LOYAL WOMAN'S WORK

Letter Writing---Household Hints---Our Experience Meeting, &c.

[*Conducted by Kate B. Sherwood.*]

Letter writing, strictly speaking, may not be a household accomplishment, and yet it is an accomplishment that few housekeepers can do without. We refer, of course, to the enlightened modern school, whose enlarged sphere of usefulness makes it necessary that they should have a free command of every form of communication in the world of affairs, business and social. The average business man is so very busy that his wife must perforce assume responsibilities in the household economy which were formerly regarded as the exclusive property of man. Besides, she has her social duties to discharge acceptably, many of which involve considerable correspondence. Letter writing is, therefore, an art which cannot be too early cultivated.

Letter writing, though the most important branch of composition, is the one most neglected in our schools. The result is that an accomplished grammarian or rhetorician may be the most inelegant of letter writers. He has no perception of form, no sense of the subtle graces that constitute the chief charm of a polished writer. His style is ponderous and stilted; he possesses no sense of the importance of a distinction between the ordinary business letter and the epistle he would address to a friend. In writing to his tailor he employs the same phrase he would use in responding to a social attention. If a lawyer, he uses the same terms in writing to the woman of his affections he would choose in making up a brief.

If a lady, the same kind of inaccuracies beset her, marked with less coherency of expression and a wider wandering from the topic to be pursued, whatever it may be. The business man, compelled to write many letters, insensibly falls into a directness which is the first essential of good letter writing; a woman, finding the calls fewer and time less pressing, is too certain to conclude that the longest way around is the shortest way home. Hence vagueness and circumlocution. Then, too, her memory is more uncertain when it comes to spelling, and, as for capitals and punctuation, she strikes in, hit or miss, with the fashion of missing grown into a provoking habit.

FORM FOR BUSINESS LETTER.

With these preliminary remarks, we take up the request of Mrs. Mary Maud Davis, Topeka, Kan., that we give a form for writing a business letter, with the reply. To this we would answer that the following is fairly good:

NEW YORK, N. Y., Aug. 13, 1883.
MRS. MARY MAUD DAVIS,
Topeka, Kan.

MY DEAR MADAM: We have an excellent quality of Rademer satin, such as you were examining when last in the city, which we will sell you at greatly reduced rates. We inclose samples with prices, and await your reply.
Yours, very truly,
SMITH, BROWN & CO.

THE REPLY.

To the foregoing the following would constitute a pertinent reply:

TOPEKA, KAN., Aug. 17, 1883.
SMITH, BROWN & CO.,
New York, N. Y.

MESSRS: In reply to your communication of August 13th, I would say that I have examined the samples inclosed, with prices, and find that the one herewith forwarded meets my approval in every particular. Please forward twenty-five yards, C. O. D. Thanking you for the kind favors,
I am, yours, very truly,
MARY MAUD DAVIS.

Now observe, first, that you date your letter properly, giving town and State, and if an obscure place the county also; second, that you write the name of the party or firm addressed, with town and State; third, that you confine yourself strictly to business, referring definitely to the subject-matter of your letter, in order that there may be no misunderstanding as to your meaning, and, fourth, that you append your own signature, full and clear, so that in the event of the letter reaching the dead letter office it may be returned safely to the writer.

So much for the business letter, which though varied in form should always be simple, explicit, and direct. But not so the private letter, which may be as complicated and chatty as the intimacy of the parties in correspondence may warrant. Then, in a private letter, the name should never be written at the beginning, though always, if written in the first person, at the close. For an example in the third person, for instance, an informal invitation sent by a young gentleman to a young lady and its reply. If comparative strangers, he addresses her in the third person, as follows:

Mr. Thornton Miller's compliments to Miss Mary Bailey, asking that she will give him the pleasure of her company to the concert this evening.
TOPEKA, August 12, 1883.

A note in the third person must be replied to in the same style, and may read as follows:

Miss Mary Bailey acknowledges, with pleasure, the kind invitation of Mr. Thornton Miller to the concert this evening, and regrets that a previous engagement will prevent her acceptance.
TOPEKA, August 12, 1883.

Or, supposing the acquaintance is such as to warrant a direct address, and you will observe that the advantage of a correspondence in the third person is that it does away with the stiffness of a formal "Miss Bailey" or "Mrs. Miller," or the too familiar appellation, among those whose acquaintance is slight, of "Dear Miss Bailey or Dear Mrs. Miller," the invitation would read:

MY DEAR MISS BAILEY: Will you favor me by accepting my escort to the concert this evening, which I am assured is to be exceptionally fine and of a character that you will, I am sure, enjoy.
Yours, very sincerely,
TOPEKA, Aug. 12, 1883. THORNTON MILLER.

In this case a reply might read:

MY DEAR MR. MILLER: I very deeply regret that a previous engagement will prevent my acceptance of your proffered escort to the concert this evening. I am aware of all that I miss in being obliged to refuse. Trusting that you will enjoy it to the utmost,
I am, very sincerely,
TOPEKA, Aug. 12, 1883. MARY BAILEY.

Replies to all sorts of social invitations should be equally plain and prompt. And the reply should in all cases of this kind be couched as nearly as possible in the language of the invitation. For instance:

Compliments of Mr. and Mrs. John Smith to Mr. and Mrs. John Jones, requesting the pleasure of their company for Friday evening, August 15th, at 8 o'clock p. m., to meet Mr. and Mrs. William Brown.

The reply in this case should be:

Compliments of Mr. and Mrs. John Jones to Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, accepting their kind invitation for Friday evening at 8 o'clock, to meet Mr. and Mrs. William Brown.

An invitation to a dinner, whether accepted or declined, should in no case go unanswered, and the answer should be dispatched as soon as received, which reminds us of a punctilious Washington statesman, whose acceptance of an invitation to dinner was received by his hostess before her messenger returned who had delivered it.

As I before remarked, private letters are not subject to any set forms, but care should be taken to have them both legible and intelligible. A few hints may not be amiss: First, study simplicity of expression, and avoid involved sentences; second, make frequent paragraphs, one, at least, for every change of subject; third, avoid apologies for poor style, bad spelling, or delay in answering; fourth, never recross your letters, and if you have omitted anything, do not put "P. S." after your signature. If you have omitted anything, write the omission down simply, in as few words as possible.

The prevailing style of writing is bold and free, doing quite away with long toppling "l's" and long-tailed "g s," but care must be taken that the words are not run together and that capitals and punctuation marks are used in their places. To those who would be accurate in matters of composition, and have no more practical aid at hand, we would say procure a copy of "Parker's Aid to Composition," a standard old book that has not been superseded by anything half as good. To be an elegant, as well as a rational, letter writer is given to but few. But it goes far towards helping along an ambitious correspondent to remember that brains in this, as in everything else, must have good tools to work with, and that clear, smooth stationery, a good pen, and ample leisure are indispensable to the letter writer who would be known for his proficiency in a great art.

Household Department.

RECIPES FOR PICKLING AND PRESERVING GRAPES.

Clare Mitchel, a reader of THE TRIBUNE, writes from Cherry Grove to inquire how to keep grapes from breaking while preserving or in making sweet pickles.

To the above we would answer that in preserving any kind of fruit if the sirup is first prepared, by dissolving the sugar and letting it reach the boiling point, and then, after skimming, the fruit added, it will remain whole if heated slowly, without stirring. To pickle grapes or other fruit without breaking, place the fruit in a jar cold; then make a sweet pickle, allowing five pounds of sugar to ten pounds of fruit and a quart of vinegar; spice, and turn over the fruit warm. Repeat this for several mornings. Green grapes in bunches make a choice pickle, if properly treated. The sugar must be very white, and the sirup skimmed thoroughly and partially cooled before adding.

While upon the subject of grapes we are reminded that a good friend of ours makes spiced grapes, which are a very nice relish with meats. Here is the recipe, which is worth trying:

Spiced Grapes.—Five pounds of grapes, three pounds of sugar, one-half pint of vinegar, two teaspoons each of cinnamon and allspice, one-half a teaspoon of cloves. Pulp the grapes, boil until tender, cook the pulp soft, and strain through a sieve; add it to the skins. Put in the spices, sugar and vinegar; boil thoroughly and seal.

Grape butter is equally excellent prepared in a similar way, but without the vinegar. It is much improved by a proportion of one-fourth of sweet apples. And here is an excellent recipe for jam:

Grape Jam.—Pick ripe grapes, stem them and slip off the skins; put the pulp in a kettle with a teacup of water, boil until the seeds separate from the pulp, strain, and allow one pound of sugar to one pint of pulp; put all together in the kettle with half the skins, and boil until tender. Strain, put in glasses and seal.

Grape Jelly.—This is best made from green or half-ripe grapes. Boil in a preserving kettle until quite soft, and strain the juice through a jelly bag; measure into a preserving kettle and boil for thirty minutes; then add sugar, allowing three-fourths of a pound of sugar to a pound of juice. Boil for fifteen minutes, and put into jelly bowls.

We have tried this novel dish, and pronounce it good for THE TRIBUNE circle:

Cucumber Salad.—Peel and slice very thin two medium-sized cucumbers, place them in a deep dish, and sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls of salt; set on the ice or in a cool place two hours, drain on an inverted sieve, and put in a salad bowl; dress them with four tablespoonfuls of oil, the juice of a lemon, a grated onion, a pinch each of sugar and white pepper; mix these ingredients, and pour over the salad; stir well together and serve.

Our Weekly Experience Meeting.

AUNT BECKY'S PEACH PIE—ANOTHER NOBLE NURSE—AN OLD SOLDIER'S PITIABLE CASE—ALONG THE LINE—GRAND OUTLOOK OF THE NATIONAL RELIEF CORPS.

SENECA LAKE, N. Y., July 30, 1883.
To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

Comrade J. A. Jones, of North New Castle, Neb., wants to hear through THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE whether Aunt Becky, one of the nurses of the Ninth Corps Hospital, is alive. Thank God! she is, and I hope there are many happy years in store for her yet. She is living in Des Moines, Iowa. When the One Hundred and Ninth New York volunteers left their State for the seat of war, in September, 1862, Miss Graham (commonly called Aunt Becky by the soldiers) left her home and accompanied the regiment to the front, remaining with it, caring only as a mother could for the sick and wounded of the regiment until we were attached to the Ninth Corps, in the spring of 1864. From that time until the close of the war she was connected with the Ninth Corps Hospital, and did all that a mother or sister could have done to relieve the sufferings of the dying and wounded soldiers, and by such kind acts and ministrations every one learned to love her and call her "Aunt Becky." Truly, yours, O. K. DEAN.
Late of Co. G, 109th N. Y.

As a comment upon the above, the following reminiscence from the Encampment number of the Denver *Tribune*, will not be without interest to "Aunt Becky's" many warm admirers. She accompanied the Des Moines delegation to the Encampment.

AUNT BECKY'S PEACH PIE.

Many of the old soldiers will remember the story of how "Aunt Becky" stole the peach pie for some wounded soldiers after the blowing up of the mine at Petersburg. She was at that time a hospital nurse at City Point. She complained that Sanitary Commissioner Rounds kept all the canned fruit for himself, and had also taken the best cook for his private mess. "Aunt Becky" was determined to have some peach pie for her boys, and stole one from Rounds, who had instructed his cook to make a large pie for some prominent guests that had been invited to dinner. Just before dinner was announced "Aunt Becky" hastened to the tent and stole the pie, which she hid under her bed. Soon afterwards she took the pie to some soldiers who had been wounded in the terrible mine explosion at Petersburg. The large pie was cut into twenty pieces and divided among the wounded soldiers. Rounds never suspected "Aunt Becky" of the theft, but made threats that a severe punishment should be dealt upon the culprit if discovered. Six months afterward, the day after the surrender of Lee, just as a joke, one of the boys had "Aunt Becky" arrested for stealing the peach pie. She was marched through the camp with her hands tied behind her. The regimental band of the Fifty-ninth Massachusetts and the hospital drum corps accompanied her. In the mock court-martial held she was fined to receive a kiss from each soldier for the sake of his mother, a present of a dozen lemons, half a dozen oranges and a pound of candy for stealing the peach pie, and Rounds was made to purchase the candy. "Aunt Becky" as well as the soldiers heartily enjoyed the joke. Yesterday when the reporter met "Aunt Becky" she was rather diffident in speaking of herself, but the Iowa boys know her history almost as well as she does herself. "Don't say much about me," said "Aunt Becky," "but you can't say too much for the boys. They deserve it more than I."

"Yes; I am an honorary member of Joe Hooker Post, and am proud of it. It is an honor to be even an honorary member of the Grand Army of the Republic."

"Here," added "Aunt Becky," "have some coffee and a regular army lunch," and the reporter took a lunch with the old field-nurse of the Potomac.

A. J. Graham, carpenter and builder, Denver, is a brother of "Aunt Becky," and some of the most prominent people in the city know her personally.

ANOTHER NOBLE NAME.

INDEPENDENCE, KAN., August, 1883.
To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

Let some of the comrades write of the noble heroism of those ladies who sacrificed as much as we did for the cause; who left home and friends that they might add to the comfort of the soldier. One comes to my mind now, a Miss Katie Bissel, the bookkeeper at the United States Christian Commission rooms, at Little Rock, Ark., who always had a word of cheer and encouragement for every soldier. I do believe that there are a less number of graves at the soldiers' cemetery through her efforts than there would have been had she not been there. May God bless that noble Wisconsin girl. If any of the readers of THE TRIBUNE should happen to see this and know her whereabouts, please give her address through THE TRIBUNE.

Let some of the boys of the First brigade, First division, Seventh Army Corps, write an account of the campaign against Little Rock, Ark.; also, of that memorable campaign in Western Arkansas, which resulted in the battle of Prairie Grove. Let some of Herron's men tell the story, for they were there during the whole performance. I was one of four brothers who served in the Union army.
A. W. HARRINGTON,
Twenty-fifth Ohio V. V. B. L. A.

A LETTER FROM A FAVORITE ARMY NURSE.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

In your paper of the 2d inst. I saw a statement that Harriet P. Dame has a position in the Treasury Department, and is supporting a blind mother. That is not so. That I hold a position in the Treasury Department is true; that I am supporting a blind mother is not true, and I wish you would contradict that in your next issue. It is very unpleasant to be put in a false position. My good mother died in 1854, and was never blind. I have a sister at Concord, N. H., who has lost her eyesight. With her I spend my annual vacation. She has a pleasant home of her own and I do not support her. All my relatives were in the army who were old enough to go. Only two of them receive pensions, and they are almost helpless with rheumatism.
Respectfully,
HARRIET P. DAME,
Loan Branch, Secretary's Office, Treasury Department.

MISS VAN LEW'S GOOD WORK.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I was very much interested in the case of Miss Van Lew in the last TRIBUNE. I was in Richmond and in the same prison with Hon. Alfred Ely and Calvin Huson. Mr. Huson was taken sick and taken to Miss Van Lew's residence and kindly cared for until he died, on the 14th of October, 1861. So you see Miss Van Lew began early in the war to minister to the Union prisoners. For the kindness above referred to she was brought into disrepute among the rebels, and her subsequent deeds of kindness must have been the cause of still further disruptions among her rebel neighbors; so that, while we admire her for her deeds of kindness, we must also remember at what a cost of social position those little deeds were bestowed.
Respectfully,
E. R. REED.
MADISON, WIS., Aug. 15, 1883.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S SORRY LOT.

As an indication of what the women workers of the Grand Army are expected to do in finding out the needy old soldiers of the Union, we give the following sorrowful appeal from a Michigan veteran, whose name and address will cheerfully be given to any Relief Corps or individual who will contribute anything towards ameliorating his afflictions:

——, MICHIGAN, August 7, 1883.

MRS. KATE B. SHERWOOD: I thought to send you a few lines to let you know how I am fixed to support myself and my family. I am a member of the One Hundred and Third O. V. I., and was wounded at Strawberry Plains, Tenn., on New Year's Night, 1864, and was discharged in May, 1865. I now draw $6 a month pension, and it doesn't go far toward supporting my family. I would ask you and your lady friends if you could do something for me. I did live in Jamestown, Mich., and had help from the town poor fund for three years, and such growling—that the Government and the State of Ohio could not support its own cripples! I enlisted in Cleveland, Ohio, and after the war I came to Michigan and bought forty acres of land, and had to sell that for doctor's bill and living. I have twelve acres of pine land and all in crops, and it is not worth fifty cents for all that is on the place. The heavy rains destroyed the crops. I can't do much work. I have had a sore leg for over a year, to my misery. It is one sore from my knee down to my foot. I had a piece of shell in it, and I hurt the place a year ago last April, and it has been getting worse ever since. The piece of shell came out last winter, and the sore spread all over the lower part of my leg. It is a running fever sore. I have a wife and three children; the oldest is going on five years, the next is going on three, and the third is not a year old.

I will give you a list of my time-book, so that you can see how much I have worked, commencing on the 12th of April, 1882: Did no work until November, in which month I worked 3 days, and in December 1½ days—in all, 4½ days. In 1883 I worked as follows: April, 12 days; May, 3; June, 10¾; July, 9¼; and August, 3¾. I am bed fast now. All these days were put in by hours, quarters and half days, except four days. Now, if you can help me by giving me clothing or anything that you can—even rags to wrap around my sore leg—I will be ever so thankful for it. If you want proof for this statement, let me know, and I will send it from the town board and the doctors who attend me. I remain, yours, &c.,

ALONG THE LINE.

General A. H. Bowen, of Hastings, Neb., chairman of the fifth annual Reunion of volunteer soldiers and sailors, to be held at that point September 3-8, 1883, is pledged to assist in the organization of a Woman's Relief Corps in Nebraska. General Bowen, who served in the Fourth Michigan infantry, celebrated his nineteenth birthday at the first battle of Bull Run. He was probably the youngest man to wear the star, having been made a brigadier-general December, 1864, at the age of twenty-two, for gallant conduct at the battle of Marion, Va., while serving as colonel of the Sixth U. S. colored cavalry.

Past Senior Vice Commander General Bangs, of Maine, and his wife and son, spent a few days at Idaho Springs, Col., the guests of Past Commander-in-Chief Van Derveort and family. The most cordial relations exist between these gentlemen, who worked so efficiently together during the year just closed. Mrs. Bangs, a most intelligent and cultivated woman, represented the State of Maine at the organization of the National Woman's Auxiliary. General Bangs is a prominent organizer of the Sons of Veterans, of which his promising young son is a member.

The flourishing new Tod Post Auxiliary, Youngstown, O., is arranging for a grand fair, to be given at the new market house, for the benefit of a charity fund. The donations in aid of the project have been very liberal. This society was represented at Denver by Mrs. McGowan, wife of the Post Commander, who accompanied her husband, Mrs. Moore, and others. It is one of the first Ohio societies to apply for a charter under the new Order.

Mrs. Bryant, one of the charter members of the National Woman's Relief Corps organized at Denver, and who represented Meade Post Auxiliary, Washington, D. C., of which Mrs. General John A. Logan is President, was a nurse in the Union army, and now has a position as a Department clerk. Her husband was a member of the Third Michigan infantry, and she went with him to the front in 1861, where she remained for more than a year.

Mrs. Goodrich, wife of Colonel Goodrich, of Tonawanda, N. Y., and a prominent member of the New York delegation at Denver, is the President of Scott Post Ladies' Auxiliary, which is doing efficient work at that point.

Department Commander L. T. Harper, Peoria, Ill., is warmly interested in woman's work, and will assist the ladies in organizing in that State.

Chapin Post, at Buffalo, N. Y., has a flourishing Auxiliary.

THE NEW NATIONAL AUXILIARY.

Among the applications for charters under the New National Relief Corps are one from Commander A. P. Clayton, Henry Dillon Post, Lone Rock, Wis.; Commander Austin Curtin, George L. Potter Post, Milesburg, Pa., and one from the new Auxiliary in connection with Wilson Colwell Post, La Crosse, Wis. Several applications from Ohio are also on file. To one and all of these organizations, and others about to form, we would say, make yourselves as strong as possible, select good officers, and put in your application for charters early, through THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE or the National Secretary. Upon the return from her vacation in Michigan of Mrs. Sarah E. Fuller, secretary of the National Woman's Relief Corps—residence, Boston, Mass.—plans will be promulgated for the organization of the Union by States. All necessary instructions will be duly published in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, which will also be prepared to furnish charters and instructions, through the communication it has established with National Headquarters.

In furtherance of the grand work, it is particularly requested that all Corps forming will report to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, which expects to give an account of the progress of the work at every point. A correspondent in every Corps is particularly desired. As an indication of the encouragement the National Relief Corps is receiving we are permitted to publish the following gratifying communication from Assistant Adjutant-General H. X. Devendorf, from the headquarters of Kansas, the banner State:

HEADQUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,
DEPARTMENT OF KANSAS,
TOPEKA, KAN., August 9, 1883.

MRS. KATE B. SHERWOOD: The Department of Kansas, G. A. R., is ready to advance the interests of the National Auxiliary, and to that end we desire at an early date all information in your power to give us, so that we can place Kansas in the front rank. These headquarters are at your disposal, and we shall be pleased to receive any and all communications upon this subject. Especially would we like a copy of the Ritual adopted by your association at Denver.
Yours to command, H. X. DEVENDORF,
A. A. General.

P. S. We are receiving letters upon the above subject.

NO DRONES IN THE HIVE.

SENECA FALLS, August 6, 1883.

MRS. KATE B. SHERWOOD: The ladies of this place have organized an Auxiliary society and have enrolled about thirty members. I am happy to add that without exception they are all working members. We desire, however, to go to work substantially, and write for instruction with regard to Ritual, &c. Hoping that our united influence may be felt by those who have hitherto been indifferent to the Grand Army and its noble work,
I am, very respectfully,
MRS. S. E. TRAVER,
Secretary Woman's Auxiliary, G. A. R.

NOTES.

Comrade C. H. Barton, Topeka, Kan., writes us that the Woman's National Relief Corps of Lincoln Post, of that city, is in a flourishing condition. The following are the officers: President, Mrs. M. O. Frost; Vice-President, Mrs. T. G. Anderson; Secretary, Mrs. H. Y. Devendorf; Treasurer, Mrs. Slocum, and Chaplain, Mrs. S. A. Barton.

Comrade A. Stevenson, Canton, Ill., writes us that Joe Hooker Post, of that place, has organized a Woman's Auxiliary on the Toledo plan with twenty charter members, and is ready to organize on the Denver plan as soon as the National Society is in working order.

Comrade Martin Short, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes us that Mansfield Post, No. 35, of that city, has organized a Ladies' Auxiliary, with nearly one hundred members. Mrs. H. B. Davis is President.

The Pennsylvania Soldiers' Orphans' Schools.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

The article of Comrade J. G. Vale in defense of the treatment of soldiers' orphans at the White Hall School is no doubt correct, for since the organization of these schools it has been conceded that the one presided over by Comrade John A. Moore has been perfect in every detail, viz., clothing, food, and proper education and training, but the writer would like to hear the same report from the schools at McAllisterville and Mercer. Can it be furnished? Let Comrade Vale extend his investigation and give us his report. It will do no harm, and much good, to let the public know how our soldiers' orphans are treated at the schools named. SOLDIER.
SHILOH, PA.

Wants The Tribune Printed on Sheet Iron.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I wish you could print THE TRIBUNE on sheet iron in large white letters. Oh, how worn the look of it now, after we old soldiers get through handling it! PETER RUNGGER,
ST. JAMES, MO. Co. G, 2d Minn. V. I.

It Stands Solid With Our Veterans.

[*From the Toledo Journal.*]

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, which has attained to a circulation of 65,000, and which has every prospect of closing up the year with 100,000, stands solid with the soldier element both East and West, and whenever named in soldier circles at Denver, was hailed with the warmest enthusiasm and applause

THE GRIERSON RAID.

Left Behind---A Rebel Camp Captured---Arrival at Baton Rouge.

[*By R. W. Surby, Battle Creek, Mich.*]

VII.

The column was close at hand, and our prisoners were turned over to it. Just at that moment Lieut.-Colonel Blackburn came galloping up alone, and said to me, "Sergeant, bring along your scouts and follow me, and I'll see where those rebels are."

I started, followed by Kelly, Wilson and Wood, the remainder of the scouts being absent on duty. I thought this a rash movement on the part of Colonel Blackburn, but he had ordered me to follow him, and it was my duty to obey. We soon reached the edge of the timber and discovered a considerable stream of water wending its way through the marshy and heavy-timbered bottom. A little to the left, about seventy-five yards distant, was the crossing—a narrow plank bridge some fifty feet in length known as Wall's Bridge—over the Trickafaw River, and within one mile of Wall's Post-office, Amite county, Miss. Just before reaching the bridge we were saluted by a few shots, and we now increased our speed. Closely following the colonel we dashed upon the bridge, but ere the last of us had reached the opposite side, a loud volley from carbines and musketry were poured into us by eighty of Wirt Adams' cavalry, at a distance of not over sixty yards. It seemed as though every tree concealed a rebel. The colonel fell along with his horse, both pierced by the fatal bullet. One of my scouts was wounded, another had his horse shot under him; a minie ball struck the writer on the thigh, passing through and into his saddle. Three shots were all I could get, and I began to feel a dizziness, but just then the advance-guard of the column, commanded by Lieutenant Styles, came charging up across the bridge, followed by only twelve men. No sooner were they over the bridge than they were checked by a well-directed volley; they rallied and charged, but were too few in number and too much exposed, while the enemy were protected by the timber, and the little band was forced to retreat back across the bridge, leaving one man killed and two wounded, and seven dead horses. Nevertheless, they prevented the writer and his scouts from falling into the hands of the foe. Just then the main column reached the timber, and two companies were dismounted and sent to the right and left as skirmishers, while one section of the battery was brought forward and commenced shelling the woods. The enemy were put to flight, and the Sixth Illinois took the advance in hot pursuit, while the Seventh remained to look after the killed and wounded.

LEFT BEHIND.

My comrades soon stripped me of my rebel uniform and put on the blue. I pleaded to be taken along, but it was useless. The command would not be incumbered with anything under the present circumstances. The colonel and other wounded were borne by friendly hands to a plantation about one mile ahead, and the horses, equipments, and arms were turned over to comrades. Many a kind farewell was said, and friends there parted, some never to meet again. The following were the casualties sustained in this sharp encounter—all the injured being members of the Seventh Illinois cavalry: Lieut.-Colonel Blackburn, mortally wounded; R. W. Surby, flesh-wound; Wm. Roy, seriously; R. W. Hughes, mortally; Geo. Reinhold, killed. The following were left to care for and nurse the wounded: A. LeSuer and G. W. Douglas, of the Seventh; also, Dr. E. Yulee, assistant surgeon, Second Iowa cavalry, who accompanied the expedition.

And now I cannot withhold my opinion of this unfortunate affair, nor refrain from showing how, in my judgment, it might have been avoided. The reader will remember that at the time the scouts rode up to the picket post, and were obtaining information concerning the force in the bottom land, we were startled by the report of firearms in our rear, caused by Lieutenant Gaston and a few men leaving the column without permission and riding up to a plantation and coming in contact with some rebels, exchanging shots, etc. Had those shots not been fired, neither the picket nor the force in the bottom would have been alarmed, and I should have succeeded in obtaining all the necessary information about the force in the bottom, thus enabling Colonel Grierson to have perfected his plans, so as to have surrounded the enemy, and probably have captured them without the loss of life, thereby saving to the country a few good soldiers and a brave and efficient field officer, and sparing the loved ones at home their sorrow and anguish. Another sad mistake was that Colonel Blackburn, with too much daring, proceeded across the bridge with no other support than a few scouts. He was a very large man, and being dressed in full uniform and mounted upon a very fine horse, he was a most conspicuous target for the enemy. There was no call for this movement. The scouts had performed their duty up to this time, and, knowing that a force occupied the timber in the bottom, they should have been withdrawn. It was a miracle that any of us escaped the first volley.

And now, as my thoughts at the time were with the command, I will, with the reader's permission, still continue with them, and narrate their adventures until they again returned to old Tennessee, and then, not forgetful of the sufferings of those whom they were compelled to leave behind, will return and tell you of their fate.

AN EXCITING CHASE.

The Sixth led the pursuit of the fast-retreating foe, now scattering in all directions, and found the road strewn with old saddles, blankets, coats, hats and firearms. The chase was both amusing and exciting. The Seventh soon overtook the Sixth, and the command was soon in Louisiana. The roads were in good condition and the column was making not less than six miles per hour. About 2 o'clock p. m., when within six miles of Wall's Bridge, the scouts discovered, on their right flank, about forty rebels advancing on a side road, and when they arrived at the junction of roads commenced firing, the rebs, who still kept advancing, determined to gain the main road, replying. Just then the Sixth come in sight, and at a distance of six hundred yards, threw a few shells among them, which caused them to turn tail and beat a hasty retreat. This was most fortunate, for had they gained the main road, nothing could have prevented them from reaching the Amet River and destroying the extensive bridge over that stream, which would have been a serious loss to the command. About 4 o'clock p. m. the column passed through Greensborough, a small town in St. Helena county. As the scouts entered this place, scout Nelson discovered a mounted reb, standing picket on the cross-roads. Nelson approached him, saluting, and inquired who he was and what he was doing there. He replied that he was the county clerk, and was waiting for a courier to learn the news. Nelson offered him his canteen and told him to try some "Yankee" whisky, at the same time getting the drop on him. Mr. Reb comprehended the situation, obeyed orders, took a good pull from the canteen, and, before parting company, very politely asked Nelson for "another nip of that Yankee whisky." From this place the column took a southwest course. The roads were in splendid condition and level as a floor, and shaded on both sides by tall forest pines. When within four miles of Amet River the country become more open, showing some fine residences and extensive plantations. The night was a clear, starlight one, and moderately warm. The men were exhausted from want of rest, and nearly every man was nodding as he rode along. The scouts had learned that a force was stationed at the south end of the bridge, guarding it. When within a mile of the bridge the column was halted, and the scouts were ordered to proceed to the bridge, ascertain all about the force stationed there—their number, situation, &c. Samuel Nelson took the advance, arrived at the bridge, dismounted, and proceeded across on foot. The bridge was about two hundred yards in length, over a deep and rapid stream. No picket or guard was discovered, but Sam found out that a guard of ten men were quartered only half a mile from there, and, not expecting any Yanks that way, were not very vigilant. The good news was soon reported to Colonel Grierson, who gave the order "Forward!" and in a few minutes the horses' hoofs could be heard rattling upon the planks. After leaving this bridge the column passed through a delightful country. The distance from the Amet to the Comit River is seventeen miles. No alarm had been given in crossing the bridge; the rebel guard was sound asleep, little dreaming that the Yank-e raiders were then within rifle shot. It was now daylight, every man was fully aroused, and all were congratulating each other on the success of the expedition. They felt that they were comparatively safe, for occasionally could be heard the booming of the mortars throwing their ponderous shells into Port Hudson. Thus they continued to move along.

SIXTEENTH DAY.

On crossing the Big Sandy Creek the scouts discovered a camp not more than 200 yards from the bridge. Upon approaching nearer they saw two negroes busy building a fire. No picket or guard appeared in sight. The scouts withdrew without being seen, and reported to Colonel Grierson, who immediately ordered two companies of the Sixth to advance and charge the camp. Captain Marshall, company H, dismounted his men, crossed the bridge silently, being supported by Captain Lynch, with company E mounted cavalry, and when within one hundred yards raised a yell and charged down through the long row of tents. Instead of a considerable force there was found only about forty men, principally convalescents. The force formerly stationed at this place, numbering six hundred (Williams' cavalry), had left the day before, having been ordered to push forward to Brookhaven and intercept the Yankees.

The Seventh was ordered to push forward on the advance, while the Sixth stopped long enough to destroy the camp and garrison equipage and take care of prisoners. One reb escaped and was afterwards captured. Relating his experience that night, he stated that he reached his horse, sprang upon his back without saddle, and nothing on him but his shirt and drawers, and never stopped until he reached home, sixty miles distant. The morning was beautiful, with a clear sky and a bright sun, and the roads were very level and in good condition. The Seventh, after proceeding a few miles, discovered a single horseman emerging into the road between them and the scouts. He was ordered to halt, but did not feel inclined to do so, and, putting spur to his horse, away he dashed, hotly pursued by the advance-guard, who fired a few shots at him. In a few minutes, however, he overtook the scouts, whom he took for some of his own men, and brandishing his revolver around his head excitedly exclaimed: "Get out of here, boys, the road is full of Yanks in our rear." "Yes," said one of the scouts, "and you are right among them now." Imagine his surprise! His name was Hinson, a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry. He had heard the firing in the morning, and was on his way to notify a camp between there and Baton Rouge. The scouts proceeded a few miles further, when Nelson stopped at a plantation, where he found a soldier and three females seated around a table enjoying a good meal. They invited him to partake of their hospitality, and he very readily accepted, and while eating had a lively conversation with the reb, from whom he learned that there was a company stationed on the road about four miles from there. Nelson obtained all the information he wanted, and thought it time to wind up the business. So he remarked to Mr. Reb: "You may consider yourself my prisoner." The lieutenant felt very indignant, and replied: "I am an officer, sir, and will start for my command in the morning, and, sir, you have nothing to do with me, if you are a conscripting officer." Just then up rode a squad of company A in front of the house. They at once comprehended the meaning of the blue coats, and with tears and screams the women commenced hugging and kissing the lieutenant, exclaiming, "Oh, my dear, they will kill you, they will kill you!" Nelson assured them that not a hair of his head should be harmed. He was turned over to the command and Colonel Grierson informed respecting the force ahead. Nothing further occurred until the column had arrived within half a mile of the Comit River. The scouts had been cautioned to advance carefully and reconnoiter the ground and find out the position of the camp. They could approach to within three hundred yards without being seen, there being no picket or vidette on that side. No report had reached there of the Yanks coming that way. Wood volunteered to go and see what he could discover. He met a soldier coming up from the creek, who hailed him and wanted to know if he had come to relieve him. "Yes; the company will be up in a few minutes," he replied. "It's about time you come to relieve us; we've been here now four days, and are just out of rations," he rejoined. Wood told him they would soon be relieved, and having obtained all necessary information reported the same to Colonel Grierson.

SURPRISING A REBEL CAMP.

The camp was situated along the east bank of the stream, shaded by timber, and could be approached only by charging down the road, which was fenced on either side. The command moved forward slowly until within three hundred yards of the camp, when the following companies were ordered to proceed: Company A to flank through the field on the left, while companies D, E and I kept the road—the former commanded by Lieutenant Bradshaw, the latter by Captain Ashmead. They charged most gallantly upon the unsuspecting foe, and so complete was the surprise that the rebels, forgetting everything, tried to seek safety in flight. But very few of them escaped, however, and not more than a dozen shots were fired. The confusion in the camp was indescribable. Shotguns, saddles, camp kettles, rifles, old blankets, coats and hats were scattered in all directions, while men and loose horses were stampeding from all quarters. It did not take long for our men to flank the woods and pick up the stragglers. A member of company I found sixteen rebels hid in a hole that the water had washed out by the bank of the stream. They all surrendered to him. While the Seventh was thus engaged gathering up their booty, the Sixth was ordered on the advance, so as to save time. It was now about 9 o'clock a. m. Forty-two prisoners belonging to Stewart's cavalry were captured here, together with all their horses and equipments, without any loss or damage.

The Seventh now pushed on after the Sixth, overtaking them in about two hours, when the whole command stopped to rest and feed,—the first time for man and horse for thirty hours,—having traveled eighty miles, night and day, with scarcely a halt. Nearly the whole command were asleep on their horses while marching the greater portion of the last night. The command was now within six miles of Baton Rouge. The raid had been a grand success. A kind Providence had smiled upon our efforts all through our perilous journey, and finally crowned it with triumph. Over eight hundred miles had been traveled in sixteen days, through fourteen counties, in the interior of the State of Mississipi; over a million dollars' worth of Confederate property had been destroyed, and railroad communications in various directions had been effectually cut off, preventing supplies from reaching Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and drawing out a force from Jackson at a time when Gen. Grant was making a rapid flank movement on that place, while on the last morning two camps had been surprised and four hundred prisoners had been brought in, not including the six hundred that were paroled and left on the route, besides eight hundred horses and mules, and about five hundred negroes, who followed us, a large number of cattle, and a considerable train of vehicles of various descriptions. But the crowning glory of the expedition was the fact that during the entire march,—and more especially the last forty hours,—although men and horses were hungry and jaded, not a murmur was heard from the lips of either officers or men. Our loss did not exceed twenty men.

While feeding and resting, a company of the First Louisiana cavalry—Union force—came out from Baton Rouge, the report having reached there that a large force was crossing Comit River. Picture their astonishment when they heard whose command it was, and where it had come from. It was some time before they could be convinced of the fact. Our prisoners felt quite jubilant. The idea that a force had come all the way from Tennessee purposly to capture them! They thought it an honor to be taken by Illinois troops. Altogether they were a jolly set of fellows. Their captain at the time their camp was taken had escaped by climbing a tree, where he remained concealed by the Spanish moss, which abounds in that section of country—a beautiful sight, hanging in long clusters from every limb.

[*To be continued.*]

It Keeps Good Time.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

The Waterbury watch came safely to hand on the 4th inst. I am well pleased with it, but wish you had boxed up and sent a little "nigger" as well to wind it up for me. It is all I expected, and I have shown it to a great many of my friends, who admire it very much. It keeps good time so far.
HILLSGROVE, PA. H. D. BROWN.

Beautiful Women

are made palid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

THE FLORENCE FIEND.

Something About Barrett's Cruelties to Prisoners---His Thumb-Screw.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

As you have been kind enough to publish my last, describing our trip to Florence prison, I will endeavor to give your many readers a few more of our experiences in that place, and I think I will succeed in proving that there were worse prisons than Andersonville. We were at once put in the new "bull pen," and it was new in more senses than one. The stockade at Andersonville was composed of hewn pine logs twenty feet long, set six feet in the ground, leaving fourteen feet of a wall or stockade around us, but at Florence the logs were not more than ten or twelve feet above ground, and instead of platforms at intervals for the guards to stand on, there was almost a continuous line of embankments thrown up against the outside of the stockade, on which the sentinels could pass back and forth. The logs were rough, no attempt having been made to hew or smooth them off, further than to cut off limbs and knots just enough to let them stand close together. The dead-line was about the same as at Andersonville, and inside the stockade the trees had only recently been cut off, as many stumps were to be seen all through the prison. There was a stream or brook running from north to south, much larger than the one at Andersonville, and some swamp land on each side, and a pretty good corduroy bridge or road across it. There were not nearly as many prisoners to the square foot as in other prisons; indeed, I never saw any prison as closely packed as Andersonville had been. But all the material for tents or caves had been taken up by the first prisoners put in, and we were left out in the cold in more ways than one. I found that most of my acquaintances (those of my company who had preceded me) were "messed off," and that their messes were full to overflowing. I had been fortunate enough to save my blanket and overcoat, also my knapsack and a dress coat; these were big cards in my favor, and room was offered me in several messes. I chose one with a cousin of mine from the Eleventh Pennsylvania reserve, and one or two neighbor boys, all of whom I believe are living to-day. Their names are John R. Black, J. Van McCaslin, John Eshenbaugh, Samuel McCleary, and Samuel Shryock. They only had one blanket and two overcoats in the crowd, so my addition was looked on as a "big thing." We were in a cave made by digging a hole about seven feet square and one foot deep. A forked post had been set at each end, on which was laid a ridge pole; on this there were laid sticks for rafters, while the whole was covered with pine leaves and sand four or five inches thick, which made a tolerably warm cave, but kept out little or no wet. Both ends were open, but, as the weather got colder, we closed one up entirely, and made a chimney in the other, leaving a hole beside it to crawl out and in.

A STYLISH ABODE.

When finished, we thought it quite stylish, but we could not stand quite straight in the center. Here we spent the most of the winter, and frequently the nights were cold enough to freeze ice a quarter of an inch thick. We were divided into hundreds and thousands for roll-call or counting by the rebel sergeants each morning, and we had to be counted or we got no rations that evening. Our rations consisted of about three or four ounces of fresh beef, about a coffee-cupful of corn-meal, ground cob and all and unbolted, with a couple of spoonfuls of cowbeans or peas, mostly beans, and a small teaspoonful of salt every other day—sometimes every third day. These dwindled gradually down before Christmas to meal, peas, and sour sorghum molasses, and in January to meal and peas alone, the quantity of each rather diminishing also. There were ninety-five days I have recorded in which no meat of any kind was issued, and often for days no salt. Is it any wonder that we were sorely afflicted with scurvy, dysentery, fevers, chills, rheumatism, ague, and moonblindness? We we were told to eat a piece of raw beef liver to cure moonblindness, but where was the liver to come from?

The officer who was generally in charge of the prison was a redheaded lieutenant, named Barrett, and if Wirz deserved hanging, Barrett should have been hung, drawn and quartered. I have often wondered why he was not hung when Wirz was. He certainly was the most inhuman wretch I ever saw. When Wirz shot or punished prisoners he was angry or in a bad humor, to say the least, but Barrett would stand and shoot defenceless prisoners, and laugh to see them fall or run like frightened sheep to get out of his way. I have seen him come to the gate and call for all who wanted to go out for wood to fall in, telling them that as many as wanted to could go out. The prisoners would rush to the gate and fill the street for perhaps 200 feet from the gate. He would then select perhaps a dozen and start them off, and quickly drawing his revolver, would call out, "Scatter, you Yanks, or I'm going to shoot!" and fire into the crowd instantly, at the same time laughing and cheering to see the rushing to get out of his range. This was done more than once, and one of the prisoners was shot in the shoulder as he stood at my side.

HANGING BY THE THUMBS.

Another favorite mode of punishment with him was "hanging by the thumbs." This was done by tying a stout cord or rope around the thumbs of a prisoner in a loop or noose, so that it would draw tighter, and suspending the prisoner by this infernal device for from one to three hours. Sometimes the hands were tied thus behind, and the weight drew in such a way that the victim first hung nearly head downward, and then, as the shoulders gave way and the nerves got weaker, assumed an upright position. In one or two cases the shoulders were dislocated. One poor fellow died while being taken down or very soon after. I will only relate one other method of punishment which I saw in use, as some were too sickening almost for belief. It was what was known as the "thumb-screw punishment." I never examined the screws closely, but one of the victims described them to me and showed me the results. They were made like two small vises, one side slightly hollow, to fit the face of the thumb; the other side was a flat plate of iron or steel, facing it. The thumbs were inserted between these, and by turning a screw they were brought together. The flat plate first caught on the upper end or root of the thumbnail, and, as the screw was turned, the vice-like jaw closed in, crushing the nail. They were tightened so as to bear the prisoner's weight, and he was then suspended in the gate by this inhuman fiend until he either fainted or his thumbs were pulled off. The one I examined and dressed after being taken down had his thumbs crushed to a pulp. He was punished for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy and trying to escape. He, with others, had been taken outside; they did not know for what. Barrett tried to force them to take the oath and work on some fortifications near the prison. They refused to do either, and one of them, getting a chance, made his escape. He was soon recaptured and brought back and got the "thumb-screw" for his daring. I once saw Barrett get upon the flat log on top of the gate, when a prisoner was hanging by the thumbs, and run a pole or handspike through under the rope and raise one end until he had lifted his victim six or eight inches. Then, suddenly letting the pole drop, on the second or third trial the man fell fainting to the ground.

I would like to hear from some other Florence ex-prisoner on this subject, and would like to know whether any of these men are alive yet. If they don't deserve pensions, it is a strange thing to me. They ought to get a general's half pay, at least; they certainly can tell what it is to "suffer for one's country." They could all have escaped these hardships by simply taking the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy.
R. P. BLACK,
Co. E, 103d P. V. V.
(Plymouth Pilgrim.)
PARKER CITY, PA.

Mortality at Florence and Salisbury.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

Having recently noticed statements to the effect that the sufferings of inmates of North and South Carolina prisons were as great as our own at Andersonville, I wish to give the readers of THE TRIBUNE a bit of history that I think will be of interest to all its readers. The men who, on being captured, were sent to Andersonville were kept there for months until death stared them in the face; then they were often told that they were to be exchanged, and would be placed on cars and sent to Florence and Salisbury. Upon their arrival at those places, finding that they had been deceived, they gave way to despair, many dying before they entered the stockades, while others lived but a short time. Their health having been destroyed at Andersonville, they were sent to these other places to die. That this was the case with thousands of our brave men no one can truthfully deny. I was an eye-witness and one of the worst sufferers there, being merely a boy, who had paid my father $505 for my freedom in order that I might enlist. I was shot through the head, from ear to ear, and was sent to prison to suffer, without even a bandage for my head. Where are the boys of the Twentieth Pennsylvania cavalry? Where is Sergeant Forbes, of that regiment, who was a prisoner with me? DAVID H. SMITH,
ELLIOTTSBURG, PA. Co. D, 20th P. V. C.

INDIANA EX-PRISONERS.

Proceedings at the Annual Reunion in Indianapolis Last Week.

During the military Encampment at Indianapolis on the 15th inst. a Reunion of ex-prisoners of war was held at the Exposition building, the roll-call showing 250 in attendance, though there were probably a hundred more upon the ground. On motion of General A. D. Streight, a committee of two members from each congressional district was chosen to select officers for the ensuing year. The committee was as follows: First district, B. G. Wilkes and James Bacon; second, J. W. Acorn, O. T. Wright; third, Wm. Cartwright, D. L. Wright; fourth, R. C. Moore, Joseph Patterson; fifth, Comrades Hadley and Mersler; sixth, Thomas H. Butler, Ivan N. Walker; seventh, J. G. Bain, John Hardwick; eighth, I. J. Mitchell, C. W. Moss; ninth, Comrades Hickman and Jones; tenth, Ira Cress, D. O. Rader; Eleventh, Comrade Rubenstein; twelfth, ———; thirteenth, J. D. Phelps, John Shafer.

The committee, after consultation, reported the following as officers for the ensuing year:

President—John V. Hadley, Danville, Ind.
Vice-president—I. D. Phelps, Laporte.
Secretary and Treasurer—Ivan N. Walker, Indianapolis.
Executive Committee—A. D. Streight, C. W. Moss, John M. Godown, Thos. H. Butler.
Representatives to National Association—A. D. Streight, Thos. H. Butler, A. S. McCormack, I. N. Walker, C. W. Moss.

The executive committee was empowered to select time and place of holding the next meeting. The following, which has been embodied into a bill for pensioning prisoners of war confined in Southern prisons during the late war, which was before Congress at the last session, was unanimously approved and its passage urged, with the amendment that members of Congress insert the words "May 1, 1861," instead of "May 1, 1863," and by striking out the words "the cartel was suspended," after which the meeting adjourned:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of the Interior be, and is hereby, authorized and directed to place on the pension roll the names of such officers, soldiers, and marines who, while in the service of the United States, and while in the line of their duty, were taken prisoners of war and as such confined in so-called Confederate prisons between the 1st of May, eighteen hundred and sixty-three, and the 1st of May, eighteen hundred and sixty-five, as follows:

All who were prisoners of war two months and less than six months, one-half pension; those who were prisoners of war six months, and less than twelve months, a three-fourths pension, and all such as were prisoners of war twelve months and more than twelve months, a total pension. And, furthermore, such surviving prisoners of war shall receive $2 a day for each and every day's confinement in said Confederate military prisons. Provided, that such pensions shall in each case begin from the date of the passage of this act, and shall be paid at the same time and in the same manner as other pensions are now paid. And provided, further, that this act shall not entitle any person to draw more than one pension, but that such survivors of the so-called Confederate military prisons as are entitled and are receiving a pension at the time of the passage of this act shall be entitled to the increase of their pensions which this act may grant them.

The Grand Army and the Polygamy Question.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I have read with deep interest ex-Commander-in-Chief Paul Van Dervoort's remarks in his address at Denver on the Mormon question, also your comments on the same in THE TRIBUNE of the 9th inst., and, believing that the Grand Army of the Republic has yet another duty before it in making an effort towards purging the Nation it has sacrificed so much to preserve of the foul blot upon her fair name, by which she is so grossly dishonored and defiled, I want to offer the following suggestions, viz.: That a resolution, or set of resolutions, be framed, urging upon Congress prompt and decisive action on this question, and that said resolutions be submitted to every Department, and through every Department to every Post of the Grand Army in the United States for indorsement. The signatures of other citizens might also be taken by a committee from each Post, but let the work be done by the G. A. R., and let us make it not only an appeal, but a demand, so strong that Congress cannot disregard it. Have suitable resolutions drafted by somebody and submitted to each Department, and let us start the ball rolling, and deluge the next session of Congress with such a demand as will compel immediate and decisive action.

I do not understand all the legal phases of this question, and consequently have nothing to suggest as to a plan of action. That is the business of statesmen, but let us see to it that their business in this regard is promptly and thoroughly attended to. If we have no law that is equal to the task of suppressing and exterminating from our midst such abominations, it is high time that one was provided.

If the Grand Army can, in any way, be instrumental in blotting out this foul putresence, the deed will be little, if any, less in importance as a national and moral blessing than the destruction of slavery, and its measure of glory will be full to the brim.

Let us take this matter in hand and push it to a definite issue. The resolutions of political conventions, the recommendations in Presidents' messages, the discussions in Congress, in the pulpit, and on the stump, have all thus far failed to accomplish anything decisive. I have faith that a united and persistent effort of the Grand Army will compel action. Let us try by petition, and if that fails, let us try something else. Something must be done by somebody, and who has a better right to demand it than the men to whom this Nation owes its existence? We have the right to demand, and we have a right to be heard. This Nation owes to the soldiers of the late war, living and dead, the duty of purging from all vileness the Government preserved by their valor and sacrifices. Let us insist upon its discharging that duty.
Yours, in F., C., and L.,
H. B. BOYNTON,
Bailey Post, 164, Dept. of Ohio.

A Rebel Soldier's Opinion of Army Life.

The following letter from a rebel soldier to his wife, which was captured during the Atlanta campaign, and incorporated in the history of the Seventy-second regiment, Indiana volunteers, by B. F. Magee, gives a pretty good insight into the state of feeling then existing in the Confederate ranks:

IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE ATLANTA,
August 15, 1864.

MY DEAR WIFE: Your war-worn husband takes his pen in hand, in a strange land, on a foreign strand. My ink is pale, I have no ale. My paper is poor; so is my grub. Our quarters in camp are passable, but quarters in my pocket are not. Last night I had a wagon bolster for a "piller," while I was covered with a sheet of water. I long for more biscuits and less bullets. How I wish you were here. The farther I get from you the better I like you. So that you may know how we work in spite of the cussed Yanks, I send you a diary of daily labor. 5 o'clock, called up by a roll of the drum, from a roll in the mud; no rolls of bread. 6 to 7, shoulder spades. Throw up the earth, also my yesterday's rations. 7:30, another roll of the drum, and we roll logs. Filing off into line, as well as defiling my breeches with the sacred soil of Georgia; drawing ramrods but no pay; no shelling out by the government, but a cussed sight by the Yanks. 9 a. m., more drilling, but not of the cotton kind, wherewith to increase my present supply of one shirt. 10:00, more spadular researches into the geological formation of the earth. 11:00, corps takes a chew of tobacco. 12:00, see signs of dinner. Skippers throwing up works on a hog's jowl to resist the attack of the captain's cook. My eyes are so far sunk into my head that I can look down my windpipe into my restaurant department. I would make a first-class telescope, I have three glasses—

Youthful Indulgence.

in Pernicious Practices pursued in Solitude, is a most startling cause of Nervous and General Debility, Lack of Self-confidence and Will Power, Impaired Memory, Despondency, and other attendants of wrecked manhood. Sufferers should address, with three letter postage stamps, for large illustrated treatise, pointing out unfailing means of perfect cure, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.