LOYAL WOMAN'S WORK

Training Schools for Girls---Our Experience Meeting, &c.

[*Conducted by Kate B. Sherwood.*]

The question of public school reform—of vital interest to the American millions—has finally crystallized into something both practical and sensible. It has been very plain for some time that our public schools were to an extent a failure, because they qualified neither the boy nor girl, who could go through to graduation day, for any real employment. A smattering of this, that, and the other thing is in no sense an education; neither does a knowledge of grammar and arithmetic amount to much if the party acquiring it is in the end obliged to earn his bread by the labor of his hands. And this, after all, is just what the average boy or girl must make up his mind to do.

How to educate the head and the hands at the same time has been the perplexing problem of the times. As might be expected, where so much real thought has been given, a solution of the problems, at least so far as girls are concerned, seems near at hand.

In this reference is made to the experiment of starting kitchen schools, as an attachment to every high or grammar school, where girls of all classes will be taught by practical teachers, according to the plan which Miss Corson has been successfully pursuing among the wealthier or self-supporting classes. If this be done it brings about the solution, also, of the servant-girl question, as skilled cooks can always secure good wages for their services, and the benefit will be a common one to mistress and maid. In the former case good service is secured, and in the latter good prices.

A knowledge of housekeeping is essential to women in all grades of life, particularly to those who are to support themselves by muscular rather than mental labor. When kitchen schools are in operation in connection with our public schools there will be a wider range of employment from which women can choose; and the fathers and mothers of the working classes will not feel that their children have frittered away their time in useless acquirements if, in connection with mere book learning, they are acquiring the skill to be self-supporting and are fortified to take whatever position their peculiar ability, be it physical or mental, qualifies them to fill.

Miss Corson's school in connection with the "Free Training School for Women" was started in 1874—nine years ago. Since then free and pay cooking classes have been started with the best results in all our principal cities; and now the departments of education, both local and State, are taking hold of the movement with encouraging developments. At the present rate of progress it will not be long said that we, as a Nation, are the worst fed, in spite of our overflowing abundance, as well as the worst served, of any upon the face of the globe.

The best feature of the movement is that it is enlisting the sympathy and co-operation of those who believe in the higher education of women, including some of our most experienced educators and social scientists. Not only in our charity and mission schools is domestic economy becoming an important branch, but some of our best schools and colleges have a department of domestic science in their curriculum.

PRACTICAL TEACHING.

In the Iowa Agricultural College every girl in the junior class has been taught to make good bread, yeast, biscuit, puddings, pies, cakes; how to cook a roast, broil a steak, make a good cup of coffee; how to dress and cook poultry, make excellent soups, mash potatoes that would melt in your mouth, and has taken practical lessons in all the details of household management, house-furnishing, care of the sick, care of children, &c. The schools of Great Britain, notably the London schools, are additional evidences that these things can be done in connection with all our schools. The only thing is to begin, and cookery can be taught as well as music, drawing and painting.

The large influx of foreign population into this country, unfamiliar with our American products, who have never before eaten a morsel of white bread, and who do not know a watermelon from a squash or a lemon from an Osage orange, makes the call for such public instruction more imperative. The children of these classes throng our public schools. They are to take the places of the American-born in American kitchens and not infrequently in American parlors. Their ignorance of the simplest cookery and domestic work is proverbial. Somebody must teach them, and too often it is the aching head of the over-worried and overworked house-wife. This class must be thought of, too. It is the wise city which, as Philadelphia and Baltimore are now undertaking, provides some branches of technical and manual instructions with the accepted public curriculum.

It is estimated that out of the 9,946,160 children enrolled in the United States, according to the report of the Bureau of Education, 4,896,000 are girls, of whom the vast majority quit school before they are sixteen. What little knowledge they have gained of the three R's, coupled with an acquired love of dress and display, is in too many cases a positive injury, until they can forget it all and settle down to a practical view of life as it is. Each of these girls has cost the State an average of $250 apiece, and yet when all is done they know practically nothing. Now, suppose that the ten years between six and sixteen was in part given up to the acquirement of useful knowledge, what a thrifty, prudent, competent class of wives and mothers we should have. Extend this along for a generation or two, and America would as soon become as noted for its thrift and prudence as it now is for extravagance and utter disregard of all the rules of right living.

THOSE WHISKY PICKLES.

CAMBRIDGE, IOWA, August 14, 1883.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I see by reading my paper that some one wants a recipe to make whisky pickles. For the benefit of that lady's pickle barrel I would say, if she has genuine good whisky, to take three pints of water to one of whisky, and that wont eat her pickles. Put a cloth over them and then a board and then a small weight. Wash the cloth and board every other morning. Keep the pickles in a cool place. I think the lady that said the house turned around when she ate the whisky pickles must have been a pipe smoker, as I was once for the tooth-ache, and I thought the whole world was going around. My father and mother had fifteen children,—nine girls and six boys,—and they always made whisky pickles and I know there was not a drunkard in the family, and none of them married a drunkard. I do not know that there is any harm in whisky pickles, without it is whisky that has tobacco in it.

Respectfully, A READER of THE TRIBUNE, the best paper in the United States.

BETTER THAN WHISKY PICKLES.

Cucumber Pickles.—Fill a two-gallon stone jar with small cucumbers. Cover with boiling water quite salt: the second and third mornings boil the brine and pour over. The fourth morning take them out of the brine and put them in boiling water in which a piece of alum the size of an egg has been dissolved. Let them stand twenty-four hours, drain and pour over hot vinegar, well seasoned with two or three sliced onions, pepper pods, and first a sprinkle of allspice, cloves, cinnamon, mace, and a few bay leaves. Make a paste of yellow mustard, spread it on a cloth, cover with another cloth, and press it closely over your pickles. When cold tie up your jars and set in a cool place. The mustard prevents them from softening or turning white and adds to the pleasant flavor. Try them, as they are the best cucumber pickles made.

EXCELLENT RECIPES.

Bean Salad.—String young, tender beans, cut into inch lengths, wash and cook until tender; drain, and when cold add a little finely-chopped onion, pepper, salt, and vinegar. The addition of a little olive oil is a great improvement.

Baked Fish.—Scale, wash and wipe dry, inside and out, a two or three pound fish. Make a stuffing as follows: One pint grated bread, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, pepper and salt to taste, one raw egg, a little celery salt; one onion chopped fine, is, to my taste, an improvement, but can be omitted if not liked. Care should be taken not to wet the bread crumbs; the egg and butter will moisten sufficiently. Tie over the fish thin slices of salt pork; fill a dripping pan half full of hot water; then, if you have not a wire grate, place the gridiron on the pan, and after laying the fish on the gridiron cover all with another pan; bake in a hot oven till the pork is well shriveled; then remove the upper tin, allowing your fish to brown. One and one-half hours will cook thoroughly, if a steady fire is kept. When done serve with a dressing made by working together two tablespoonfuls of flour and butter the size of an egg. Add a little lemon juice or vinegar and boiling water, stirring over the fire until the consistency of cream.

A WORD ON FALL FASHIONS.

A velvet and velveteen season is looming up.

The new velveteens have all the appearance of velvet.

Gray and brown are the favorite colors for the new fall hats.

Tapestry patterns, or plaids, checks, blocks and bars are among the new fall goods, woven in one color.

Worsted goods is more fashionable for the street than all silk.

Coffee colors in their various shades are revived in all fabrics.

Felt and velvet bonnets will be worn to the exclusion of plush.

Blouse bodices and cutaway jackets are used for the richest silks.

Small shoulder capes and collars with pleated ruffles are very stylish.

The new round hats have stiff crowns and straight or rolling brims.

Heads, breasts and wings of birds are the favorite fall trimmings for hats.

Mother Hubbard dresses, suitable only for young misses, are now belted in at the waist.

Rough finished cloths in camel's hair of a single color are among the latest importations.

Sashes for young ladies are most desirable in chene patterns on flowered centers with satin edges.

Shot blue and plum colors are more fashionable than crushed strawberry, which has had its run.

Our Weekly Experience Meeting.

A WORKING CORPS—MESSAGES OF CONGRATULATION—ALL ALONG THE LINE.

WESTFIELD, MASS., August 11, 1883.

To the EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

In reading your paper I see the doings of the loyal women so much noticed that I thought I would like to tell you of our work in Westfield.

The 15th of December last we started with a membership of twenty-two. Four months from that time we had doubled our numbers, and now we have a membership of forty-nine. Comparing this with the report given by Mrs. E. J. Barns, of Marlboro, and I think it is one of the many arguments in favor of admitting all loyal women to our Order. As for our work, we do all we can to aid the G. A. R. in whatever they undertake, and have just furnished the carpet for their new hall, at a cost of $200.

We have our open meeting with music and literary entertainments. At present we have a sewing society connected with our Corps, the meetings of which are held weekly in the afternoon at our hall, and we find it a great social benefit as well as a pecuniary aid. We afford relief in every possible way, and have a relief fund of $300, to which we hope to add materially during the coming winter.

We have much to be proud of in our most estimable State Department President, Mrs. Florence Barker, also Mrs. Fuller, our State Department Secretary, and now more than ever, that the National Association have elected them to positions they are so worthy to fill.

Hoping at some future time to inform you of our success and some good work we have been able to accomplish, I am ever, yours, in F., C., and L.,

MRS. HATTIE A. PRESCOTT,
S. V., Lyon R. C., No. 22, Auxiliary to Post No. 41, Department of Massachusetts.

THE GRANDEST OF ALL PAPERS.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

DE WITT, NEB., Aug., 1883.

Your editorial on "Bequests to the Grand Army," August 2d, moves me to write to you again in regard to the work I have undertaken in behalf of the Grand Army veterans. The question "Why is it no bequests are ever made to the soldiers and their institutions?" has been asked in my own mind hundreds of times, until the thought was evolved to originate a fund to which others quite as patriotic and much more able than myself might add. The recent organization of National Relief Corps of the G. A. R. has made the feasibility of such a plan a sure thing. I will publish my work under the title of "Footfalls of Loyalty," instead of "Loyal Women of the Civil War," as at first advertised.

If I could make our veterans and their friends understand that it is their letters and diaries and recollections that I want, I would soon have the first volume before them, with extracts from letters they had written and experiences they had recollected and endured to make this a Nation, instead of a feudalism of petty warring States. I find none unwilling to give up their letters when they understand what I want of them. In fact, they are not only willing, but anxious to let them be used. I have just written to the new Commander-in-Chief, asking his assistance, and shall write to each of the Encampment officers in the same way. I have no thought of stopping or turning back until my original object has been accomplished. The weekly visits of THE TRIBUNE have an inspiring effect upon me. It certainly is the grandest of all grand papers, and every woman from one ocean to the other should go down on her knees before it for the fearless and honorable stand it has taken on the liquor question.

MRS. MARY W. WESTCOTT.

A SOLDIER'S SISTER AND LOYAL WOMEN.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

MERRIMAC, MASS., Aug., 1883.

I inclose one dollar for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. It is with pleasure mingled with sadness that I read that our delegates were successful in establishing the National Corps on the Massachusetts basis. We soldiers' sisters deplore any manifestation of feeling against loyal women, but I can say I have yet to meet the soldier's mother or sister that has ever, in my presence, objected to the loyal woman's help in the Relief Corps or on Memorial Day. Do those ladies who favor exclusive membership remember that we sisters have that deathless tie of blood, while many a soldier's wife can claim no more than to be a loyal woman—for at the time of war they were little girls? There are no words of mine that can convey to you my mental suffering when I hear objections to a loyal woman, but there is this, we hope to convince those who object to loyal women by our work when the loyal woman is one of us. Did not the soldiers face death for them as well as us? And shall not they be allowed to show that they appreciate the priceless gift? I wish I was able to take a thousand of your papers, as I know so many that are not able, but would enjoy it so much. So I shall lend my copy to all of such that I can.

Very respectfully, C. E. CLEMENT.

ALL ALONG THE LINE.

Mansfield Post, Brooklyn, has a flourishing Auxiliary, to whose exertions the Post owes its beautiful flag.

The Woman's Auxiliary of Henry, Ill., organized on the Toledo plan, are anxious to be mustered in under the National Relief Corps.

We learn, through Mrs. General Gardner, of Denver, that the ladies of Farragut Post, that city, have applied for a charter under the national organization. A society is also to be organized at Leadville.

The American National Association of the Red Cross, of which Clara Barton, the well-known army nurse, is president, has expended $30,000 since May in the work of relief. The society has $15,000 on deposit.

Miss Nannie Colwell, daughter of the gallant young Wisconsin soldier for whom Wilson Colwell Post, La Crosse, Wis., is named, is an active member of the Woman's Auxiliary in connection with the Post. Her father was killed in battle while she, his only child, was yet an infant.

Mattie B. Moulton, President of the Woman's Relief Corps of the Department of New Hampshire, and the newly-elected Chaplain of the National Relief Corps, writes her regrets at being unable to be present at Denver, owing to illness in her family. She sends assurances of confidence in New England representatives in attendance.

The ladies of W. H. Lytle Post, Fort Scott, Kan., are to arrange an entertainment for the benefit of their relief fund. In writing for information, Mrs. C. H. Haynes says: We are anxious to do something to start a fund for the relief of destitute soldiers and their families, the demand being so great, our position here on the border rendering it particularly so."

The officers of the recently-organized Relief Corps at New Haven, Conn., are: President, Mrs. Baldwin; S. V. P., Mrs. M. J. Dyer; J. V. P., Mrs. C. B. Foster; Sec., Miss Ida P. Beecher; Treas., Mrs. S. C. Goodrich; Chap., Mrs. Hattie Bucknam; Conductor, Mrs. Emily Sharpe; Guard, Mrs. Lizzie Arnold. The society, which organized with eighty-three members, is in a most flourishing condition.

Adjutant Henry P. Price writes from Will Robinson Post, Ill., to inquire as to the organization of a Relief Corps. His words have the right ring, closing as follows: "Our Post is one of the youngest in the State, only organized in June last. But we have held two Camp-fires, and are soon to hold another one. Last Saturday we had a big day, and the ladies said, write for full particulars for forming an Auxiliary, and we will soon have one here."

Austin Curtin, Commander of Dr. George L. Potter Post, Milesburg, Penn., writes to express his regrets that he was unavoidably detained from Denver, even after his tickets were secured; also, for information as to the reorganization of the Woman's Auxiliary. In conclusion, he says: "I feel assured that nothing but prosperity awaits your organization now, since the same work, same labor, same head governs all the Order in which so many noble women are now giving their energies, talents, and abilities that good and true women of this country so well know how to use. I wish you Godspeed."

The New England Plan.

RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THE WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS.

Inquiries are steadily pouring in as to the character of the Woman's National Relief Corps, organized at Denver, upon the basis of the New England Relief Corps. Although the matter will be duly set forth at the proper time by the officers, it will not be out of place to give such articles as outline the character of the organization and plan of work, as found in the Rules and Regulations of the Union Board. For charter and instructions, send $5 to Mrs. S. E. Fuller, Secretary of Woman's National Relief Corps, G. A. R., South Boston, Mass. The organization is secret, with countersign and password.

PREAMBLE.

We, the undersigned, mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters of the soldiers, sailors, and marines of the late rebellion, and other loyal women, do unite to establish a permanent association for the purposes and objects herein set forth, with such amendments as we shall from time to time think proper to make.

UNION BOARD.

Name.

The name of this association shall be known as the Woman's Relief Corps, auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic.

Objects.

To assist members and their families in sickness and distress, and all needy and sick soldiers, sailors, and marines, or the widows and orphans of deceased soldiers, sailors, and marines, to do all in our power to alleviate their distress, to further the interests of all Subordinate Corps, and institute new Corps throughout the State.

DEPARTMENT CORPS.

Officers.

The officers of the Department Corps shall consist of a President, Senior and Junior Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, Treasurer, Inspector, Chaplain, Conductor, Guard, and a Board of Directors that shall consist of the above-named officers, and one member by election from each Corps not having a Department officer.

Membership.

All members of good standing in Subordinate Corps shall be eligible for office in Department Corps.

SUBORDINATE CORPS.

Formation.

Section 1. Subordinate Corps may be instituted by the authority of the Department President, on the application of not less than ten persons eligible to membership in the Woman's Relief Corps.

Subordinate Corps shall be known as —— Relief Corps, No. —, Woman's Relief Corps, Department of ——, auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic.

Eligibility.

Loyal ladies interested in the good work shall be eligible to membership in the Woman's Relief Corps.

Membership.

Section 1. Every application for membership shall be made in writing, and vouched for by two members, and shall be referred to a committee of three, neither of whom shall be one of the vouchers, for investigation and report.

Sec. 2. The investigating committee shall render their report at next meeting of Corps, after which the President shall give opportunity to any member having objections to the election of the applicant to state the same, after which a ballot with ball ballot shall be had. If, on a count of the balls deposited, more than three black balls are cast, the candidate shall be declared rejected; if three or less black balls are cast, the candidate shall be declared elected.

Sec. 3. Each application for membership shall be accompanied by the initiation fee, the amount of said initiation fee to be determined and controlled by each Subordinate Corps.

Sec. 4. Applicants for membership shall be women of good moral character, and at least eighteen years old.

Officers.

The officers of each Corps shall be a President, Senior and Junior Vice-Presidents, Secretary, Treasurer, Chaplain, Conductor, and Guard.

Relief Fund.

Each Corps may hold a Relief Fund, to which shall be credited all moneys acquired in the name of the Relief Fund of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Charters.

Section 1. Charters shall be signed by the President and countersigned by the Secretary. The application for a charter shall be signed by at least ten persons eligible to membership in the Woman's Relief Corps, and shall in all cases be accompanied by the charter fee of five dollars.

Dues and Revenues.

Each Corps, by vote of Corps, or by By-Laws, shall establish an initiation fee, also a yearly assessment, to be paid in equal quarterly installments on the first days of January, April, July, and October.

Secrecy.

The Ritual and all works of the Woman's Relief Corps, the names of persons causing the rejection of candidates for membership, or any information as to the cause or means of such rejection, shall be kept secret.

Any member convicted of divulging the private affairs of the Woman's Relief Corps, or of violating any of the provisions of this article, shall be subject to suspension or dishonorable discharge.

We've Drank From the Same Canteen.*

[*By Private Miles O'Reilly.*]

There are bands of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship and ties of flow'rs,
And true lover's knots, I ween;
The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this—
We have drank from the same canteen.

Cho.—But there's never a bond, old friend, like this—
We have drank from the same canteen.

It was sometimes water and sometimes milk,
And sometimes apple-jack, fine as silk;
But whatever the tipple has been,
We shared it together in bane or bliss,
And I warm to you, friend, when I think of this—
We have drank from the same canteen.
Cho.—But there's &c.

The rich and the great sit down to dine,
And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine
From glasses of crystal and green;
But I guess in their golden potations they miss
The warmth of regard to be found in this—
We have drank from the same canteen.
Cho.—But there's &c.

We have shared our blankets and tents together,
And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and full we have been;
Had days of battle and days of rest,
But this memory I cling to and love the best—
We have drank from the same canteen.
Cho.—But there's &c.

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my blood flowing fast, and but little to hope
Upon which my faint spirit could lean;
Oh, then I remember, you crawled to my side,
And, bleeding so fast, it seemed both must have died—
We have drank from the same canteen.
Cho.—But there's &c.

Sheridan's Ride.*

[*By T. Buchanan Read.*]

Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.
And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there's a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there, thro' the flash of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed:
Hills rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.
Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape flowed away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed like a bark fed with furnace-ire
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire;
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire,
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops:
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both,
And, striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of hurrahs,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray,
By the flash of his eye and his nostril's play
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester town, to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah! for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah! for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky—
The American soldier's temple of fame—
There with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

[* We reprint these famous poems by special request. If we complied with every request to the same effect we should have to reprint them every week.—ED. NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

Who has not seen the fair, fresh young girl transformed in a few months into the pale, haggard, dispirited woman? The sparkling eyes are dimmed, and the ringing laugh heard no more. Too often the causes are disorders of the system which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would remedy in a short time. Remember that the "Favorite Prescription" will unfailingly cure all "female weaknesses," and restore health and beauty. By all druggists. Send three stamps for Dr. Pierce's treatise on Diseases of Women (96 pages). Address WORLD'S MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE GRIERSON RAID.

Arrival at Baton Rouge--Lively Times at Port Hudson--The Return.

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

VIII.

About noon the command took up its line of march in the following order: First, the Sixth Illinois cavalry; second, battery; third, the prisoners; fourth, the Seventh Illinois cavalry; fifth, the negroes, with the led horses and mules, and lastly, about thirty vehicles of every description, from the finest carriage down to an ox-cart of the homeliest design. The line extended about two miles. It really presented an interesting sight, and one to which neither pen nor pencil can do justice. When within four miles of Baton Rouge, the column was met by Captain Godfrey, First Louisiana cavalry, who escorted them into the city. For nearly a mile before entering the city they were met by citizens and soldiers, both white and black, male and female, old and young, rich and poor, as well as ragged urchins. Everybody's curiosity was at its highest pitch; the streets were densely crowded, and, amid the shouts and cheers of thousands, the waving of banners and flags, interspersed with music, the tired soldiers, all covered with dust, marched through the principal streets and around the public square.

It was very difficult to distinguish the prisoners from our own men. Many of them had exchanged their close-fitting jackets for citizens' coats and made other changes of clothing, and we were all covered with dust. As the column marched along the remark could be frequently heard: "Why, see how many prisoners they have!" Among a group of negroes on a street corner stood an old darkey, who was heard to say to one of his brethren: "Hush, chile, you must look at dem peoples wid respect. Dey am de great warriors wat come from de Norf. Dey trable widout sleep, and stop de railroads and cut up the track. I hear massa say so dis mornin'!"

IN CAMP AT MAGNOLIA GROVE.

The command was marched down to the river, where they watered their horses, and then proceeded to Magnolia Grove, two miles south of the city. It was a most delightful spot, shaded by the magnolia, whose beautiful white flower filled the air with rich perfume. It was just at sunset that the command entered this grove, and that night, for the first time in sixteen days, they slept soundly under Federal protection. Among the sleepers were a portion of the scouts, now relieved of their dangerous double-dealing duty, which would have rendered their death certain had they been taken prisoners and their identity discovered. They had captured on the raid eighty-four prisoners with their arms and equipments, and destroyed over two hundred shotguns and rifles. They had given full satisfaction to the command, and I trust their exploits will make a favorable impression upon the mind of the reader. That evening found the men so exhausted for want of sleep and rest that the moment they had stripped the saddles off their horses they laid down, and it was almost impossible to arouse them to partake of coffee and refreshments prepared by the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York and the Forty-eighth Massachusetts infantry regiments, who made their appearance, bringing with them their own cooking utensils and provisions. This kind and thoughtful act on the part of the officers and men of those regiments will never be forgotten by the Sixth and Seventh Illinois cavalry.

Along the route of our raid we had been looked upon by the people with wonder and astonishment. As the column was almost constantly on the move, subsistence had to be procured from the country through which we passed, but it was seldom we found a scarcity. Horses, too, had to be pressed into the service whenever and wherever found, but in many instances double the number were left for those taken, and only a little care was requisite to make them as serviceable as those confiscated. It would sometimes arouse a feeling of regret to witness the attachment displayed by the faithful old horse, who, on being turned loose by the roadside to wander where he pleased, would be seen following up the column, and when it stopped would lay down in the road to rest, and as we started again could be seen occupying a place in the ranks, where he would remain from morning to night, faithful in the discharge of his duty.

TAKING IN THE CITY.

After a few days' rest the boys began to look around and "take in the city." They were looked upon for awhile as privileged characters, and allowed to go and come as they pleased, and many were the jokes played off on the citizens. It was customary in Baton Rouge when an auction was about to take place, as also when concerts and other entertainments were to be given, to send a negro around with a banner containing the advertisement and a bell. In the intervals of ringing he would cry out at the top of his voice, and, as he was coming up the street one day, a squad of the Sixth and Seventh made a charge, captured the bell and banner, and proceeded on through the streets, crying out "Concert to-night at Magnolia Grove by the Sixth and Seventh Illinois cavalry." Some of the citizens were "sold" that evening. It occurred to me afterwards that if ever the boys should take a notion to astonish the world with their musical talent, I would contribute the following, a grand overture:

SONG OF THE RAIDERS.

The Sixth and Seventh, you all know,
Du da, du da,
Once together on a raid did go,
Row de du da da,
Our Colonel Grierson in command,
Du da, du da,
And in Baton Rouge did safely land,
Row de du da da.

Chorus.—Are you going to run all night?
Are you going to run all day?
I'l bet my money on the Sixth and Seventh;
Who'll bet on the Southern gray?

It was in April, sixty-three,
Du da, du da,
That we left the State of Tennessee,
Row de du da da;
The course we took on the map you'll see,
Du da, du da,
Of old Mississippi, du da de,
Row de du da da.

Chorus.—Are you going, &c.

We were accompanied on our way,
Du da, du da,
By the brave old Second Iowa,
Row de du da da;
But at Clear Springs they were left to range,
Du da, du da,
And fight their way back to La Grange,
Row de du da da.

Chorus.—Are you going, &c.

With the railroads we did play whack, whack!
Du da, du da,
And we burned the cars upon the track,
Row de du da da;
We'd march all day, and then all night,
Du da, du da,
And we'd only stop to have a fight,
Row de du da da.

Chorus.—Are you going, &c.

The people thought it very strange,
Du da, du da,
When they saw so many from La Grange,
Row de du da da;
They looked with wonder and surprise,
Du da, du da,
When they saw so many from Illinois,
Row de du da da.

Chorus.—Are you going, &c.

And when Port Hudson surrender did,
Du da, du da,
We were there to see it of rebels rid,
Row de du da da;
Oh, the 116th New York are bully boys,
Du da, du da,
As fond of fight as they are of joys,
Row de du da da.

Chorus.—Are you going, &c.

And now, kind friends, we'll bid adieu,
Du da, du da,
For we're bound to see this war soon through,
Row de du da da;
How full of joy will be our song,
Du da, du da,
As on wings of peace we glide along,
Row de du da da.

Chorus.—Are you going to march all night?
Are you going to march all day?
I'll bet my money on the Stars and Stripes
And freedom's cause, hurra!

LIVELY TIMES AT PORT HUDSON.

But the state of things which now prevailed was not permitted to last long. The Illinois cavalry had their reputation up as fighting men, and work was now laid out for them. The bombardment of Port Hudson had commenced, and a movement was to be made against the place by land forces. On the 12th day of May the cavalry was ordered to move in the advance to Port Hudson, at which point our forces, under General Auger, camped and remained some time before advancing again. During this time a scout was made by one company of the First Louisiana cavalry, Captain Godfrey; one company of the Sixth Illinois, Captain Angley, and one company of the Seventh Illinois, Lieutenant La Grange. They were sent eight miles to the rear of Port Hudson to surprise and capture a rebel camp of thirty men. The enemy were found, and nineteen captured and two killed, without the loss of a man on the Union side. A few days after this there was a stubborn fight with Colonel Miles' Legion, at Plain's Store. The Sixth Illinois, Forty-eighth Massachusetts, and One Hundred and Sixteenth New York stood the brunt of the battle, which lasted several hours, and finally drove the enemy from their position. They left one hundred killed and wounded, besides sixty prisoners. The Union loss was fifty-four killed and wounded. The next day, Gen. T. W. Sherman, of the Eastern Army, arrived from New Orleans with a long train of heavy artillery. On the following morning the Sixth and Seventh were ordered out to meet General Banks' force, which had come up the west side of the river from New Orleans, and crossed to Bayou Sara. On the 21st of May a demonstration was made by our force against the enemy, who were in position outside their works, and the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York charged and drove them inside their works, while a Massachusetts regiment threw down their arms and ran. The cavalry was ordered to dismount and support the New York regiment, which caused much surprise among the stampeders. They had never heard of cavalry fighting dismounted.

On the 24th of May our forces advanced to within one mile of the fort. Heavy skirmishing on the advance was the order of the day. Several futile attempts had been made to capture a couple of steamers, said to be concealed up the bayou on Thompson's Creek, and Colonel Prince, by order of Colonel Grierson, left with detachments from each company of his regiment, and proceeded to the creek and succeeded in capturing them. They proved to be fine passenger steamers. The "Skylight," a ferryboat, was also secured. These boats lay within 300 yards of the rebel batteries, and Colonel Prince was complimented by General Banks on his success. The next day Lieutenant Lew, company F, Seventh Illinois, with four men, took a yawl, dropped quietly down the creek, passed close to the rebel works, entered Alligator Bayou, which he crossed, and having landed, footed it through a neck of timber and hailed the steamship Hartford. A yawl was lowered and the party were brought aboard and reported the capture of the boats, which the Hartford had been watching for at the outlet, to prevent their escape. Lieutenant Lew was highly complimented by the officers of the boat, and three cheers were given for the Illinois cavalry.

SHOOTING ALLIGATORS AND SKIRMISHING.

The men had considerable sport while camped in the rear of Port Hudson shooting alligators, with now and then a skirmish with Logan's or Wirt Adams' cavalry. In the meantime, our forces were drawing nearer and encircling the enemy's works. The cannonading was growing fiercer and more terrific each day, and sharpshooting was practiced to some extent. A detail of the Sixth and Seventh could be seen each day on their way to the rifle-pits near the Twenty-first Indiana battery, where they would dispose of fifty or a hundred cartridges, firing at a distance of six hundred yards. It was on the last day of May that the enemy charged one of our siege guns, and were easily repulsed. By the middle of June our forces had nearly two hundred guns in position and the cannonading was tremendous. The heavy siege battery, manned by the Twenty-first Indiana, Colonel McMiller, proved most effective, and so accurate became the aim of the gunners that the rebels dared not place a gun within our range. On the 14th of June our forces, commanded by General T. W. Sherman, made a desperate charge upon the enemy's works but were repulsed. Captain Skinner, of the Sixth Illinois, with companies E and D, served as the escort of the general. Their loss in horses was seventeen; the general had two shot under him and was carried off the field wounded. It was on a similar occasion that a certain Massachusetts regiment refused to go into action because their time would be out in a few days (nine months men). The weather had now become excessively hot, and it taxed the energies of both horses and men to the utmost. Scouts had to be conducted principally through the night, and a large green fly, and mosquitoes somewhat larger, proved very troublesome. But the country abounded in blackberries, sugar was easily obtained, the men enjoyed the luxury, and very little sickness resulted. Musical instruments of various kinds could be found in camp, and the most noted among the players was Colonel Grierson, who could produce good music from nearly every instrument. On many occasions he has had all the negroes collected together in camp, and such a time! The reader can imagine better than I can describe it. An endless variety of dances, jigs, breakdowns, and the original plantation dance, with its chorus of voices, could be seen there, with the genuine Sambo in all his glory.

COLONEL GRIERSON SOOTHES THE SAVAGE EAR.

There were several fine plantations and beautiful residences in the rear of Port Hudson—particularly that of Mrs. ——, a sister of Jeff Davis. While on a scout, Colonel Grierson had occasion to call and pay his respects to this lady, who received him rather coldly. Indeed, she very uncourteously left him and his adjutant alone in the drawing-room, in which was a splendid piano, and when a request was sent to the ladies to favor him with some music, they declined. The colonel was not to be bluffed in this way, however; so, seating himself before the instrument, he soon filled the room with the notes of a very difficult but popular air. This had the desired effect of bringing all the ladies to the room. They were very anxious to know who the player was, and were sure that no ordinary man could produce such beautiful music, and upon hearing his name they were much surprised, and apologised for their rudeness. They became extremely sociable, indeed, and particularly so with Adjutant Woodward, who was a great favorite with the ladies and knew how to play the agreeable. He was unassuming and gentlemanly in his manners, very modest and averse to display, and he was of incalculable service after the successful termination of the raid. He wrote the official report, in which he was so delicate as not to mention his own name.

A COWARDLY SURGEON.

About this time an attempt was made by the rebs to capture a boat, used for supplies, at Springfield Landing. Captain Cohn, of the Sixth, and Lieutenant Maxwell, of the Seventh, were aboard at the time, and rallied what few men were scattered about, which did not exceed twenty, and repulsed the rebs, who numbered sixty men, driving them off. Company E, of the Sixth, while on picket at the crossing of the Jackson and Clinton roads, four and a half miles in rear of Port Hudson, was also attacked by a superior force of the enemy. Sergeant Fayer was in command of the company at the time, and so placed his men as to hold the enemy in check while he sent a courier to camp, who returned with re-enforcements, and the enemy were driven off. One battalion of the Fourteenth New York cavalry at this time was stationed as picket on a cross-road and railroad. They had just received some clothing and three boxes of Colt's army revolvers, when 100 of the enemy attacked them, capturing several prisoners and nearly all their horses, their arms, clothing, and four wagons. About a mile from this post was a hospital, in which were some 300 sick and wounded, with two companies of infantry acting as guard, six ambulances, a quantity of hospital stores, and 100 stands of arms, all in charge of Surgeon ——, who surrendered the whole to a Confederate officer and four men. In the meantime news had reached camp of the affair, and Lieutenants Maxwell and Caldwell, of the Seventh, immediately collected about twenty men—principally convalescents, the regiment being absent on a scout at the time—and started for the picket post, where they arrived only to find the enemy gone with their booty. They then started for the hospital, arriving in time to prevent its capture by the enemy, who had sent for re-enforcements. The surgeon was very indignant, and insisted that he had surrendered the place and would not permit the forces at his command to interfere. He soon found he had to deal with those who knew how to act, and, with revolvers in hand, the lieutenant's men threatened to shoot the first man who refused to raise a musket in defense of his own liberty and Uncle Sam's property. Colonel Grierson soon after made his appearance, and reprimanded the surgeon for his cowardly actions, but was too late to pursue the enemy, they having too good a start. About this time a report had reached camp that Lieutenant-Colonel Blackburn, who had been left behind in the raid, was dead, and that Sergeant Surby had been recognized as one of the scouts and hung. So, about the last of June, permission was granted to proceed with a flag of truce and investigate the truth of the report, the rebel General Gardiner furnishing the party with the necessary papers of protection. J. B. Hartley, company A, and A. G. Leving, veterinary surgeon of the Seventh Illinois, started on this mission. They proceeded to Clinton, La., where they were furnished with an escort of two Confederate soldiers, who accompanied them through. On the afternoon of the second day they reached Mr. Newman's plantation and found Mr. Newman at home, but were disappointed at not finding any of the wounded. They were told that the colonel had died, after suffering intense pain for seventeen days, and that a member of company G had also died from his wounds. The remaining two wounded men, together with the nurses, had been sent to Osyko Station. Mr. Newman stated that he had been paid most liberally by all parties concerned for his attention to the wounded, and stated that the dead had received a decent burial, which was gratifying news to the friends of the deceased. On the morning of the fourth day the flag of truce returned, having made the trip without meeting with any accident or trouble on the road.

SURRENDER OF PORT HUDSON.

When the news of the surrender of Vicksburg reached the command at Port Hudson the rejoicing was beyond describing, and on the 8th day of July General Gardiner surrendered Port Hudson and its garrison to General Banks. Then the cannon pealed forth in thunder tones volley after volley from the gunboats and land batteries in honor of the great victory achieved. The last stronghold on the Mississippi River had been wrested from the traitor's clutch, and the "Father of Waters" once more throughout its entire length carried, proudly floating, the banner of liberty. The next day a portion of our force marched into the fort, and there, in the presence of cavalry, infantry, artillery, and marines, the rebs grounded arms. This was a proud moment for the Illinois boys. General Gardiner requested to see Colonel Grierson, who came forward and was introduced to him. He complimented the colonel very highly, saying that he was both glad and sorry to see him—glad to see so brave and gallant an officer, but sorry to see the one who caused the surrender of Port Hudson by cutting off his communications and supplies, and thus starving him into submission.

A few days after this the Sixth and Seventh Illinois cavalry embarked for Memphis, Tenn., amid the cheers of friends and the deafening roar of artillery. Accompanying and under guard were the Confederate officers of the garrison, General Beall and staff occupying the same boat with Col. Grierson. On their arrival at Vicksburg the boats were detained several hours, during which time Colonel Grierson had an interview with General Grant, who received him with marked courtesy and kindness. On the arrival of the command at Memphis they disembarked, happy to have returned in safety to old Tennessee. Shortly afterwards a reunion took place between the raiders and those who were so unfortunate as to be left behind. The brigade was now—the Sixth and Seventh Illinois and Second Iowa cavalry—thrown together once more, and the meeting was of the most friendly character. Only brave men and unprejudiced minds are capable of the respect that these three regiments entertained toward each other.

THROUGH THICK AND THIN.

The confidence which they reposed in each other had stood the test of the battlefield. I think the Second Iowa cavalry was one of the best drilled regiments in that branch of the service in the Department of the Mississippi. Their fighting qualities were unquestionably splendid, and with such an intrepid commander as Colonel Hatch they were invincible in an engagement. The part they performed on the raid was of the greatest importance, and too much praise cannot be awarded Colonel Hatch for the skillful manner in which he handled his men against far superior numbers. His fight at Palo Alto, Mississippi, diverting the enemy from Colonel Grierson, undoubtedly gave the latter some thirty-six hours' start, clear of all incumbrances.

On the 3d day of June, 1863, Colonel Grierson, for gallant and distinguished service, was appointed by the President of the United States brigadier-general of volunteers, and was placed in command of the cavalry of the Sixteenth Army Corps. In person he is tall, with dark complexion, hazel eyes, black hair and beard, and prominent nose. Though not robust in appearance, he had an iron constitution, and was capable of enduring great hardships and fatigue. Modest and unassuming in his manner, he was loved by his officers and men, and had the confidence and respect of his commanding officers. A very remarkable coincidence occurred in the spring of 1880, when those two dashing cavalry commanders—Hatch and Grierson—seventeen years after this famous raid, met in the mountains, where, by a previous understanding, and by their united action, the Indians were to be surrounded, killed or captured, General Grierson starting from Texas and Major-General Hatch, by brevet, from a point on our western frontier. It was just seventeen years to the month and day.

And now I must take the reader down to Wall's Bridge, Amit county, Mississippi, and tell what disposition was made of those of us who were left wounded at Mr. Newman's plantation, and thus bring the history of our adventures to an end.

[*To be continued.*]

Ohio's "Fighting Parson."

[*George S. Canfield in Brainerd (Minn.) Tribune.*]

Rev. Granville Moody, known as the Fighting Parson, of the Seventy-fourth Ohio, is spending the summer at Mount Vernon, Iowa. He is now over seventy years old, and having preached regularly for more than fifty years, he has retired from the active ministry with health seriously impaired, but is engaged in writing his autobiography. Parson Moody always called his regiment his "boys." At Stone River, December 31, 1862, his regiment cuddled under a friendly fence in front of the cedars as Cheatham's division of Confederates moved out to attack us. The parson waited until the enemy were close into the open field when he sprang out, his white hair and beard floating in the wind of battle, and shouted: "Now, boys, up and at 'em. Fight for your country and your God. Aim low!" His boys did "aim low," and before that and the brave old Twenty-first Ohio regiment 750 Confederates fell dead within twenty-five minutes. Afterwards, when forced to retreat by the break on the right, in passing out of the cedars, Parson Moody shoved his revolver sheath back on its belt more out of the way. Instantly a ball struck the butt of the pistol, shattering it to pieces. "Blessed be God!" exclaimed the parson devoutly, recognizing the hand of Providence. The pistol had saved his life.

Parson Moody was a rigid drillmaster, and when in camp break of day would find him out drilling the "boys," who, as a rule, "kicked" vigorously. Coming in from drill one morning hungry to breakfast, one tired Seventy-fourth "boy" asked another if he believed the colonel was really a Christian. "Christian? Hell!" said the other. Do you suppose any man's a Christian that will get a fellow out to drill at 4 o'clock in the morning?"

Who Will Put Him on the Track Again?

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I have wandered off to Kansas and lost track of my few remaining comrades of company G, One Hundred and Thirteenth regiment, Illinois V. I. If any of the old members are still alive, or any of those of company I or company F, I should be glad to hear from them through THE TRIBUNE. I shall never forget the kindness of Capt. Wills and Lieut. Mattison to me after I was crippled. I now have to go on crutches all the time. My old comrades will all remember that I left the regiment at Scottsborough, Ala., on account of my leg. Can any member of the One Hundred and Thirteenth tell me how far it was from where we crossed the Tennessee River to where we fought on Mission Ridge, and, also, did we fight on Mission Ridge the same day or the day after crossing the river? While it is true that my company was not engaged in the battle, I was there, being the color sergeant. Should Serg't Hill read this, he will be likely to remember the particulars. Now, comrades of the One Hundred and Thirteenth, though we may never meet on earth, yet I trust we may all meet beyond the river to answer at the final roll call, where the thunder of the cannon will never be heard, and where the bayonet will never more pierce our breasts.

VINSON HANCHETT,
Serg't, Co. G, 113th Ill. V. I.

WHITE CITY, KAN.

GEN. MORGAN'S DEATH.

The Kentucky Belief that he was Murdered After Surrender—The Facts.

[*Special to the New York Tribune.*]

WASHINGTON, Aug. 19.—The controversy over the question as to whether or not John Morgan was murdered by the Union troops after he had surrendered continues to agitate Kentucky. In a Cincinnati dispatch to The Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Major C. A. Withers, formerly of Morgan's staff, denies that he ever wrote to anybody that Morgan was killed before he surrendered, and declares that he has "repeatedly written and stated to the contrary." Major Withers also states that it was by the courtesy of Colonel Brownlow that he and Captain J. S. Rogers were enabled to get possession of Morgan's body and prepare it for burial. Captain Rogers was General Morgan's Assistant Adjutant-General, and to him Lieutenant French, of General Gillem's staff, addressed a letter September 5, 1864, stating that a report had been started that Morgan was shot after his surrender, and asking if it was true.

In his reply Captain Rodgers said: "I was with General Morgan when he left Mrs. Williams'. He handed me one of his pistols and said that he wished me to assist him in making his escape. I told him it was almost useless and we were entirely surrounded. He replied, saying that we *must do it if possible*. We were concealed in a clump of bushes when a soldier rode up to the fence, wearing a brown jeans jacket. We, naturally supposing him to be a Confederate soldier, came out of the bushes, General Morgan stepping at the same time through the fence. The soldier demanded a surrender, much to our surprise. Captain Wilcox, of the Federal army, with some other soldiers rode up. I, with Mr. Johnson, hastened toward him. Looking back in the direction of General Morgan I saw him throw up his hands, exclaiming: 'Oh, God.' I saw nothing more of him until he was brought to the street dead. I am satisfied Johnson and myself were fired on after we surrendered, but by men so far from us that it must have been impossible for them to know that we were prisoners. I asked Captain Wilcox to leave a soldier with me, after I had surrendered, for my own safety, which he did. We were possibly fired upon from almost every direction, but from such a distance that I am satisfied the men did it innocently. I, however, do not condemn them for firing on me after I surrendered, under the circumstances. If General Morgan surrendered before being shot, I do not know it."

In General Gillem's official report of September 8, 1864, to Andrew Johnson, then Military Governor of Tennessee, the following account of Morgan's death is given: "Upon Lieutenant-Colonel Ingerton's arrival near Greenfield he learned that General Morgan and his staff, who had arrived the previous evening, had headquarters at Mrs. Williams' in town. Colonel Ingerton detached a squadron under Captain Wilcox, of the Thirteenth Tennessee cavalry, to surround the house and capture General Morgan and his staff and escort, who were unaware of the presence of the Federal troops until awakened by the report of their own artillery, which was situated upon College Hill, and opened upon Captain Wilcox's squadron as soon as they made their appearance in the street. General Morgan's headquarters were surrounded, and he was shot by Private Andrew Campbell, of company G, Thirteenth Tennessee cavalry, while he was endeavoring to make his escape and join his command. His staff, with a single exception, was captured." This report has never been published.

In his "History of Morgan's Cavalry" General Basil Duke says: "General Morgan was killed in the garden—shot through the heart. It is not known whether he surrendered or was offering resistance. His friends have always believed that he was murdered after his surrender. Certain representations by parties who killed him, their ruffianly character, and the brutality with which they treated his body, induced the belief." This was written several years after the occurrence. The statement of Captain Rogers, an eye-witness, was written the day after Morgan was killed. The Louisville *Courier-Journal*, of Thursday, contains another account of Morgan's death, also purporting to be the statement of an eye-witness—a Mr. Mason, of Greenville, Tenn. According to this account Morgan was alone when he was killed, hiding under a grapevine. Standing at a window of the hotel which he keeps, Mr. Mason pointed out the spot and said: "A Mrs. Thompson from this window saw him and hollered to the soldiers, 'There he is, hiding under the grapevine,' and Morgan made a start to run again, just as a soldier spied and shot him. I saw it from the other window."

THEY MET BY CHANCE.

How Gordon, the Confederate Spy, was Saved by General Kelley.

[*From the Grafton (Iowa) Sentinel.*]

While in Washington the other day we had the pleasure of meeting General B. F. Kelley, well known to many of our citizens as the man who struck the first effectual blow for the Union at Philippi, in the war of the rebellion. One day, last week, an incident occurred at the National Hotel which shows that individuals are not always, like republics, ungrateful, and which we give to the readers of the *Sentinel* fresh from the lips of the general himself:

In the spring of 1862 Kelley was stationed for awhile with his regiment at Clarksburg. One day a Captain Gordon, a Confederate spy, well known to this section of the State, was captured by some Union men and turned over to Kelley, who immediately forwarded the prisoner to Fort McHenry, where he was tried and condemned to be hanged according to the usages of war. His execution was fixed for a certain day, within a very short time after the trial. Meanwhile, during some skirmishing in the vicinity of Petersburg, Captain Rhaub, of Wheeling, and an officer of Kelley's regiment, was captured by the rebels and held as a sort of hostage for Captain Gordon. The Confederates sent General Kelley word that if Gordon was hanged they would retaliate by a similar treatment of Rhaub. This roused the sympathies of the general, and he at once sent a statement of the case to President Lincoln, concluding his letter with a request that in order to spare the life of Rhaub, who was a brave and valuable officer, the President would commute Gordon's sentence. Mr. Lincoln granted the request, and Gordon was sent to Fort Delaware. Of course Rhaub's life was spared, and he was soon after returned to his regiment. Kelley did not hear from Gordon after his removal to Fort Delaware, and was never able to learn his fate. Twenty years passed. Last Tuesday week, while the general was sitting in the lobby of his hotel in Washington, he was approached by a stranger, who said:

"Have I the pleasure of addressing General B. F. Kelley, of West Virginia?"

On being answered in the affirmative, he continued: "I see you do not recognize me. The last time we met was under rather trying circumstances—to me. I am Captain Gordon, the Confederate spy, whom you captured at Clarksburg and caused to be condemned to die. I recognized you instantly, and as this is the first opportunity I have had to thank you personally for saving my life, I do so now. You possibly may not know how near to death I was when you asked Lincoln to spare me. Well, sir, it was within three hours of the time set for my execution. My father, mother, and in fact the entire family had taken what we supposed was the last farewell of me. It was a sad interview—more than even a soldier could stand, and as they bade me a last good-by, never expecting to see me alive again, I completely broke down. After they departed I set about making my preparations to die, for it wanted but three hours until the time would arrive for me to meet that terrible death. But Lincoln's message came to withhold the execution of the sentence. It is beyond the power of tongue to describe the feeling of relief that came over me on receipt of the news. None but a man under similar circumstances can understand or appreciate my feelings. When I learned that it was you, my captor, to whom I owed thanks for my deliverance, I resolved I would thank you at the first opportunity, and here I am to keep my resolution."

Then the two who had been such mortal enemies years before "shook hands across the bloody chasm," and immediately became fast friends. It was a remarkable meeting because of the peculiar circumstances of their parting in 1862. The incidents of the capture and sentence of Gordon are familiar to many readers of this paper.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes bad, poor appetite, tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver, or "biliousness." Nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By all druggists.