THE FREMONT BODYGUARD.

Maj. Zagonyi's Great Charge at Springfield, Mo.

One hot morning in Cincinnati—it was Aug. 20, 1861—word was passed around that Gen. Fremont, whose headquarters were in St. Louis, wanted 100 mounted picked men for his bodyguard. Before noon of that day the company was full. I had failed to pass the doctors, but with the aid of the boys and a rope I got in the hall from the rear thru a window in time to be sworn in with the rest by Capt. John O'Donnell, of the Regular Army. We had a few hours to spare before train time, and were told to go home and tell our sweethearts good-by. We did, and were off for St. Louis that evening, where we arrived next day and went into camp on a vacant lot at the corner of 16th and Hickory streets, and began our lives as soldiers. At this time St. Louis was rebel to the backbone; rebel flags floated everywhere from public and private buildings; rebel mobs marched thru the streets night and day. Jeers and sneers and insults were hurled at us as we marched thru the streets. Gen. Fremont's headquarters were then at his residence on Chouteau avenue, and had been many times threatened by street mobs and rioters. These were the reasons why a guard was wanted. We were on duty day and night at headquarters while these threats were going on, but they never came near enough to draw our fire.

Government Rations.

When we first went into camp the Government rations were not at all attractive, but after a little time we thought a dish of potatoes, hardtack, and salt pork fried up together were fine enough for a King. In three weeks the General had got his army together and was ready to move, but before we started he fired a gun as loud as that at Sumter; he issued an order liberating all the slaves in Missouri or in his department. It caused great consternation in the rebel ranks, both in St. Louis and everywhere else. The line was strictly drawn, and all rebels took to their heels and got out of our lines as quickly as possible. It was surprising to see the magic change in the people at St. Louis. Union flags floated from public and private buildings everywhere, just as had the rebel flags from the same. The change in sentiment so strongly expressed was most remarkable. Missouri has been a Free State from that day to this. But the Government at Washington was not ready for a step so radical at this time; the Border States were still undecided whether to stay in or go out; the Government was most anxious not to take any step that would give them an excuse to go out of the Union. It even refrained for a time to send troops across their borders that they might remain neutral, but Gen. Grant settled that question promptly when he captured Paducah and later marched on Doneison. They stayed in.

Gen. Fremont was severely censured from Washington for going outside of his strict military orders. He was allowed to go on with his campaign, but it was the cause of his downfall in the end.

After Sterling Price.

The move was made and the army got together at Jefferson City, when preparations were begun to meet Gen. Sterling Price, who commanded a rebel army somewhere in the western part of the State, but he was elusive and hard to find. We started out in a southwesterly course in three columns, marching parallel about 10 miles apart. The one on the west was commanded by Gen. Hunter, the center by Gen. Fremont, the eastern by Gen. Sigel. Our division arrived at Warsaw, on the Osage River, which was high, and we were detained 10 days or more building bridges to cross over, but before they were completed the river had fallen so that we could ford it, and most of us went by that route.

While in camp here the doctor came along one day, stuck his head in our tent, and wanted to know if anyone there could put up prescriptions. I told him I had some experience in that line in a country store. I had put up prescriptions for dry goods, boots and shoes, groceries, hardware and drugs, and we also kept the post office. He said that was enough; to come on with him. I went.

I was detailed on duty at headquarters in charge of the medical stores and the ambulance wagons. The first bunch of prescriptions he turned in were too much for me. I could not read half of them, as my Latin was very rusty, and all those I could not make out I threw away, as I was determined the doctor should not know where I got off, so I made up in some other way for those I fell down on.

I was personally acquainted with most of the boys in the company, and knew they all had about the same disease.

I had it myself—homesickness. I substituted whatever I thought best. If the prescription was for a big, fat, lazy sort of a fellow and I could not make it out, I pounded up some Epsom salts and gave them to him done up in nice little powders. But if it were for a little sickly sort of a man, I shaved off a few shaves of magnesia or chalk, or any simple thing that came handy, and gave it to him. I never had to put up anything for those men again, because they all got well. I remember one prescription called for pills. I could not make it out at all. I found some scraps of bread, and made up some nice pills rolled in sugar, put them in a nice box, labeled Mrs. Pinkham's Nerve Pills or any other popular name that came handy, and gave them to him. That soldier told me afterwards they were the finest pills he ever took—said he never had to get off his horse once while on the march, and wanted to know if I had any more like them. Things went along pretty well for a time, tho we had a case that dragged along and did not improve, but got worse, and he finally took to the ambulance. The doctor called me in consultation, and wanted to know what I thought of it. I told him I thought it a bad case of indigestion. He said he thought so, too, and we drove on. The next morning he was broken out with a bad case of measles.

We were now nearing the rebel lines in the Southwest, and arrived at the town of Bolivar rather late one afternoon and went into camp. The doctor, as usual, turned in a bunch of prescriptions; but by this time my Latin was well polished up and I could handle anything wanted. It was late before I got them all out on this occasion, and when I went down to give them to the men I looked first in one tent, then in another, and not a man could I find. Then I looked for the horses. They were gone. It was the beginning of the end. They made an all-night march, and came up with the enemy about 4 o'clock the next day.

A Fight to the Death.

Twenty-four hours from the time they left camp a third of them lay dead on the field, the rest were wounded or lost and only nine men were able for duty the next morning. Twenty-four saddles were emptied in the first charge down the line. Five more charges were made in the open up a hill and into the edge of some woods before the enemy was defeated and driven away. The fight went on. Thus the air was full of smoke and dust, the sun went down, night came. The bugler's mouthpiece was shot away, so no orders could be given. The rebels were on the retreat; the field was covered with the dead and wounded of both sides. The noise of battle had almost ceased, but at the last a few of our men who were still in the saddle got together and charged the town of Springfield, drove out a few remaining rebels and held it until reinforcements arrived the next day.

It was a fight to the death from start to finish. No quarter was asked or given, tho a few prisoners were taken by both sides. We found some of our men dead on the prairie the next day, who had been captured and killed by the rebels, no doubt, because they were wounded and not able to keep up with them on the retreat.

The battle was fought under command of Maj. Zagonyi, about a mile west of Springfield, Mo., on the afternoon of Oct. 25, 1861. The credit for the great victory over such overwhelming numbers was largely due to persistent efforts of Maj. Zagonyi, who was a noted fighter, as well as to the bravery of all the officers and men of the company. Every man did his duty to the utmost.

It was the end of the Fremont Bodyguard.—John A. Harvey, Private, Co. C, Fremont Bodyguard, 337 Postal Building, Chicago, Ill.

The Second Fair Oaks.

Editor National Tribune: I was much interested in a letter from James H. Estes, 118th N. Y., in The National Tribune of Aug. 5. He gave an account of his experience in action of Oct. 27, 1864, at what he names "Second Fair Oaks." The action was not far from the Seven Pines, and was an attack on the outer works around Richmond. I was not there Oct. 27, but have visited the field of action. This was the nearest approach to Richmond that the Federal troops had made up to that time. Estes speaks of a charge on the Confederates to his right, and notes that the Federal forces were repulsed. It was this charge made by the 89th N. Y. and others that I was particularly interested in, for I had a brother in it who has never been heard from since. He was a Lieutenant, and wore a sword, on the iron scabbard of which was engraved, "Capt. Frank Burt, 89th Regiment, N. Y. Vols.," and carried a Colt's revolver, on the butt of which was engraved the name "W. E. Bird." The charge was made on the outer line of earthworks for the defense of Richmond and just to the right of the Williamsburg turnpike going out of Richmond. I have learned from official records that Gen. Fields's Division of Confederates, consisting of Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina men, occupied said line of works on Oct. 27, 1864, the day the charge was made as above, and I have done quite a bit of advertising in those States, hoping to find the sword and revolver, but have never gotten the slightest clue. Still they must be in existence somewhere. I note, Mr. Editor, that you have readers in the South, and it would be extremely gratifying if the publication of this letter should bring to light the articles desired, together with any information as to the disposal of my brother's body and the manner of his death.—Frank Burt, 81 Fulton street, New York City, N. Y.

Looting the Country.

Editor National Tribune: I see in The National Tribune of July 29 Representative Hollingsworth's attention is directed to the Mississippi Congressman's raids, and would suggest that Congress pass a bill making Mississippi pay for the property Gen. Forrest destroyed and took from the Union men in Tennessee and Kentucky, as my home was in West Tennessee, and on the road where Gen. Forrest and his men traveled most when they came out of Mississippi and raided thru Western Tennessee and Kentucky. He and his men each time in passing thru our country destroyed and took from Union men all their foodstuffs and plundered our houses of such things as they could make use of and often things they could not use, and especially kept us stripped of every horse we could get hold of. I could yet, at this late day, prove up property claims that Gen. Forrest and his men destroyed and took from Union people in Western Tennessee that would bankrupt the State of Mississippi if she had them to pay. I suggest that the Congressman from Mississippi withdraw his bills, and the Confederate States and the United States make a square deal and strike even with their war claims.—W. F. Moiser, Co. G, 8th Tenn. Cav., Alvord, Tex.

Sherman's Army.

Editor National Tribune: Your correspondent, reading John McElroy's article, "End of Atlanta Campaign," is compelled to pen this modest acknowledgment of the high compliment he so glowingly pays Sherman's army, of which I formed a small fraction. I believe he claims that Jos. E. Johnston also gave them credit for wonderful bravery and endurance. We certainly got the goods, somehow. As I look back I wonder how it all came about. This I know, we of the line simply did our duty as we found it. When we met the enemy of our flag it was shoot or get shot, or surrender your gun, and so we pushed from Vicksburg on to Chattanooga, then to Lookout Mountain, then Missionary Ridge, Ringgold, Ga.; then, in Spring, the Atlanta campaign; then the march to the sea; then thru the Carolinas to Washington, D. C., at the close of the cruel war, when our regiment, the 29th Mo., formed part of the Grand Review before being sent home for muster-out. The writer thinks Comrade McElroy certainly correct. Glad to know more about Hood's movements while we were busy making the march to the sea.—W. H. G., Co. H, 29th Mo., St. Louis, Mo.

Leaving Andersonville.

W. J. Furry, 7th Tenn., was one of the last to leave Andersonville. He and his comrades fell into line facing the gate, and were marched to the railroad, where they were piled on an old train and run up to Macon. They were not taken from the train, but run back over the road passing within sight of the walls of Andersonville to the end of the railroad at Albany. From there they were marched to Thomasville, a distance of 50 miles, and must have presented a striking picture with their rags, filth and weakness. Most of them were barefooted. Comrade Furry carried the meal which he had drawn for rations in an old drawer's leg. From Thomasville they went on the railroad, about 75 miles, to Lake City, Fla., where they were kept about a week, and then shipped to Baldwin and dumped in the pine woods. They were then let go, and told that they could make their way as the best possible to Jacksonville, where our lines were. The last of the mournful parade of living skeletons arrived at Jacksonville as the 12 o'clock gun was fired. Furry himself weighed only 94 pounds, and he was a good specimen of the 1,300.

That Ox Found at Last.

R. E. Driggs, 18th Ohio, Marietta, O., writes that 45 years ago, Aug. 16, he and two of his comrades tied an ox to a tree on the side of Waldron's Ridge before butchering him, and went to get some salt. A man by the name of Wheeler appeared about that time, and made an important change in the plans, so that they left the ox tied to the tree. The animal belonged to a man named Thompson, who was in Hood's army. Two years ago Comrade Driggs had a notice in The National Tribune in regard to the ox, and at last he has heard from him. A comrade who belonged to the 18th Ohio, and therefore is a man who could not tell a lie, says that he went out to Waldron's Ridge on a recent visit to Chattanooga and succeeded in finding the tree to which the ox was tied, which had grown so high that the ox's tail only touched the ground, and, owing to the pure mountain air of that region, the ox had been turned into the very finest dried beef.

The Lee Statue.

J. C. Rowland, 112th N. Y., Rice Lake, Wis., is decidedly "agin" the proposition to place the Lee Statue in the Capitol.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(Continued from page one.)

She meets her sisters on the plain,
"Sic semper!" 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come, for thy shield is bright and strong
Maryland, my Maryland!
Come, for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
Stalking with liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland, my Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland, my Maryland!
But, lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Better the fire upon the roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder-hum,
Maryland, my Maryland!
The "Old Line's" bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland, my Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum—
She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

Therefore, Lee would lead an "Army of Liberation" into Maryland. How little any of them realized that the great heart of Maryland was inflexibly and overwhelmingly Union, that all the men who had really any heart in Secession had long ago slipped across the Potomac to join the Confederate army, and that the men and women who were singing "Maryland, My Maryland," was a little circle of society dudes in Baltimore, who thought Secession "good form," but had not the slightest idea of imperiling their precious dollars nor their personal safety for an instant in support of Secession. They were Secessionists mainly because the "common people" were for the Union, and because this gave them a good excuse for keeping out of the army and selfishly profiting by the opportunities for making money.

Deluded by this specious singing and chattering, Gen. Lee moved his army across the Potomac above Washington, to find himself in a country as hostile to him as Pennsylvania. Lee issued a sounding proclamation, inviting the oppressed Marylanders to rise in their might and join his army, but it did not bring him as many recruits as he lost men by desertion. Men who had been impressed into the Confederate army left him by thousands, while but a few hundred "oppressed Marylanders" were collared by his recruiting officers and forced into the ranks.

Tho chilled by this startling disillusion, Lee swept forward to Frederick, whence he could threaten both Baltimore and Washington. This was good strategy and worthy of his high reputation. But he was too good a soldier to be content with the mere show of success. He wanted something tangible to put in evidence.

In "the mighty precurse of fierce events" Col. Dixon S. Miles, the drunken old Regular, of shameful memory at Bull Run, had been overlooked. He had been assigned to guarding stores at Harper's Ferry, where it was supposed he could do no harm. In some way a force of 11,500 men, mostly new troops and three-months men, had been collected there without much purpose or organization. No steps had been taken to put the place in proper condition of defense and use this force to advantage.

Lee and Harper's Ferry.

Lee was well informed by his spies as to the situation, and resolved to take advantage of it. Notwithstanding his knowledge that McClellan was now marching out upon him with an army of 105,000 men, he did not hesitate to divide his own army into three widely separated parts—mountains and rivers between the parts—in order to surround and capture Harper's Ferry. McClellan was moving at the rate of four or five miles a day, and much could be done before he would come up. There was great excuse this time for McClellan's slowness. Both he and the War Department were necessarily ignorant of Lee's movements and intentions, and had reason to fear the movement on Frederick and threatening Baltimore was a feint, with an ultimate purpose of slipping by the army's left flank and capturing Washington.

Every one seemed to do all he could to help Lee accomplish his purpose against Harper's Ferry.

First, Halleck, with all his boasted wisdom, was strongly to blame for leaving 11,500 men there without any object and under such a known imbecile as Col. Dixon S. Miles.

Then Miles huddled his men together in the hole at the foot of the mountains, where they were at the absolute mercy of the guns which the enemy brought to the crests. Every subordinate of Miles, except Col. B. F. Davis, 8th N. Y. Cav., was culpable in yielding to this insensate proceeding.

Lastly, McClellan and Wm. B. Franklin were highly reprehensible, that they did not take ordinarily energetic steps to relieve the garrison at Harper's Ferry.

Lee had no trouble in compelling Miles to surrender, but the cavalry, under Col. Davis, cut out and captured Longstreet's ammunition train.

Lee's Lost Order.

By such rare good fortune as rarely happens in war McClellan came into possession, on the morning of Sept. 13, of Lee's order revealing his whole plan of battle and how his widely separated army was at McClellan's mercy. This was at once confirmed by a dispatch from Gov. Curtin, stating that Longstreet was at Hagerstown and that Jackson was on the other side of the Potomac, having crossed at Williamsport. The remainder of Lee's army was therefore, in accordance with the order, many miles away from the other two portions, and in the immediate presence of the Army of the Potomac, which was now well in hand. Had McClellan acted upon this information with even commonplace energy the next day would have seen Harper's Ferry relieved and Lee's army ruined. From any other commander orders would have gone forth within the hour for an immediate rush of the cavalry and infantry upon that small portion of the Confederates who were investing Harper's Ferry from the north side of the Potomac. It was not until late in the afternoon that Franklin was ordered **to march the next morning,** down toward Rohrersville, against the enemy he might find there. There was no fire in the orders to Franklin, and if any commander needed a live coal under him it was W. B. Franklin. He advanced cautiously with the Sixth Corps, until about noon of Sept. 14 he came upon Howell Cobb, with two or three brigades of McLaw's Division, posted at Crampton's Gap, about six miles north of Harper's Ferry. Franklin could do nothing less than let the Sixth Corps loose at the enemy. He took no personal part in the engagement which followed, but Slocum, Smith and Bartlett, after two or three hours of sharp fighting, crushed Cobb, taking 400 prisoners, one gun and 700 small-arms. There was still plenty of time to relieve Harper's Ferry, which did not surrender until 8 o'clock the next morning, but Franklin's usual lethargy intervened. He stepped his victorious men, and left Harper's Ferry to its fate.

The Battle of South Mountain.

While this was going on the right wing of the army, led by the impetuous Pleasonton with his cavalry, was drifting into a fight with another detached portion of Lee's army, holding Turner's Gap in South Mountain, six miles north of Crampton's Gap. Pleasonton ran on to Hill's Division, and sent back for help. Cox, with a division of the Ninth Corps, went to his assistance, and was followed by the rest of the corps. Hearing the noise of the fighting, Hatch, Meade and Hooker pressed forward with their divisions, and by nightfall, after severe fighting, had driven the Confederates from the mountain, and were in position to intervene between Lee's widely separated corps.

At 7 o'clock on the morning of Sept. 15 Col. Miles announced to his subordinate commanders that he had determined to surrender. He sent out a white flag, but before the fire ceased he was mortally wounded. The surrender was carried out, and the Confederates gained 11,583 prisoners, 73 cannon, 13,000 small-arms, 200 wagons and a large amount of tents and camp equipage.

(To be continued.)

N. Y. Sharpshooters.

Editor National Tribune: Please give a short account of the 7th company, 1st Battery, N. Y. Sharpshooters.—Edwin P. Walker, Washington, D. C.

The 7th company, N. Y. Sharpshooters, was organized by Capt. Jos. S. Arnold at Jamestown, and mustered into service Sept. 12, 1862. It was recruited principally at Ellicott, Kiantone, Busti, Ellington, Ellery, Carroll and Jamestown. Capt. Arnold was succeeded by Capt. Clinton Perry, and after serving awhile as Co. L, 112th N. Y., it was mustered out June 3, 1865. It lost four killed, eight men mortally wounded and eight men died from disease, making 20 in all. It served first in the defenses of Washington, then in Peck's Division, and lastly in the Fifth Corps.—Editor National Tribune.

"Restored by Resurrection."

Editor National Tribune: In the article "Future of Memorial Day," in issue of Aug. 5, you have my name and number of regiment wrong. It should be Rev. W. P. Pease, 99th Ill. In 1863, when I was keeping the records of the Adjutant's office of the 99th Ill., one of our regiment was left behind in hospital, who was afterwards reported dead, and accordingly marked off the rolls by death. In 1864 he reported to the regiment alive and well. The officers held a council in secret at the Adjutant's office to determine what to do in his case and how to restore him to the rolls. I suggested he be restored by resurrection, which was agreed to, and I so entered it on the Adjutant's books. So far as I know that comrade never knew of this record in his case. I wonder how he came out in applying for pension.—W. P. Pease, Snohomish, Wash.

History of the 40th N. Y.

The National Tribune is in receipt of an important contribution to civil war literature in the form of a history of the 40th N. Y. (Mozart), by Serg't Fred F. Floyd. This regiment served four years, from Bull Run to Appomattox, and participated in all the great battles of the Army of the Potomac, sustaining a loss of 225 men killed in action, this loss being exceeded by only six regiments of the 2,000 and more that served in the Union army during the rebellion. At Gettysburg it had 146 men killed and wounded. The volume is handsomely bound in cloth and profusely illustrated with half-tone portraits and battle scenes. It sells for $3 per copy. Remit by check, money order or registered letter to Fred C. Floyd, P. O. Box 1531, Boston, Mass.

In the Same Boat.

James McKenzie, 11th and 30th U. S., Des Moines, Iowa, says that he is in the same boat with Comrade Verrill, of the 18th U. S., and they were Indian fighters together. He enlisted in 1864 in the 11th U. S., and the next year received a furlough home, but was taken sick with chills and fever, and suffered at the same time from a wound in his leg. He was unable to go out for four or five months, and did not receive his discharge from the War Department until 1883. He has been refused a pension, because his discharge was not honorable, but it certainly was not dishonorable. He enlisted again in the 3d Battery, 12th U. S., which was subsequently made the 30th U. S. His regiment was sent to fight the Indians and guard the Northern Pacific Railroad and build Fort Russell, Wyo., and Fort Fred Steele.

The Atlanta Campaign.

Robert Jones, East Hillsdale, Mich., read the Atlanta campaign with absorbing interest, but he thinks that the Twentieth and Twenty-third Corps were put a little too much to the front to the forgetfulness of the others. He cannot understand, if they did so much, why it was necessary for the rest of the army to go along. He wants it understood that the Fourteenth Corps was all the time on the front line, quite up with the Twentieth and Twenty-third Corps, and that his regiment, the 38th Ohio, was all the time in the neighborhood. The regiment went out in 1861 and came back in 1865, which is sufficient to say for it.

Who Got Them?

C. O. Gr gory, 12th N. Y. Battery, Centerville, Mich., was taken prisoner at Reams Station and lost his knapsack, which contained a red morocco Bible and a silver ring with wolf head and ruby eyes. If anyone found them, he would be very glad to have them restored.

RECENT LITERATURE.

"WITH TOUCH OF ELBOW," a thrilling narrative of adventure on land and sea. By James N. Wells. Published by the John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia.

This work is a well-written, thoroly interesting story of personal observation and adventures, beginning before the breaking out of the war and continuing thru it and the period of reconstruction. It also includes a voyage at sea and a long sojourn in the Azore Islands. The story begins with the author engaged in driving an ox team across the plains in the supply train of the troops which went to Utah during the Mormon War. There, in a lively description of a buffalo hunt and then one of Salt Lake City and the conditions found there. The author was in Virginia City shoveling ore on a dump when the news of the outbreak of the war reached him. He went to San Francisco and then to Michigan, and with his brother and four cousins enlisted in the army. He entered the 8th Mich. Cav., in which he rose to be a Captain. He gives a fine story of his service in and with that gallant regiment, and particularly of his capture and imprisonment. He made his escape from Libbey, and succeeded in reaching our lines at Greensboro. He returned to duty, and was in the Atlanta campaign, being again captured in Stoneman's ill-fated raid on Macon. The book is interesting from the first word until the last, and one who begins to read it will surely finish it.

A New Kidney Cure.

The attention of our readers is invited to the page advertisement of Dr. T. Frank Lynott in this issue. If you are ailing with kidney or bladder disease and feeling out of condition, you should send the Doctor the symptom blank, and he will personally give attention to your case, and send you absolutely free his trial treatment, without any cost to you. This is a generous offer, and no one should hesitate to accept it.

THE SUMMER CAPITAL.

(Continued from page one.)

which are scheduled to be in Honolulu Sept. 11, might just as well be styled eight first-class battleships. The term armored cruiser is not quite so terrifying as battleship, but it has long been recognized at the Navy Department that in time of war the new armored cruisers would be to all intents and purposes as good as battleships. The Tennessee and Washington have a displacement of 14,500 tons, the others of 13,680 tons, which is something more than some of the ships of the Atlantic battle fleet. In dimensions they are larger than any of the ships of the battle fleet. They are each 502 feet long, which is 52 feet longer than the biggest and newest of the battleships, such as the 16,000-ton New Hampshire, Connecticut, Louisiana, Minnesota and Kansas. The Tennessee and the Washington are almost 73 feet beam, about as much as the heaviest of the battleships. Their draft is 24 feet, about the same as the battleships. Their guns and armament are not as formidable as in the newer battleships, but, all in all, the eight armored cruisers comprise a very powerful battle fleet. They have a speed of 22 knots, and as a fleet are about five knots faster than the Atlantic battle fleet.

No one questions that the Pacific battle fleet is going on a peaceful mission and for nothing else. It is virtually a practice cruise, for the ships will be engaged in manuvers much of the way across the Pacific, will have a month of hard work off Manila, then disperse by twos for brief visits at Chinese ports, reassembling again for the voyage home at Yokahoma Jan. 19. Their voyage in a way duplicates the around-the-world voyage of the battle fleet during the closing months of the Roosevelt Administration. The armored cruisers will sail quite as far, the practice will be quite as rigorous, and in all probability the Pacific fleet will return under a discipline that approximates the fighting edge. Because of the greater distances on the Pacific Ocean the armored cruisers are much better suited for a Pacific fleet than for an Atlantic fleet. There is little doubt in the minds of those who keep informed about Navy plans that the armored cruisers are to remain in the Pacific Ocean and that the Pacific fleet is now a permanent affair. There are two more armored cruisers of the 14,500-ton class fit for service—the Montana and the North Carolina. It is not unlikely that they will ultimately be transferred to the Pacific Ocean and added to the fleet.

The Visit of Senator Aldrich.

The coming of Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, to the Summer Capital, just before he sailed for Europe, was rated as one of the most noteworthy visits of the vacation period. The President had two reasons for inviting the Senator here. One was to find out how the Monetary Commission, which recently met in New York City, is progressing in the preparation of recommendations for a comprehensive financial system. Senator Aldrich informed him that the Monetary Commission, composed of Senators of the Finance Committee and Representatives of the Banking and Currency Committee, and certain ex-members of those committees, could not report before a year from this Autumn. The President also wanted to consult with Senator Aldrich about administrative features of the Payne tariff law, which Senator Aldrich himself drew and which the Treasury Department is now putting into operation. These include the maximum and minimum provisions that become operative in March, and the Foreign Tariff Board, as the so-called Tariff Commission will probably be called, whose members President Taft will soon appoint. Secretary MacVeagh, as the head of the Treasury Department, came down from Dublin, N. H., to be present at the conference.

Senator Aldrich wants to avoid an extra session of Congress for the financial legislation, which adds to the prospects that there will be no financial legislation prior to the next Administration. If the Monetary Commission is able to report in the Autumn of 1910, that will be just prior to the short session, which will be the last session of the present or 61st Congress. It is axiomatic that practically nothing outside of appropriation bills can be passed at a short session. But in 1911, when the new Congress has been chosen, the country will be approaching another Presidential election, and it is questionable whether the Republicans would care to precipitate an issue over their new financial system right on the eve of the quadrennial contest. Hence the belief that the interval will be devoted to discussion and to education of the people up to the new ideas, and that the legislation will come after the next Presidential election.

The President's Southern and Western Tour.

If ever a Presidential itinerary was built to be proof against political and local factionists, it ought to be the one Secretary Carpenter is just completing in the Executive Offices at Beverly. The President plans that his long trip thru the West and South shall comport with the dignity of his office. He will not hesitate to emphasize his convictions upon issues that rightly concern the country, but he travels virtually as the guest of all the people, for his journey will be at Government expense, and he does not want it turned to the advantage of groups of leaders striving for party mastery.

Some are saying that his caution is due to ambition for a second term. That may be in some part. All Presidents, of recent years at least, have sought a second term, and have trimmed their sails accordingly. It is improbable that President Taft should not be looking forward occasionally to 1912, particularly when he is taking a long journey that will bring him a closer acquaintance with the sovereign voters who make and unmake Presidents. His course ever since he entered the White House has been one of pacification for the hostile elements in his own party. He will not be forgetful of this as he travels thru many States where the old-line Republicans and the more radical Rooseveltians are vieing for the control of the party organization.

Therefore it is that the itinerary has been prepared and scrutinized with exceptional care. Every minute of the President's time is accounted for in the scores of cities he will visit. The opportunities for ambitious citizens to pull the President away to a private residence or to some meeting of local adherents have been reduced to a minimum. Every local program of visiting and speaking has been vised by Secretary Carpenter, after consultation with people familiar with the local situation. There may be an occasional contretemps in a schedule covering 60 days, but it will not be for lack of caution at the Summer Capital.

President Taft's experiences in the last campaign may have prompted him to unusual care in this particular. In the rush and hurry of a political contest he frequently found that he was being unconsciously made a factor in local politics. There were many occasions when he had an hour or two on his hands. Naturally there was much aggression in invitations and appeals. Quite as much from good luck as on account of any foresight on the part of State leaders who had his campaigning in charge, Mr. Taft escaped serious embarrassment.

No Politics in the Journey.

One conspicuous case serves as an illustration. When Mr. Taft was at Middle Bass Island early last September he was surrounded by politicians, who proposed various plans. Gen. Warren Keifer, a Representative from the Springfield, O., district, and Gen. Henry C. Corbin were anxious that he should visit Fort Meigs to attend the dedication of a monument to the soldiers of the War of 1812. It seemed harmless enough to those two Buckeye officers, and at first Mr. Taft was inclined to go. He had not been informed of the details of the program, however, and some of his more cautious friends advised him strongly to stay away. At the last moment he decided to follow their advice.

Senator Foraker was one of the orators of that occasion. In the course of his remarks he made some reflections upon President Roosevelt. If Mr. Taft had been present he would have felt compelled under the circumstances, probably, to reply. If he had remained silent, his silence would have been capable of a wrong interpretation. Had he spoken it would have provoked a controversy which at that stage of the campaign could have had no good result.

There will be hardly a political campaign worthy of the name in the States the President is to traverse. Consequently he cannot be accused of making a stumping tour, which, of course, Presidents are careful to avoid. Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Virginia will be electing Governors and Legislatures. A few of the Western States will elect minor officials in November. The President will be well out of Western territory before any campaigns there assume lively importance, and will not get up into Virginia, on the home-stretch from the South, till after the polls have closed. The season for his journey has accordingly been well chosen to avoid any political broils. He can discuss issues pertaining to his Administration with little fear of criticisms on other than broad National lines.

There will undoubtedly be efforts to interest the President in the Mayoralty fight in New York City this Autumn. It will be the campaign of towering importance to be decided in November, and possibly the most significant election to be held since Mr. Taft was chosen for the Presidency. That situation has led to speculation over the presence of George R. Sheldon, Treasurer of the Republican National Committee, on his yacht in the waters adjacent to Beverly and over the game of golf he played the other day at the Myopia links with the President. Mr. Sheldon is by no means a dominant party leader in New York City, but at this time the Republicans there and in New York State are considerably demoralized. They are without any coherent organization. In New York City there are six or seven active candidates for the very important office of Census Supervisor. Representatives Bennett, Olcott and Parsons, all prominent city Republicans, are each pressing for the selection of a favorite. Secretary of Commerce and Labor Nagel is expected almost any day to advise the President whom to select in New York City and in several up-State districts, as well as in numerous other districts thruout the country.

Whatever the chance may be of defeating Tammany in the Mayoralty campaign, it is regarded as sufficiently good to be worth improving to the utmost. Taft carried New York City, probably as fickle a political constituency as there is in the world. If the Republicans should carry the city this Autumn it would immensely strengthen their position and also the President's position in the Empire State. A tremendous Tammany majority, on the other hand, might make a question as to the political future of the State more apropos than it would be now.

There is no authority for saying that the President and Mr. Sheldon talked further than to exchange pleasantries about their game of golf, but the possibilities of reference to New York politics under the peculiar circumstances now existing were not lost sight of by the politician. Of course, the President is not likely to show his hand in that contest, but as the leader of his party he would naturally welcome information about conditions and prospects in the Metropolis.

BLADDER TROUBLES NEED PROMPT ATTENTION.

Perhaps you don't know how much work is required of your kidneys and bladder or of how much importance they are. Do you know that on these important organs hinges good health? Many an apparently strong, healthy man or woman has been stricken without notice by serious kidney and bladder disease only to realize too late what might have been prevented with proper care and attention.

Some of the early symptoms of weak kidneys and bladder are lumbago, rheumatism, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints or muscles, at times headache or indigestion, dizziness, you may have a sallow complexion, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, sometimes feel as though you had heart trouble, may have plenty of ambition but no strength, get weak and waste away.

If you find you have some of the symptoms mentioned, you need then a remedy that will reach the seat of the disease and at the same time build up the system generally.

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The 53d Pa. at Cold Harbor.

Editor National Tribune: I notice in an article on Pennsylvania at Cold Harbor, speaking of the monument to be erected there, there is no mention made of the 53d Pa. Why is this regiment left out, or were we missed by the printer? I belonged to the 53d Pa., and we were surely in the battle from start to finish. Our Colonel, John R. Brooks, now Major-General, retired, was badly wounded in the groin in that fight. He was in the command of a brigade. If not, I have been dreaming all these years. Kindly advise the survivors of the 53d Pa., and greatly oblige—M. L. Thornton, Huntington, W. Va.

According to the Official Records, the 53d Pa. was very much in the battle at Cold Harbor, losing out of its thinned ranks eight men killed, 58 wounded and three missing. It was commanded by Capt. Henry S. Dimm.—Editor National Tribune.

The 26th U. S. C. T.

Editor National Tribune: Will you please give a short sketch of the 26th U. S. C. T.?—Anna W. England, Bennington, Vt.

The 26th U. S. C. T. was organized at Riker's Island, New York Harbor, Feb. 27, 1864, and was mustered out Aug. 28, 1865. Col. William Silliman died of wounds received at Gregory's Farm, and Col. William B. Guernsey was in command when the regiment was mustered out. The regiment belonged to the Tenth Corps, and lost 30 men killed in battle and 115 from disease, in prison, etc.—Editor National Tribune.

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PENSIONS, PAY, BOUNTY

We have resumed practice before the Pension Bureau and will give special attention to **widow's claims.** Have you received all the pay and bounty now collectable in view of the **act of March 4, 1907?** Write for circular. **MILO B. STEVENS & CO., Attys.** Founded 1864 by Milo B. Stevens, late of 14th Ohio Battery. **899 14th St. N. W., Washington, D. C.**

The National Tribune Scrap Book

STORIES OF THE CAMP, MARCH, BATTLE, HOSPITAL AND PRISON TOLD BY COMRADES

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE has received many entertaining stories of the camp, march, battle, hospital and prison which it has been unable to print in the columns of the paper owing to the length of the stories and the fact that space must be found in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE for matter other than that relating to the War. These stories are entirely too good to remain unprinted. THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE therefore has issued a "Scrap Book," containing a number of these reminiscences.

The following is the table of contents:

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Battle of Brice's Crossroads, Miss. By C. F. Macdonald.
Battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn. By I. G. Hoops.
Reminiscences From an Army Surgeon. By Dr. C. E. Goldsborough.
Service Observations From the Standpoint of a Private Soldier. By Charles L. Adkins.
The 19th Iowa in Battle and in Prison. By J. E. Houghland.
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My Escape From a Rebel Prison. By Capt. M. S. Ludwig.
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