be silenced or made to understand that trouble was pending. We then had the privilege of standing and watching the enemy pass along the road. Part of our party pretended a desire to give battle, but there was only one double-barrelled shotgun, two revolvers and one single-barrelled brass horse-pistol in the crowd, and the last named weapon had only one load, which was in it, and no ammunition with which to reload.

The Confederates having passed, we proceeded to the supper prepared for us, and it was abundant and abundantly partaken of. This over, the journey was resumed. The rest during the afternoon and the full meal were so refreshing that we overdid the thing and started out too rash. Arriving in the suburbs of Jacksboro, the moon was full and shining brightly. We were now tired, sullen and crusty. The guide called a halt and made a little talk, saying that at the time when all danger was supposed to be past, we had nearly run into a trap. It was not known what might be in front of us. If we desired we might go through the town, and thus save a considerable distance, but in so doing would be exposed to whatever danger there was in front. If we preferred we could go round, travel further, but avoid the danger. He left it to us, saying for all who desired to go through to fall into line, and those who thought best to go round, to stand to one side. All, save one, fell into line. That one declared that all might go through, but as for him, he would not take the chances.

The guide then started and all followed—even the one that declared to the contrary—followed for a time at a distance, and then came in with the others. Everything was quiet as midnight. No one appeared to be astir. Passing through the town and some distance beyond, we stopped to rest.

FODDER SPLITTING.

The guide went forward and stood as a picket. Hearing some rattling noise on the hard road, he walked quickly back and motioned the boys, saying, "Get over the fence." There was a corn field by the side of the road. We jumped over, and some of the boys were sure the Confederate cavalry was right on us, so they split fodder blades at a lively rate, making noise enough to have attracted attention for a half mile. At length they stopped, and coming back to the road, a lot of hogs came along, where they were following the trail of a load of corn which had recently been hauled. The guide wanted us to jump over the fence and lie down, so that if the noise should prove to be a squad of the enemy we should be concealed. When all was over, this became quite a joke on the "fodder splitters."

We arrived at Big Creek Gap some time before day. Fearing that cavalry might be sent out by the enemy to make observations, the guide had us to climb up on the sides of the mountain, and there told us to take a little sleep. We did, but in order to do so had to get on the upper side of a tree and either prop our feet against or straddle the tree, so as to keep from sliding down the mountain.

Morning came, and a good breakfast was found near our bed room, at the home of a good Union man. We now started out again, in daylight, following along the foot of the Cumberland Mountains on the south side. In sight of Fincastle, wedged up in a deep gorge, we came to a little new log cabin. A young married couple lived there, and a more lovely pair would be hard to find. They were educated, refined, intelligent and attractive. The woman was beautiful and lovely. They prepared an excellent dinner for us, and no means were spared that would add to our comfort or pleasure. They were intensely loyal. The husband had incurred the ill will of some of his Confederate neighbors, so they could not stay at home and sought refuge in this little mountain recess.

We were now footsore and tired. My feet were swollen, and my shoes had failed, so that the sand got into them. The shoes were not taken off, because there were no opportunities, and no time to stop when water was near. The feet swollen in this manner, and not being able to give them rest or treatment, each step was attended with excruciating pain. Still, thus exhausted and worn and suffering, I was very much surprised at one time when my foot struck a stone and I woke up! I actually went to sleep as I walked along the road!

UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Pulling one foot after the other, it appeared as if the end of the journey would never be reached. We walked with heads bent forward, trying to save rough jolts and find the smoothest way. Almost ready to give up in despair, I chanced to look up at the tall peak of the Cumberland Mountain just before us. There in all its glory, grandeur and beauty, floated the Stars and Stripes! "Hallelujah!" was muttered in the throats of all. Sore feet, weariness, sleepiness, hunger and all suffering were forgotten, and shouts of joy sprang tumultuously from the loyal band of refugee boys. Faces were bathed in tears of joy! I did not think it manly to cry, but as I stood and once again looked on the grand banner floating so proudly on the mountain breezes, in spite of all that I could do the tears came welling up into my eyes, while the sobs were choked back with bated breath.

"Oh say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the daylight's last gleaming?"
The rocket's red glare, bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there!"

We were nearing Cumberland Gap, and once more under the folds of the grand old banner of freedom!

We soon found friends who had preceded us. Getting to a place of rest, I pulled off my shoes and found my feet in a fearful condition. I could not get the shoes back on them. In a day or two the skin peeled from the bottom, leaving the feet as tender as the eye. It was quite a time before I could again wear shoes.

We enlisted at once, and it was over three years before I returned to the old home. When I did return that old home was again under the protecting folds of the Old Flag. I went back in my dress uniform, and as I drew nearer the home the spurs were plied with more force. Turning the lane down towards the house, I saw my mother in the front door. I was now at a sweeping gallop, and for a moment she looked in wonder, then came running over the very spot where the rude Confederate Captain had cursed her, to meet her boy. As she came the tears were streaming down her face, while she screamed out: "My boy! My boy! He's come home again! My boy! He has come home again!"

Wanted the Job.

"Madam"—— began the famished hobo.

"Well?" snapped the crusty housewife.

"Madam, if I learned to bark like a dog would you let me live in de kennel en feed me as high as yer do dat dog?"

ROUNDING UP LEE.

The Cavalry Operations Preceding the Surrender of Appomattox.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The following is from a pencil draft of statement the paper of which was yellow with age and the writing almost illegible and so badly blurred that it took me quite six hours to decipher and copy. I remember it as the original draft of report intended for publication in the then leading newspaper of Cincinnati, from which city and its environs our regiment was mainly recruited. My own company (I) was principally composed of men "bred in old Kentucky, where the meadow grass was blue," good horsemen, who in these days would be called "Rough Riders."

Just subsequent to the date of said report the writer was ordered on detached duty, serving some months as Provost-Marshal at Weldon, N. C., and has never known to this day whether the report was published or not. As the "final muster-out" is imminent, the desire is strong to commit the document to "the art preservative," hoping thus to attract the eye and cheer the heart of some surviving comrade of the old regiment who may remember the youth who, as Adjutant, so often formed the companies into regimental line of battle in the long ago.—N. W. PULSIFER, 2139 Natrona St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Nottoway Court House, Va., April 15, 1865.

Editor Cincinnati Commercial—Dear Sir: For the benefit of your readers who are interested in the affairs of the 13th Ohio Cav., I have the honor to transmit herewith a short account of our experience during the brief but eventful campaign just closed. In the grand final struggle resulting in the surrender of the rebel Army of Northern Virginia, and which is virtually the death blow to the great rebellion, the cavalry has not only performed a prominent part, but has been the great right arm of our military power, which has forced upon Southern pride and arrogance its final and complete humiliation.

The 13th Ohio Cav. enjoys the proud satisfaction of an active participation in the stirring scenes of this memorable campaign, and a liberal share of the honors has been freely awarded by all other participating organizations. The regiment, numbering 313 men and 13 officers, left its Winter quarters near Petersburg with its brigade March 29. Time and space requisite might not justify a detailed account of the operations of the regiment since that date. Suffice it to say that it skirmished with, charged and fought the rebels and engaged in pursuing their retreating forces, making long and very rapid marches through woods and swamps, often obliged to stop and "corduroy" the latter to save our horses from miring in the black mud and over the most miserable roads imaginable; and this was the daily program incessantly from the time of leaving Petersburg to the morning of Lee's surrender. On March 30 the regiment was engaged near Dinwiddie C. H., driving that portion of the enemy's line confronting it—The 1st N. C. Cav.— across Stony Creek, holding its position against a sharp fire for some 20 minutes after its ammunition was nearly exhausted, losing two killed and 33 wounded. Omitting minor details of scouts, skirmishes, etc., their next important encounter with the "Johnnies" was on the R. & D. R. R. beyond Jetersville. While our cavalry was moving on the enemy the Second Brigade of our division, being on the right, the rebels attempted to flank us by coming in on our right and rear for the purpose of capturing prisoners and artillery; the 13th was sent to intercept them, and having discovered them crossing through a fence, promptly charged them with the saber, driving them back and capturing several prisoners and their battleflag, supposed to be that of the 4th Va. Cav. This was a gallant and successful affair, and elicited the warmest commendation from Brigade and Division Commanders for the gallantry and skill of Col. Clark, in conducting the charge, and for the bravery of the men under his command.

On April 6 the regiment was selected by Gen. Crook, commanding Second Division, to report to Gen. Gregg for special service, and by the latter was ordered to charge and burn a rebel wagon train belonging to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's headquarter's. The charge was made with a dash, and in spite of strong opposition from the rebel cavalry guarding the train, 40 wagons were fired, the regiment losing one Lieutenant and 10 men captured. Having accomplished this, the regiment rejoined its brigade and led in a charge which soon followed, and in which the enemy were severely punished and quite a number of prisoners were taken by the regiment, among others Brig.-Gen. Corse, commanding a brigade of Pickett's Division, and two of his staff. The three latter were personally captured by Serg't Carson, of Co. I, 13th Ohio.

On April 7 the 13th led the advance in pursuit of the retreating foe, and participated in the charge, which resulted in the capture of Farmville.

On April 8 our forces pushed on to near Appomattox Court House, and notwithstanding the wearisome march of the day over the most horrid roads imaginable the regiment remained in the saddle all night. When morning came the disposition of our forces around Lee's Army induced that commander to attempt to break through our lines near where the P. & L. R. R. comes into Appomattox Station. His advance met with a warm reception from our cavalry, who held them in check for a considerable time. The 13th Ohio was the only regiment in the fight mounted, and lost a number killed and wounded. The masses of rebel infantry at length compelled our cavalry to retire, which they did slowly and in splendid order until the advancing rebels came upon our heavy infantry reserve, when they were repulsed with great loss. This was the last great effort of the Army of Northern Virginia, and Lee's surrender soon followed. The excitement of battle over, men and horses exhausted by the labors of the fortnight's campaign, lay down and slept.

It is but repeating the often-expressed sentiments of officers and soldiers connected with the Division to say that the 13th Ohio Cav. has earned a reputation for bravery, energy and dash unsurpassed by any regiment in the Army of the Potomac.

To the efforts and example of its present Commander, Col. S. R. Clark, the regiment is largely indebted for its present name and position. He has ever taken the deepest interest in the welfare and advancement of the 13th, and is universally respected and beloved by officers and men, and all under his command regarded him as emphatically "the right man in the right place." We believe Col. Clark to be as brave an officer as ever wielded a saber, brave even to a fault. He never even avoids exposure, but where dangers are thickest there he may be found cheering on his men, who would follow him to the very jaws of the fiery pit. Although we have often seen his clothes pierced with bullets, and once saw his horse shot beneath him, we feel thankful to say he has passed through the fiery ordeal of battle unharmed.—N. WARREN PULSIFER, Captain Co. I, and Acting Adjutant 13th Ohio Cav.

Neither Meant Anything.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have just read with much interest Comrade Balloch's sketch of the Twentieth Corps, in which he quotes Gen. Williams's reply to Chaplain A. H. Quint, of the 20th Mass., who reproved him for "cutting loose" pretty freely on the march to the sea, and although Gen. Williams was of the stuff of which brave soldiers are made, and one whom we all honor, I must give evidence that his reply was not original with him, but, perhaps, very apropos to the occasion.

In 1858, as a boy of 18 years, before the "war and rumors of war" had been heard or thought of, I attended a lecture in Waverly, N. Y., delivered by Rev. Wm. A. Bartlett, late pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in this city. Mr. Bartlett was fresh from college, and preaching in Brooklyn. He was a great admirer of H. W. Beecher, and, I may say, to some extent, an imitator, wearing his hair long and indulging in "Beecherisms" in the pulpit. The subject of his lecture was "language," and was the bright star of the Winter's lecture course. One of his "hits" was the following: "It happened that of two business partners, one was a church member, while the other one was apt, when matters went wrong, to give vent to his feelings in words not strictly orthodox.

"One day when some bad news was announced, the latter, John, indulged in rather strong language, when his partner, laying his hand gently on his arm, said, 'there, there, John, how often must I tell you that hard words will not help matters.' John quickly replied, 'Well, well, Jim, you pray a little, and I swear a little, but we neither of us mean anything by it.'

"Another anecdote I think will bear repeating. Speaking of many church members, who start strong in the faith, and kneel for prayer at their bedside, before retiring, they finally find this an irksome duty, and say their prayers after getting into bed. This also becomes too much of a task, and, writing a prayer on a slip of paper, they pin it to the headboard, and jumping into bed exclaim, 'Lord, those are my sentiments,' and go to sleep."

After describing the beauties, advantages and power of language, he brought his lecture to a close with a thrilling peroration, and I can see him now, as, with his right hand clenched and raised above his head, he exclaimed, "and I have got language."—GEO T. DRULLEY, Lieutenant, 50th N. Y. Engineers, Washington, D. C.

An Old Soldier.

Aresman Stepp, Co. F, 6th U. S. Cav., Herndon, Pa., writes: "Patrick Mack, a generous-hearted Irishman, served as a private soldier in three wars. In the Seminole war he was under Capt. Lyon, of Wilson's Creek fame, and in Mexico he served in Capt. Magruder's Battery, of which Geo. B. McClellan was Lieutenant—the one becoming a noted Confederate General, the other commander of the Army of the Potomac. Private Mack, in reminiscent mood, related many interesting stories of the Mexican war—of Grant, Sherman, Hancock, Meade, Kearny, and others. In the civil war he belonged to Co. F, 6th U. S. Inf. When the war closed he was 69 years old, and in 1870 he was still in my company at Fort Sill, then serving his 44th year in the U. S. Army."

Farmington.

Sam Kleffman, Co. G, 47th Ill., Salem, Ore., writes: "The battle of Farmington was fought May 9, the statement of Comrade Williams, Co. H, 8th Wis., to the contrary notwithstanding. May 8, in the evening, 40 men of my company were on picket, the Captain and First Lieutenant being with us. We were the fellows who exchanged preliminary courtesies (?) with the Johnnies, firing the first shots. We then retired hastily, leading the closely-following Johnnies 'up against' the main body. In the ensuing battle Lieut.-Col. Miles was killed."

Leaving Andersonville.

W. S. Jennings, Constance, Ark., writes: "Replying to J. A. Robertson, Co. E, 51st Ill., who desires to hear from some one of the last lot of prisoners that left Andersonville, I will say I was one of those who left some time in April, going by train to Albany, Ga.; thence we marched 50 miles, and then went by train to Lake City, marching thence to Jacksonville, Fla. Probably Comrade Robertson remembers a certain ration of 'light bread and coffee.'"

Monument to Soldiers.

June 28, U. S. Grant Post, 28, Department of Illinois, unvailed a beautiful monument in memory of the comrades of the Post who have died. It is 40 feet high, all granite, polished shaft, figures life size, and is surmounted by a Color-Sergeant of heroic size. The names of 48 battles are engraved on the monument. The ceremonies were quite impressive. A salute was fired in honor of Maj.-Gen. John C. Bates, U. S. A., commanding the Department of the Lakes. Commander Wm. L. Smith accepted the monument in behalf of the Post, and turned it over to Jas. P. Sherlock, President of the Elmwood Cemetery. The dedication was according to the beautiful impressive ritual of the Grand Army of the Republic, and was conducted by Commander Smith, with prayer by Chaplain Busby. The Department Commander, Benson Wood, Gen. John C. Black, Maj.-Gen. Bates, Col. Jas. H. Davidson and others made addresses.

Medals for Connecticut Soldiers.

The Legislature of Connecticut has appropriated $2,000 to prepare medals to be distributed by the Adjutant-General of the State to the members of the 1st, 2d and 3d Regiments of Connecticut Volunteers, and to those general and staff officers selected by the Governor to respond to President Lincoln's first call for troops and who were mustered in and served honorably. In case of the death of any of these soldiers his medal may be presented to his widow, child or any other representative. Blank applications have been prepared for these medals, and can be obtained by application to the Office of the Adjutant-General, Hartford, Conn., or to A. C. Hendricks, 120 Bristol St., New Haven, Conn. They will be ready for presentation early in the Fall, and are said to be of the finest workmanship, and are objects of which the State and soldiers can be very proud.

The Massachusetts Medal.

Though The National Tribune explicitly stated at the time that the medals granted by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts only were intended for those who responded to the first call, yet a great many veterans who served in other Massachusetts regiments have been applying for them. Gen. Wm. C. Capell, Assistant Adjutant-General of Massachusetts, asks us to state again that the medals are only intended for the militiamen of the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 8th Regiments, M. V. M., and the 3d Battery and the 1st Battery of Light Artillery, and to the general and staff officers who responded to President Lincoln's first call for troops on the 15th day of April, 1861, and who were mustered in and served honorably.

A Per Diem Bill.

A mistake was made in a recent issue of The National Tribune in a statement that Comrade J. M. Griffith, Whatcom, Wash., favored the $12 straight service pension. Comrade Griffith expresses vigorous opposition to this bill, and says that he does not see justice in placing on the rolls vigorous men of 53 to 56, who served a few months and get more in pay and bounty than had they stayed at home, thus rewarding them equally with those older men who served three years for a mere pittance, while they could have remained at home earning big wages, and who would be entitled to pension under the existing laws were it not for the exacting demands of the Pension Bureau for proof of origin of disability.

Fair and Square for Service Pension.

Ed. Welck, late First Sergeant, Co. F, 118th N. Y., Dwight, Ill., writes that we can set down fair and square for a $12 per month service pension. He does not get any now, and says that the sooner the old soldiers fall in line and agree on this the better it will be for everybody. "Such arguments as you present in The National Tribune cannot be successfully answered by the enemies of the veterans. Your article in the issue of May 28 ought to be read and re-read by every man, woman and child capable of reading until it is learned by heart."

The Time Has Come.

Francis M. Long Post, of Taylorville, Ill., unanimously resolved that the time has come for a pension of $12 per month in addition to disability pension to all who served 90 days, and that the widows of such should receive $12 per month. The Post also regards the local Examining Boards as unnecessary and should be dispensed with in connection with much other "red tape."

PICKET SHOTS

From Alert Comrades Along the Whole Line.

OLD TIME PENSION HATERS.

Comrade John T. Booth, Junior-Vice Commander of the Department of Ohio, Cincinnati, Ohio, recalls that immediately after the close of the Revolution there were many men who were bitterly opposed to pensions, and that the Act of Congress in 1778, granting all the officers of the army half pay for life was vehemently denounced by them as unjust and tyrannical and the first step toward establishing a pension list upon which everybody would try to get. The result was that Congress passed an act in 1783, commuting the half pay to five years' full pay. This did not satisfy those grumblers, however, and they have kept it up ever since.

WHAT ARE EXAMINING BOARDS FOR?

Geo. Schmeltzer, 2d Mass. Cav., cannot understand the Medical Referee's address to the Medical Congress, in which he tries to make people think that all the trouble is in the complexity of the pension laws. Comrade Schmeltzer has been drawing a pension of $6 per month for 11 years, and three times the board which examined him reported that he should have an increase to at least $12 per month, but this has always been turned down by the Medical Referee. If each Post will take up the matter of service pension with its Congressman there will be no trouble in getting the law passed.

AGAINST THE DESECRATION OF MEMORIAL DAY.

Geo. H. Thomas Post, of Silverton, Ore., protests strongly against the tendency to make Memorial Day more and more of a holiday, and wants the comrades everywhere to exert themselves to educate the young people as to what the day really means, and to hold it in the greatest reverence.

ONE HUNDRED DAYS OF SERVICE.

Isaac A. Oldham, 135th and 61st Ohio, writes as to his service in the former regiment. He was sent with others to guard a wagon train from Martinsburg, Va., to Maryland Hights. Early was crowding them all the time, and when they forded the Potomac, opposite Solomon's Gap, Early fired on them continually, and they had a fight at John Brown's school house. They then started for Baltimore, and had a fight at Monocacy. He would like to hear from any of the other comrades who took part in this service.

SI KLEGG.

I. T. Pearce, Co. B, Ill., Curran, Ill., thinks that the chances for Si and Shorty pulling through are now very good, since the Deacon and the family are with them. He says that on the march to the sea, Sherman's Bummers held a meeting and elected officers. Si was chosen Chief of Bummers and Shorty his second in command. Si issued his farewell address, which was published in the Washington Chronicle in 1865. Comrade Pearce is in favor of a $12 per month service pension.

"DRESS UP ON THE THIRD MAN."

J. Manlove Smith, 1st Del., Moore, Pa., says that these are times when the boys should not only dress up so as to see the buttons on the third man, but to see eye to eye the one great fact which should be considered paramount to all others, and that if quibbling is to be indulged in it will be to the detriment of all claims that might be advanced in our favor. Our chances for legislation at the next session of Congress will be lessened immeasurably. Everybody should unite upon the $12 per month service pension bill.

WHERE IS THE OWNER?

Len Achorn, Fort Fairfield, Me., has a medal on one side of which is inscribed, "Geo. Washington, born Feb. 22, 1732", and Washington's head. On reverse side is "J. R. Begg, Co. F., M. E. V." (7th)—War 1861. Comrade Achorn would like to correspond with Comrade Begg or his relatives or friends.

WANTS $200 PER YEAR.

Comrade S. B. Gilchist, Carthage, Ohio, believes in a straight pension of $200 per year, payable quarterly, for every comrade who served 90 days or more. He served in the 1st Ohio L. A. from August, 1861, to August, 1865.

WILL HELP KEEP THE WOLF FROM THE DOOR.

John N. Shultz, McFall, Mo., says that the $12 per month service pension bill will help to keep the wolf form the door of many old couples. He says old couples advisedly, because in every school district there are old couples to be found who are struggling with poverty, and the wife contributed as much during the war as her husband, with her brave self-sacrifice at home.

SCATTERING.

Leroy H. Zimmerman, Williamsburg, Ohio, requests that some comrade send him the piece of poetry entitled "The Old Canteen."

C. C. Cowan, 2d Minn. Light Art., 613 4th Ave., St. Cloud, Minn., would like some of the 2d Minn. Battery boys to tell their experiences in The National Tribune. He wishes also to hear from the 14th Ill., especially Co. F, and would like the survivors of that regiment to give an account of their first battle at Pittsburg Landing.

BATTLING FOR A PENSION.

The Hard Time a New Jersey Veteran Has Had in Getting an Allowance.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: At the second call for defenders of the Union, I inlisted at Somerville, N. J., in May, 1861, and served until July, 1865—more than four years. When mustered in at Trenton, N. J., I was 22 years old, robust, and straight as an arrow. I would have been one of the 90-days men who responded to the first call, but the Government soon got all the men wanted, and I had to wait for the next summons. Before my company, about 90 men, was ordered to the front which was in June, every man had agreed to serve three years. I served in Co. G, 3d N. J., and in Co. C, 15th N. J., First Division, Sixth Corps. I was never in hospital, never a detail in the Quartermaster or Commissary Departments, or in any other "soft place." I stayed with my regiment in sunshine and storm, and, when the end came, received an honorable discharge. I was in the two Bull Run battles, the Seven Days fights, the battles of the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, and nearly all the deadly struggles with Lee on what are famous and historical Virginia battlefields. I was at Gettysburg, and was with the troops that chased Lee to Appomattox. I have not the space to detail my experience in all the great battles and smaller encounters, but will mention one or two. At Spotsylvania we charged and captured the rebel breastworks, held them about half an hour, and then the Johnnies recaptured them. We were under the hottest kind of fire, going in and coming out. The rebels put 21 bullet holes through my overcoat, but I was unhurt. The air was so full of bullets that, although the night was dark, I imagined I could see them. We had to withdraw across an open field, and go about two miles through the dark woods. Our loss was heavy. When I examined my overcoat the next morning, I thought myself extremely fortunate. Unlike my overcoat, I escaped the bullets, but in stumbling through the woods I ran into the branches of a prostrate tree, one of the twigs nearly putting out one of my eyes. I have been blind in that eye ever since that awful night.

At Winchester my company supported a battery of six brass guns. In the midst of the artillery duel a fragment of shell struck my hip, laming me permanently. My hearing is still defective, the result of the roar of cannon and the bursting of shells in my immediate vicinity. They wanted to send me to the hospital, but I refused to go.

I know all about Burnside's mud march. When we got back to camp, we were not sent to the doctors—they came to us. They brought their infallible cure for all diseases—quinine. The physician would say: "Here, my man, you are sick. Take this." Having administered his unfailing "balm in Gilead," he would demand of the soldier his name, company, and regiment, all of which he would record in a book. Burnside's whole army was reported sick.

I have written somewhat of my trials and tribulations in the army, but I want to say that my hardest battles have been fought since the war with the Johnnies closed, and I am fighting a battle now. In an application for a pension made in 1879, I furnished the Bureau with everything called for, except my family physician. He was dead, and I was powerless to resurrect him. They insisted, however, that my family physician must fill out and sign a certain paper—make an affidavit. I saw my hope of a pension go glimmering. I could not meet the requirements. I declined, of course, to dig up the body of the dead physician, carry it to a notary's office, and have it subscribe its name and be sworn to an affidavit. I let the matter rest for a time, and then tried again, stating that I could prove by many witnesses that the physician was dead. They sent me a package of blank affidavits, and by the time I had paid notary fees and traveling expenses I was out of pocket $40. Those affidavits were forwarded to Washington, where they remained undisturbed for nearly a year. When I called attention to them, the "bureaucrats" demanded that I send them something more. I sent it. Again there was a rest—some three months. Once more I called attention to the matter, and was informed that more evidence must be furnished. I furnished it. In spite of my good war record and two honorable discharges, I was subjected to delays and indignities, until, finally, after the expiration of nearly four years, I was granted a pension of $4 a month. My! was not that great?

I did not trouble them any more for a while, but eventually concluded that I was entitled to an increase. In answer to my application I was ordered before a board for examination, and more evidence was demanded. After I had complied with all the requirements, the matter was suffered to remain in statu quo for about three years. I made another spasmodic effort, the result being about the same — some years' delay. A detective was sent into my neighborhood to get "more evidence." He was a self-important, imperious sort of fellow. He spent some time there, and in the environing country, interviewing the citizens regarding my life and family history. He also asked me many questions—some of them upside down, in an effort to confuse me. Some of the questions he answered himself, writing his answers in a book. He studiously neglected to record information that was favorable to my application. My neighbors gave indisputable evidence that my record was all right, some of them saying that if they had my record they would consider themselves entitled to a pension of $24 per month. After writing such statements in his book as suited himself, he drew a paper from his pocket and said: "These statements do not correspond. How do you explain it?" "Well," said I, "the statements in the paper bearing my signature are true. The record you have written and signed yourself is not true in the most important particulars." "Well," said he, "what I say goes; what you say does not go." This autocratic detective, representing the "bureaucrats," went to a 'Squire and interrogated him about as follows:

"Do you know the French boys?"

"Yes."

"Were they in the war?"

"Some of them were, I believe."

"Do you know the oldest one?"

"Yes; he worked in this neighborhood, before and since the war."

"Was he wounded?"

"Not that I know of."

"Did you ever notice anything the matter with his eyes?"

"Yes, he is badly cross-eyed."

Now, I am 66 years old, and my eyes have always been straight. However, that "record maker" wrote down in his book that I was cross-eyed, and that the witness did not know of my being wounded. I have been before 18 different boards of Government physicians, not one of whom ever pronounced me cross-eyed. Thus it went on, the "record maker" writing down everything that could be possibly construed against me, and carefully omitting to record the overwhelming evidence that was in my favor.

I was subjected to an excrutiatingly painful physical examination, that domineering detective being present. I cried, "For God's sake, don't kill me! You didn't do it in the war, and don't do it now!"

The papers were forwarded, and my claim rejected. A veteran who had served more than four years, wounded and broken down, honorably discharged, had no claim, apparently, on the Government for which he had fought and suffered.

Finally, however, after years of expense and trouble, I was granted a pension of $8 per month, subsequently decreased to $6.—PHILLIP FRENCH, 411 Klagg ave., Trenton, N. J.

FREE

Dr. Marshal Beaty, the Throat and Lung Specialist, of Cincinnati, recently completed a series of trial treatments of his Antiseptic Medicated Air Cure on one hundred patients; some were consumptives of the lowest emaciated stages, others of a catarrhal and bronchial nature. The record of each patient kept by the Doctor as the home treatment progressed, was very interesting. One of the most remarkable and gratifying features in connection with the treatment was the great and rapid increase in weight of the patients, some of them gaining as much as 20 pounds of flesh in four weeks time. This is certainly phenomenal, and is proof sufficient that this great discovery has solved the problem of a permanent cure for the thousands of sufferers from all catarrhal, bronchial and lung troubles. In his account of it, the Doctor says: "No germ of Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis or Consumption can live under the action of this powerful antiseptic. When taken internally and breathed and inhaled into the air passages, bronchial tubes and cells of the lungs, the germs are at once destroyed and expelled from the system, and the disease is arrested and cured by removing the cause."

To introduce and prove beyond doubt that this great treatment will cure Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh and Weak Lungs, Dr. Beaty has decided to make another test offer to others of a **Full Month's Treatment, Free,** including Inspirator and all medicines complete, exactly as shown in illustration.

The Doctor will keep in close touch with all patients during the progress of the treatment, and will make no charge for his professional services, consultation, and the necessary correspondence. This test course is intended to prove the genuine merits of the treatment and costs nothing.

When Dr. Beaty makes such a liberal offer as this, thereby saving patients the large sums they ordinarily expend for medicine, advice, consultations, prescriptions, etc., there is surely no excuse why sufferers should hesitate to put his treatment to the test.

Do not delay, but write at once, addressing Dr. M. Beaty, 220 West 9th St., Cincinnati, Ohio, and tell him the nature of your head, throat or lung trouble, and how long the disease has had a hold on you. While the weather is warm and settled the best and quickest results of this antiseptic treatment are obtained.