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DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

OLD TECUMSEH.

Leaves from Colonel Markland's War Memories---Joke Played on General Sherman.

How General Howard and Others Forced Him to Take Seidlitz Powder.

Description of a Council of War--Scenes at the Close of Sherman's March to the Sea.

How Old Tecumseh Looked—How the Soldiers Received Their Mail—Affecting Scenes.

Correspondence Cleveland Leader.

I am able to give the readers of the Leader some more extracts this morning from the manuscript notes of Col. A. H. Markland, the head of the mail service durin the war.

The first relates how Gen. Howard unthinkingly

COMPELLED GEN. SHERMAN TO TAKE A SEIDLITZ POWDER

when he wanted rather a drink of old bourbon whisky.

"When Gen. Sherman's army was at Goldsboro, N. C., Gen. Sherman made a visit to the headquarters of Gen. Howard. While there Gen. Sherman felt the need of a small draught of whisky to drive off the malarial effects of the climate on his system. Now all the officers of the army know of Gen. Howard's rigid temperance proclivities, and were strict in their respect for them. Gen. Sherman knew there was no whisky in General Howard's quarters, and therefore did not mention his wants to General Howard. Presently Dr. John Moore, the medical director, came in, and after a little conversation General Sherman gave him the wink and said, 'Doctor, have you a seidlitz powder in your quarters?' The doctor answered that he had. General Howard spoke up and said: 'General Sherman, it is not necessary to go to the doctor's quarters. I have plenty of seidlitz powders here, and good ones, too. I will get you one.' If there was anything in General Howard's quarters that General Shermrn did not want it was a seidlitz powder, and therefore he said to General Howard: 'Never mind, General! Give yourself no trouble'—Howard was then getting the glasses of water ready—'I will be going by Moore's quarters after awhile.' Dr. Moore was a great wag and quickly took in the situation and became a party to a joke on General Sherman. He said to General Sherman, 'By the way, general, I don t think I have a seidlitz powder in my quarters and you had better take the one General Howard had,' By this time General Howard had the powder all ready for use and handed the glass to General Sherman. Rather than offend Howard by saying he meant whisky he drank the foaming stuff down to his disgust, to the satisfaction of General Howard and to the amusement of the staff officers."

My second extract describes

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

"I think I was in a council of war once. Maybe it was only an informal consultation. It was in the early days of the fall of 1863 when General Thomas L. Crittenden's command was at Calhoon on Green river, Kentucky, and after the battle of Sacramento in that neighborhood. There was a rumor brought in that Forrest with a large force was moving on Calhoon with a view to the capture of Gen. Crittenden's command, the troops were mostly composed of raw recruits, badly armed, equipped, and the cavalry indifferently mounted. The officers and men were brave, and on many a battlefield thereafter proved their soldierly qualities. The council of war was an impromptu affair to take into consideration the gravity of the situation in the event that Forrest should advance in force on the command. It was held in a large room with an old-fashioned fireplace taking in almost all of one of its sides. General Crittenden sat next to me, close by the fireplace, and the officers disposed of themselves as best they could from the limited accommodation of the room. The condition of each regiment and company was talked over. The words buck and ball, Belgian rifle, worthless pistols, etc., were frequently used. There had been no opportunity to drill the men because of the frequent rains and the resulting mud. Calhoon was at that time the muddiest place I saw during the war. I gave my opinion of the condition in which the postoffice would be found in event that Forrest should come. Gen. Crittenden gave respectful, but silent attention to all that was said. At the close he arose from his seat, put both hands in his pantaloons pockets and strode across the room, saying, 'Gentlemen, all I have to say on this subject is that if Forrest or any other confederate comes we must go in and trust to our personal courage to win the fight.' The federal government owed much to Crittenden for the promptness with which he espoused the cause of the Union, and thereby greatly contributed to save the state of Kentucky to it."

SCENES AT THE CLOSE OF SHERMAN'S MARCH.

My third extract I take from that portion relating to Col. Markland's meeting with Gen. Sherman as he came to the sea coast at the close of that famous march to the sea. Col. Markland had been sent by Gen. Grant with the mail for Sherman's army in a small steamer to coast along the South Carolina shore, to ascertain where Sherman would come out and be there on hand to give his tired soldiers their mail which they had not had for months. Colonel Markland's boat was on the Island City. He had met Admiral Dahlgreen's flag ship and had had a consultation with him before he met Sherman, and he had met Sherman and had given him President Lincoln's message, saying: "God bless General Sherman, and God bless his army"; and the mail is now to be given to the soldiers. Colonel Markland said to me to-night:—

"When I delivered that message to General Sherman, was the only time that I ever saw him affected or moved by anything. He was, you know, a great man in the eyes of his troops. Before our boats met, and as soon as we got within earshot, he kept hallooing to me and asking me all sorts of questions about the news and the welfare of his friends whom I had lately been associated with. As our boats came together—he was, you know, on the flag ship—I jumped on to the flag ship and siezed General Sherman by the hand. He grasped my hand firmly, and before I said anything else, told him Lincoln's message to him. He kept his eyes upon the deck all the time I was speaking and I could see by his face that he felt it deeply.

"GENERAL SHERMAN'S APPEARANCE

at this time formed a strange contrast to that of the naval officers. Captain McGowan, of the revenue cutter Nemaha, the man who was in command on the Star of the West when that vessel attempted to supply Fort Sumpter, and General J. O. Foster and staff were in company with the force on the flag ship. All but Sherman were in full dress uniform. The naval officers were resplendent in gold lace and brass buttons. The revenue marine officers looked fresh and clean in their new clothes, and Gen. Foster and staff were out in the most gorgeous attire of the army. Gen. Sherman on the other hand was seedy and shabby. His face was bronzed by the the sun and wind of that long march, his clothing was worn out, and what was left was dusty and frayed at the edges.

"The army at this time was at Kings Bridge up the Ogeechee river, and Gen. Sherman wanted the mail taken there. He was anxious that I should get there first, in advance of the admiral's flagship and the revenue cutter. He directed me to proceed to the obstructions at the mouth of the Ogeechee river. These were piles which had been driven in to prevent any ship going up the river. The 'Island City' was a smaller boat than the Admiral's flagship or the revenue cutter Nemaha, and when General Sherman came on board the next morning just after daylight he told me that he wanted me to get through the obstructions before the admiral's flagship or the revenue cutter Nemaha, on which General Foster and his staff were, and for that purpose it would be better for the boat to go up and hold on to the 'spiles' so that when enough of them had been pulled out she could slip through and go on her way to King's bridge, where the army was. The general said: 'I will signal over to the rice mill that you are here with the mail, and they will signal to the army, and everybody will be on the lookout for you. I want your boat to be the first boat there.' I obeyed instructions, notwithstanding the admiral, Gen. Foster and Col. Babcock, who had just arrived with dispatches from Gen. Grant, thought I ought to give the flagship precedence. The Island City squeezed through the opening in the obstructions as soon as it was possible to do so, and proceeded to King's Bridge, where more than twenty thousand troops were assembled to give me welcome. No man so humble as I ever received so cordial and enthusiastic a welcome. I was again with the soldiers I had known at forts Henry and Donelson, Nashville and Memphis, at Vicksburg, Shiloh, and Chattanooga. I had been with them on the Mississipi River from Cairo to New Orleans, and along the railroad from Louisville to Atlanta. There I had given them all their letters from home from time to time, and here again on the termination of that long hard march I was with my pouches full of the letters for which they had waited so long, and of which they had thought so much. The mail messengers who had been associated with me in all the campaigns of the valley of the Mississippi, and who had shouldered their muskets for the march to the sea, reported to me and the more than three hundred sacks of mail matter was soon ready for distribution. We had it so arranged that it could be distributed as easily and as quickly as the mail of a city is distributed by carrier. I shall never forget

THE SCENES OF THAT MAIL DELIVERY

to the soldiers of that grand army as they got their letters at the close of that memorable march. They waited for their letters with happy but anxious faces. They tore them hastily open as they were handed them, and as they eagerly read their contents their faces rose or fell in response to the glad or sad news which they received. Some of those travel-stained warriors I saw open an envelope and, putting their hands to their eyes, step to one side and go off to weep over the sickness or death of some of their loved ones at home. Others laughed and smiled over glad tidings, and others bowed their heads and almost wept aloud. Such a scene has all the pathos of a tragedy, mixed with the pleasure of the wildest comedy. Good news and bad, births and deaths, fortune and failure, mixed in and out, and clasping hands went together there as they do at all times and the world over." CARP.

Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty "Enlightening the World" will be a reminder of personal liberty for ages to come. On just as sure a foundation has Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" been placed, and it will stand through the circles of time as a monument of the physical emancipation of thousands, who by it its use have been relieved from consumption, consumptive night sweats, bronchitis, coughs, spitting of blood, weak lungs, and other throat and lung affections.

Ex-member of congress John F. Finerty received an unpleasant ovation in the Seventeenth ward while attempting to speak at a political meeting at Chicago on Sunday evening.

"Acted Like a Charm,"
This is what Mrs. Mayer, of Baronne street, New Orleans, says of Brown's Bitters. A "charm" works quietly, surely, promptly, thoroughly and with delightful effect. That is just the way this wonderful family medicine works on invalids who have been suffering the woes of liver complaint, dyspepsia and impoverished blood. Those who know its worth say it is a complete cure for dyspepsia, weakness, malaria, neuralgia, etc.

The clearances of the leading cities of the union for the last week were $642,199,759, a decrease of 34·6 per cent compared with the corresponding week last year.

Mr. Allister Brown, Auckland, New Zealand, writes; "I had an excruciating attack of rheumatism in my right arm. I used less than half a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and I feel perfectly free from pain."

The freight house and several cars of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg railway were burned at Cape Vincent on Saturday. Loss, $5,000.

DURKEE'S SALAD DRESSING & COLD MEAT SAUCE is made from the freshest, purest and choicest condiments obtainable. In using it, waste, labor, anxiety, and disappointment are prevented.

During a wind storm Sunday afternoon, a large sign on the roof of No. 332 Grand street, Pittsburg, fell, carrying with it a large mass of bricks to the sidewalk. Two young ladies, Bella Louisley and Agnes Johnson, and an old man named Dennis McCarty, were passing at the time. Mrs. Louisley was killed almost instantly. Miss Johnson was picked up insensible, with both legs and nose broken. The old man escaped with a few scratches. It is thought Miss Johnson will recover.

O, my back! That lame back is caused by kidney disease. Stop it at once by Hunt's [Kidney and Liver] Remedy.

Good news ought to be told; and it is good news that Hunt's Remedy has cured *the worst* of kidney diseases, and can do it again.

THE MEASLY MUGWUMPS.

A Few Significant Rewards Awarded Curtis Williams' Crowd.

Beecher's Variegated Views—Prospective Cabinet Changes—Joe McDonald and the Union—Congressional Humor.

Special Correspondence of THE BEE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 1.—An Alabama editor has announced that Henry Ward Beecher while in that state recently, declared in favor of a southern man for the presidency four years hence, and named Secretary Lamar as the man. It was suggested last autumn that Beecher's mind was slightly affected; that it was a little off its balance. This suggestion receives some confirmation from the opinion expressed by him, as above stated, in regard to the next president. Beecher has the credit here of having secured the appointment of Ed. J. Phelps as minister to England; and it is said Cleveland hardly knew of him before. Another sop to the mugwumps; Edmund Jussen, brother-in-law to Schurz consul general. It has been announced several times, as coming from that unselfish branch of the human species, known as mugwumps, that they would neither ask for offices for themselves or their friends. Can't always tell. Perhaps it would be as well for Beecher to eschew politics and attend to the ministry, or he may find himself as much mixed in his politics, as he has been for several years past in his theology.

Speaking of Joe McDonald reminds me of a patriotic deed of his during the war, which was related to me while engaged in missionary work in Indiana last autumn. The "Knights of the Golden Circle" in that state formed a conspiracy to liberate the rebel prisoners confined in camp near Indianapolis, arm them, take possession of the city, make Gov. Morton a prisoner, overthrow the state government, and organize another as an adjunct to the southern confederacy. It was proposed to McDonald to take a hand in it, but he indignantly refused, and went at once to Gov. Morton and informed him what was going on. The governor made ample preparations to give them an unexpected reception. When the train approached the city bearing several hundred of the conspirators who expected to be joined by as many more there, they were greatly surprised to see several regiments of union troops drawn up, and batteries planted in positions to rake the train fore and aft. Their courage suddenly failed them, and they hustled out of the cars pell mell, running down to Pogue's run, and throwing their guns and pistols, scattered in all directions.

The conspirators had previously sent to Indianapolis by freight a lot of boxes marked "bibles" and "Sunday school books," directed to their friends in the city, but which they did not dare to take away from the freight house, they knowing what the boxes contained. When they were opened, they were found to be filled with guns and pistols.

Judging by their doings and intentions their acquaintance with bibles and school books must have been only in name; and when the doings and policies of the democratic party for the last twenty-five years are passed in review, one can scarcely refrain from thinking the last remark might have a much wider application. This act of McDonald draws forth a very friendly feeling from me.

I am not a prophet, or the son of a prophet, but, nevertheless, the prediction is ventured that the present cabinet will not remain long intact in its present shape. Lamar is naturally, and constitutionally indolent, likes his ease; but he is the head of a branch of the government which involves hard work and protracted toil, perhaps as much, or more so, than any other branch of the government. He will soon tire of it, and will take a foreign mission. Into that vacancy, more than likely, my friends of whom I have been writing, "Old Saddlebags," as some designate him, Joe McDonald will probably walk, Mr. Hendricks to the contrary notwithstanding.

It is the ambition of Attorney General Garland to occupy a seat upon the bench of the supreme court of the United States. If a vacancy should occur there, it may be expected that Garland will be selected to fill it. This will open the way for the Wisconsin statesman, Col. Vilas, whose ambition is to be attorney general, and he will get there whenever Garland vacates; and this may open the door for my friend, Dr. Miller, to walk into the postmaster general's office. Some people here, affected with Anglophobia, Frenchophobia or some other kind of rabies, are trying to introduce a new twang to the name of the postmaster, generally by pronouncing it veelas, thinking that more tony; but the postmaster general says his name is Vilas, and he ought to know. This reminds me of Wm. Ware Peck, whom Hayes sent out to be judge in Wyoming, of whom this is related: He was holding court at Green River on one occasion, and when a witness took the stand, the attorney asked him his name, he replied, "John G. Shadrack."

The court: "Stop, sir, your name is not Shadrack, it is shedrick."

The witness: My father alway spelled and pronounced his name Shadrack."

Judge: "Well, I tell you, the name Shadrack which we find in the Bible, in connection with Meeshek and Inthebedwego."

Witness: "I think I ought to know how to spell and pronounce my own name."

Judge: "Fined ten dollars for contempt of court, sir."

This is the judge who was assigned by an act of the Wyoming legislature, passed unanimously by both houses, save one vote, to what was known as the sage brush district, having few inhabitants, though now quite populous, and for signing which the writer suffered martyrdom at the hands of the late Rutherford Burchard Hayes, president of the United States.

By the way, did you know that Rutherford Burchard Hayes and the late Dr. Burchard, now deceased, (in one sense) of alliterative memory, are cousins? When that relationship was made known to me, it was not difficult to account for that dreadful faux pas.

Mr. Hendricks had one little office under his complete and unquestioned control, that of messenger to the vice president. In order to promote reform, the V. P. becomes convinced that it is imperatively necessary for him to remove the old messenger, and to appoint in his stead his own nephew; and thereby reform is promoted. The chief of the dead-letter division of the postoffice department, a faithful officer, is removed to make room for the son-in-law of Senator Colquit of Georgia; all in the interest of reform.

The humorists of the house have gone, have left to return no more, at least for an indefinite time. The walls and the arches of that hall will no more resound to the uproarous laughter induced by the flashing scintillations of their wit. "Sunset" Cox, Horr of Michigan, Belford of the Rockies, and Tom Ochiltree of Texas, will be missed, but "Though lost to sight, To memory dear," they can be survived as jesters, they were not without good; they contributed to relieving the monotony of debate, and to arousing sleeping members, for their obtaining the floor was always a signal for attention. It is a misfortune for one to acquire the reputation of being par excellence, a wit, so much is expected of him, he is supposed to be surcharged with the article at all times. Cox appreciated this, and once said his reputation in that respect had been a drawback to him, because whenever he rose to speak, something funny was always expected from him, and that would oftentimes tampt him to try to be funny when he was not in the mood for it, for he sometimes desired to talk seriously: Proctor Knott achieved a wide reputation by his Duluth speech in the house in which he spoke of Duluth as the "zenith city of the unsalted seas," a very pretty thought; but he afterwards expressed regret that he ever made the speech, for the reputation it gave him, created the expectation that he would ever afterwards continue to play that role, which was not congenial to his feelings to do; and I think he never essayed it again while in the house, and now probably has not the opportunity while serving as governor of Kentucky. Cox could talk sense as well as fun, and, outside of politics, generally advanced correct views. He was ready and apt in debate and not slow to cross swords with any one; but that "Shoo-fly" speech of Ben. Butler was too much for him, he was completely annihilated for the time. It will be remembered he was making a speech rasping Butler severely; the latter took it all without flinching, and waited his time. Noticing Cox was drawing to a close, Ben threw a glance from that cockeye of his upon Cox for a moment, and then turned his head away as if the very sight of him was offensive, and throwing his left hand in a most expressive and contemptuous manner, as if he was waving Cox into nonenity, uttered the line from the doggerel, which was in the mouths of all the street gamins at the time, and with all the derision and contempt of manner he could throw in the words, "Shoo fly, don't bodder me." The house dissolved itself for awhile into uncontrollable laughter. It was to Cox as if a cannon shot had struck him; he was completely floored; and many, who had met the sting of his sarcasm and ridicule, looked with complacency upon his discomfiture. Cox lost his temper—was mad, furiously mad, and began to reply by denouncing Butler for having called him a contemptible insect (Cox is very small in stature), which made the matter worse for him, and the house again gave way to unrestrained mirth.

A good one is told of Tom Ochiltree; though, possibly, your readers may have heard it. Tom went through the form of studying law, was admitted to the bar, and nominally entered into partnership with his father, who was an able lawyer; but Tom was no lawyer and would not study or stay in the office. At one time, when his father was absent at court in another county, the idea flashed across Tom's mind that there ought to be a new sign, denoting the partnership, the father's old tin sign being still in its place upon the side of the door of the office. Tom removed that, and caused a new one to be placed over the door. The father returned, and, upon going to his office, was somewhat surprised to read the new sign in flaming letters:

"THOMAS P. OCHILTREE AND FATHER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW."

Tom will now have leisure to chase the wild Comanche bronches over the Texas plains; the "red-headed rooster" can now soar high and flap his wings upon the summits of his own Rockies; the retired Michigander can now meditate in peace upon the dissolving views of congressional honors, on the quite shores of Lake Michigan, while our own "Sunset" will crook his knees under the sultan's rosewood, quaff sherbet to the memory of the prophet, and teach the sultan of all the faithful how to laugh, as he descants to him upon the beauties and glories of Tammany.

A SCENE BETWEEN THE PRESIDENT AND HIS SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

Samuel L. Southard, an eminent citizent in his day, was secretary of the navy under James Monroe, and was continued as such by John Quincy Adams. He was also United States senator from New Jersey forty-five years ago or so. He made this statement a few months after the scene transpired. He said that, going into the president's room in the White House one morning in February, 1825, about ten days before the close of Mr. Monroe's administration, Mr. Adams having been chosen by the house of representatives on the 9th of that month to succeed him, he found the president walking the room in great agitation, and apparently struggling to repress strong indignation. Upon my asking him if anything unpleasant had occurred, Mr. Monroe said: Mr. Crawford (secretary of the treasury), had just left, having brought to him several nominations of customs officers which he desired him to make; the president expressed objections to some of them, whereupon Crawford snatched up the papers, and taking his hat, in great irritation, said: "Well if you won't appoint persons well qualified for the places, tell me whom you will appoint, that I may get rid of their importunities?" The president replied warmly, saying that he considered Mr. Crawford's language extremely improper, and unsuitable to the relations beeween them; when Crawford, turning to him, and raising his cane as if to strike, said: "You damned infernal old scoundrel." The president seized the tongs at the fire place for self defence, applied a retaliatory epithet, and told him he would immediately ring for the servant and have him put out of the house; upon which Crawford, beginning to recover himself, and being conscious that he had gone altogether too far, began to apologize, and said he had not intended to insult him, and left the house. They never met again, but he remained secretary until the 4th of March, about two weeks. Asbury Dickens, a clerk in the war office, afterwards secretary of the senate, was the go-between on official business between him and the president. We do not always know what transpires behind the official curtains, any more than audiences know what oftentimes takes place behind the scenes in the theatres. Mr. Crawford thought Mr. Monroe had favored Adams for the presidency, Mr. C. having been one of the candidates,) as against him, but the former had maintained a strict neutrality, both Adams and Crawford being members of his cabinet.

Listen! do ye hear it, the rumbling of democratic thunder along the political sky, over the reappointment of Pierson as postmaster of New York? Republicans smile.

Meeting a democrat this afternoon, who seemed to be in an abstracted mood, I asked him on what he was meditating? After a moment's pause he said: "I am trying to think whether we elected a democratic president last fall or not, and to recall the hymn which has something to say about,

This world is all a fleeting show,
To many delusions given."

J. M. THAYER.

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,
AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle.
Directions in 11 Languages.
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TRADE S.S.S. MARK
From experience I think Swift's Specific is a very valuable remedy for cutaneous diseases, and at the same time an invigorating tonic.
JAMES JACKSON, Chief Justice of Ga.
Atlanta, Sept. 1884.

INOCULATED POISON.—After trying all the other remedies, Swift's Specific has cured me sound and well of a terrible blood poison contracted from a nurse. MRS. T. W. LEE, Greenville, Ala.

POISON OAK.—A lady here has been entirely cured of poison oak poison by the use of two bottles of S. S. S. R. S. BRADFORD, Tiptonville, Tenn.

ULCERS 25 YEARS.—A member of my church has been cured of an ulcerated leg of 25 years standing with two bottles of Swift's Specific.
P. H. CRUMLER, Pastor Meth. Ch., Macon, Ga.

Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
The SWIFT SPECIFIC Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta Ga., or 159 W. 23d St., N. Y.

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617 St. Charles St., St. Louis, Mo.
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