SHORT HISTORIES OF NOTABLE REGIMENTS.

By COL. WM. F. FOX

TWENTY-SECOND IOWA INFANTRY.

LAWLER'S BRIGADE—CARR'S (E. A.) DIVISION—THIRTEENTH CORPS.

(1) COL. WILLIAM M. STONE; BVT. BRIG.-GEN. (2) COL. HARVEY GRAHAM; BVT. BRIG.-GEN.

Companies.	Killed and Died of Wounds.			Died of Disease, Accidents, In Prison, &c.			Total Enrollment.
	Officers.	Men.	Total.	Officers.	Men.	Total.	
Field and Staff	1	1	2	1	2	3	16
Company A	1	4	5	.	11	11	92
B	1	10	11	.	11	11	109
C	.	14	14	.	19	19	107
D	1	18	19	.	14	14	108
E	1	10	11	.	16	16	105
F	.	8	8	.	11	11	106
G	.	8	8	.	13	13	117
H	.	16	16	.	13	13	103
I	1	13	14	.	15	15	99
K	.	6	6	.	10	10	105
Totals	6	108	114	1	135	136	1,067

114 killed = 10.6 per cent.

Total of killed and wounded, 421.

Battles.	K. & M.W.	Battles.	K. & M.W.
Magnolia Hills, Miss	3	Jackson, Miss	1
Vicksburg, Miss. (May 22d)	70	Opequon, Va	22
Vicksburg Trenches, Miss	9	Cedar Creek, Va	9

Present, also, at Champion's Hill; Black River Bridge; Iberia; Opelousas; Fort Esperanza; Indianola; Port Lavaca; Bermuda Hundred; Halltown; Berryville; Fisher's Hill; Woodstock.

NOTES.—Organized at Iowa City in August, 1862, leaving the State on September 14th. It was stationed at Rolla, Mo., during the rest of the year, and at other points in Missouri until March, 1863, when it joined Grant's Army, then commencing the Vicksburg campaign. It was assigned to Lawler's (2d) Brigade, Carr's Division, Thirteenth Corps. It was engaged at Port Gibson, the opening battle of the Vicksburg campaign, where it lost 2 killed and 21 wounded; was in reserve at Champion's Hill; was slightly engaged at Black River Bridge, where the brigade carried off the honors of the day.

In the assault on Vicksburg, May 22d, it sustained the greatest loss of any regiment engaged, its casualties amounting to 27 killed, 118 wounded, and 19 missing. The brigade was formed for this assault by column of regiments, with the Twenty-second in advance, the point of attack being a fort on a hill in front of the column. The regiment passed the abattis, gained the ditch and planted its flag on the parapet, where it remained waving for nine hours. The assault having failed at other points, the gallant regiment was obliged to abandon the position which it had fought so hard to gain. At one time during the assault, Sergeant Joseph E. Griffith, of Company I. with a squad of twenty men, climbed the wall of the fort, and, effecting an entrance, engaged in a hand-to-hand fight, from which the sergeant and only one man returned alive.

In August, 1863, the division (Washburne's) moved to New Orleans, and the regiment served in that department during the ensuing twelve months. In July, 1864, the regiment was transferred to the Nineteenth Corps, with which it proceeded to Virginia and fought under Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley. At the battle of the Opequon it lost 11 killed, 63 wounded, and 31 missing; total, 105. It was then in Molineux's (2d) Brigade, Grover's (2d) Division, Nineteenth Corps.

EDITORIAL NOTE: The above is a page reproduced from Col. Fox's famous book, "Regimental Losses." Other pages, giving short histories of notable regiments, will appear from week to week. It is hoped the appearance of these short histories will stimulate comrades to send in material for the preparation of more complete histories of their respective regiments than have yet appeared.

MEADE AT GETTYSBURG.

Failure to Improve His Opportunity and Crush Lee's Army.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In your issue of The National Tribune of Aug. 27, under the caption of "The Result at Gettysburg," you quote from Gen. John B. Gordon's article in Scribner's Magazine, to the effect that according to his idea of it the rebel army practically had us whipped at Gettysburg, and that their failure to make the victory complete and decisive, he further says, was their failure to improve the opportunity presented to them the first day. Be this as it may; the writer of this was not a participant, nor present on the field, the first day, but from the morning of the second day to the close of that terrible and bloody contest he was privileged to take a humble part, and at its close he knew that he had been in a "fight," and that Lee's army was then making a "flying switch" back to "old Virginia" via the Potomac River as fast as 6 Tribune vbg vb xz xzfiifffj ? human effort could move it. And right here let me say that if in the opinion of Gen. Gordon the rebel commander at Gettysburg failed to score a decisive victory because of his failure to improve the opportunities that the first day presented, then our own commander (Meade) certainly missed the golden opportunity of his entire military career when he failed to destroy " 's shattered army before it could recross the Potomac River (swollen from recent rains into a raging torrent) via the only means he had for crossing, viz., one pontoon bridge, according to official reports. It is utterly inconceivable how Meade could afford to allow an opportunity to slip from his grasp that would without a doubt have resulted in the complete destruction of Lee's army, and that would have placed his (Meade's) name among the immortals of military fame. It would seem as if an "astute victorious commander" should have "known" that his enemy after such a beating must have been terribly disheartened, as well as about out of ammunition (which, if the rebel official reports were true, was the case with them at the close of the battle), they "claiming" to have shot away their entire artillery ammunition preceding "Pickett's charge;" also, that their small ammunition was nearly exhausted, and that they had no way of obtaining a further supply on "that side of the Potomac." Neither had they an opportunity to recruit any on "our side" of the Potomac. On the other hand, Meade had almost boundless resources in men and all other war material to draw on at once. He had a large force of cavalry, and almost the entire Sixth Corps (only a brigade or two of which had been engaged at all) lying back in reserve, "fresh." Oh, for a commander at that critical moment with something of the energy, dash, audacity and genius of a Napoleon or our own Phil Sheridan. What a picnic it would have been for a man of Sheridan's caliber and disposition. Who can believe but what he would have instantly hurled upon his retreating enemy all of his cavalry and his fresh Sixth Corps, in reserve (as was always, invariably, Wellington's and Napoleon's plan), and that he would have compelled Lee to either surrender long before he reached the Potomac, or else have driven him into the Potomac, as Napoleon did the allies into the Lake at Austerlitz? It was surely too bad. Gen. Meade certainly missed a great opportunity there. There can be no question about that. And as far as reinforcements were concerned, Gen. Meade could have collected on the way back toward the Potomac an auxiliary force of at least 50,000 men. But Gen. Meade was neither a Napoleon, a Sheridan, a Wellington, nor a Sherman or Thomas.—S. W. HART, 29th Ohio, Champaign, Ill.

Living Past Commanders.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Elgin Post, 49, Elgin, Ill., sends out a challenge in regard to her Past Post Commanders, 12 in number, all living, and wants to know who can beat it. I will call him and go him nine better. E. M. Stanton Post, 166, Department of Ohio, Steubenville, O., was organized in 1881, and has had 21 Commanders, all living in Steubenville, with the exception of one, and all vote the Republican ticket. They are as follows: M. J. Urynhart, 98th Ohio; D. W. Matlack, 2d Ohio; A. M. Roe, Chicago Board of Trade Battery; John Pearce, 62d Ohio; B. N. Lindsey, 98th Ohio; John F. Oliver, 25th Ohio; E. H. Sprague, 32d Ohio; J. D. Porter, 98th Ohio; James Lavery (two years), 98th Ohio; William McMullen, 1st Ohio; Fred Kaufman, 123d Pa.; W. F. Ridgley, 98th Ohio; D. G. Smith, 2d W. Va.; J. C. Ault, 1st Ohio (two years); B. F. Prentiss, 1st Ohio; B. H. Maxwell, 52d Ohio; R. G. Richards, 55th Pa.; Wm. Ruddicks, 1st W. Va. Cav.; John Welch, 98th Ohio; B. H. Fisher, 157th Ohio; R. M. Brown, 1st Ohio. All the Senior Vice Commanders are living, except one—Charles Gallagher, 84th Ohio; one Junior Vice, Jas. R. Lazear, 15th W. Va., died while holding office; all the rest are living. Joseph Marion, Co. C, 7th H. A., Past Quartermaster, is dead; the other Quartermasters are all living; one, J. D. Porter, 98th Ohio, served for nine consecutive years. Of the Chaplains, Rev. Jas. A. Cook, 170th Ohio; Joseph High, 18th Ohio Battery, and Amos Parsons, 157th Ohio, are dead; the others all living. The present Chaplain, W. F. Ridgley, 98th Ohio, has been re-elected each year for the past 12 years. Our Post has at the present time 192 members. We meet first and third Monday nights of each month. We have never taken a vote on the $12 pension bill, but I am of the opinion the Post would indorse it if brought before them.—B. H. MAXWELL, Adjutant, No. 303 Madison Ave., Steubenville, O.

Reunion of Old Comrades.

Among the happy reunions of old comrades during the National Encampment in San Francisco, perhaps none was more remarkable than the meeting of four of the original members of Co. A, 9th Ill. Cav.—Geo. Ferguson, Jas. Stone, Chas. Titterington and Dr. G. M. Keller, of Oakland, Cal., who had not looked into each others' faces since they were discharged in the Fall of 1864. One of the most interesting features of their reunion was the old guidon, still in the possession of Geo. Ferguson, of Los Angeles, Cal., under which they marched during the three years of their service, and which, though faded, tattered and torn, without a semblance of its original beauty, is of priceless value to its possessor. With the guidon attached to an improvised staff they made perhaps the proudest set of "fours" that marched in the great parade.

RHEUMATISM

Cured Through the Feet

Don't Take Medicine. External Remedy Brings Quick Relief. FREE on Approval. TRY IT.

We want everyone who has rheumatism to send us his or her name. We will send by return mail a pair of Magic Foot Drafts, the wonderful external cure which has brought more comfort into the United States than any internal remedy ever made. If they give relief, send us One Dollar; if not don't send us a cent.

Magic Foot Drafts are worn on the soles of the feet and cure by absorbing the poisonous acids in the blood through the large pores. They cure rheumatism in every part of the body. It must be evident to you that we couldn't afford to send the drafts on approval if they didn't cure. Write to-day of the Magic Foot Draft Co., S.C.17 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich., for a trial pair of drafts on approval. We send also a valuable booklet on Rheumatism.

OLD SQUIRE.

(Continued from first page.)

yards, his beat at each end reaching the river bank, his position most distant from the reserve being nearly 200 yards away. It was the duty of this sentinel to watch the river, and especially the far side of the ford, which, however, would be utterly invisible until daylight; his rear was protected by the company's vedets on the road, and his flanks by other guards—on the east by the reserves themselves, on the west by another sentinel beyond whom a vedet had been posted perdu.

Squire was becoming desperate. Hours had passed; he had confidence that his friends were still waiting for him—waiting, but almost hopeless. He knew that unless they could cross the Potomac this night, Stuart would so far outride them that they would hardly dare to venture. He fancied their suspense, comparing it with his own; how long would it be before they should decide that he was lost to them, and cease to wait? The thought caused a sudden fear that they had already gone. And the negro's small hope was not in Mahs Chahley, but in Serg't Morgan and Seney. He knew Armstrong was rash. If at this moment he had heard shout and shot, his surprise would not have been great; but he knew that force was not the means to use for success in his own case, or in theirs, and he knew that Seney and Morgan knew it. How much time did he have? Perhaps none—yet he must try.

Sitting there on the grass, his hand touched a hard and uneven substance, at first he knew not what. He had been almost at the point of springing to his feet and running hard for the river. Squire was an excellent swimmer, and, once in the water, might laugh at carbines fired into the night. Perhaps the Sergeant's soliloquy concerning the advisability of changing his base had been concluded by the reflection that not one prisoner in a thousand would run for deep water under the fire of the guards, and that if this negro should do so, it would be for the purpose not merely to rid himself of present small embarrassment, but ultimately to escape slavery. But Squire had fully made up his mind: he would reach the river, plunge in, swim far down, and by a circuit reach his friends. The hard object, however, had induced a pause; he tried to lift it; it seemed a stump, immovable; in a moment he knew better; the thing was of metal, embedded in the earth. He pulled at it again, but failed. Then he began carefully to scrape the earth from its edges with his nails; he knew now what it was—a little broken pot, left here by some campers, no telling how many years before. He continued his work until he was able to shake the thing, and knew that at the opportune moment he should have no difficulty in pulling it out.

Laffney was looking toward the river; Squire was looking at Laffney. Laffney yawned, took a step aside, looked over his left shoulder * * * in that last moment the negro sprang to his feet, and, with the broken pot in his hands, was speeding toward the bluff.

The guard turned at the noise, saw the fleeing form, raised his carbine without a word—and fired.

At this instant the sentinel on Beat No. 1 had started on his tramp westward. He turned, and saw the negro just disappearing over the edge of the bluff; he fired.

The sentinel on Beat No. 1 heard a great splash in the water.

Laffney was running to the bluff. When he reached it, there was nothing.

Great commotion arose in the company's bivouac; a stampede threatened, many believing the rebels were upon them; men were running to their horses; men were shouting; horses were stamping and struggling.

Serg't Dow, however, had seized upon the fact of the escape, and speedily reported to Capt. Freeman, who at once restored quiet.

"That darky must want to follow his master very bad," said the Captain. "I was right in believing that he had been cut off."

"Maybe he's running for freedom," said Brock.

"No, I don't believe it; he would have had no excuse for not saying so. He'd know very well that we'd send him along."

"Hawley believes he killed him, sir," said the Sergeant; "says that when he fired, the negro was in the act of springing into the water, and that he never rose. I heard the splash myself."

"Hawley is a remarkable shot, and has remarkable vision," said Freeman, incredulously. "Brock, give orders for doubling Dow's guards. We don't know a thing; those shots may bring some inquisitive people upon us. Let everything be alert. Wagon not come yet?"

"No, sir."

"More reason to be careful. Brock, have all the men to keep awake and ready for any emergency."

* * * * * * *

Squire had not felt the touch of lead or of water. On the brink of the bluff he had thrown the pot into the stream, and at once had leaped, not outward, but downward, risking the typical place—underneath him a narrow shelving shore from which the waters had receded. He had landed safely, his feet deep in the mud, and at once had crawled down the river, keeping under the bluff upon which the guards quickly stood. Soon there was no need of crawling; and he rose to his feet and climbed the bluff. He stopped, and looked up the river; he could see nothing, but could hear the noise of the alarm.

"Dem men not a-gwine to quit hunt'n' feh dis ole niggeh," he thought. "I betteh be a-gitt'n' fuddeh; hit ain't no sense in ole Squiah stayin' 'bout sheah no mo'e."

He turned to go on down; before him he could see deeper blackness, which he knew was a wooded hill; he would get to the wood, then fetch a bend and make his way back to his friends, and report the ford guarded; the little squad could not cross. Suddenly he stood still on the brink of a chasm; another step and he should have fallen. He got down on his knees, and could see the opposite wall of the ravine. He scrambled to the bottom, not more than ten feet, and bent his way to the river, chuckling.

An hour later, almost exhausted, he reached the spot where he had warned Armstrong. He climbed the fence and marched north, whistling a low note.

* * * * * * *

"George," said Morgan, interrupting Squire's report that the ford was guarded, "do you know any other ford near by?"

"None nearer than the one just below Edwards Ferry," said Seney.

"Too far up; eight or 10 miles. We must risk it below."

"Mahs Dan, dey's anotheh fohd down dah—I mos' fell into de road, an' den I didn't do nothin but go down de road to de wateh. Hit's a fohd feh true, 'caze I seed whah de people be'n a-gwine acrowst, an' I knows dat ef dey kin go acrawst, we kin too, leastways ef dat dah Cap'm Freeman an' his men don't sheah us a-comin'; dey is mighty clost."

"Capt. Freeman? The same man we saw to-day?"

"Yassah, he de ve'y same man, an' he s'picion me pow'ful. He look at me lak he think me de debble."

"Got his whole company with him?"

"Yassah."

"How far above the place you saw?" asked Seney.

"Not mo'e'n a quauteh."

"We must risk it," Morgan exclaimed. "Think we can make it, Squire?"

"Yessah; de good book hit say de Lawd kin mek He chillun go th'ough de sea dess lak hit's dry groun'."

"Squire, you're a man all over. I wouldn't fail to cross to-night for—well, if we should fail to-night, we'd never catch up, and then what would the General say? Boys, we must try it."

"We can't afford not to try it," said Armstrong.

Squire mounted, and made ready to lead the way.

"Mahs Dan, dem Yankee sojehs is a-watchin' mighty clost. Dey ain't got a mou'ful feh dey hosses. Dey dess be'n a 'spectin' ev'y minute 'at dey waggin'd come up, but hit ain't come up yit."

"Lead on, Squire. Give 'em a wide berth."

They were in motion toward the road, riding in single file, when noises were heard. Squire halted, and his followers closed up.

"Mahs Dan, hit's dat waggin a-comin' now. Don't shu heah de whee's?"

"Yes," whispered the Sergeant, "and that wagon ought to be ours; but we can't spare the time."

The noises came nearer. They could hear the tramp of a squad of cavalry, and voices, and the lumbering of the wagon in the rear. They still waited, for fear of a rear-guard; but soon all sounds ceased, and Squire started again, the soldiers riding silently one by one.

At length, past midnight, they halted on the river bank; at once Armstrong dismounted.

"Boys, it's my time now," he said, taking his picket rope from his saddle.

"Better strip, Charley," said Seney.

"That's just what I'm going to do."

Morgan walked up the river bank to reconnoiter; when he returned he found Armstrong ready to lead the way into the water. The ford was unknown; the stream was wide and deep; any misstep might be fatal.

"Charley," said the Sergeant, "don't be in haste. Those men back there are as busy as bees. The wagon has come up, and they are feeding. Take your time, now."

Armstrong walked into the water. He had in his hand a slender pole, more than 10 feet long; to his body was tied his picket rope, the other end fastened to Morgan's arm. Following Morgan came old Squire, while Lewis, leading Armstrong's horse, brought up the rear.

The moon had gone down, but the surface of the river could be seen. Armstrong slowly waded on with the water constantly deepening until it was up to his armpits; a moment more and he was swimming.

Morgan had halted. He felt the rope get taut; then he pulled steadily and brought the swimmer back to standing ground.

Now Armstrong waded to the right as far as his rope would allow, but found deeper water. He came back and waded to his left; here the water still took him almost to his shoulders; but he moved on some 40 yards, Morgan following.

Again the leader struck straight forward, the water lessening in depth. He was beginning to believe that he had found the right way; yet again the water deepened, and he paused. The rapid river was hard to withstand—not only was strength required to force his way forward, he must also resist the downward rush of the water; he would take breath.

As yet not a word had been spoken. The nearness of the Federal cavalry was such that over the surface of the river sounds might easily reach them. At length Armstrong, feeling rested, decided that he must make another advance. He would try the right again; he leaned his body in that direction; he struggled to move, but could not; he felt himself sinking fast, his feet embedded in quicksand; he struggled again, but could not move his feet; he shouted, and Morgan pulled, but seemed to pull against a rock. His horse was stiff in his tracks on a bottom fairly firm, but the body of his guide was immovable. Again Armstrong shouted, and at the instant a shot was heard on the river bank above them, and then loud voices, and the sound of running, and another shot.

"I's a-comin', Mahs Chahley," cried old Squire, making his horse plunge to Morgan's side.

"Hold on there, sir. What do you mean to do?" asked the Sergeant.

"I's a-gwine to my Mahs Chahley."

"No; just take hold here, and help pull."

The strength of two arms speedily drew the exhausted man back to safety. Meantime, in their rear, the noises had increased, and they knew that men were running down the river bank.

"I'm a-thinkin' w'd better go ahead," said Joe, from the rear.

"Silence," said Morgan. He had no thought that they should be pursued into the water, and they were already too far to be seen; all he feared was some shot fired in the darkness at a noisy target.

Armstrong was too weak to continue; he stood in the water, leaning against Morgan's horse.

"Go back and tell Mr. Lewis to bring up your Mahs Charley's horse," the Sergeant whispered to Squire.

"Yassah, an' den w'at shu gwine to do, Mahs Dan?"

"I'm going to lead, just as he was doing."

"No, sah, you dess lemme lead, Mahs Dan. De good book hit say de las' gwine to be de fust, an' I knows I ain't high, an I can't do nothin' in de wateh; but I's dess a-gwine awn dry so widout gitt'n' awff o' dis hoss, Mahs Dan."

Now there was a great uproar—men shouting on the bank directly in the rear. Morgan felt that Squire was right—something must be done at once, and the least risk was in doing what the negro wanted to do. Squire was a light-weight, and his horse could therefore lead with the minimum of peril to all.

Lewis ranged alongside and helped Armstrong, naked, to mount.

Then Squire forged ahead, giving his horse the bridle.

"Dis sheah critteh mought ha' be'n acrawst sheah befo'e now," muttered the old man to himself, "an' den ag'in he moughtn't; but I knows he got he haid down clost whah he kin smell de bottom, an' ef he ain't got 'nough sense to keep he foot out o' de bog, he ain't fitten feh dawg meat. De good book hit say de hoss got lots o' sense; leastways hit don't say he ain't got none."

Whether it was that Squire's trust in instinct was more accurate than his knowledge of Scripture, or that accident favored him, his beast turned to the right at a sharp angle and was soon on better ground for depth, and though the passage now was full of jagged rocks, they were making good headway in the middle of the stream. The noise in the rear continued, and scattering shots warned them to hasten. Morgan feared that the northern end of Rowser's Ford was guarded and that the guards there, hearing the shots, would come down the river and head them off; so he rode almost by Squire's side, urging on. The water again became very deep. Once Squire felt that his horse was swimming, but in an instant bottom was touched, and then the shore loomed close at hand.

Morgan ordered Squire to halt, and all the party ranged alongside in the water. They listened intently, fearing foes on the bank; but in their front, and now at the south as well, there was no sound. Yet the Sergeant would be prudent. He could not know whether the exit was strongly guarded, but he was going to take the venture. They could not now return, and he gathered his men and prepared to force the passage. He made Squire take the rear; he waited until Armstrong had succeeded in partly clothing himself; then, with weapons ready, he led the way into Maryland.

(To be continued.)

The Development of Mexico.

The cities and towns of Mexico are improving at a most surprising rate, and it is proposed to give such a development to the capital as will keep it easily in the lead. The Government is now proposing to spend $50,000,000 in new buildings in Mexico City alone. The principal will be a "Legislative Palace," copied from our National Capitol, which will cost probably $20,000,000. The foundations are now being laid. Next in importance will be the National Pantheon, which will cost more than $5,000,000, and which will be a memorial to Mexico's great dead, who will be buried there. There are about 6,000 Americans living in Mexico, and they have a great influence upon business and society, so much so that the English language is becoming second in importance in the city, supplanting French. Mexico City is also to copy Washington in its Government, which will be lodged in a Board of three men.

Reunion of the 5th Ohio Cav.

Seventy comrades of the 5th Ohio Cav. held their Annual Reunion at Amelia, O., some 20 miles from Cincinnati. They had a good time; many clasping the hands of comrades they had not seen before since the close of the war.

SERVICE PENSION.

Views of Posts and Individuals on This Important Measure.

Comrade D. D. Swafford, Adjutant, Eagle Chief Post, 58, Department of Oklahoma, Carmen, Okla., informs The National Tribune that that Post "stands pat for the $12 service pension," and believes that it would do away with medical examiners to a great extent.

At a regular meeting of John W. Rawlins Post, 247, West Plains, Mo., Sept. 5, the service pension bill advocated by The National Tribune was unanimously indorsed.

Philip Gump Post, 550, New Freeport, Pa., has adopted resolutions unanimously indorsing the $12 service pension bill for all honorably discharged soldiers who served 90 days or more and the widows to have the same. This Post would urge upon their Representative in Congress and upon Senators the early enactment of this bill. Joff Dye, Commander; Geo. W. Shough, Adjutant.

At a regular meeting of McDowell Post, 391, Early, Iowa, resolutions were adopted approving the recommendation of the National G. A. R. Pension Committee, and the Commander and Adjutant were instructed to sign such resolutions and forward a copy to The National Tribune. W. H. Allen, Commander; W. T. Hay, Adjutant.

After consideration for months, and at the largest meeting the Post has had for some time, Gen. William S. Truex Post, South Amboy, N. J., has unanimously indorsed The National Tribune service pension bill.

Lawton Post, of Rathdrum, Idaho, unanimously indorses The National Tribune service pension bill.

Thomas Seely, 14th Ind., Tampa, Fla., heartily favors the proposed National Tribune service pension bill.

Gen. James B. Rickett Post, Dillsburg, Pa., unanimously decided to support the service pension bill and will request the Representative to aid its passage.

Chester A. Arthur Post, Marshall, Okla., unanimously indorsed the straight service pension bill, and resolved that The National Tribune is doing noble work in the interest of the veterans, and it should receive the support of every comrade.

George Ward Post, Brant, Mich., unanimously indorsed the service pension.

At the regular meeting Sept. 9, William H. Davis Post, of Carbondale, Pa., unanimously indorsed the service pension bill.

Baker-Waller Post, of Rock Camp, O., favors a service pension bill.

James F. Anderson, Stanbury, Mo., favors a straight service pension bill.

William Bell, late Lieutenant in the 59th N. Y., Ossining, N. Y., is strongly in favor of a straight service pension bill. He was wounded at Ream's Station, Aug. 25, 1864.

Alexander Trimble Post, Redkey, Ind., votes in favor of a pension of $1 per day for all soldiers who served 90 days or more and were honorably discharged.

Comrade S. E. Root, late Chaplain of the 9th Mich., Rochester, N. Y., thinks that some of the comrades forget that they are not Chairmen of the Pension Committee, and should not open fire on the flank and rear of those who are trying to do something of the greatest benefit to all soldiers and their widows. No matter how meritorious the bills may be, Congress has not proposed them, and the question before the House is a simple $12 service pension. This is admitted to be of the greatest benefit to tens of thousands of comrades. So, do not endanger it by flank movements. Let us have a service pension first, and we can consider other measures later.

At its regular meeting, Reynolds Post, East Weymouth, Mass., indorsed the resolution adopted by the National Encampment in regard to the service pension bill.

Carrollton Post, Carrollton, Ill., unanimously adopted resolutions indorsing The National Tribune Service Pension bill and sent the same to United States Senators Cullom and Hopkins. The Hon. Henry T. Rainey was called to the meeting, and asked to address it. He said that if he had been brought there to pledge his support to this bill, the invitation was useless, for he had long believed that a service pension should be given every Union soldier of the greatest war of modern times. The soldiers should not be asked to bare their backs and display their shrunken forms to Examining Boards. They should not be compelled to ask a pittance when abundance is justly theirs. Mr. Rainey represents the 20th District of Illinois, and the comrades feel that he can be relied upon to earnestly support the bill.

Corp'l Philip French, G, 3d N. J., and C, 15th N. J., served four years, and was always present with his gun whenever his regiment turned out. He favors a service pension in addition to that received for disability, and thinks that the pension should begin at once, because it will do no good after the soldier is dead.

J. Q. Hoagland, 30th N. J., Rowland's Mills, N. J., says keep it up on the service pension till every old soldier has a pension, and his widow.

T. M. Davis, Hebron, Neb., says that he believes that the $12 service pension bill should be passed, but fears that Congress will turn the veterans down.

Robert Russell Post, Russell, Ohio, has unanimously indorsed the National Tribune Service Pension bill.

Michael Cook, Faribault, Minn., heartily and unanimously favors the enactment of the proposed service pension bill.

S. W. Battenfield, Mount Carbon, Colo., served four years in the 27th Ohio, is getting $12 a month now, and is thankful for it, and wishes every other comrade the same allowance.

Gen. Julius White Post, of Chicago, was organized 11 years ago with 16 charter members, by James S. Atwood, and meets in Van Buren Hall, corner of Madison St. and California Ave., Chicago. It has now 85 members in good standing and more coming in. It unanimously indorses The National Tribune service pension bill.

AGAINST THE AGE LIMITATION.

J. H. Powell, 10th Tenn., Bertram, Tex., is opposed to the age limitation. He is 55 years old. He had to give up his lovely home in Tennessee to escape capture by the Confederate officers and get to the Union army. He remained with the 7th Ill. Cav., and took part with it in the battle of Colliersville, where he was wounded, though he was still too young to enlist. He afterwards entered the 10th Tenn., and served till the close of the war, being always present for duty with his regiment. Even before he enlisted he managed to do a great deal of service in piloting the Union cavalry through Tennessee, as he knew all the roads.

John Morton, 37th Ind., Pueblo, Col., is earnestly opposed to age limitations.

G. H. Harvey, of Maysville, Mo., thinks it is not right to draw the line at 62 years, which will leave out a lot of younger soldiers for six or seven years. "Let us have the service pension by all means, but do not make the age limit so far off."

James L. Worley, Salem, Ark., is against all limitations in the service pension. One of his comrades is 75 years old, and his service lacked three days of completing 90. Comrade Worley served three years, and would have to wait two or three years before being entitled to a pension under the 62-years clause.

B. F. Hahn, 25th Ind., is in favor of a service pension bill without limitations, as so many comrades who are not yet 62 years old would be deprived of their pensions, though they are now unfit for manual labor.

Frank Smith, Soldiers' Home, Washington, D. C., enlisted at the age of 16, in October, 1862, and was discharged by expiration of term of service in 1865. He is only 56 years old, and would have to wait six years for a pension, and knows 20 of his comrades in Wheeling, W. Va., who would have to do the same thing.

MONUMENT TO BENJ. F. STEPHENSON.

Memorial Post of Cleveland Sets an Example.

At a regular meeting of Memorial Post, of Cleveland, O., the largest in the city, Comrade T. F. McGillicuddy brought up the matter of a proposed monument to Dr. Benjamin F. Stephenson, the founder of the Grand Army of the Republic, and made a brief, forcible speech in which he stated that every surviving veteran, and every family of such are directly or indirectly indebted to the self-sacrificing efforts of the founder of the G. A. R. Had it not been for that work the just claims of our comrades would not have received anything like the attention that they have had. He gave a review of Dr. Stephenson's life; his years of unrequited toil for the Order, and said: "The world is full of over-estimated men; the grave-yard is peopled with underestimated men. It was the misfortune of Comrade Stephenson to be numbered with the latter, yet the campfires burn and glow in unbroken succession from ocean to ocean, and hundreds of thousands of veterans are united in the greatest patriotic Order the world has ever seen." At the conclusion of the speech Comrade McGillicuddy offered a resolution, which was unanimously adopted, appropriating from the funds of the Post the sum of 10 cents per capita of its membership, and appointed a committee of three to take charge of the fund and solicit other individual contributions, inside and outside the Post.

Americanizing Scotch Factories.

The Scotch manufacturers and workingmen are more progressive than their English colleagues, and it is rather remarkable the way they are taking hold of American ideas. One of the most important is what they call the "one-break day." The system has been for the men to come to the shops without breakfast and about 8 or 9 o'clock have an hour for that meal, after which they returned and worked until dinner time, when there was another intermission. In 1901 some progressive man introduced the American idea of having the men get their breakfast at home and start to work at 7 or 8 and work through till 12, when they had an hour for dinner, and then worked on till supper-time. The workmen at first resisted the change quite strenuously, but were afterwards gotten to accept it, and it did so well that other shops are adopting what seems to us a matter of the commonest of common sense. Some of them, however, will not accept it in its entirety, and in 13 of the large shops of Edinburg they are only trying the American plan three days in the week and the old system the remaining three days. Another American idea introduced is that of giving a workman a premium for completing his task in less than the usual time. For example, if he is given a piece of work the usual time for which is six days, and he completes it in five, he gets a bonus of one-half day's wages. This enables the employer to get a bigger return upon his plant. The Trade Union so far maintains an attitude of hostility to this, however, which they say works badly for the middling and inferior workmen.

The Zebrula.

A strong competitor for the mule has developed in South Africa, and it is confidently predicted that by the end of this century the mule will be an interesting rarity and his place taken up by the zebrula, which is a cross between the horse and the zebra, and supposed to have all the good qualities of both. Probably it has its full share of the devilish ideas of both, but of this we hear nothing at present. The zebrula is immune to the dangerous horse diseases of South Africa and also to the "tsetse" fly, which is such a curse to the stock in that region. It is said to be livelier than the mule and quite as intelligent. A full-grown zebrula is 14 hands high and has a girth of 63 inches. The zebra stripes are preserved in the skin, but the color otherwise is that of the mother.

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