

OUR SOLDIERS' COLUMN.

A Ringing Appeal from a Veteran to His Comrades.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Our Subscribers Hold a Little Camp-fire of Their Own.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

Enclosed find \$4 for four new subscribers to your most valuable paper. If I am not mistaken, this makes twenty-one subscribers I have sent you, and I have but one regret, and that is: that it is not one hundred and twenty-one, but I have opened a recruiting office, and, as I have set my stakes for fifty recruits, I will have them if we have to resort to a draft; and, if it comes to that, we will double the call to make sure of the number of substantial men. It is the strangest and most unaccountable thing that old soldiers and comrades will stand in their own light and close their eyes and refuse to see where their interest is. Now, it is an open and very apparent fact that THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, with its fearless and very able editor backed up with three or four hundred thousand subscribers, is a power behind the Congress of this United States that must cause them to pause in their wild career and inquire from whence cometh these warnings of vengeance, and, unlike those of old, they would need no interpreter to reveal the facts that three hundred thousand of the Nation's defenders had spoken. "What?" you say, "three hundred thousand subscribers to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE?" Of course I say so, and out loud, too. We have one million and a half of soldiers in this country, and we all have rights, and are more or less interested in the affairs of the country and Nation we helped to save—that we may enjoy the fruits of our labor. And where is there a paper that has so openly and fearlessly advocated the demands of justice that have been made by these million and a half of soldiers as the Editor of THE TRIBUNE? And now I give this title to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE: "The soldier's champion and friend." Boys of the army of the rebellion and comrades of the G. A. R., rally to the support of your champion, and don't delay, but send in your subscriptions, and by so doing you will manifest your appreciation of his efforts in a wise and substantial manner, and I don't hesitate to say that I believe the future will reveal the wisdom of your acts and choice, for the record of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE as an organ of power for the soldiers speaks for itself in the favorable results that have been reached through Congress, appropriating one hundred million dollars to pay pensioners, and many other bills of justice which have been championed by THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

The last time I sent to you, my Post numbered sixty-nine—and we number to-day seventy-three—and still they come, and they are all true blue, and I shall use every effort to secure their subscription to THE TRIBUNE. The time has come when the people of this great Nation must arise and shake off this lethargy into which they have fallen and assert their rights as a people and stamp out those political shysters that have no motive but that of a personal nature. The wishes of the masses are ignored by the frauds, and corruption of money used for the purpose of nominating and electing men to this Congress of the United States as well as the Legislatures of the States, from the highest to the lowest office in the gift of the people. Money has been and is used to an alarming extent, corrupting the purity of our politics. We have had a sample of it in my own congressional district, and by the Eternal Powers that exist they shall hear from it in the election!

Comrades, let us stand by those that stand by us, and before the 1st of January, 1883, let THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE triumph in the fact that it is supported by one hundred thousand of the true and loyal sons of liberty. Don't you back down one inch, for it is but a question of time (and a short time, too) when you will be backed by an army that will give you power and prestige, and that will stand by you through thick and thin; for you are worthy of the support and best efforts of every soldier in the country!

Now, in conclusion, comrades of the G. A. R., our four years of war brought us to appreciate a friend, and we would divide our last cent or our last crust, or hard-tack; and we have not forgotten yet how to manifest our approval or disapproval of a friend or an enemy. Every one of the soldiers are loud in their praises of THE TRIBUNE. They say: "What a grand paper, it is a power for the soldier!" That is so. Now, just you send the small sum of one dollar, and then your saying will be effective, and you can realize that you have complied with the small request made by the Editor.

You will hear from me again soon, for I shall never let up until I have received a subscription or a decided "No" from every member of my Post.

May you prosper far beyond your highest hopes, is the wish of

FAIR HAYES, N. Y.

F. M. J.

SOME PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

Realizing that your paper is read by thousands of ex-soldiers, and perhaps as many civilians, I would like to put a few questions for them to ponder over. Is it possible that the deeds of sacrifice, suffering, bloodshed and heroism have been forgotten by our Government? Is it not a shame that the high-minded boys who wore the blue, twenty years after the war, have to stand up and clamor for justice at the hands of the Government? Is it not the duty of all who enjoy the privileges of a Government saved to them by the old soldiers to see that this justice should not be delayed? Wishing THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE all the success possible, I am,

Truly yours,

J. B. DEY.

STROMBERG, NER.

REMEMBER LITTLE RED CAP.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

Enclosed find \$1 for THE TRIBUNE. My paper failed to come this week, and I took the hint that my time was over. I cannot do without it. I am greatly interested in Little Red Cap, as I remember him well at Andersonville; also, in Free Lane's account, for I was with him in all that he has been writing about, and remember well our trip from Blackshire to Florence. I was back to Andersonville in March last, and was all over the old prison pen. The old stockade has all tumbled down, except three logs on the east side. The logs have been split into rails and the ground is fenced in. The north and south ends of the ground are cultivated. The wheat was about knee high when I was there the 22d of March, 1862. The old Presidential spring being all grown up with briars, I provided a colored man to clean it out and walk it up with brick. The walls that were dug on the north side are as round and perfect as the day they were dug; also the niches in their sides

for the purpose of climbing up and down. The cemetery is beautifully kept under the able management of Superintendent James K. Dunbar, formerly of the Eighth Pennsylvania volunteers. It is twenty-five acres in extent, and has a nice brick wall about seven feet high around it. I secured enough of the old stockade to frame one of Comrade Felix Le Baume's pictures of Andersonville stockade and Hospital, and perhaps the last relic of the old dead line—a piece of one of the stakes that supported the dead-line in the swamp on the east side. Continue your good work and I believe some day we will have what belongs to us. Yours, with best wishes,

H. S. BRAMAN,

Late Co. I, 8th Iowa Cav.

IT EXCELS THEM ALL.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I have examined several papers intended for the interest of the soldier, and I must say that THE TRIBUNE excels them all, and I will do what I can to influence others to take it. I heartily endorse the sentiments expressed in your circular. I believe if the United States Treasury is rich enough to pay out \$18,000,000 for the River and Harbor bill, it certainly is rich enough to pay \$7,000,000, or even \$10,000,000, to the disabled soldiers who took their lives in their hands and saved the Union. I lost my right hand in the service, and I feel that money cannot make it good. I am interested in the \$4 bill, and hope every effort may be put forth to make it a law. It becomes every comrade to cast his ballot for every man in sympathy with the soldier.

Yours respectfully,

E. B. LOVING,

Co. G, 27th Mass. Vols.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

THE CHEERFUL DOLLAR.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

The aggressive spirit of the party press toward the ex-soldiers ought to drive us in solid line to meet it. THE TRIBUNE, in its bold, strong editorials in our behalf, its bright and vivid pictures of the marches and battles that are part of our own lives, in the high order of its agricultural information, and its pleasing home features ought to bring out the cheerful dollar from everyone of us, however dull, sick, dead, or "fragmentary" he may be. Here is mine—I wish it was as big as a cart wheel.

D. P. BOND.

HARTFORD, KAS., Sept. 22.

THE FIELD ALREADY FULL.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

We took a copy of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE with us to introduce it to the new Post at Gettysville. Judge of our surprise when they began talking about "Our Paper," in which all seemed deeply interested. The thought occurred to us: "This will be a barren field in which to get up a club for THE TRIBUNE," but we ventured to ask: "Is *Our Paper* published here?" "No sir," was the reply "it is published in Washington city, and is called THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. Everybody takes it." We did not try to get up a club—the field was too full.

C. H. MYERHOFF.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

SMALL SHOT.

Sharp Cracks of the Gatling Guns All Along the Line.

Maine—"Go on with your good work until all the survivors subscribe." I. B. Hagan, Hancock co.—"THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is growing more in grace every day." P. J. Hodgdon, Caladonia co.—"I am eighty-eight years old, and I like your paper very much." Mrs. O. Mills, Oxford co.

Rhode Island—"THE TRIBUNE takes heart with Young America, the same as a loaf of fresh bread after many months of hard tack and salt pork." Walter H. Mowry, Providence co.—"I take several papers, but yours will be the last to be discontinued." Geo. W. Diman, Bristol co.

Massachusetts—"May your fullest hopes be realized. I cannot do without it." C. C. Hasford, Hampshire co.—"The best paper I ever had in my house." E. B. Rickford, Essex co.—"Fire him and keep it up. I always get my money's worth in THE TRIBUNE."—"I must have THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, for I cannot do without it." A. Falconer, Middlesex co.—"I send four recruits. I will keep scattering with small arms until I get all to surrender." John Ryan, Hampshire co.

Missouri—"All like it that have seen it, and we are going to organize a G. A. R. Post here." Lofius Teters, Barton co.—"I would not do without it for five times its price." W. H. Lewis, Clinton co.

New Hampshire—"It should circulate the length and breadth of the land, for it is a meritorious and energetic paper." Rebecca N. Larned, Grafton co.

Vermont—"I shall subscribe as long as I live. Hit them hard and often." D. D. Priest, Rutland co.—"I have learned to love it, because it is a true advocate of the just claims of the soldier." N. S. Rogers, Orleans co.

Connecticut—"Any soldier who realizes the good you are doing ought to take a little pains to increase the circulation. We get in THE TRIBUNE all the important news of the country." Wm. H. Gladden, Hartford co.—"It is the 'Excelsior.'" Levi A. Bliss, Windham co.

Nebraska—"Keep up the firing on all such as oppose justice to the soldier." J. N. Brooks, Saunders co.—"Keep up your firing. It is the best paper for the soldier or anybody else." N. Fellow, Polk co.—"I chip in my mite to keep up the fight." A. E. Gates, Thayer co.—"I think it is just the thing to open a great many eyes that have been blind to the rights of the soldier. Would as soon do without my nation as without THE TRIBUNE." M. Chambers, Johnson co.—"To say I like your paper is little in comparison with my appreciation of it. Every number brings something to my mind of those trying days." Jas. Platt, Gage co.

New York—"I am well pleased with the paper. It is much needed to keep the soldiers informed as to who are their friends." F. J. Kennedy, Cayuga co.—"Although I thought everything of the Veteran, I am more than pleased with the change." G. W. Mather, Genesee co.—"As long as I live I shall find some way to renew my subscription." H. W. Halsey, Suffolk co.—"I eagerly look for the rehearsal of the terrors of prison life. My only regret is that I have not been a subscriber to your paper from the first issue." J. C. Fuller, Ulster co.—"It is the true friend of the soldier in the right place." Geo. Newman, Erie co.—"The best paper in the country." J. A. Van Valkenburg, New York.

New Jersey—"It sustains the principles we fought for." Isaac R. Stelle, Middlesex co.

Pennsylvania—"You should be sustained by the vast army of soldiers throughout the country." Edward Maribaker, Wyoming co.—"I obtained thirty subscribers in two days without special exertion, which is conclusive evidence that the soldier's friend—THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE—is appreciated here." Lewis Grim, Mercer co.—"To be without THE TRIBUNE would be like being on the picket line without the password." E. Troutman, Berks co.—"I cannot wait for each week's issue. I am so anxious to read it." Winfield S. Harvey, Fayette co.—"THE TRIBUNE is boss of all." Jno. N. McBurnon, Schuylkill co.—"We love to read it, for it is a charm in the household circle." Jas. M. Sheffield, Wayne co.

Tennessee—"I want to see THE TRIBUNE in the hands of all who feel interested in the welfare of the Union soldier. Thos. Hicks, Scott co.—"If all soldiers were of my notion they would take THE TRIBUNE if they had to sell the oldest speckled hen on the place."—W. J. Davis, Hawkins co.

Ohio—"The only soldier's paper worthy of notice by ex-soldiers." B. E. Deely, Erie co.—"I wonder how any ex-soldier could do without it." L. Darbus, Miami co.—"Will forage for subscribers until your magazine is brim-full, so you can open the fire at short range." W. S. Brown, Williams co.—"It fills the bill entirely as far as soldiers' rights are concerned." H. V. Wilson, Hardin co.

Indiana—"It is the imperative duty of every soldier and soldier's friend to stand by THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE." J. W. Overman, Delaware co.—"It is my ideal of the soldier's real friend and essential advocate." N. H. Kingman, Cass co.

Illinois—"This is the paper every soldier should take." Capt. Wm. Vincent, Jo Daviess co.—"The most substantial proof that THE TRIBUNE suits me is my subscription, and here are eight more who want their rations." J. W. January, Woodford co.

Michigan—"Don't miss one, please, for I hail each issue with comfort and lots of good cheer." J. E. Norton, Wayne co.—"I would rather do without my tobacco than stop my subscription." A. W. Walker, Allegan co.—"Without THE TRIBUNE I am like the soldier lost from his command." William Collins, Berrien co.—"I vote for THE TRIBUNE every time." Franklin K. Deming, Muskegon co.—"You deserve the praise and support of every one who defended the red, white and blue." Adam Sumner, St. Clair co.

Iowa—"An 'A No. 1' paper for the soldier." E. Wescott, Tama co.—"I have come to the conclusion that it is my duty, as an ex-soldier, to subscribe." Isaac Rhodes, Clinton co.

Kansas—"Tally another for THE TRIBUNE, the best paper ever published." O. F. Smith, Osborne co.—"The only paper with the pluck to take the papers controlled by monopolies with grape and caustic." John Beck, Bourbon co.—"Here are the names of two subscribers. We are rallying again." George Stephenson, Johnson co.—"As my friend stepped lending to me, I had to subscribe." F. M. Cretors, Labette co.—"I could not keep house without THE TRIBUNE." William Myers, Harvey co.

Colorado—"I was a nurse at Gayoso General Hospital, and my heart warms with gratitude to THE TRIBUNE for so manfully fighting for the rights of the soldier." Mrs. Hattie Hannis, Arapahoe co.

California—"The best paper in the United States so far as old soldiers are concerned." J. L. Tharp, San Francisco co.—"Consider me a life subscriber." H. C. Brown, Alameda co.

SHILOH.

Nelson's Division on That Bloody Field—Interesting Reminiscences.

One of the most interesting of the many entertaining speeches made at the Army of the Cumberland Reunion at Milwaukee, Wis., was that of Dr. A. W. Ellis, of Hamilton, Ohio, on the battle of Shiloh, which we print below in full:

COMRADES OF THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—Gentlemen: A brave and eloquent fellow soldier of ours who laid down his young life on Kennesaw Mountain, in speaking of the rapid march to relieve Grant's stricken army at Pittsburg landing, used the following striking language:

"The highest romance in military life centers in a successful army. The sturdy heart of England thrilled responsive to the tread of Bulwag's legions—the fortunes of consular France rested upon Desaix's eagles—the hopes and fears of the loyal North marched with Buell's columns, surging to the red field of Shiloh!"

On the battle-field of Pittsburg Landing treason danced on blood-roses her wanton bridal measures, for in those days secession was a bridegroom who had invited all the world to a feast of suffering. Backward, across the chasm of those years that are gone, again I see that bloody scene—again I see the faces of the dead—again I hear the piercing groans of the wounded, while over and above all roars the fearful cadence of battle.

AN AWFUL SUNDAY NIGHT.

In my imagination I am once more amid that awful Sunday night. In front a victorious and defiant enemy; at our backs a foaming river; in our hearts a determination to do or to die. Twenty minutes more and all would have been lost, with all the terrible consequences—calculate them you who can—of such a misfortune. On came the rebel hosts, anticipating an easy victory. Since early morning they had pushed Grant's flying troops, and now, in this last charge, they would complete their conquest. Backward, across the chasm of those years that are gone, again I see that bloody scene—again I see the faces of the dead—again I hear the piercing groans of the wounded, while over and above all roars the fearful cadence of battle.

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

It is not for me to say where Nelson's place should be in the history of the war. Prior to entering the volunteer service in 1861, he had been an officer of the United States Navy for several years, and was a man of undoubted courage, ability and attainments.

Through his whole career, by land and sea, no one ever knew him to falter or to flinch in the discharge of his duty.

He was the man to save his native State from the vortex of rebellion to which she was rapidly drifting, and thus not only saved her 60,000 men for the side of the Union, but also transferred the seat of war from the immediate front of the free States to the rebel States.

Generous toward all, ever careful of the interests of his command, he never evaded a task assigned to him, and from the first to the last was an open, bitter, uncompromising enemy to all kinds of treason.

He infused into his troops a large share of his own heroic and unconquerable spirit, and had he lived through the stormy period in which his life was quenched, would have, doubtless, ranked as one of the most distinguished characters of our times.

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T. N. G., Looper, Ind.—Your communication has been handed to a responsible attorney.

O. O. Arlington, Pa.—1. Scott, McClellan, Halleck, and Grant. 2. If you claim increase on account of disability, yes; if increase was claimed on disability for which pension is now drawn, it would not be so important.

Ex-Soldier, Eldorado, Kan.—If you have not done so, you should furnish testimony of neighbors (in the absence of medical evidence), as to your physical condition prior to enlistment. Your inability to file the latter class of testimony will not necessarily defeat your claim. You ought to hear from the Pension Office in the course of a month.

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much credit on his early Sunday-school training. One day, when riding along the pike between Spring Hill and Columbia, Nelson happened to meet a courier just through from Grant to Buell, and from him learned that the former had established his army on the south side of the Tennessee, and that, too, within striking distance of a large force of the enemy.

LIKE THUNDER FROM A CLEAR SKY.

To Nelson, that piece of news was a revelation as astounding as a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. He at once telegraphed to his headquarters, declaring if he did not at once cross Duck River and go right on to Pittsburg Landing, that Grant would be whipped for want of assistance. Buell did not think that the danger was so great as Nelson represented it to be, yet he did not seem displeased at the idea of our crossing Duck River and taking the advance. He at once sent a telegram to Halleck at St. Louis, to know if Grant had really posted his army on the further side of a broad, deep river, and that, too, almost under the guns of a concentrating force. Halleck did not inform him to the contrary.

Meanwhile the stream had fallen somewhat, and Gen. Ammon took soundings and reported a pretty good ford. So we all stripped off our shoes and waded across. It is true that we did not look very aesthetic in our shirt-tails. Not as we did on dress-parade in the presence of our wives and sweethearts. We did not care very much for the ladies, and from him Nelson took his way like a whirlwind toward the South.

Ninety-five miles of miserable dirt-road stretched on ahead between us and Pittsburg Landing—much of it through the most barren lands of Tennessee. The country was so poor that it did not take long for the infantry regiments to drag the wagons and artillery through the creeks and swamps. Soon Halleck telegraphed to Buell to concentrate his troops at Wayneboro, thirty miles from Pittsburg Landing. Before that telegram could flash across the wires Nelson had passed, like a streak of lightning, through Wayneboro, and that very night went into camp at Savannah.

I mention these things to show our rapid progress, for I verily believe that the march of our division from Duck River to Pittsburg Landing was a far greater feat, and accomplished more for the Union cause, than Sherman's march to the sea!

The day before we reached Savannah we met the elegant corps putting up the wires, and received a dispatch from Grant telling us not to hurry, as he could not cross over the river to Pittsburg Landing until the following Tuesday. Had we taken Grant at his word and become the staff of the army, we would have either seen the Army of the Tennessee totally destroyed or prisoners of war in the camp of the enemy.

BUELL AND NELSON.

The value of the aid that Buell gave to Grant at Shiloh cannot be overestimated, and it is not for any penny-a-liner who essays to write history (?) in the interest of any man or set of men to rob him of his just due, or to cast the slightest imputation upon the brave men he led to that field.

When any person takes up his pen and says that the defeat of the battle of Shiloh was due to Buell's troops coming on to the field in the way they should have done, he is guilty of the most lying and unjust insinuations ever placed upon paper.

Nelson's lips have long since been sealed in the eternal silence of the grave, yet thousands still living who can bear witness to that rapid march through the almost impassable swamps and tangled jungles of the Tennessee bottoms to relieve our comrades in that hour of direst peril.

Buell was a great soldier. In the council and on the field he was never found wanting. The task assigned to him was too great for the means placed at his disposal. His lot was cast in a day when an impatient public and clamorous press demanded results which we now know could not be obtained. He laid wide and deep the foundation for all the subsequent fame and usefulness of the Army of the Cumberland.

He took the raw material and formed it into a superb army of veterans and efficient fighting men.

He found our army a rude, unskilled, disjointed militia mob. He left it the best drilled, the best disciplined, the most trustworthy of all the great armies which for the four years upheld and advanced the banner of the Republic.

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SOME FAMOUS FIGHTERS.

Well-Told Anecdotes of the Great Generals of the War.

A ROMANTIC MEETING.

The Battle of Stone River and a Visit from Garfield.

[Continued from last week.]

It may not be out of place to mention one or two incidents that occurred during the battle of Stone River. Corporal Ed. C. Hockersmith, of Co. C, Twenty-first Kentucky, acting as color-bearer on the occasion, was confronted by a rebel, who demanded him to "surrender those colors;" but Hockersmith, who was as brave as he was fat, answered: "You may get me, but not this flag," and pitched it to the middle of the stream. Sergeant John T. Gunn, of Company E, Twenty-first Kentucky, who was less an object of rebel attention at the moment, dashed into the river and recovered the flag. Subsequently, while the charge was being made, a large number from various regiments rallied around those colors, and to this promiscuous battalion is due the honor of capturing the colors of the Twenty-sixth rebel Tennessee regiment and rolling from the field the large Parrott gun that had been so fatal early in the action.

A ROMANTIC MEETING.

During this sanguinary conflict men of kindred blood met in mortal combat—even brothers measured bayonets with each other, as on many other battle-fields of this unfortunate war. One man of the Twenty-first found a wounded brother lying on the field at night soon after the fighting ceased, whom he kindly cared for. Colonel Price himself discovered a cousin lying badly wounded on the field. The circumstances of the meeting were peculiar and even romantic. While he was riding over the battle-ground at night in search of the dead, dying, and wounded of his command, he was stopped by Colonel Broadins, of the Eighth Kentucky, to inquire about the fate of Lieutenant-Colonel May, of his regiment, who was missing. While in conversation with him an inquiry was made in a feeble voice by a man lying near by, if that was Colonel Woodson Price, of Lexington, Kentucky. Receiving an affirmative response, the wounded man informed him that he was a rebel cousin of his, Kidder Woodson, of Frankfort, Kentucky. The Colonel at once dismounted, and, removing the blanket from the face of the prostrate man, discovered by the light from his lantern the familiar features of his relative. Colonel Price at once called an ambulance, and, with the assistance of Scott Dudley, the brave and noble-hearted adjutant of the Twenty-first, young Woodson was placed in the conveyance and sent to the hospital, Colonel Price, in the meantime, directing his regimental surgeon to take particular care of him. But the poor fellow was mortally wounded, and, despite the careful nursing, died in a few days after the wounded were removed to Nashville. This is a striking illustration of the unnatural divisions which sundered Kentucky families during the war, and, on the other hand, of the ever-existing brotherhood between them in this National struggle.

A VISIT FROM ROSECRANS AND GARFIELD.

The day after this engagement the regiment returned to the valley and encamped on the field of the contest of the day before, where it remained for a few days, and then removed its camp onto and near the centre of the mountain top. Fully appreciating the destitute situation of the besieged Army of Chattanooga, it went earnestly to work to corduroy the road for the easy transit of the trains, which was its daily occupation until ordered back to the front. The constant passing of trains and officers going to and from the army gave interest to the camp, which otherwise would have been monotonous on the dreary mountain top. Frequent were the visitors to the camp; some from motives of