THE ARMY OF THE OHIO.

Marching, Manuvering and Fighting from Pulaski to Nashville.

Leading a Strenuous Life Through Middle Tennessee—Days and Nights of Wearing Effort and Excitement—The Culmination at Franklin and Nashville.

While the weary but hardy veterans of Sherman's army were enjoying a short but sorely needed breathing spell on the wooded hills of Cherokee County, Ala., Gen. Hood with his army, equally worn and more destitute of supplies, was content to rest at a fairly safe distance near Florence, on the Tennessee River.

After he was compelled to abandon the Atlanta stronghold, the intrepid Southron had determined to destroy our Cracker line, the army name for the railroads over which our supplies were transported, and to prevent this audacious movement there had been a severe strain of constant watching and tedious night marches on the part of our army.

Sherman, in his quick, nervous way would direct his Corps Commanders, as they started off in the darkness, to occasionally set a house afire to let him know where they were.

Hood's wily and energetic cavalry leader, Gen. Forrest, had with his force been almost constantly in their saddles, and this temporary suspension gave him the opportunity to rest his jaded steeds and recruit with fresh mounts. On one of these quiet days our great commander stood on the slope in front of his quarters, grimly peering down the smoky valleys and over the purple ranges that separated him from his impulsive antagonist, and deliberately planned the boldest military movement recorded in history, the famous "March to the Sea."

THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

When on one bright morning of early May Sherman's 100,000 marched out on the red-clay hills of northern Georgia to battle against the 75,000 that Johnston had held together, it was well known the contest would be mighty and that the oak-shaded hills and cottonfields on the path of war would be bathed with blood. The ablest commander in the Confederate army was opposed to us, and the proof of his military genius was manifested by his masterly retreat upon his stronghold, where for 120 consecutive days of fighting, with spirited skirmishes every day and general engagements every week, he entered the fortifications of Atlanta without having lost by capture a single fieldpiece, wagon or even a camp kettle.

The long Summer had cruelly tested the endurance of both armies, and during the first three months of the campaign, in the frequent assaults of the blue-uniformed warriors against the strong fieldworks that formed a gridiron across our lines of advance, we lost 20,000 brave men, and in the fourth month the Confederate army, under their new commander, lost an equal number in their mad rushes and sallies against our fortified cordon, and this, with the train loads they carried back over the Etowah and Chattahoochee Valleys, together with those buried on the battlefields, swelled their losses to 30,000.

In the early days of November, 1864, Sherman's army, parted at Gaylesville, the General, taking the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Seventeenth and Twentieth Corps, numbering over 60,000 men, formed them into two wings and started for the Atlantic coast.

HEADING OFF HOOD.

He left the Fourth and Twenty-third Corps, mustering 26,000 men, to oppose Hood's army of 54,000 men in all branches of service.

It seemed perhaps natural for Hood to believe that the way was left open for him to lead his army where he pleased, and that he could easily sweep away anything that would confront him in his triumphal march to Nashville, Louisville and Cincinnati.

But Sherman selected from his able associates the two commanders in whom he had the greatest confidence—Thomas and Schofield; having full knowledge of the former's wonderful power in organization, and the brains and capacity of the latter for execution.

As he marched his splendid army down through the mountain valleys of northern Alabama and Georgia toward Atlanta, he realized that the fighting would be done by those he left behind. But his experience in the Summer campaign gave him full reliance that their work would be well done, and that the two Generals would make no mistakes, but with the forces under them would accomplish as much as might be done by any two leaders in any country or age. The Twenty-third and Fourth Corps, upon whom so much depended, marched in quick order to Resaca and Dalton, where transportation awaited to take them by rail to Nashville and thence to Pulaski, arriving there the second week in November.

This movement was ordered by Thomas, the senior officer, but was under the direct command of Schofield.

The commanding General made his headquarters at Nashville, and remained there to organize a strong force, made up of detachments that had been on duty in the rear, also new regiments that had been recently recruited, and those, together with Gen. A. J. Smith's Corps, which had been ordered from the West, would reinforce the army at the front to an equal or larger number that Hood's, and enable us to face him, or even overcome his army.

At the same time vigorous efforts were made to remount, equip and place our cavalry on a better footing, with Gen. Wilson in command, who was expected to cope with the same branch of Hood's army, under Forrest, which numbered over 12,000 men.

Schofield's duty was to watch and retard Hood while this concentration about Nashville was progressing. Hood, however, was not inclined to wait for our preparations, and was ordered by Beauregard, who was his superior in command, to push forward from Florence, which he did on the 20th of November, expecting to flank Schofield at Lawrenceburg and cut off his retreat by rail from Pulaski. Hood's friends, spies and scouts, in and about Nashville, kept him accurately informed as to Thomas's movements, so that he determined upon as rapid an advance as possible; but bad roads retarded him so that almost a week had passed before he was able to concentrate his whole force at Columbia.

In the meantime Capron's, Croxton's and Hatch's cavalry were covering his front and on the lookout, and sent word to Schofield, who immediately prepared to fall back to Columbia.

Gen. Cox's Division of the Twenty-third Corps left their camps and started on the Columbia pike on the 22d and marched to Lynville, where they were joined by Wagner's Division, Fourth Corps.

On the afternoon of the 23d we marched to the junction of the Mt. Pleasant and Shelbyville roads. Before daylight of the 24th we were ordered to march to Columbia, and arrived there just after sunrise. As we approached the town the well-kept farms and spacious lawns, with long, straight lanes bordered with trees, leading up to the handsome mansions, gave us the impression of peace and comfort. But how quickly there was to be a change.

OPERATIONS AROUND COLUMBIA.

We were met, south of the town, by an officer of Ruger's staff, who informed us that Capron's cavalry were pouring into the town, and that the Confederates were not far behind them. Gen. Cox took in the situation at once, and with the instinct of an engineer, having a full knowledge of the lay of the ground, from the study of maps that were furnished him, decided not to enter the town; but the head of the column, then coming up, was double-quicked by a diagonal shortcut, at the outskirts of the place, and arrived on the Mt. Pleasant pike just at the critical lucky moment to meet the tail-end of Capron's fagged-out cavalrymen, closely pursued by Forrest's exultant troopers. A dashing Captain on a splendid black charger with foam-flecked shoulders and a yellow saddle blanket, was in the advance, deliberately shooting our men in the back of their heads with his revolver. He was dropped from his seat by the first infantryman that crossed the road. The plucky 100th Ohio was in one short minute deployed as skirmishers and advanced rapidly to meet the enemy, but, as usual, when cavalry meet an infantry line, they stopped, falling back on the road and through the fields beyond the range of our skirmish fire.

Gen. Cox's Division was soon in position, and before noon Gen. Stanley arrived with the Fourth Corps, approaching Columbia by a parallel road, and with the addition of Strickland's Brigade of Ruger's Division, Twenty-third Corps, reinforcements of cavalry and a Regular battery which joined us here, we were in better shape as to numbers than we were at Pulaski. Our stay at first in this position was rather monotonous, with only cavalry in our front, but an occasional skirmish added to the interest. When Hood's infantry arrived, and his batteries were placed in position, there was more excitement, with artillery practice; but they evidently did not like the looks of our position, for they made no demonstrations leading to an assault, but kept our cavalry on the flanks uneasy, as though they contemplated flanking us out of our positions.

"THE LITTLE BAND HAD THE CREDIT OF STAYING WHERE IT WAS PUT."

Schofield was anxious to preserve the railroad and wagonroad bridges that spanned Duck River, which he could only do by remaining on the town side; but he knew, too, that this would not be important if Hood should cross the river at some other point and get between him and Nashville; so, at the end of two days, after dark, Cox's Division was crossed over to the north side of the river, and works were thrown up to protect the bridge crossings. Two days later the balance of our troops, with artillery and trains, were brought over, and to prevent the enemy from using the bridges they were destroyed; but that did not prevent some of the venturesome from crossing in the darkness of the night, and our pickets had considerable trouble from the enemy's skirmishers. This annoyance was so great that Gen. Cox determined to drive them into the river, and sent word to his Inspecting Officer that one of the regiments of the First Brigade should charge them with the bayonet, and demonstrate right there whether or not those iron candlesticks they were carrying around with them could be turned to any other use as implements of war. The attempt failed, because their men were too well protected by the skirmishers and artillery on the opposite bank, their covered batteries pouring in a rapid plunging fire as soon as our line formed for the charge. The men were ready and eager to go, and had started a yell which invariably accompanied a double-quick advance, but the staff officer ordered them back under cover when he saw the attempt would result in too great a loss for the advantage to be gained.

A FLANK MOVEMENT.

On the morning of the 29th we learned that Hood was crossing some of his troops a few miles above Columbia, at Huey's Mill.

Gen. Stanley moved in the forenoon with a part of the Fourth Corps to guard the wagon trains then on the way to Spring Hill, and reached that place at noon. They were just in time, and Wagner's Division deployed at double-quick, Bradley on the right, Lane next, and Opdycke on the left, and pushed forward through the eastern suburbs of the town against Forrest's cavalry, which command had been repulsed by Wilson at Mt. Carmel, five miles east of the Franklin pike, and had turned over to Spring Hill by the Murfreesboro road to obstruct our trains. They were driven back to the woods by our infantry, and moved under cover to Thompson's Station, two or three miles toward Franklin. When Gen. Schofield arrived at Spring Hill with Ruger's Division, soon after dark, he learned from Stanley that some of the enemy were across the road at Thompson's Station, and he pushed on with a brigade of Ruger's command, leading the troops in person, gallantly charging, and drove them from their position.

Leaving Ruger there, he returned to Spring Hill, arriving there just as Cox at midnight reached the place in the lead of the Twenty-third Corps. A small body of the enemy reached the pike between Spring Hill and Columbia, but were easily driven back by the wagon guard and artillery.

Col. Lyman Bridges, Chief of Artillery of the 4th Corps, had charge of and posted the batteries on the left of the pike, and Maj. W. F. Goodspeed, Assistant Chief of Artillery, had charge of the batteries on the right, which were handled so admirably against the assaulting lines of Cheatham's Corps. There was some slight skirmishing until the middle of the afternoon, when the head of Hood's infantry column arrived, with Cheatham's Corps of nine brigades in the lead. Hood was aware from the artillery firing that Schofield was still at Columbia with a portion of his command, and he ordered Cheatham to march in line against anything he should meet and drive them across the pike. Cheatham did push forward, and with solid force struck the right of our line, crowding Bradley's Brigade back in confusion almost to the pike; Bradley being wounded in the assault. The loss was about 250 men. The other two brigades were not much engaged. This attack was followed up vigorously until they struck a slight line of fortifications occupied by a single battery and a small regiment of infantry. The battery was commanded by the valiant Alec Marshall, who was absolutely fearless in short-range work, and the regiment by Col. Harry Pickands, as full of mettle as any one that ever commanded men. The regiment was what was left of the 103d Ohio. They had been so cut up and reduced in numbers during the Atlanta campaign that they were detailed as Gen. Schofield's headquarters guard, and were the first troops to reach Spring Hill, arriving there with the train between 10 and 11 o'clock in the morning. Gen. Fullerton, of Stanley's staff, saw them there when he arrived, and ordered them in line to support the battery. As Stanley's report does not mention their presence, even, it would seem proper to here note the part they took in the engagement. Bradley's men as they fell back rushed by them on either side, but they remained to support the battery. The officers had broken open boxes of ammunition and built a little parapet of cartridges in front of the men, from which they loaded; and a rapid, withering fire was poured into the advancing lines, doing terrible execution at this short range. The guns also were handled by Lieut. Bills with wonderful rapidity. This furious, driving storm of lead and iron had never been surpassed, and rarely equalled, by the same quality and number of arms. Cheatham's troops, encountering at this point such fierce opposition, and believing they had struck our main line of fortifications, halted, fell back, and commenced building a line of earthworks. Of course, it is not probable, nor is it claimed, that a small regiment of infantry, no matter with how much bravery they fought, could, under the same circumstances, hold in check a line that a well-tried and splendid brigade had retreated from; but the situation here was such that the rebel General commanding was deceived as to the force confronted. At the same time, the little band is entitled to the credit of staying where it was put. If the men of the 103d Ohio had fallen back with the brigade, Cleburne would have crossed the pike, Brown would have followed him, we would have lost possession of the road, our army would have been cut in two, and the result might have been different.

The officers of the 103d Ohio tried to check the fleeing troops, and taunted their officers with the bad example they were showing their men. Capt. Charley Sargeant grabbed one officer that was tearing past him, who shouted "For God's sake, don't stop me! I'm a Chaplain!" Additional troops coming up, the rebels pushed out some to feel Wagner's left flank, but made no further attempt to carry our position.

The officers commanding the regiment and battery were old friends, and had not met for years, but during the fight there had not been time for even a nod or a handshake; but when the engagement was over, Marshall came forward to the infantry line, which was only a few yards in advance, and greeted his friend in a modest manner, with the remark: "Well, this was a warm reception!"

An eye-witness said that he had noticed the artillery officer in action, and he was holding his men and handling the guns with the fury of a demon, and while he stood talking with the Colonel his face was still flushed, the big veins were bulging on his temples, and perspiration and smoke had streaked his face, but in other ways he appeared as serene and smiling as though nothing had happened.

Col. Picands showed a hearty pride in the action of his men, with whom he mingled from beginning to end, steadying and encouraging them, and the last one would have died for their Colonel, for they fairly worshiped him. Their duty having been well done during this emergency, they were led back to their train.

Darkness was now approaching, and Stewart's Corps of four divisions arrived, and together with Cheatham's command went into bivouac for the night.

THAT TRYING NIGHT MARCH.

About this time Gen. Cox's Division, which had been under a heavy artillery fire all day from Hood's guns stationed in and near Columbia, started for Spring Hill, leaving Wood and Kimball, who had been ordered to follow soon after. This night march was a very rapid one, and, with the exception of a halt at Rutherford Creek to help out some artillery and teams that were there clogged, the distance to Spring Hill, about 12 miles, was made at the rate of four miles an hour. The rear-guards were ordered positively to use the bayonet on fence-corner stragglers, and the orders were in several instances obeyed. When the General and staff reached Spring Hill we were stopped on the road by Col. George Northrup, of a Kentucky regiment of infantry. He cautioned us, "Hist," with finger to his lips, not to speak above a whisper, and pointed to the camp-fires on the rolling slopes within sight of the road.

We could plainly see that the soldiers standing and moving about the flaring lights were Johnnies, and in the quiet of the night could hear their voices. An officer was left to repeat the caution to the advancing column.

Farther along on the road we found Gen. Stanley at his headquarters in the dooryard of a mansion, and from whom we learned the whole situation. While mingling with the staff officers, we found them quietly commenting on the loss of one of their number, who, accompanied by an Orderly, had been sent with orders to the line, and then pushing out on a quiet reconnoissance, was captured by the rebel pickets; the Orderly, fortunately escaping, reported the circumstances.

The proximity of the two armies was such that it seems incredible there were not frequent clashes during the night, or even a general attack to break our line on the night march.

Gen. Schofield, arriving at this time from Thompson's Station, ordered an immediate march to Franklin, and Gen. Cox's Division to lead the advance. Keeping up the long, steady stride of four miles an hour, in the clear starlight, without meeting a soul on the road, we reached Winstead Hills about 3 o'clock in the morning.

The General and staff then pushed on rapidly to Franklin, awoke Col. Carter, and made headquarters at his little brick cottage, the last house in the southern suburbs of the town, on the Columbia pike.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

In the absence of the Inspecting Officer, who was with the rear-guard, the writer was instructed to place the troops in position; and while sitting out in front of the house, waiting for the head of column to arrive, everything was as still as the grave, and there was time to ponder on what the following day would bring forth.

I did not realize, and very few, perhaps, anticipated, the dreadful and bloody outcome; but, rather, looked for another flank movement, as at Columbia. Presently the tramp of horses in the distance and the rattle of tin cups against bayonet clasps foretold the coming of the troops. First the brigade officers, mounted, appeared, and they were led off to the right of the road, where a hasty inspection of the ground was made in the darkness; then the weary men came marching by the left flank. The night tramp had been wearing to those on foot, for they had been pressed to unusual speed, and their anxiety about the train, that was strung along by their side, kept them peering out into the dim distance, lest Forrest's cavalry might strike them at any point, although every regiment had a company deployed in the fields to our right. The Third Division of the Twenty-third Corps was led into position on the east side of the pike—Stiles, commanding Henderson's Brigade, first, Casement next, and Riley last, all facing the south. Col. Henderson was temporarily unwell, and had requested Col. Stiles, of the 63d Ind., to relieve him of personal command of his brigade; but he remained with the brigade during the engagement, and watched every movement with as much solicitude as though he were giving the orders direct to the regimental commanders. Gen. Cox was placed in command of the two divisions, his own and Ruger's, and was instructed—as soon as the troops could get a short breathing spell, a few winks of sleep, and their morning coffee—to strongly intrench themselves.

It was deemed expedient by Gen. Schofield to make our stand on the south side of the town and river, so that the trains could mass in the streets and open spaces in the village, while a wagonroad bridge was being built and planks laid on the sleepers of the railroad bridge for their transfer across. Gen. Schofield had the previous day sent an urgent request to Thomas to ship by rail a pontoon bridge to Franklin for the Harpeth crossing, and expected to find it there, but in this was disappointed. It had instead been sent by the wagonroad, in charge of Maj. Jenny, of the Engineer Corps, and did not arrive in time to be of service.

In this embarrassing situation there was nothing to do but construct the bridges with the meager facilities at hand; so, with his Engineer Battalion and details of troops, the work was performed, requiring his constant personal attention. He remained in this position up to the time of the engagement, so as to better superintend the crossing, and at the same time be near the railroad and telegraph station; while from Fort Granger, on the bluff east of the railroad and near the river, he had perfect command during the battle of the entire field, and to direct the fire of the artillery stationed there with him. During the forenoon the troops, in close order, kept pouring in, the infantry on the right side of the road and wagon trains and artillery to their left.

The march was not so rapid as during the night, for they were continually harassed by Forrest's cavalry attacking in weak points on the road. Wood's Division of the Fourth Corps passed through the town and formed in position on the north of the Harpeth; Kimball's Division of the same corps was ordered to report to Gen. Cox, and was placed by him on the right of the Twenty-third Corps, with its right flank resting on the Harpeth River. Two bridages of Wagner's Division, Fourth Corps (Lane's and Conrad's), were countermarched, and placed something over a 100 rods in our front, across the Columbia pike, to watch the approach of the enemy, and to their right and front, on a little knoll, a section of Marshall's Battery, supported by an infantry regiment.

Opdycke's Brigade, of the same division, which had been acting as rear-guard from Spring Hill, passed through our line, and were ordered by Gen. Cox to take up position in reserve behind Carter's Hill. The two regiments of Reilly's Brigade that were left back in the skirmish line at Duck River arrived, and formed the second line behind the main works. The batteries of the Fourth Corps were placed in our main line. They were ordered to report to Gen. Cox, to take the places of the Twenty-third Corps artillery that had been posted on the north side of the river, as it was the first on the ground, and it was the intention, at that hour, to have all the artillery pass over as it arrived. By the middle of the afternoon our trains were nearly all across the river, and it was intended the troops should follow after dark, and accompany them during the night toward Nashville. But it seemed that Gen. Schofield's plans were to be somewhat interfered with, to the extent that the continuation of our march was some hours later.

(To be continued.)

Get My Book, if Sick.

Don't Send a Penny.

Don't send a penny.
Just wait till you see what I can do.
Let me take the risk. Let me prove up first what Dr. Shoop's Restorative can do. The Restorative will gain your friendship, your endorsement, if you test it. And for a whole month you can use it without the slightest risk.
I will tell you of a druggist near you who will furnish six bottles of

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

A Month On Trial.

I will absolutely stand all the cost if it fails. If you say, "It did not help me," that ends it as far as cost to you is concerned. Do you understand me? I am telling it as plainly, as clearly as I can. I want you to know absolutely and without doubt that this offer is made on honor. I have the prescription that cures. My only problem is to convince you that Dr. Shoop's Restorative will cure—is an uncommon remedy. A common remedy could not stand a test like this. It would bankrupt the physician making the offer. And I am succeeding everywhere. Thousands are accepting my offer and only one in each forty writes me that my remedy failed. Just think of it. 39 out of 40 get well and these are difficult cases, too. And the fortieth has nothing to pay. That is a record I am proud of. It is wrong to stay sick when a chance like this is open. If well, you should tell others who are sick of my offer. Don't let a sick friend stay sick because he knows not of my offer. Tell him. Get my book for him. Do your duty. You may be sick yourself, sometime. Sick people need help. They appreciate sympathy and aid. Tell me of some sick friend. Let me cure him. Then he will show to both of us his gratitude. Your reward will be his gratitude. Send for the book now.
Do not delay.

Simply state which book you want and address Dr. Shoop. Box 1331, Racine, Wis.

Book 1 on Dyspepsia.
Book 2 on the Heart.
Book 3 on the Kidneys.
Book 4 for Women.
Book 5 for Men (sealed).
Book 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured with one or two bottles. All druggists.

Reunion of the 26th Mass.

Survivors of 26th Mass. held their Annual Reunion for 1893 at Fall River, where Co. G, of the regiment, was recruited and mustered Oct. 1, 1861, with 101 men and officers, of whom but 11 are now living. The death roll of the Association this year read by the Secretary contained 16 names of comrades lost from the roll of the living since last roll call.

These were elected officers: President Capt. James Brady, Fall River; V. P. Lieut. S. P. Blodgett, Passaic, N. J.; Sec., Edwin F. Cushing, Somerville, Mass.; Treas., D. H. Hall, West Acton. Executive Committee—Joseph F. Packard, Lowell; John H. M. Malcom, Natick; E. T. Peterson, Somerville; I. F. Barnes, Everett; Luke J. Robbins, East Acton, Charles P. Hoar, Fall River, G. P. Boston, North Lebanon, Me., and Comrades Alexander Swain and F. M. Balcom.

Thanks to the Comrades.

James Reagin, Bloomfield, Iowa, whose appeal for letters from the comrades we published a short time ago, returns thanks, saying that three days after the notice appeared he got so many letters that his neighbor soldier friends had to help him open and read them. Many of the jokes contained in them were so rich that they had to hold on to each other to keep from falling from laughter. It has been suggested to him that he should make a book of the jokes, with pictures of "old vets" on the first page splitting their sides laughing, a preface telling how they were obtained, and calling the book "Army Jokes."

SERVICE PENSION.

Views of Posts and Individuals on This Important Measure.

Comrade B. M. Clayton; Co. K, 36th Ohio, Cameron, Mo., writes: "I wish to say that I am heartily in favor of the $12 a month pension for all Union soldiers who served 90 days or more; also, for all soldiers' widows the same."

Reno Post, 13, Elreno, Okla., at a regular meeting unanimously voted for the passage of the pension bill advocated by The National Tribune. Geo. F. Wattson, Commander.

Lieut. John H. Fisher Post, 101, Hatbow, Pa., has passed a resolution asking that Congress pass the Service Pension bill recommended by The National Tribune. W. W. Corson, Commander.

Roderick Rockwood Post, 39, Lemonville, Mo., at a regular meeting, Dec. 12, 1903, unanimously indorsed the $12 per month service pension bill advocated by The National Tribune. W. H. Fightmaster, Commander.

Chaplain T. D. Swarts Post, 218, Moscow, Pa., unanimously indorses The National Tribune service pension bill. A. C. Hedglin, Commander; John F. Sayer, Adjutant.

W. C. Crooks Post, 329, Boone, Iowa, at a regular meeting unanimously indorsed The National Tribune service pension bill. Geo. F. Brechtel, Sergeant-Major.

J. R. Tilley Post, 304, Tower Hill, Ill., at its last meeting unanimously recommend a service pension of $12 per month to each honorably-discharged soldier of the civil war who had served 90 days; the same amount to the widows of deceased soldiers. M. D. Lane, Commander.

Dexter Post, 336, Wellsville, N. Y., is unanimously in favor of The National Tribune bill giving $12 per month to every man who served 90 days in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps of the United States during the war of the rebellion, and was honorably discharged, and the same to widows of such pensioners. E. Van Nostrand, Commander.

Wm. A. Barrows Post, 65, West Summer, Me., voted unanimously to indorse the service pension bill advocated by The National Tribune. Stephen G. Heald, Commander; Llewellyn B. Heald, Adjutant; G. M. Small, Quartermaster.

Joe Hooker Post, Summers, W. Va., indorses a service pension of $12 a month; with increase according to disabilities, without age limit. S. Jett, Commander.

Lincoln Post, 26, New Richland, Minn.: At a regular session the pension bill as presented by The National G. A. R. Committee on pensions and adopted by the San Francisco Encampment, was approved by unanimous vote, and the Adjutant was instructed to inform Congressman J. A. Tawney, of the First District, and urge him to favor this bill in Congress. The Adjutant was also instructed to inform The National Tribune of this action of the Post. F. D. Drake, Commander; E. E. Verplank, Adjutant.

Geo. H. Bolster Post, 608, Manlius, N. Y., at a regular session passed a resolution putting this Post on record favoring the $12 a month service pension bill advocated by The National Tribune. Wm. Moody, Adjutant; M. B. Snook, Commander.

Rawlins Post, 23, Stockton, Cal., unanimously indorses a $12 per month service pension to all soldiers who served 90 days, and the same to all widows of such veterans. W. H. Bates, J. V. C.

Jos. R. Gordon Post, 281, Indianapolis, Ind., at a regular session unanimously agreed to support the service pension bill now before Congress originated by The National Tribune. D. H. Olive, Adjutant.

John Buford Post, 89, Everett, Wash., at a regular meeting unanimously indorsed the $12 service pension bill, and hope for its speedy passage. J. T. Sherfey, Adjutant.

Bernhill Post, 162, Xenia, Ill., at a regular meeting, Dec. 18, 1903, unanimously voted for a $12 a month service pension, in addition to pensions already granted; with $12 a month to widows. James M. Dear, Commander; S. A. Kennedy, Adjutant.

Carroll Post, 279, Port Jervis, N. Y., at a regular meeting, Dec. 7, 1903: Resolved, That the members of Carroll Post do recommend that our National Committee present a bill to Congress which will not disturb the beneficent provisions of existing laws; a bill that will provide that every survivor of the war of 1861-1865 who served for a period of three months, who was honorably discharged, shall be pensioned at the rate of $12 a month, and that a pension of the same amount be paid to the worthy widow of said soldier. Leonard Eckle, Adjutant.

John H. Williams Post, 4, Berlin, Wis., at a regular meeting, voted unanimously indorsing the $12 service pension bill without the age limit. A. L. Tucker, Adjutant.

No Federal Monuments to Rebels.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In your issue of Dec. 17 we find an appeal from Col. S. P. Brockway to the Union Veterans to co-operate with the good people of Staunton, Va., to secure an appropriation by Congress for a monument at Staunton to the memory of both Union and rebel dead, buried at that place during the war for the Union.

For cheek this caps the climax! And this from a professed Union soldier, who attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel!

Let us view that monument as it would appear. On the north side this inscription: "Erected by the U. S. Government in the year of our Lord 1904, to the memory of 600 Union soldiers who gave their lives for the preservation of the best Government the world ever knew."

On the south side: "Erected by the U. S. Government, in the year of our Lord, 1904, to the memory of 4,000 rebel soldiers who gave their lives for the destruction of the best Government the world ever knew!"

I am willing to assert that every wife, father, mother, brother or sister of those 600 Union soldiers would rise up in solemn protest against such a proposition, and say: "Rather let our dead be forgotten than have their names joined on a memorial shaft with those who were stained with treason and the dishonor of disloyalty."

The gallant Colonel says the patriotism of the people there is equal to that of any other part of the country. That may be so; but the last war-dance they gave at Richmond—and like demonstrations at many other places—fail to prove his statement. Nothing but rebel bunting was in evidence; nothing but wild exaltations over their valor as rebels; no apology or signs of penitence for the tens of thousands of helpless victims tortured and starved in Southern prison pens, or for the thousands of people hung and shot down in cold blood for no other crime than that of being loyal to the Union!

No, sir, Mr. Brockway! I don't believe there is one Union soldier who reads your appeal who is so forgetful of the past, or who has a knowledge of the present sentiment in the South, who would be so foolish as to approach his Congressman in countenance of such a bill as you say will in the near future be presented by the Congressman from the Staunton District.

Nor do I believe any man who has brains enough to get to Congress would have cheek enough to offer such an unwise and unpatriotic bill, and risk having every loyal Christian man and woman after his scalp as persistently as the women are now after the scalp of Mr. Smoot, Senator from Utah. Will the tribe of Union Soldiers who want to do honor to rebels for their disloyalty never run out? The majority of us are thoroughly disgusted with them.—J. L. HUMMEL, Co. H, 8th Ind., Olathe, Kan.

Scrofula

Makes its presence known by many signs,—glandular tumors, bunches in the neck, cutaneous eruptions, inflamed eyelids, sore ears, catarrh and wasting diseases.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Effects permanent cures.

WHENCE COMES THIS MAN'S MYSTERIOUS POWER OVER DEATH?

MIRACULOUS RESCUE FROM THE GRAVE.

Woman Threatened With Burial Is Revived and Restored to Health By New York Wonderworker.

HEALS HERETOFORE INCURABLE DISEASES.

Doctors Send Him Their Worst Cases, Trying to Find One He Cannot Cure, But He Dumfounds and Mystifies Them All By Miracles of Healing, Which Rival Those of the Ancient Writ.

BENTON HARBOR, Mich., Dec. 18.—(Special Correspondence.)—This quiet little city by the lake has been thrown into an intense fever of excitement by Dr. Wallace Hadley, a resident of New York City. Your correspondent made a special trip to New York and called on Dr. Hadley to learn the secret of the mysterious power by which he has created such a furore. The doctor was found at his laboratory, No. 1931 Broadway, surrounded by forty or fifty assistants. "So you have come to learn how I gave life and health to Mrs. Germond," said the doctor in reply to a question put by the reporter. "So your people say it was a miracle, that I possess divine power. Nothing of the kind; I have simply discovered a secret law of nature heretofore unknown to doctors and scientists. Do you see that large glass jar?" said the doctor, pointing to a flagon filled with a ruby red liquid that seemed to quiver and vibrate with the tremendous dynamic force it held. "That is the secret of my power. That liquid you see there is life, distilled life, the arch-enemy of disease and death. With it I can cure any disease—aye, I can revive some when life seems to be extinct, but they are not actually dead. Mrs. Germond was not dead. Of course, I know what the doctors said, but doctors are often wrong. Hundreds of people are buried every year who are not actually dead. It is simply a case of suspended animation. They seem to be dead, but they can be revived with that liquid you see yonder.

"When you consider that my discovery will cure Bright's disease, consumption, cancer and other heretofore incurable diseases, as well as less dangerous ailments, is it any wonder that it will bring the dead back to life in a case of suspended animation? That liquid contains the vital elements of a living being. It makes the heart beat and the brain think. Doctors have heard of my discovery, and they have sought out and brought their worst cases to me, thinking they might [illegible] one I could not cure. I have [illegible] them all. I have proved [illegible] over disease. I have demonstrated [illegible] can cure those at any distance, [illegible] those I see personally. This [illegible] power is not in me, but in my [illegible]. Here is a letter I just received from [illegible] Fitzpatrick, of No. 1256 South Third street, St. Louis, Mo. She was practically dead when my treatment reached her. The doctors said her hours on earth were numbered, that there was not the slightest chance for her to live. Many of her relatives and friends had already bidden her a [illegible] well. Yet my discovery saved [illegible] restored her to life, health and strength, and remember that I never even saw [illegible] Read her letter for yourself. You can publish it if you so desire. I have her permission to do this."

The reporter copied the following extracts word for word from Mrs. Fitzpatrick's letter:

"I would have been dead had it not been for you. My friends all say that your curing as hopeless a case as mine was a miracle of healing. I had been treated by over thirty doctors, and they pronounced my case incurable, and all failed to do me any lasting benefit. I suffered as no human tongue can tell. I had heart disease, ovarian and womb trouble, catarrh and neuralgia of the stomach, bowels and liver. I had no circulation, my hands and feet were always cold as death. I was constipated, had no appetite and could not sleep. I almost went insane with the agony of the pain and soreness throughout my body. Rheumatism tortured me. In fact, I had nearly every ill flesh is heir to. Then you came to my rescue. Your treatment was a Godsend. I wish I could see all the poor, suffering people in this world and beg them for their own sakes to write to you and be made well, as I have been. May God bless you in your efforts to heal the sick and my prayer. My heart is full of gratitude to Him and to you for your wonderful discovery."

"That is a case that was just about as bad as Mrs. Germond's, of Benton Harbor," said the doctor. "By the way, here is a letter from Mrs. Germond, in which she says I saved her from the grave, and there is no doubt in my mind that if it had not been for me they would have buried that poor woman. Of course I realized I had a tremendous task before me, but I felt sure I could revive her. I had an inward feeling that as soon as she got a sufficient quantity of that liquid you see there that in one case death would be cheated of its victim, and so it was.

"I call my discovery Force of Life, because it contains the real force that makes us live, move and have our being. Among other things, it contains a large amount of lecithin. Lecithin is a constituent element of your blood, brain and nerves and of every organ and tissue of your body. Take away the lecithin from your system and you will die instantly. Take a small portion of it away and you will be ill near unto death. Lecithin makes life. I make lecithin, but lecithin is only one ingredient of my discovery. No, I have no patent on my process. I could get one, but what's the use? I am not afraid of any one else making it. Chemists can analyze it and ponder over it all they wish. They can not make it. The process of manufacture is my secret. I discovered it by accident after years of experimenting."

"Do I understand that you give treatment free to those who are sick?" asked the reporter.

"Yes," said the doctor. "I am doing this now, and I shall continue to do so as long as I can afford it. Force of Life is a very expensive product to manufacture, but many persons are grateful for their cures and send me money. You may tell your readers that if they wish to be healed, no matter how difficult the case, to write me. If they will state the leading symptoms of their troubles I will make a full diagnosis of their diseases and write them fully in regard to the nature of their complaints, the length of time required to effect a cure, etc. I will also prepare and send them, without cost, a course of home treatment exactly suited to their particular cases. I make Force of Life in twenty different strengths and combinations, so as to reach all diseases."

The doctor states that a letter will reach him addressed Dr. Wallace Hadley, office 226R, No. 1931 Broadway, New York. He is at his office every day except Sunday. Inasmuch as there is no charge for Dr. Hadley's services and that his treatment is harmless, we would urgently request all readers who are ill to test his discovery. We should be glad to have a report of the results obtained in especially difficult cases for publication for the benefit of others who may be similarly afflicted.

RECENT LITERATURE.

"Enter! Wash Dress Goods Fabric," is an art production for the H. B. Claflin Company, N. Y. City, that will fascinate the ladies and evoke comments of artists only in superlative—and that will fall short of what they wish to express. It illustrates in colors the fabrics and designs to be introduced in wash dress goods for the pending season. The goods are universal departures from the recent past and the wearers will be as beautiful as butterflies, without being gaudy. The illustrations look like the fabrics themselves spread upon the page. The threads, meshes and designs stand before the eye so realistically that one involuntarily expects to attest their reality by touch. The publishers say: "The washable dress goods that are to be in vogue the coming year present such a marked departure from the prevailing fabrics and styles of former seasons as to well nigh betoken a complete revolution in the character of this favorite class of goods." The price is $1.

For pleasant employment of leisure hours "The Land of Fancy," a volume of poems by Libbie C. Baer, is an admirable prescription. The verses treat the widest range of subjects and treats them well, severally. The fancies are often striking. Veterans will find much to attract them in the book. It breathes patriotism and inspires to patriotism. The young folks are prominent in its pages. It is handsomely issued from the press of F. Tennyson Neely.

THE CONSUL, by Commander Booth Tucker. Salvation Army Publishing Department, New York City.

Among the many books placed upon the New Year market few if any will be more eagerly received than the sketch of the life of Mrs. Booth-Tucker by her husband. It is one of the most fascinating and readable biographical sketches issued during the year.

HISTORY OF THE 95TH ILL. By Wales W. Wood, former Adjutant of the Regiment. Published by the author: Chicago, Ill.

This work has some advantages over most regimental histories in that it was begun while the regiment was still in service, and the Sixteenth Corps was lying in camp at Montgomery, Ala. It has therefore a freshness and war spirit which is very attractive. The 95th Ill. had a most creditable career, and suffered particularly at the battle of Guntown. It took an important part in the great victory of Nashville. All this has been well told, and in a very interesting manner.

Magazines and Notes.

The Reader for January is full of good stories, winding up with a very bright little skit by Carolyn Wells called "Over the Book Counter."

Review of Reviews for January is a very interesting number. The cartoons are unusually good, and the character sketch of the Hon. Elihu Root by Walter Wellman is equal to anything that able writer has ever given us.

The January number of McClure's Magazine contains another of Myra Kelley's delightful East Side stories, than which nothing more original or delicious has been given a jaded public for some time. Carl Schurz also contributes a most interesting article on the negro problem.

MUSTERED OUT.

BATEMAN.—At Fort Morgan, Colo., Jan. 1, of Bright's disease, Edwin S. Bateman, 127th Ill.

BARTLETT.—At Southampton, Mass., April 23, 1903, Levi H. Bartlett. Comrade Bartlett was born at Hadley, Mass., Oct. 20, 1840; enlisted July 15, 1862, in Co. G, 27th Mass.; discharged June 21, 1865. At his death he was a comrade of Post 18, at Northampton. A quiet, unassuming man; a faithful, reliable soldier; a loyal friend; a worthy citizen, of exemplary habits; an example in right living. None ever heard from his lips a word that might not be uttered in any presence.

BROWN.—At Creedmore, L. I., N. Y., Dec. 21, 1903, Wm. H. Brown. For 30 years Comrade Brown was Superintendent of the State Range at Creedmore. Funeral services were at St. Joseph Church; interment was at Zion Church Cemetery, Little Neck; G.A.R. services at the grave by A. M. Wood, Commander of Post 368; Pastor W. C. McMullen, of St. Joseph's, officiating as Post Chaplain.

BRADFIELD.—At Basin, Wyo., Sept. 28, 1903, A. N. Bradford, aged 71 years. He was in Co. I, 16th Iowa; a comrade of Gen. O. O. Howard Post, 119, Basin, Wyo.

DIBBIN.—At Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 10, Chas. Dibbin. He belonged to Co. E, 90th N. Y.

GRAY.—At Iuka, Ill., Dec. 10, 1903, William Gray. Comrade Gray was a Sergeant in Co. G, 22d Ill., and a member of J. S. Chandler Post, 162, Department of Illinois, G.A.R. His death resulted from wounds received and disease contracted while in the service. He was a member of the I.O.O.F.

HALL.—At Cedar Falls, Iowa, Dec. 16, 1903, Philip Hall, Co. H, 142d Ohio. He was a member of James Brownell Post, 222, Department of Iowa.

HAMMOND.—At Granville, N. Y., Dec. 9, 1903, Francis W. Hammond, aged 65. Comrade Hammond enlisted in Co. E, 5th Vt., April 9, 1862. He leaves a widow and three sons.

HANNA.—Richard J. Hanna, a member of Whipple Post, 114, Kankakee, Ill., died suddenly, of apoplexy, at his home in that city, Oct. 5, 1903. On the breaking out of the rebellion Comrade Hanna enlisted in the defense of his country, and was made Orderly-Sergeant of Co. H, 113th Ill. He participated in many leading battles of the war. For bravery Comrade Hanna was promoted to Captain, and assigned to the 51st U. S. C. I., and in April, 1865, he was promoted to Major. He was honorably discharged in June, 1866. He leaves a widow and five children.

McNALLEY.—At Cedar Falls, Iowa, Dec. 19, 1903, Walter J. McNalley, aged 66 years. He was a comrade of James Brownell Post, 222, Department of Iowa. He served three years in the 21st Iowa.

MURRAY.—At Narragansett Pier, R. I., Dec. 13, 1903, Andrew J. Murray, in the 56th year of his age. Comrade Murray was born at Rome, N. Y., and enlisted in a New York regiment when only 14 years of age. His father and three brothers served in the Union army, two of the brothers being killed. He was a member of Sedgwick Post, Department of Rhode Island.

MANHART.—At Canisteo, N. Y., Dec. 21, 1903, Wm. H. Manhart, aged 78. He enlisted in Co. G, 23d N. Y., May 9, 1861; discharged May 22, 1863, at expiration of enlistment. He was a member of Abram Allen Post, 194, Department of New York.

NORTH.—At his home at Prairie Hill, Mo., Nov. 26, 1903, after a lingering illness of over four months, Michael J. North, Co. G, 2d Ill. Cav. He joined the company at Memphis, Tenn., July, 1863, and was discharged Jan. 3, 1866, at Springfield, Ill.

POTTER.—At San Luis Obispo, Cal., Dec. 27, 1903, after more than a year's sickness, R. S. Potter, Co. D, 8th Minn.

REWEY.—At Marshalltown, Iowa, Dec. 25, 1903, of paralysis, Fayette Rewey. Comrade Rewey was born Dec. 7, 1843, in Chautauqua Co., N. Y., and enlisted and served three years in the civil war in Co. D, 22d Wis. A quiet, retiring man, he was valued as a friend and respected as a citizen.

SULLIVAN.—At Servant, Ind., Dec. 9, 1903, aged 77 years, Sasser Sullivan. He was born, 1827, in North Carolina, and enlisted in 1846 in Capt. Andrew F. Caldwell's Co. K, 3d Ky., and served through the Mexican War; enlisted, Sept. 4, 1861, in Co. G, 58th Ind., and was promoted to Second Lieutenant; resigned in May, 1862; enlisted Jan. 11, 1864, in Co. H, 80th Ind.; transferred to 120th Ind.; promoted to Sergeant, and in 1865 mustered out.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, with a record of 90 per cent. permanently cured, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, 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, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.