

The National Tribune

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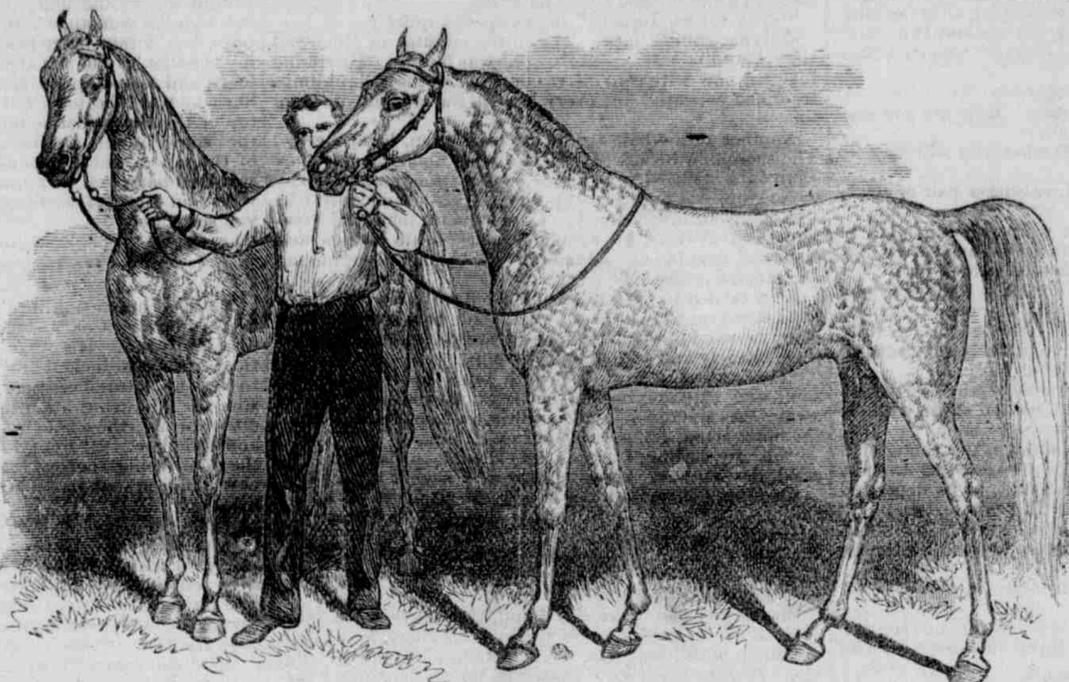
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If any of our readers ever heard of a soldier who was not fond of a fine horse, they will please notify us of the fact—he would be a more wonderful curiosity than Barnum ever exhibited.

Such being the case, we have been at the special pains and expense to exhibit the above spirited sketch the two animals recently presented to General Grant by the Sultan of Turkey, and which are now in this country. The horses are beautiful dapple grays of the Sactan race, found only near Bagdad, and are named Djeytan (the panther,) and Missirli (the one from Cairo.) They are at present at Suffolk Park, Pa., but on the General's return will probably be



THE ARAB HORSES "DJEYTAN" AND "MISSIRLI," PRESENTED BY THE SULTAN OF TURKEY TO GENERAL GRANT.

sent to either Long Branch or Galena, Illinois.

They are six and seven years old, of an even height, fifteen hands high, with a coat that is singularly delicate and as soft as velvet; white, silken tail reaching to the ground; and a mane that is wavy but not long. The heads are rather small, but the faces have an intelligent expression. They have large, soft and lustrous black eyes; small, well-set, restless ears; and in the distended nostrils the finest Arabian blood is shown. They have a gentle disposition, and can be approached and petted like children. A gentleman who has seen them says to us, they are the most perfect and beautiful animals he ever beheld.

FOR THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

My Lost Limb.

BY W—OF LANSING, MICHIGAN.

Restore! O! once again restore
That limb I lost 'mid strife and gore
When we in stern and bloody strife
Met foes who sought our nation's life—
Or give me death, a sacred boon
Which to the brave ne'er comes too soon.
If duty's work be wholly passed
They welcome death with joy at last,
And gladly cross the dreaded river
To rest their weary souls forever.

Restore! O! once again restore
That limb I lost 'mid strife and gore—
Shame, coward spirit, cease thy plaint!
Would'st thou now yield and weakly faint?
While there are those who need thy care
Who are than life and limb more dear?
Would'st thou now fall them, coward, slave?
Nay, show thyself a man and brave
Nor yield to sorrows, pain, and woe,
The common lot of all below,
Of all who are of woman born
Which cowards dread, but heroes scorn.

I mourn, but O! is not my flag,
My native country, saved and free,
Worth more than all the blood ever shed
By foeman's hand on land or sea.
If then, my loss has helped to buy
Freedom for millions yet to be
Complain not of my lot, but joy
That my loved country yet is free.

Ah! Yes, my better self, I know
The patriot feels no selfish thought,
Nor deems, howe'er so great the cost,
His country's blessing dearly bought.
But, gladly, 'neath that nation's flag
Pays with his limb, his life, the price
Of freedom for his native land,
Nor murmurs at the sacrifice.

FOR THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

A Soldier's Query and Answer.

From over mountain, hill, and dale,
This query floats on ev'ry gale:
"O! B—y, where art thou?"
Doth s—n, still the payment shun,
Would'st thou have Congress acts undone,
Wilt thou refuse to bow?

Say, do those bankers rich and proud,
Which oft the halls of Congress crowd
Command—or is it how?
For shame! let justice once for all
Be done or let the heavens fall—
O! B—y, is it thou?

See! wealth the scales of justice hold,
To weigh the soldier's blood with gold,
And break the nation's vow,
To care for those who in the fight,
Were battling for the truth and right—
O! B—y, is it thou?

No prayers for thee are offered yet,
No blessings, you may surely bet
But curses and a row:
No pensioner seeks much to tell
Where he would have thee endless dwell—
O! B—y, is it thou.

Millville, N. J.

MR. CHAS. H. PLATT of South Norwalk, Conn., writes: "I got the paper and the clock all in good order, and am well pleased with them. My wife claims that clock as hers; she is proud of it, and has put it in the best room in the house."

A Moment of Peril.

It was a most benighted place—quite "the end of the world." The nearest log-hut was five miles away, and the nearest settlement—the Old Red Ranch, as it was called—thirty. The Forest family had pitched upon it quite by accident, when they had migrated from the old country ten years before. Mr. Forrest had purchased a vast tract of uncultivated land on the Red river, and had settled there, like the patriarchs of old, with his wife and children, his men-servants and maid-servants, his flocks and herds, and every thing that was his.

Since then everything had prospered with him. Wide ranges of prairie, magnificent sweeps of forest and wood, green hills and dales, belonging to him. He was literally and truly monarch of all he surveyed. His family consisted of his wife, three grown up sons, and one daughter, Nancie, a very sweet, mischievous, dark-eyed damsel of eighteen, whose capacities for flirting and mischief were as fully developed as any town belle's. One would not have imagined that there was much scope for these special accomplishments in the wilds of Texas, but there was not a young fellow within fifty miles of Forest Hill who was not in love with Miss Nancie's *beaux yeux*, and not one but would have ridden twice the distance for a kind word or a sign of favor from the somewhat capricious but always charming young beauty.

The Northcotes—distant relatives of the Forests—were the owners of the Red Ranch settlement, a place one degree more civilized than Forest Hill, inasmuch as it boasted one shop and a post-office. Young Fred Northcote, the eldest son, was one of Miss Nancie's most devoted slaves, and as such was tyrannized over quite unmercifully. The young fellow was always finding his way over to Forest Hill on some pretext or other. He had spoken his wishes plainly enough long before, but Miss Nancie was a flirt. She would not say "yes," but she did not say "no," and meanwhile Fred was kept in suspense, chafing and impatient enough, and yet bound hand and foot to his willful, charming lady-love, and perhaps, man-like, loving her all the more for her caprice.

It was a brilliant morning in April—summer weather in the far West, the sun already blazing down fiercely, and promising a tropical noon-day.

Mr. Forest and young Fred Northcote, who had been spending a day or two at Forest Hill, were standing together before the picturesque porch of the long, low farmhouse. Fred was a brown faced, blue-eyed, young fellow, very strong and athletic. He looked handsome in his careless backwoods costume of knickerbockers and gaiters, a striped blue and white shirt, a light, loose jacket, and a broad brimmed straw hat shading his manly frank face, with its soft mustache and bright keen eyes. A black horse of great beauty, deep-chested and strong limbed, was standing beside him, pawing the ground and tossing his handsome head under his master's caressing hand. Hotspur was an English horse, almost thoroughbred. For fifty miles round there was not his equal for speed or endurance, nor, in Fred's opinion, for beauty either. Mr. Forest was speaking.

"Tell your father, Fred, that I cannot answer for that timber merchant Dobson. He asked me to make inquiries about him, and report says he is a slippery customer, and not to be trusted further than one can see him."

"All right, sir, I'll tell him," returned Fred, who was on the point of taking his departure homeward; "and I will come back on Thursday and tell you the result," he added, as an after-thought.

"Very well, lad, we shall be very glad to see you. By-the-by, I hear the prairie has been on fire away by the

North Forks. Mind you do not get caught. The wind sets right from there, and its just the weather for fires."

"No fear," laughed the young fellow, as he put one foot in the stirrup; "I've run many a race with a prairie fire before now. Good bye, sir, til Thursday."

"Cousin Fred, cousin Fred, I want to go to the Red Ranch—you must wait for me!" cried a pretty, imperious voice, just as the horse had made a step forward, and a tall, slight girl came running down the verandah steps, her nut brown hair shining like burnished gold in the sunlight, a bright color in her fair face.

Fred was down instantly, his face assuming an expression of surprise. Not a half-an-hour before he and Nancie had had high words, and that she should voluntarily seek his escort now seemed somewhat unaccountable. But most of Miss Nancie's caprices were unaccountable.

"It is too hot, my child, interposed her father. "Thirty miles in this blazing sun—it would half kill you."

"Oh, no it would not!" urged Nancie, her dark eyes sweet and willful. "It will not hurt me. Let me go, daddy, do. I can ride Miss Mollie, and"—with a half shy, half-mischievous look at the young man—"Fred will take care of me."

Mr. Forest raised one or two more objections, but Nancie, a spoiled pet and darling, overruled them all, and finally, as she always did, got her own way; and in half an hour the two were riding together through the maple woods which clothed the rising ground all about Forest Hill.

Nancie and her chestnut mare Miss Mollie were a picture to look at. The girl was a perfect rider, and in her close-fitting habit of light gray cloth, the only thing suitable for the country, with its touch of scarlet ribbon at the throat, and her broad brimmed straw hat, looked her very best, and knew it too.

"This is an unexpected honor," began Fred, as they quitted the shade of the trees, and entered on the dry, crisp grass of the open prairie.

"Do not flatter yourself," returned Miss Nancie, with a toss of her bright young head. "It suited my convenience to come. I expect to find some letters at the settlement which I wish to get for myself."

"Sixty miles is a long way to ride for letters which I could have brought with me on Thursday," remarked Fred, with a somewhat incredulous smile. "I do not suppose they are of such vital consequence."

"I have no wish to make you my postman," retorted Miss Nancie, "and it is not of the slightest consequence what you suppose or do not suppose."

"Probably not," allowed Fred, trying to look cool. "You take care no one shall have a very exalted opinion of himself or his opinions either where you are, Nancie."

"Of course," returned Nancie, calmly. "So I am glad your penetration had discovered that I came to please myself, and not you."

Fred disdained to answer, except by a most unnecessary cut of the whip on Hotspur's glossy flank. The quarrel between the two had been in progress some days. Arising originally in a most trivial dispute about a rosebud which Nancie had bestowed on one of her admirers, it had gone on from bad to worse, till the two were at daggers-drawn. Fred unwisely thought the storm had blown over when Nancie insisted on riding with him to the Red Ranch, but he soon found out his mistake. One or two attempts he made at reconciliation were promptly nipped in the bud. Nancie was as perverse and contradictory as she well could be, and at last Fred too grew resentful, and, ceasing to try to win her with fair words, relapsed into silence in his turn. In this unsocial style the two pressed on mile after mile, till the sun was high in the heavens and half their journey over.