OUR RURAL TOPICS.

Some Practical Suggestions for Our Agricultural Readers.

HOW TO GROW MUSHROOMS.

The following comprehensive hints on mushroom culture are abridged from a French article. It is well-known that the French cultivators excel in this production.

"The chief conditions consist in growing mushrooms in a very rich soil, and under a genial, even temperature. To secure this latter condition the culture is often carried on in cellars, but other localities, such as sheds, outhouses, stables, railway arches, &c., will suit as well, provided that, either naturally or by artificial means, the temperature does not exceed 85 degrees nor falls below 50 degrees Fahrenheit. The most essential material for the bed is horse droppings, collected as dry and as free from straw as possible. This fermenting material would be too hot if used by itself at once, but it can be reduced by mixing about one-fourth of its bulk with good garden soil. With this precaution the bed can be prepared immediately. If the manure is used by itself, as the mushroom growers around Paris do, it is necessary to prepare it by turning it over frequently and sprinkling with water, so as to induce fermentation if it is dry. Two or three or more turnings may be necessary. The material is now brought to the place where the beds are to be made; these may be of any form and size. Experience has shown that the best beds are raised to a height of about twenty inches, with a foundation width of twenty-four inches. Barrels sawn in two, so that each part forms a tub, are used for beds; a conical heap of the manure on a wide board will also do well; these can be carried into cellars, where the mixing of manure would be objectionable.

"The beds should be spawned when their temperature remains at 76 degrees. Prepared spawn is found in the seed trade at all times, and may be kept without trouble from year to year. A few days before using the spawn it is advisable to expose it to a moderately warm moisture, which will ensure its rapid growth. The spawn comes in the form of bricks; it should be broken up in pieces about the length and thickness of the hand by half that width, and inserted into the bed at a distance of ten to twelve inches each way; on beds twenty to twenty-four inches in height, which are mostly in use, it should be inserted in two rows, dovetail fashion. When the bed is under cover and in an even temperature, nothing need be done; if, however, the bed is exposed to change of weather, it must be covered with strawy material, to keep a uniform temperature all around the bed. Under favorable circumstances the spawn ought to show activity in seven or eight days. It is advisable to look over and replace such spawn as might not thrive, which can be seen by the absence of white filaments in the material. Fifteen to twenty days later the spawn ought to have taken possession of the whole bed, and should come to the surface; the top and sides of the bed should then be covered with soil, for which light mould is preferable to that which is heavy; slightly moisten it without making it too wet. The covering with soil should not exceed about one inch in depth, and be pressed strongly so as to adhere firmly. Watering should only be done when the soil becomes very dry. Where a covering has been removed to perform any operation it must be replaced at once. A few weeks after, according to the state of the temperature, mushrooms will appear. In gathering them care should be taken to fill the empty spaces with the same soil as used for the covering. Leaving the bed to itself it will produce from two to three months, but its fertility may be prolonged by careful waterings at a temperature of 68 degrees to 86 degrees Fahrenheit, with an admixture of guano or saltpetre."

SELECTION OF SITES FOR CITY PARKS.

A writer in the *Prairie Farmer* makes some valuable suggestions on the above subject. He first alludes to the general custom of selecting some site which has superior natural advantages, commands fine views, and is otherwise the most attractive and valuable position in the neighborhood. He then says that "Almost every city has within its limits some portion of territory which is not adapted for business purposes, and is not attractive to that class of inhabitants who can afford to choose the location of their residences. Such localities are at first left vacant, but as population increases they are occupied first by squatters, then by those who can afford nothing better, and finally become the site of tenement houses, or dens of resort for the worst class of human beings, male and female, that the city contains. The original cause of the avoidance of the place may have been that it was low and subject to malarial influences, or of such topographical character that it could only be adapted to residence purposes at very great cost."

He advises the reclamation of such places for city parks. If low, wet, and productive of diseases, it can be drained, graded and planted with trees, shrubs and flowers, and thus rendered healthy and attractive. This will inevitably also change the character of surrounding property, as it will incite improvements and increase its value; so that it may become of essential importance to a city to select such undesirable sites, convert them into objects of beauty, and render them healthy and attractive, instead of allowing them to become plague-spots and breeding-places for all kinds of moral and physical diseases.

ROOTING CUTTINGS.

We observe an article going the rounds of the rural papers calling attention to a supposed new method, lately adopted by European horticulturists, of making cuttings of roses and other plants, by bending the shoots and inserting both ends in the ground, leaving a single bud uncovered at the middle and on the surface of the ground. The cuttings are made about ten inches in length, and are bent over a stick laid flat on the ground, holes being made on each side of the stick for the reception of the ends of the shoot. The roots form only on the lower end of the shoot, but the other end being buried, prevents evaporation and drying up.

This is not a new suggestion, as we remember seeing it over twenty-five years ago. But it recognizes an important point in the management of cuttings made of ripened shoots, such as the grape, currant, gooseberry, willow and other plants which may be propagated by cuttings of ripened wood or shoots, in the fall, and that is the necessity of leaving but a small portion of the cutting exposed to the drying influence of the atmosphere. But this can be effected without bending down the cutting, which can be inserted deep enough in the soil, so that only the top bud is left exposed. This is a point which accounts for failures or successes. If any portion of the shoot is exposed it is soon dried up, and the formation of roots is retarded or prevented by the exhaustion of the sap by evaporation.

THE OSIER WILLOW.

But little attention has been paid to the growth of the osier willow in this country, although it will grow almost everywhere, and is easily propagated and transplanted. An erroneous opinion prevails that willows will only grow in wet, boggy ground; this is not strictly true, although it will grow well in soils too wet for grain crops. Low, wet, boggy places may be fitted for willow culture, if draining is practicable. By throwing up the ground in ridges, having deep furrows between them, the ridges may be planted with success. There is also a difference in their adaptation to soils. All the osiers, or basket-making willows, will grow on damper soils than will suit the more woody, brittle kinds. As a rule, willows are tougher when grown on strong loam, inclining to clay, than on any other soil; but no basket-willow will arrive at perfection in land constantly saturated with water. Before planting, the soil should have good preparation; it should be loosened to a depth of at least a foot, thoroughly cleared of all weeds. If the ground is too wet it should be tiled, for although open ditches answer a good purpose they interfere with the economical working of the crop. Cuttings of eight or ten inches in length are planted about eighteen inches apart, in rows which are about three feet from each other.

MANURIAL VALUE OF COTTON-SEED MEAL.

We extract the following from a recent report of the commissioner of agriculture for the State of Georgia:

"One hundred pounds of cotton-seed meal is equal, in fertilizing value, to about 250 pounds (8⅓ bushels) of cotton-seed.

"The oil abstracted from the seed has practically no fertilizing value.

"The phosphoric acid in seed and meal may be regarded as all available.

"Based on the valuation of elements now adopted in this State for estimating the relative commercial values of fertilizers, one ton (2,000 pounds) of cotton-seed meal is worth about $22.30.

"On the same basis, one ton of seed would be worth about $15.85, and one bushel (30 pounds) of seed, about 23⅞ cents.

"With cotton-seed meal at $25 per ton, seed should be worth (fertilizing value) 14 cents per bushel."

OSTRICH FARMING.

Ostrich farming is progressing, so far as concerns the introduction of the birds. The oldest farm is that of Anheim, California, where five hens laid 305 eggs from May to October. A number of chicks were hatched with the incubators, although many of the eggs proved infertile. About $1,500 worth of feathers have been taken from the birds during the year, and another clipping will be made in a few months.

Another farm is about being started in San Diego, Cal., by the American Ostrich Company, of Boston, Mass. They have, it is stated, lately landed twenty-three birds at New Orleans, which will be sent by rail to the farm. An ostrich farm has also been started near Sanford, Orange county, Florida. The birds on this farm are not so large as those on the California farms, but are said to yield fine feathers.

EARLY PEAS.

Seed-Time and Harvest says that "The pea which we offer as Cleveland's First and Best, we are told by Mr. Cleveland, the grower, is identical with that which he grows for Peter Henderson & Co., as Henderson's First and Best; for D. M. Ferry & Co., as Ferry's First and Best; for Landreth, as Landreth's Extra Early; for James Vick, as Vick's Extra Early; for Sibley & Co., as Sibley's First and Best; for Buist, as Buist's Extra Early," &c. Why these gentlemen do not unite in calling it by one name, instead of multiplying varieties without a distinction, we do not know.

FILTERING WATER.

The Popular Science Monthly says that a cheap and efficient filter may be made by taking a cask, placing it on end and removing the head. Place a faucet near the bottom to draw off the water. To fit it for a filter, take the removed top-head of the cask and, with a small bit, bore holes all over it; then place four clean bricks on the bottom, and on these place the perforated top. Now, fill upon it four inches of charcoal, broken quite finely, and over this place a layer of sand six inches deep. Water placed in the cask, after passing through the sand and charcoal, will be drawn off pure and clear.

A NEW WATERMELON.

The Scaly Bark watermelon was first brought into notice a few years ago in Georgia. It has one important peculiarity, that it remains in good eating condition from ten to fifteen days after being taken from the vine. Its rind is thin but remarkably tough, so that it can stand a good deal of rough handling without injury, and can bear transportation for long distances, and still be good. It receives its name from a slight resemblance that the skin presents, as if covered with fish-scales. The flesh is light crimson in color, solid, tender, and of excellent quality.

NEW CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

Illustrated Catalogue of Field, Garden and Flower Seeds, from Joseph Harris, Moreton Farm, Rochester, N. Y.—The name of Joseph Harris to readers of rural publications is "familiar as household words." His reputation as a writer of practical sense is second to none, and his reputation as a seed grower takes the same direction. In his catalogue he says: "I grow seeds to sell, and I want you to buy them. I send this catalogue that you may see what I have, and if you want any seeds this year, I hope you will favor me with an order. I think you cannot do better anywhere else. I do not believe you can find better seeds, and I do not think any one can sell equally good seeds at less prices than I do." His Deacon lettuce is one of the best varieties for this climate, standing the hot sun better than others, and it comes quickly into use.

Descriptive Catalogue of the Reading Nursery: Jacob W. Manning, Reading, Mass.—This catalogue embraces a select line of nursery stock, consisting of fruit, ornamental trees, evergreens and hardy shrubs; also, hardy herbaceous plants. This is a class of plants worthy of increased care; they have been thrown in the background for several years by such plants as coleus, and other tender things, which have but shortlived beauty, and require continued renewal. Special attention is directed to that sweetest of all our native shrubs, *Clethra alnifolia*. It has long been a favorite with us, and we have not been without it for twenty years.

NOTELETS.

—At a recent Ensilage Congress in New York the manager of a dairy farm said that his cows averaged 100 pounds of milk more per month when fed on ensilage, than when fed on hay and grain. Swine and horses also did better with ensilage than without it.

—A correspondent of the New York *World* says: "As the thawing out of frozen pumps is a question under consideration just now, I will add my plan, which is plenty of salt. Salt thrown on the ice that forms in pumps will thaw it out in less than an hour's time. It beats hot water every time."

—Under the "new process" of grinding wheat the bran has no value as a nutritious food. It is sometimes claimed for it that it is a good laxative, but its operation in this respect is that of irritation, causing a kind of inflammation in the animal which is not by any means healthy or conducive to health.

—One hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds of nitrate of soda to the acre is recommended by the director of the New Jersey Experiment Station. In an experiment made on the farm with nitrate of soda, it increased the yield of wheat from twenty-seven bushels per acre to thirty-four bushels; it also increased the weight of straw by nearly 1,600 pounds, and had a favorable influence upon the after crop of clover and grass. The best time to apply it is in spring during rainy weather, or just before a rain.

—Many of the Florida oranges are more or less covered with rust. This, while it does not add to the beauty of the fruit, in no way impairs its flavor. Indeed, the russet orange is rather better flavored than those not marked in this manner. There are a variety of opinions in regard to the cause of this rusty appearance. Some consider it to be caused by bacteria, which is now the fashionable reason for all diseases in the vegetable as well as in the animal kingdom. It is sometimes difficult to distinguish a consequence from a cause; few people, however, would attribute the death of an animal to the maggots in the carcass. The presence of bacteria in a diseased organism have the same relation to disease as the maggots have to the carcase in which they are found.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Wm. Dougherty, of Indiana county, Pa., advises R. N. Patterson to bore his Wild Goose plum tree one-half through with a three-quarter inch augur before the sap starts in spring; fill the hole with sulphur, plug up tight, and his trees will be benefited, and may save the crop. It was successful with his last year.

Remarks.—In relation to the above advice, we would state that sulphur inserted in a tree as proposed, has no effect, either in warding off disease or insects on plants. Success is due to other conditions, and would have been realized equally in the absence of sulphur applied in that manner.

Mr. Charles Workman, Bolton, Worcester county, Mass., says that our description of the true mushroom in the number of January 17th is not right, and that the only way to find out the good from the bad is to find some one acquainted with them, as the good and bad grow side by side.

He has a good word to say about some Russian apples which he raised last year—one a first-class variety of good size; also, a medium sized winter variety of great beauty, of good eating quality, and a good keeper. He is inquiring about seed noticed in last week's NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

"I am troubled with an insect that stings my early cabbage plants in a cold-frame. It is something like the common curculio; they will sting the plant from the ground up, depositing from three to six eggs in each plant, which will hatch out in a white maggot in about two weeks, which will eat the whole center of the stock. They have destroyed thousands of fine plants for me in some seasons. Can any one tell me how to get rid of them?"—A. J. Livanger, Shiloh, Ohio.

Remarks.—We do not recognize this insect from the description. An emulsion composed of one oz. of common yellow soap, one pint of kerosene oil, and one and one-half gallons of water, kept constantly stirred while using, to prevent the oil floating on the surface, and used through the rose of a water pot, will destroy all maggots that get thoroughly wet with the mixture, and does not injure the plant, or poison those who eat it, or eat the vegetables to which it may be applied. A writer in a late number of the *Gardener's Monthly*, who has studied this matter, recommends the following remedy to kill all kinds of grubs at the roots of cabbages: To one part of well slacked lime add four parts of fresh wood ashes, together with a small handful of fine salt to about every peck of the mixture. Let this be well mixed together, and spread over the surface of the ground, and well raked in and mixed with the soil.

Naglee's Brigade at Fair Oaks.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I want to ask General Howard, through your paper, what became of the 56th New York and 52d Pennsylvania, of General Naglee's brigade, Casey's division, at Fair Oaks, the first day of the engagement? JOHN CALHOUN.

TYRONE, BLAIR Co., PA.

[General Howard, to whom the above inquiry was submitted, writes us as follows:

OMAHA, NEB., Feb. 3, 1884.

DEAR TRIBUNE:

The inquiry of John Calhoun, Esq., is received. You will notice that I condensed the work of Casey's division into a few sentences. One is as follows: "Casey's men were new and were few, yet they did lose on that battle-ground more than one-fourth of their number, and they did inflict a dreadful loss upon their adversary. At least a third of those who attacked were killed or wounded."

A part of this work was performed by the 56th New York, Lieutenant-Colonel Jandon commanding, and Colonel Dodge's 52d Pennsylvania. General Naglee refers to each of these regiments, to wit: "My attention was directed towards the right, where I found the 56th New York with the 11th Maine, who, after four hours' contest, had fallen back about four hundred yards. * * * Near by I found the 52d Pennsylvania, which had been ordered from the right," &c.

Naglee placed these regiments in position, and he represents the severe contest they had for an hour more, and shows how their flank was turned. After desperate fighting, "they were withdrawn and marched down the Nine-Mile road and placed in position in rear of this road, about three hundred yards from the Seven Pines, where soon their services were required." Naglee represents Colonel Dodge's regiment, the 52d Pennsylvania, as losing in killed and wounded half of the regiment. After this, in a new position, the men did most effective service. They next worked on the left of Couch's line. Speaking of the 56th New York, in connection with the 104th Pennsylvania, Colonel Davis commanding, he represents them as suffering great losses—"the greater part of their officers and men." When they were finally obliged to retire, they carried their wounded with them.

I am unable to find the reports of either regimental commander. Doubtless some of the State histories will do justice to them. Would it were in my power to honor such regiments as these in Naglee's brigade as they deserve. When I speak of a brigade or division, before the final publication, I propose to give the regiments belonging thereto. Comrades must not look for completeness of detail, but consider those that I mention as not named because of partiality, but as samples to which my attention has been called.

Very truly, yours, O. O. HOWARD,
Brigadier General, U. S. A.
—ED.]

Thomas at Chickamauga.*

[The incident upon which the following poem is based is related by General James B. Steedman, as occurring when he reported with four thousand fresh troops to General Thomas at Chickamauga.]

[*By Kate Brownlee Sherwood.*]

It was that fierce contested field when Chickamauga lay
Beneath the wild tornado that swept her pride away;
Her dimpling dales and circling hills dyed crimson with the flood
That had its sources in the springs that throb with human blood.

"Go, say to General Harker to re-enforce his right!"
Said Thomas to his aid-de-camp when wildly went the fight;
In front the battle thundered, it roared both right and left,
But like a rock "Pap" Thomas stood upon the crested cleft.

"Where will I find you, General, when I return?" The aid
Leaned on his bridle rein to wait the answer Thomas made;
The old chief like a lion turned, his pale lips set and sere,
And shook his mane and stamped his foot and fiercely answered, "Here!"

The floodtide of fraternal strife rolled upward to his feet,
And, like the breakers on the shore, the thunderous clamors beat;
The sad earth rocked and reeled with woe, the earth shrieked out in pain,
And hill and vale were groaning with the burden of the slain.

Who does not mind that sturdy form, that steady heart and hand,
That calm repose and gallant mien, that courage high and grand?
O God, who givest nations men to meet their lofty needs,
Vouchsafe another Thomas when our country prostrate bleeds!

They fought with all the fortitude of earnest men and true,—
The men who wore the rebel gray, the men who wore the blue;
And those, they fought most valiantly for petty state and clan,
And these, for truer Union and the brotherhood of man.

They come, those hurling legions, with banners splashed with blood,
They dash against our columns with mighty shock and thud;
Till 'neath the blistering iron hail the shy and frightened deer
Go scurrying from their forest haunts to plunge in wilder fear.

Beyond, our lines are broken, and now in frenzied rout
The flower of the Cumberland has swiftly faced about;
And horse and foot and color-guard are reeling rear and van,
And in the awful panic man forgets that he is man.

Now Bragg, with pride exultant, above our broken wings
The might of all his army against "Pap" Thomas brings;
They're massing to the right of him, they're massing to the left,
Ah, God be with our hero who holds the crested cleft!

Blow, blow ye echoing bugles, give answer screaming shell,
Go, belch your murderous fury, ye batteries of hell;
Ring out, O impious musket, spin on, O shattering shot,
Our smoke encircled hero, he hears but heeds ye not!

Now steady men, now steady! make one more valiant stand,
For gallant Steedman's coming, his forces well in hand!
Close up your shattered columns, take steady aim and true,
The chief who loves you as his life will live or die with you!

By solid columns on they come, by columns they are hurled,
As down the eddying rapids the storm-swept booms are whirled;
And when the ammunition fails, O moment drear and dread,
The hero loads his musket from the rounds of comrades dead.

God never set His signet on the hearts of braver men,
Or fixed the goal of victory on higher heights than then;
With bayonets and muskets clubbed, they close the rush and roar:
Their stepping stones to glory are their comrades gone before.

O vanished majesty of days not all forgotten yet,
We consecrate unto thy praise one hour of deep regret;
One hour to them whose days were years of glory that shall flood
The Nation's somber night of tears, of carnage, and of blood!

O vanished majesty of days when men were gauged by worth,
Set crowned and dowered in the way to judge the sons of earth;
When all the little great fell down before the great unknown,
And priest put off the hampering gown and coward donned his own!

O vanished majesty of days that saw the sun shine on
The deeds that wake sublimer praise than Ghent or Marathon;
When patriots in homespun rose, where one was called for, ten,
And heroes sprang full-armored from the humblest walks of men!

O vanished majesty of days! Rise type and mould to-day,
And teach our sons to follow on where duty leads the way;
That whatsoever trial comes, defying doubt and fear,
They in the thickest fight shall stand and proudly answer "Here!"

*Recited at Army of the Cumberland Reunion, at Toledo, Ohio, September 22, 1880.

The G. A. R. sleeve-buttons you sent me as a premium are received, and I am very much pleased with them. Every comrade should have a pair.—Wm. Will, Versailles, Ind.

UP THE RED RIVER.

[*Continued from 1st page.*]

the artillery, charged straight upon the Confederate center. "The splendid firing of the battery," says General Emory, "happening about the time that Birge was carrying the flank by assault, caused the enemy to break and run."

THE 3D BRIGADE WINS BACK ITS LAURELS.

General Birge found the enemy well prepared to receive him, in a strong position, occupying the crest of a high hill, with an open field in front. Colonel Fessenden was assigned to the assault, and his brigade carried it manfully, winning back the laurels lost at Pleasant Hill.

The line was quickly formed for the assault. On the right the 165th New York; second, the 173d New York; third, the 30th Maine, and on the left the 162d New York. A rapid dash across the field, over a fence and up the slope, under a galling fire, and the crest was gained, so nearly simultaneously as, like that of Missionary Ridge, to leave the commanding general in doubt as to which flag waved first upon the summit.

The Confederate line did not wait to welcome their visitors, but retreated precipitately, leaving their wounded on the field. Colonel Fessenden was severely wounded in the charge across the field, leaving Lieutenant-Colonel Blanchard in command. As soon as the line could be reformed on top of the hill the brigade moved forward half a mile until its advance was checked by a deep ravine. Moving to the right, in connection with the 2d Connecticut and 1st Louisiana, which passed to the right, then filed left into an open field, line of battle was again formed under a severe fire from the enemy, who had taken position on another hill, which was quickly carried by a gallant charge. The loss in this engagement in Fessenden's brigade was 153, of which number 86 was in the 30th Maine. The loss in other commands swelled the number to 200. The pontoon bridge was at once laid by the colored engineers, and the crossing of troops and trains continued during the night.

Referring to this engagement, Taylor says: "The head of the enemy's column reached Bee's front about 2 p. m. on the 22d. He held his position until about 2 p. m. on the 23d, when he allowed the enemy to outmaneuver him and force him back. During the 22d and 23d the sound of our guns at Monette's Ferry and in the rear of the enemy was undoubtedly heard by Wharton and Bee. The enemy experienced very heavy loss in forcing the passage and destroyed a large number of his wagons on the night of the 22d. Bee erred in sending back Terrell's entire brigade to Beasley's to look after a subsistence train, for the safety of which I had amply provided."

Taylor criticises his lieutenant severely for not guarding his flanks and, when driven, for falling back thirty miles to Beasley's instead of attacking the column on its march to Cotile through a dense pine wood. At the close of the battle General Arnold started with his cavalry in pursuit, but in the darkness followed the trail of an inferior force in the wrong direction.

[*To be continued.*]

Interesting Letters.

THE REMINISCENCES OF AN OFFICER ON GENERAL BANKS' STAFF.

Among many interesting letters which we have received from our subscribers relative to the Red River expedition, the following seem to be deserving of special attention. Comrade W. Simpson, of New Orleans, formerly first lieutenant, and A. A. D. C., General Banks' staff, writes:

I have read with much pleasure the very interesting communications which have appeared in THE TRIBUNE from time to time on the Red River campaign, about which I have intended to write for months past.

The accounts published are so full as to enable me to curtail my intention and sum up what I desire to say in simply answering the several questions which your correspondents have raised from what knowledge I have of the campaign referred to, and I propose doing so by reciting my own personal experience and knowledge of facts at the time, as noted in my diary.

I made the march from Grand Ecore to Pleasant Hill (April 7, '64,) in company with General Banks, as my memorandum book shows, reaching the latter place shortly after dark. It had rained heavily all day, making the poor roads anything but desirable for the movement of troops.

Soon after our arrival at Pleasant Hill, General Stone ordered me to proceed to the rear, at early morn, with orders for General A. J. Smith, being instructed that I would meet Colonel Gooding, commanding a brigade of cavalry, on the road, to whom I was to deliver the orders for General Smith, requesting him to send them to him (Smith) at once, when I should return and report.

Arising at daylight, after feeding horses, I started with an escort of ten men. After a ride of thirteen miles I found Colonel Gooding in (bivouac) camp, and delivered my dispatch and orders at 8:15 a. m.

On my return to Pleasant Hill, there was not a soldier in sight anywhere. Everything had been moved forward so cleanly that for a time I was at a loss which road to take to reach the front. On my way there I passed the 19th corps in bivouac, headquarters tent pitched and 19th corps flag flying therefrom, and butchers killing beeves by the roadside. Just before reaching the field I passed General Cameron, with his small command, marching in quick step to the music of the guns in the front. On reaching the field I reported to General Banks at once. His quick response was: "Where is General Emory? I cannot understand why he is not here. I have sent a half dozen officers after him." On informing the general that I passed him in camp about four miles to the rear, he ordered me to "ride back as rapidly as I could and tell him (Emory) to come forward on the double-quick." I had scarcely started to the rear when I met General Cameron's force advancing in line. A short distance in the rear I also passed a small cavalry force drawn up in line on the side of the road, and as I galloped by I recognized and saluted some of the officers of the 1st Louisiana cavalry.

On reaching General Emory, I found him at the head of his column, just filing out on the road. Saluting him, I delivered General Banks' order. He making no response, I saluted again and asked, "Have you any reply, General?" He answered, "Tell the general I am coming forward as fast as I can." Galloping back to the front, I had not gone two miles (as I recollect) when I met infantry, cavalry, artillery and baggage coming pell-mell to the rear. Reining up on the crest of a hill, I did what I could to check the retreating troops, informing them of the near and rapid approach of the 19th corps. In a very short time General Emory arrived and formed his command on the crest of this same hill, when General Banks, who had just reached this point from the front, rode along in front of Emory's line and, with hat in hand, cheered the troops to hold their line. The effect of this seemed to me to perfectly electrify the men. The instant he had passed the corps opened up and kept up a perfect blaze of fire upon the yelling and exultant foe, who were at the base of the hill. The 19th corps never moved an inch, and saved the day from further disaster.

What precious time that was lost when they lay in bivouac along the road as I passed them on the way to the front, where the gallant Lee and Ransom were fighting so desperately against such odds! Who can doubt the result of the presence of the 19th corps at Sabine Cross-roads? Who can explain their delayed advance?

THE CARNIVAL OF WAR.

Soon after the firing ceased, General Banks, addressing his staff, said: "Gentlemen, the battle will be renewed at daylight in the morning." No doubt he counted on A. J. Smith's presence on the field at that time. During the night a council of war was called, and, as Banks, Franklin, Emory, Dwight, and others sat on a rail fence in council, their respective staffs lay around in the adjacent fence-corners.

After the council broke up, the orders were that we should hold our line until 12 o'clock, when we would quietly fall back, leaving the pickets to follow us at daylight.

As your correspondents state, we reached Pleasant Hill early next morning, and that afternoon we gained a handsome victory over the enemy, who had followed us, flushed with their victory gained on the preceding day. I only dwell here to correct one of your correspondents, (Lieutenant James Hahn, 47th Pennsylvania volunteers,) who says, "at midnight we retreated, leaving all our dead and wounded lying on the field;"—for, until the hour of our retrograde movement, we were busy in bringing the wounded of both sides into and around that large white house—the only house there—where our surgeons and others were dressing the wounds and caring for them as best we could; and when we left, surgeons remained in charge, with supplies.

Now, to sum up. What the orders to General A. J. Smith were, which I delivered to Colonel Gooding, as ordered, at 8:15 on the morning of April 8, I cannot tell; for they were sealed. As to the position of the train (General Lee's) being so close behind the advance, which caused such disaster and loss, I heard it stated at the time, and have never heard it contradicted, that General Lee, after the engagement of the 7th (Wilson's farm), realizing the growing strength of the enemy, requested of General Franklin (who was in charge of the marching column) permission to move his train in rear of the infantry and in advance of its train. This request was refused; and it was reported that General Franklin complained of Lee's train being in his way, and kept pushing it on, and, as the sequence proved, into the hands of the enemy—to say nothing of its interference with the movement of the troops, whose presence was so sadly needed at the front, and which General Banks informed me on my reaching the field he had sent for "a half a dozen times."

I have always believed it to have been General Banks' intention to have brought General A. J. Smith's command forward from Pleasant Hill during the night, and, as he informed his staff, to have renewed the fight "at daylight in the morning" from the ground (crest of hill) occupied by Emory's line; but if he ever proposed it at the council of war referred to, he was constrained to give it up and keep Smith's forces "fresh at Pleasant Hill," and "fall back on him;" which was done. For one, I believe firmly that had we renewed the battle on the morning of the 9th at the point where the enemy's pursuit was checked, re-enforced by A. J. Smith's command, we would have not only gone to Shreveport, but have recovered much of the property lost at Sabine Cross-roads; and I am strengthened in my belief by what did actually occur on the 9th at Pleasant Hill, where we recaptured (I believe) two of our lost guns, a number of prisoners, and put the enemy to rout.

To advance after the victory at Pleasant Hill was impracticable, owing to the matter of provisions and (if I am correct) the turning of the fleet down the river, orders being sent to it so to do, and carried by a Mr. Young, who knew the country and was employed in the engineer department.

Before closing, I would state that I have it on the most reliable authority that General Banks undertook the Red River campaign only on an urgent demand (orders) from Washington, finally doing so under a strong protest, which, I understand, is on file in the War Department.

HOW AND WHERE COLONEL VANCE DIED.

Dr. J. C. Tressel, Cleveland, O., writes:

"Up the Red River" was read by me with great pleasure, and the account written by Comrade J. H. Craven, a member of my own company, brought to my mind memories both sad and pleasant. In the letter the battle of Sabine Cross-roads is described so well that nothing can be added, except personal observations, and as but few persons witnessed Colonel Vance's death, I will give an account of it, for it is indelibly impressed upon my mind. Colonel Vance was colonel of the 96th O. V. I., and had command of the 2d brigade, 2d division, 13th army corps, on the day of the battle. A braver man never drew sword, and his "boys," as he was wont to term us, would have followed him anywhere. After the retreat commenced and the panic became general, and each regiment doing his best to get out of that, about five or six of us found ourselves in the vicinity of the cotton-gin near Banks' headquarters, and were doing our best to get to the rear, when some one in the building shouted out to us to "rally in here; make a stand in here," and we rushed into the building, which was open on the side to the rebels, and began firing from behind the cotton press, when Colonel Vance rode past and called to us to retreat and save ourselves, and just as he lifted his horse over a partially tumbled down fence he was struck in the back of the head by a musket ball, and fell from his horse—the horse jumping off to the rear, wounded in the leg. Some one (I think it was Perry Bottles) proposed to rush out to his rescue, when, as we looked around us, we saw the rebs all around us in small squads, demanding our surrender. There was nothing else to do, and we gave ourselves up. The next day I saw a rebel wearing Colonel Vance's clothes, his gold watch, and long patent-leather boots; his sash was stripped off of his waist, as well as his clothes. After a confinement of six months and a half at Camp Ford, and while on the road to be exchanged, we passed over the battlefield and visited the spot where Colonel Vance fell, and found a depression in the fence-corner where he fell, covered over with rails (to keep the hogs from rooting), with a board at the head, on which was pencilled: "Here lies a Yankee colonel by the name of Vance," which was all that marked the resting place of as brave a man as ever lived. I will here mention that the day after the battle I conversed with one of the guards, who happened to be a member of the Crescent regiment, of New Orleans, and he stated that his regiment lost in the charge, when General Mouton was killed, all but thirty men, who were nearly all slightly wounded, but able to do guard duty, and that he never saw men fall as they fell that day. The order of our lieutenant-colonel to fire low—to aim at their belts—did the work for them that day. Now, I want some of the twenty-one members of our regiment who messed together at Camp Ford to write to THE TRIBUNE. Let me hear of them through its columns or by mail.

WITH GEN. KILBY SMITH.

Lieutenant J. J. Fitzgerrell, of Las Vegas, New Mexico, (now Commander of that Department, G. A. R.,) was with Kilby Smith on the transports. He says:

The 16th army corps followed after the 13th and 19th corps on their march overland on April 7th. We were ordered to guard fourteen transports, besides the hospital and commissary boats. April 10th the fleet moved up the mouth of Loggy Bayou. At 1 p. m. the second brigade was disembarked and ordered above the sunken rebel steamer, New Falls City, remaining there until late in the evening, when we re-embarked. Just at this time a courier from Gen. Banks announced his defeat and ordered us back to Grand Ecore. We started back immediately, and as the river at this point was very narrow, we had to back down about twenty miles before we were able to turn. Our troubles then began. We had skirmished with sharpshooters going up, but now that we were behind the rebel army they made every effort to cut us off. On the 12th we were attacked by the rebel army, under Gen. Green, but after a lively sort in which the rebels lost 250 men, including Gen. Green, they withdrew. On the 13th we had a continuous fight from every bend on the river. In the afternoon we found batteries posted on the banks to dispute our further passage. We engaged them, and, much to our surprise, they soon withdrew, but the welcome appearance of the 16th corps soon showed us the cause for their sudden retreat. I am satisfied, from all the information gained at the time and since, that had Gen. A. J. Smith been in command of our army we never should have been ordered to retreat, as the rebel army was retreating at the same time that Gen. Banks was engaged in doing the same thing.

UNDER A BAN.

A Catholic Priest Forbids a G. A. R. Post to Attend a Comrade's Funeral.

Captain John Munday, of the 49th Pennsylvania, a member of the G. A. R., died on Thursday suddenly, near Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Father O'Hara, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic church, would not grant permission to have him buried in the Catholic cemetery until he ascertained whether the deceased had received the last rites of the church. Upon learning that he had received the last sacrament he granted a burial permit, but would not allow the funeral to take place until Monday. The friends of the deceased became dissatisfied, and ordered the Grand Army of the Republic to take charge of the remains. They made all arrangements to bury him in a Protestant cemetery, when a dispatch was read from Bishop O'Hara, of Scranton, notifying Father O'Hara to compromise the matter. Father O'Hara accordingly summoned the relations of the deceased before him, and, after a long conference, it was resolved that the remains should be conveyed to the church and interred in a grave in the Catholic cemetery. When the remains arrived at the church Father O'Hara stood upon the step with cane in hand, and positively warned members of the Grand Army that if they entered they would do it at their own risk. Only six members entered, and they took off their uniforms. Father O'Hara delivered the funeral sermon, and in severe language denounced the Grand Army as a treacherous organization in seeking to rob the Church of one of her children, who had lived a Catholic and died a Catholic. He said that he would see that he was also buried a Catholic.

Reunion of the Lincoln Cavalry.

The 1st New York cavalry (Lincoln volunteers) met on the evening of the 18th inst. in Knickerbocker Cottage, New York. Captain Abraham Jones presided, and Lieutenant F. C. Hotchkiss acted as secretary. The Lincoln volunteers were the first cavalry company offering its services during the civil war. The meeting was in commemoration of the fact that twenty years before General McClellan had addressed them at Jefferson Market. Letters of regret came from Captain E. Selvage, of the 1st Maryland, who hoped that there would be some "kindly thoughts" for the boys in gray; Colonel McReynolds, the first commander, and General W. S. Hancock. The annual meeting of the association will be held April 19.

Blazing Abroad.

[*From the Electrical Review.*]

Electric lighting in Europe is advancing more rapidly than the American public seem to realize. Gas is usually far poorer in quality than here, and modern improvements in making it are slowly adopted. The Bon Marche, at Paris, where 1,500 clerks are employed, tried 400 electric lamps, and has now increased the order to 2,000. The St. Lazare railway station tried a few lamps in the vestibule, and will now extend the system to the whole vast establishment, covering some twelve to fifteen acres. The Grand Opera House at Paris, with its 1,100 permanent employees, has a gas bill of $60,000 a year, and it has been experimenting for the last two years with almost every known system of electric lighting, American or otherwise. In Milan the Manzoni Theater is lighted by electricity, and the vast Theater La Scala now has a complete equipment of engines, boilers, and dynamo machines from New York adequate to 10,000 lamps in position under the shadow of the great Cathedral, without so much as a wire or a puff of steam in sight from the Cathedral itself.

Consolidation in Prospect.

[*From the Cummings Clarion.*]

A subscriber at Canton, Tex., writes us that there is a widower in that town who has nineteen children, and is anxious to wed the Alabama widow with twenty-one children, mention of whom was made in a recent issue of this paper. The Alabama widow can take notice and govern herself acordingly.

Merited Praise.

The universal praise bestowed upon Kidney-Wort as an invaluable remedy for all disorders of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, is well merited. Its virtues are universally known and its cures are reported on all sides. Many obstinate cases have succumbed to it after they had been given up by the doctors and a thorough treatment will never fail to cure. Sold by all druggists. See adv't.

THE GRAY AND THE BLUE.

[*Continued from 1st page.*]

roasted my wounded brother alive, and they burned his servant to death. But those men were cotton thieves; *he* was not there. He is too noble for rapine or pillage. Strange that he should have looked so lovingly upon *me!* And stranger still that my proud heart should care for it. But, then, my brother—he would never, *never* consent that——"

"What are you dreaming about, Vieve?" here exclaims Jane, whose musings have suddenly ended. "Your face looks dreamy as a sleep-walker's."

"Look in a glass, Jane, and behold your own," replied Genevieve; "I declare I never saw you look so happy before!"

And neither makes further reply. But their eyes are bent upon two gentlemen on horseback who are coming down the road and up the slope to the gate before the stables. The gentlemen ride in as if familiar with the place, and the young ladies go inside, the one saying, "I told you they would come," and the other, "You need not tell me which is he: *I know.*"

CHAPTER V.

BATTERIES OF WAR, OF GALVANISM, AND OF LOVE.

Dr. Chartervale received his guests with his usual cordial welcome, and seated them in the library, looking out upon shrubs and flowers that appeared to almost laugh in the June sunshine after their dripping morning. Captain Adams had introduced his friend as Major Dabny, formerly of the Confederate army.

"Your name has shrunken much in becoming Anglicized, Major," said the doctor. "Before your Virginia ancestors pronounced it Dabny your English ones called it Daubeny and your Swiss ones