tivity, hastening with all possible dispatch to throw this army between Chattanooga and the main body of the Federal army; this accomplished, turn upon its flank, drive it south away from its base of supplies and to certain destruction; or, failing in this, to penetrate its center, roll up either wing and destoy it by detail. It was a bold, adventurous stroke on the part of Gen. Bragg, and one worthy its conceptor, who, had he possessed the impulsive celerity of a Napoleon, the blow would, more than likely, have fallen upon the almost-lone Thomas in McLemore's Cove, weakly if not entirely unsupported as he must have been by the Twentieth and Twenty-first Corps, from his (Thomas's) early entrance into McLemore's Cove. But from, to us, some inconceivable cause, Bragg remained almost entirely inactive, so far as aggressive movements may be considered, during the six days we occupied the Cove, and with them forever passed the chance for the "lean and the ill-favored kine" to eat up the "fat-fleshed and well-favored kine." In other words, Bragg had frittered away invaluable time, thereby losing the first, last and only real opportunity that ever was his in which to strike, crush and possibly annihilate Rosecrans's army. With all this masterful tardiness and aggressive inactivity during those six precious days to Bragg, days of salvation to us, his effort made, late though it was, proved in sequel all too nearly successful for our welfare, certainly for our comfort; its failure and our continued possession of Chattanooga was christened with the blood of scores of thousands.

Col. Archer Anderson, in an address before the Virginia Division of the Army of Northern Virginia Association, thus speaks of those all-important days to both armies: "And yet there were four days (Sept. 12 to 17) of critical peril for the Federal army. It was only at midnight of the 12th that McCook, on their extreme right, received the order to close up on Thomas. It was only after four days of hard marching that his junction was effected. During these four days McCook's whole corps was as completely annihilated as if it had been in Virginia; during a part of this time there was a wide interval separating Crittenden and Thomas. The Confederate army was perfectly in hand. What chances did those four days not offer to an enterprising commander? Rosecrans was completely aroused. He saw now, as he himself says, that it was a matter of life and death to concentrate his army. During these four days the Federals marched as men march upon the issues of life and death, but the Confederates lay in their camps in idle vagrancy."

Lieut.-Gen. D. H. Hill says: "The truth is, Gen. Bragg was bewildered by the

POPPING OUT OF RATS FROM SO MANY HOLES,"

alluding to the many passes in the mountain on every side of Bragg, out of which Rosecrans's troops poured.

Late in the afternoon or evening of Friday, the 12th, the 36th Ohio, in conjunction with the entire Fourteenth Corps, took up its line of march toward Rossville Gap. Upon withdrawing from Pond Spring, the regiment marched by a road along the eastern slope of Mission Ridge, our immediate objective the junction of roads in the Chickamauga Valley leading into Chattanooga, toward which Bragg was driving his forces—at least endeavoring to—in the shape of a wedge, in order to penetrate our lines, crush Crittenden thus, as observed, turn our left and get not only between Chattanooga but also between the Tennessee River and the Union army.

Brig.-Gen. B. R. Johnson, whose brigade had been at Ringgold holding the railroad, was moved toward Reed's Bridge, which brought him on the extreme right of the line. Walker's Corps formed on his left opposite Alexander's Bridge, Buckner's next near Tedford's Ford, Polk's opposite Lee and Gordon's Mills and Hill's on the extreme left. With Johnson moved two brigades just arrived from Mississippi and three of Longstreet's Corps." (Bragg's report.)

The 12 or 15 miles marched by us that night were most toilsome and wearisome ones; the almost entire line of march, where, as we passed through the lanes, both sides, were illuminated by burning fences, while in the forests the fire ran among the leaves, writhing, twisting and turning as it wended its serpentine way along where there was but little upon which to feed, then fleetly sweeping and surging on in crackling flames as more abundant material was reached; now spitting and hissing as within its capacious maw was embraced and consumed the thicker undergrowth and fallen timber; then frolicking or playfully dallying at the feet, then climbing in whole embrace, or skipping or darting in fiery jets; now creeping, now climbing higher, on and up in trailing lines still higher, or racing with speed surprising from root to topmost branch, fed and led in its ascent by the dry and tinder-like bark of the dead and standing timber; yonder tongues of flame could be seen leaping from bough to bough, from tree to tree, gyrating with eddying swirl among, licking with flaming touch, devouring with scorching breath from within, from nether to loftiest tip the branches of many of the hoary, gigantic monarchs of those forests. Utterly beyond human control was that fiery holocaust of garnered harvests, fences, copse and forests; not a single fence, I believe, along the entire line of march escaping; destruction seemed rife on every hand; it was only now and again, as the cold eddying wind of that sharp, frosty September night lifted the heavy dark pall of smoke that enveloped us, that we could get a glimpse of the stars as they twinkled dimly with pale and ghastly hue from out a reddish sky illuminated with the lurid glare from below. There sat grim, stern-visaged war on every hand, a column of smoke and pillars of fire around and about us; while we marched through stifling smoke, and at times, while from the road over which we tramped and our trains were passing covered, as it was with pulverized earth shoe-top deep, there arose a cloud of dust that completely enveloped us, its finer particles permeating our clothing, penetrating the ears, eyes, nostrils and mouths of the moving troops, causing exquisite suffering to man and beast. This toilsome march continued during the entire night, interspersed with an occasional short halt, of which I availed myself to obtain, upon each occasion, despite the bleak night winds, a few moments of much-needed rest and sleep, not having enjoyed an unbroken night's rest since leaving Trenton. It was evident that the great struggle, now upon us would be for the roads leading into Chattanooga.

During the 19th Bragg had been massing his forces to crush Crittenden and get position on the Yankees' left, but by this to us ever-memorable night's march Thomas had succeeded in sweeping with his corps by Crittenden's rear to his extreme left. By this swift and entirely unlooked-for movement on the part of Thomas the Fourteenth Corps was placed in such position as to cover all the gaps and roads, so that when Bragg's columns began to move on the morning of the 19th they were confronted by Thomas's veterans, already in position, covering their intended line of advance.

The following is a copy of Bragg's circular order of attack and conduct to govern his commanders in the then on-coming battle:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, IN THE FIELD, LEET'S TANYARD, Sept. 16, 1863. (Circular.)

I. Johnson's column (Hood's), on crossing at or near Reed's Bridge, will turn to the left by the most practicable route and sweep up the Chickamauga toward Lee and Gordon's Mills.

II. Walker, crossing at Alexander's Bridge, will unite in this move and push vigorously on the enemy's flank and rear in the same direction.

III. Buckner, crossing at Tedford's Ford, will join in the movement to the left and press the enemy up the stream from Polk's front at Lee and Gordon's Mills.

IV. Polk will press his forces to the front of Lee and Gordon's Mills, and if met by too much resistance to cross will bear to the right and cross at Dalton's Ford, or at Tedford's, as may be necessary, and join the attack wherever the enemy may be.

V. Hill will cover our left flank from an advance of the enemy from the Cove, and by pressing the cavalry to his front ascertain if the enemy is reinforcing at Lee and Gordon's Mills, in which event he will attack them in the flank.

* * *

VIII. The above movements will be executed with the utmost promptness and persistence.

By command of Gen. BRAGG.

GEORGE W. BRENT, Assistant Adjutant-General.

At daylight, or shortly after, on Saturday, Sept. 19, we arrived at Crawfish Springs, where, after obtaining a short rest, we moved thence along the main road toward Rossville, until the Dyer house was reached at about 9 a. m. Here we filed right, moving to the front into some fields, where, on a low spur of the ridge near Chattanooga road, in the rear of and adjacent a tannery, there occurred one of the most sublime and impressive scenes of the kind that possibly ever occurred in any age upon a battle-field. There Rev. W. W. Lyle, Chaplain of the 11th Ohio, conducted for a few moments a divine service. With uncovered heads and bowed, there stood those veterans of the 11th and 36th Ohio, and perhaps other regiments, amidst the crashing sounds of bursting shells, the roar and thunderings of the artillery and staccatic rattle of the small-arms, devoutly participating in the devotion, many a poor fellow for the last time on earth; after which we moved on to the woods where was to be fought on that and the succeeding day, certainly, one of the most stubbornly-contested, sanguinary, and in some respects remarkable battles in the annals of history. There seems a deep and poetic significance in the name of the stream along whose banks was fought this great battle, and from which it took its name—Chickamauga, which in the Indian tongue means

"RIVER OF DEATH,"

making its peculiarly-remarkable name one literally true in its extraordinary baptism in the life's blood of scores of thousands of brave and noble men on either side, a full century or more after receiving its name from the Cherokee Nation that then dwelt along its borders.

The battle had already begun and was progressing vigorously on some parts of the field prior to our arrival. Our corps, division and brigade formations were soon accomplished facts. From our brigade the 89th Ohio had been detached and sent to Tracy City to guard that point and destroy the enemy's "saltpeter works" at Nickajack Cave. While en route to rejoin us it was temporarily attached to Granger's Corps, with it actively participating in the battle, gallantly maintaining the position assigned it until the evening of the 20th, when it was, with several other regiments, surrounded by vastly-superior numbers and captured. In the absence of the 89th, the 11th and the 92d Ohio, the 18th Ky. and 21st Ind. battery were assigned positions on the front line. This line proximating Alexander's Bridge, one of the rebel points of crossing, was not long kept in waiting. The 36th Ohio was left as a reserve not far from the tannery, near the road that passes from Chattanooga through the gap in Mission Ridge at Rossville, and but short remove from where the road deflects to the south toward Lafayette. The regiment, however, changed positions to the left several times, in order to be near at hand and in readiness to support or relieve its compatriots at the front. This it was called upon to do about mid-afternoon. By this time the battle was raging fearfully; the indescribable noise of the contending hosts as they swayed to and fro like the surging billows of old ocean; the continuous, sharp roll and rattle of the musketry; the deep bass, deafening boom of the artillery; the whirring, shrieking, bursting shells; the short, sharp, shrill, piercing hiss of shrapnel, grape and canister, together with the torn, mangled and bleeding wounded that were borne or were painfully dragging themselves to the rear in continuous streams, told a fearful and bloody tale of the horrors that were being enacted on our front. The conflict commenced on the left, rolled thence to the right, falling upon Johnson's Division and almost simultaneously upon our (Reynolds's) division, who with desperate valor maintained their lines, wavering at times, 'tis true, but again regaining firmness and again advancing. Baird and Brannan's Divisions in position, the order was given for the entire Fourteenth Corps to advance. "And nothing in history exceeds in grandeur the charge of that powerful corps. Longstreet's men from Virginia were directly opposed to the troops of Thomas. Although they fought with stubborn determination, they could not for an instant check the slow and stately march of our battalions. In vain they rallied and rerallied; in vain they wheeled their cannon into a score of new positions. Thomas moved resistlessly on. Much of our artillery lost in the morning was recaptured. Seven pieces were taken from the enemy."

Of this part of the battle, Pollard, in "Southern History of the War," Vol. 3, p. 124, says: "For two hours the fight raged with sublime fury. Thomas commanded the Yankees' left. Heavy reinforcements being sent from the enemy's right to him, he was enabled to regain a portion of the ground he had lost. Never did Yankees fight better than just here. They drove back Cleburne's magnificent division, and it appeared at one time as if our right and center were giving way before Thomas's extraordinary attack."

Bragg's columns, massed as they were, and confident withal that their efforts to place themselves between Rosecrans and Chattanooga would be a game of "walk-over," were not a little surprised on confronting Thomas in position on the extreme left of the Union line; hence, seemingly, from the bitterness of their disappointment, came the opening of the battle with such savage fierceness on the left and the continual edging away during the two days' battle in that direction. Bragg brought up column after column and hurled them in rapid succession and with much reckless desperation upon the Yankees' extreme left.

IT WAS CHATTANOOGA OR DESTRUCTION.

It must have been near noon that the Confederate commander hurled a very heavy massed column upon Thomas's right, striking our (Reynolds's) division in full force, following this up by successive attacks along our front until the battle raged along the entire line. Up to the time of the active participation by the 36th Ohio in the forefront of the battle, the brigade had accomplished splendid execution. Notwithstanding the regiment had kept pretty well closed up on its brigade at the front, the field of our vision of comrades in action was very limited, owing to the growth of pines, small oaks and undergrowth that covered the field. Many of the rifle-balls of the enemy reached us. Over and among us they flew, the arpeggio of their music quickening our hearts' pulsations, while amidst their whing-g-g, ping-g-g, zip-zit-ts many a prayer was murmured; not a few breathing a prayer and the benediction, "God be with you, children and wife," that were wafted, as by white-winged spirits, away out of that din of battle, where rolls the thickening, blackened clouds of war that, sulphur ladened, hang dark o'er the field, or, ascending, shades the sun and hides the golden skies; away from where tumultuous clang and clamor fills the air; away from "where a footstep careless might go splashing down in blood"; away over hill and dale and river, over meadow and brooklet to the homes and the loved ones, with whom at that moment their thoughts and hearts were, but with whom in the flesh they ne'er should be again, as they listened, intently listened, to the rattling of "the wild grim dice of the iron game."

Alas! What links of love that morn
Has war's rude hand asunder torn!
For ne'er was field so sternly fought,
And ne'er was conquest dearer bought.
Here piled in common slaughter sleep
Those whom affection long shall weep.
Thou canst not name one tender tie,
But here dissolved its relics lie.

Along in the afternoon, after 2, or perhaps 3 o'clock, while the battle was raging with "sublime fury," the line to the right and front of our then front was being pushed back with impending liability to disintegration. The 36th Ohio, with its brigade, was moved rapidly by the right flank through the timber to relieve our line or fill a possible gap and confront the enemy. The regiment had double-quicked but a short distance when it was halted, faced to the front, aligned and ordered to lie down. In coming into line here it formed across a dry water-course, and at acute angles with it. The banks of this dry rivulet descended gently from both sides—its right and left banks—the bank on the west side the highest. Our line faced almost to the southeast; its course (south by southeast), by right oblique into the enemy's lines. The descent in front of us was a semi-cleared space that could be swept by the 21st Ind. battery, that was posted on a little wooded elevation a little to the west of south of the slope and a little to the rear and south of our immediate right. The sides and the southeastern base of the elevation was fringed with what looked like hazel or hackberry bushes and briars, while further to the eastern front of the battery, and in the edge of the timber that here bordered the incline plane on the southeast was a similar growth. It was out of this growth of thicket that the enemy swarmed on the Sabbath in their fruitless endeavor to capture our battery. Along the line of the regiment, as it lay in the timber, the undergrowth was less dense, yet sufficiently so to partially conceal our line. Co. G, of which I was Sergeant, constituted the left of the regiment. We had not lain long in this position until the bullets began their ping-zit-t-s as they dropped rapidly among us from the yet-unseen but advancing line of the enemy. I have always been under the impression (for I never knew) that the regiment we relieved was the 6th Ohio. Presently we could hear the officers of the retiring Federal line, as they continued to fall back upon us, calling upon their men to keep steady and preserve their alignment.

"STEADY, MEN! STEADY, MEN!"

was the oft-repeated admonition, but now as they burst from under cover of the wood and undergrowth that had heretofore concealed them from our view, one after another, "as the death-shots were falling thick and fast as lightnings from the mountain's cloud," they "fell as only the death-struck fall" by a minie-ball, the life crushed out, and as nearer to us they drew, above the sounds of the singing bullets' ping! we could hear the leaden thud and witness the victims' writhings. The line passed over us in very good order. The officers having up to this time continued their admonitory "Steady, men," came out with a hearty "Now we're all right; be careful; do not step on those men." As the line passed over us they were asked by many of our boys, "What's the matter, boys?" and were answered with, "Out of ammunition," "Give 'em ——!" and other like expressions. This line had hardly passed to our rear when their pursuers, unaware of our presence, surged up almost to our very lines. Instantly that they discovered us they took cover behind standing and fallen timber, and opened a most galling and destructive fire on the 36th and the rest of the line. "The air at once was rife with a million whispering hornets swiftly searching for a life." I had lain down in the bed of the dry water-course among some rocks, and when the Johnnies opened on us their "battle flame of hell," I drew as feelingly and touchingly near to old Mother Earth's bosom as possible—would have crept in if I could. While in this position I felt a footstep at my head. Looking up I saw a Captain apparently making his way to the rear; further observing what I then took to be some confusion in my company. I sprang to my feet, and as I did so, comrades, I verily believe that every individual number—for even they are numbered—of the capillary substance that vegetates upon my cranium stood of its own accord on end like the quills on a fretful porcupine,—at least that was the way it felt to me then,—and while I'll not deny now, but admit sub rosa, that I was just the least bit frightened some time during that day, I do remember very distinctly now just how I felt then, while the way the big chills chased the little chills all up and down my back and the hot streaks played "hide-and-go-seek" with the cold streaks all over my corporocity was a caution. I had not been altogether deceived; the attack had been so sudden, so impetuous, and by numbers so overwhelming that it looked as if it was Death's harvest, and that Death and his cohorts were there in full force to gather it in. I felt as though if one's hand were held aloft it must of very necessity be shot off, so thickly flew the balls searching for a life. As I gained my feet I quickly threw my Enfield rifle horizontally before me, confronting some who seemed in a measure dazed, and were facing to the rear. I cried to them in an agony of fear of a stampede to "Go back! Go back!" threatening to shoot or bayonet the first man who attempted to pass to the rear. I looked about for some help, if necessary, to check a possible break. My eye instantly fell on Serg't M. C. True, of my company. He was resting upon one knee and foot, taking a more deliberate aim upon the enemy in his front than he did upon a bunny I wot of upon an occasion when we were hunting along the classic banks of Duck Creek in Ohio. We came upon her ladyship sitting quietly at the side of the path not 10 feet distant from us when discovered. I fired, sure of the game, and overshot. True followed, more confident, if possible, than was I, and undershot. While her redoubtable Nimrods were reloading preparatory to her final dissolution (?), wise for once, Mollie Cottontail laid back her ears, winked her nose, and skipped further risk (?) of a perforated hide. The sight of the Sergeant restored my mental equilibrium. The dazed were but few, and they only for the moment. Turning again to the front they beheld their comrades, as one man, from flank to flank receiving

THE ENEMY'S ONSET WITH SOLID FRONT.

Reader, if you were to place in the hands of a strong man two sharp corn-cutters, and send him into a field of thickly-standing corn, and have him pass along the length of the rows, cutting and slashing indiscriminately, as you would see the stricken stocks totter and sink or pitch and fall, your observation would be likened unto mine at that moment, save that I was looking upon the "ghastly harvest of the fray, the corpses of the slain," as my comrades fell there on that Saturday afternoon on the plains of that "River of Death." How long we engaged the enemy there I know not; I took no note of time. With being so greatly outnumbered, and most exposed, the 36th Ohio necessarily suffered most for the time. Lieut.-Col. H. F. Devol, of the 36th, realizing how unequal was the contest, sought his Colonel (Will G. Jones). Not finding him, he hastened back to his place on the right of the regiment only to see the men he loved so well falling, killed, and the wounded going to the rear, many of the latter from Co. D, Capt. James Stanley. Again Lieut.-Col. Devol ran to the center of the regiment; again was he unsuccessful in finding Col. Jones or any superior officer to whom to report, Gen. Turchin for the instant not being in sight. Time was precious; verily time was life to the many, the situation appaling, being indeed desperate, and he assumed command. At this moment it was whispered along the line that Col. Jones was killed, and the question asked, "Where's Devol?" followed quickly by the cry, "This will never do; let's charge, let's charge." Just then I heard the dullish gluck of a ball, and my friend, Lieut. W. A. Rhodes, of Urbana, O., went down with a shattered hip, his head striking my right foot as he sank prone upon the earth. Amidst this commotion and strife, in that cyclone of war, on that battle-swept ridge he fell. Ah, how well I remember it, as from the very depth of my soul I breathed the mental apostrophe, "Oh, God, will this never cease!"

"Yea, even this will pass away," came answer soon, for in an instant Lieut.-Col. Devol, having assumed direction of the 11th, 36th and 92d Ohio and the 18th Ky., his voice, as it rang above the roar and din of strife, was heard commanding a bayonet charge, which was at once repeated by the officers all along the line. Like lightning's flash was the glinting and the gleaming of the bayonets' glitter as they flashed in that afternoon sunlight and were with ominous click adjusted. While these rapid commands and movements were occurring Lieut. Rhodes, to my surprise, for I thought him dead, raised his head and asked me to take him from the field. Stooping, I took his hand in mine, rejoicing with him that he was yet alive. I told of the orders to charge, and that I could not then, but if spared, and could, I would return and take him off the field. While these few seconds' talk was being held the brigade, with a grim resolve that mocked at hostile force, had made ready, starting like mountain torrent full and strong, with yell

As if men fought upon the earth
And fiends in upper air.

Life and death were in that shout, and triumph, charge and rout; then with a cheer, itself the presage of victory, these men of Turchin's with arms to strike and souls that dared dashed at them the cold vengence of their steel, hustling the foe out of their position in less time than it takes me to write of it. The enemy did not wait the application of the pointed steel, but fled incontinently. Gen. Turchin, mounted upon his gaily-caparisoned milk-white Arabian horse, looked absolutely happy, while he cheered us, as in one torrent of blue, broad and strong, in advancing onset we swept along, driving the enemy on our front some three-quarters of a mile, to and beyond one of their batteries, two pieces of which they had been compelled to abandon; these Sylburn Davis, Ed. McElroy (now of Sydney, Ill.), of Co. E, and others were anxious to take off the field, but the tangled brushwood and trees precluded the possibility of success. An Aid rode up and informed us

OUR FLANKS WERE IN AIR,

greatly exposed to attack, and instructed us to retire. I have always understood that in this charge we cut the entire length of our brigade out of the enemy's lines, passing so far to their rear as to call a halt along their line for quite a distance to the right and left of us. Certain it is there was no further offensive effort on their part on our front that night. On our return from the charge we were reformed near to where we were when the charge begun. It was not until after we had returned that Lieut.-Col. Devol learned that Col. Jones had fallen mortally wounded and was being borne from the field at the time he was looking for him. Maj. Adney had also been wounded and taken off the field; regimental casualties had been very great. A non-participant eye-witness (Arthur Lawton, of Co. F, 36th Ohio, now of Kansas City, Mo.) of the charge wrote me as follows: "I think it was one of the grandest charges made during the war, cutting clear through to the rebel baggage-wagons. An Orderly here overtook the brigade with orders for its return, and they about-faced and came back over the track they had opened, without being molested; the rebels were either cowed or lost in admiration, and quietly permitted them to return without let or hindrance. This I believe is a little patch of history that has never been ventilated very much. I was not in the charge, but was on a little, low hill where I could see."

When reformed, Gen. Turchin, in full-dress uniform, astride his white Arabian, reined up near the center of our regiment, now glancing up the line, now down the line of the regiments, with a smile of satisfaction illuminating his countenance, raising his left hand, with it grasped his chapeau-bras at base of plume, lifting it from his head, while in broken English he shouted: "Bully for mine brigade!" Some smiled quietly at first at the General's enthusiasm, others laughed outright; almost instantly the brigade became infected with the spirit of their General, and the men of that gallant brigade, one and all, as moved by a single impulse, gave vent to their feelings in such a happy, hearty, ringing cheer as to make those old Georgia hills reverberate its echo above the wage of battle.

A consuming line of fire had swept from all along the line of our corps, the rebels retiring everywhere before it, and by sunset our brigade, division and corps lines were again established in battle array in almost precisely the same position they had taken in the morning. Calling a comrade (Corp'l W. H. Thornton, I believe) to my aid, we assisted Lieut. Rhodes to the Dyar house, making him as comfortable as circumstances would permit. He, with others of our wounded, fell into the enemy's hands; was taken into Chattanooga, where he died Oct. 18. His brother officers had his body embalmed and sent to his home in Ohio for interment. As I turned to go to my regiment, someone pointed to an ambulance near by, and said to me, "Your Colonel is inside," the first intimation I had had of his being wounded. I had heard that he was killed. Stepping up to the ambulance I was kindly greeted by Col. Jones. He was suffering excruciatingly from a gunshot wound in the groin, which he informed me he recognized as mortal. In parting he requested to be remembered in kindness to the regiment, sending them his farewell. He died at the dead of night, during the "lull in that hell of scenes and noises," Nature's season of "enforced rest from the hot hours of battle." His body was recognized by a Confederate officer, an acquaintance in ante-bellum days, who had him buried and his grave marked. In December following his body was recovered. It now lies in the beautiful Spring Grove Cemetary, near Cincinnati, O.,

"Never again to follow
The flag of the Stars and Stripes,
Never again to dream the dream
That young ambition weaves."

In Co. E were two comrades who were always at outs with each other. When the company returned to its position after the charge, these two comrades were found lying in the bed of the dry rivulet, side by side, dead, both dead, having been killed at almost the same moment. There being no opportunity for burial, their bodies were left where they fell, and there they were found when the regiment visited the field about Dec. 10 following.

Their remains now lie side by side in graves marked 483 and 484 in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga, Tenn.

In another instance a young man who had a presentiment of death, wrote upon a card his name, rank, company and regiment, and the words "killed in battle, Sept. 19." This comrade's name was Henry Hazlett, of Co. I, 36th Ohio. The card was found on his body by his comrades that night.

[*To be continued.*]

Who Spiked the Guns?

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Will you please inform me through the columns of your valuable paper who it was that spiked the Confederate guns at Island No. 10. Please state that I would like some of the comrades to write a sketch relating to the affair.—CHAS. KING, Co. C, 9th Iowa Cav., Ottumwa, Iowa.

[Commodore Foote's report gives the credit to 100 men under command of Col. Roberts, of the 42d Ills. They were in five boats, commanded respectively by First Master J. T. Johnson, of the St. Louis; Fourth Master G. P. Lord, of the Benton; Fourth Master Pierce, of the Cincinnati; Fourth Master Morgan, of the Pittsburg, and Master's Mate Scoville, of the Mound City. We should like to have someone who participated in the affair give us an account of it.—EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

Send to Comrade J. P. Van Nest, Wooster, Ohio, for his Catalogue of Burlesque Rituals. All the rage for public entertainments. Sent free.

A Sword-Drill Contest.

[*N. Y. World.*]

Col. Nicholas Hartman, the Brooklyn boy, who has won the title of champion sword driller of America, sailed for Europe recently on the steamship Columbia. The youngster, who had the honorary title of Colonel conferred upon him by Gov. Hill for his proficiency as a swordsman, is on his way to London, where he will complete arrangements for a competition for the championship of the world with Edward R. Jones, the champion sword driller of Europe. The winner will receive a diamond medal valued at $4,000.

The medal is a magnificent one, three inches wide and nine inches long. It has five heavy gold and enameled cross bars, pended from which is a Greek cross with a diamond in each point.

Gen. Barker, of the United States Army, will be Drillmaster for the contest, which will be conducted according to Upton's Tactics. The evolutions will be executed first by command, then by bugle-call and finally by drum beat. One hundred and fifty-six movements will be executed. If Jones subdues his opponent he will have to perform these evolutions in less than 10 minutes, for that is the time Col. Hartman takes in going through them.

Judging from the records of the contestants, Brooklyn's plucky boy has a good chance of winning. He has been victor in 56 drills and has brought two to a draw; while Jones has won 24 and lost 13. Col. Hartman was recently presented with a gold watch, the trophy for the American championship. He is confident of success. A number of his Brooklyn admirers saw him off on his voyage.

Preferred to be Robbed by Burglars.

[*Texas Siftings.*]

"The fact is," said old Mrs. Jinks, who was in Austin, Tex., on a visit, "the fact is, my dear Mrs. Binks, I had the narrowest escape from being ruined the other day you ever heard of."

"How was it?" asked Mrs. Binks, growing interested.

"Well, you know I sold our house and lot last month, and had the money ready to deposit in the savings bank the next morning, which was the day of its failure."

"Yes, I read about it."

"I slept with my money under my pillow," continued Mrs. Jinks, "and the next morning when I got ready to start for the bank the money was gone."

"Where had it gone to?"

"Some burglars had taken it during the night. An hour after the bank burst up. Did you ever hear of such a remarkable piece of good luck?"

"I don't see where the luck comes in. You lost your cash all the same."

"Yes, but they caught the burglars, and on condition of my not prosecuting them they returned me 50 cents on the dollar. The bank only panned out 15. There's no use talking, Hanner, between savings banks and burglars I'll take my chances with the burglars every time."

A Division of Responsibility.

[*Puck.*]

Her Father—What, you want to marry my daughter? Why, sir, you can't support her. I can hardly do it myself.

Suitor (blankly)—C-C-Can't we chip in together?

The Fly in the Ointment.

[*Puck.*]

"Ya-as," said the Anglomaniac, "the Fahls of Niagawa would be twuly gwand, don't you know, but for one drawback."

"What is that?"

"They ah hahf Amewican, ah."

Tried And True

Is the unanimous verdict of people who take Hood's Sarsaparilla. When used according to directions the good effects of this excellent medicine are soon felt in nerve strength restored, that tired feeling driven off, a good appetite created, headache and dyspepsia relieved, scrofula cured and all the bad effects of impure blood overcome. If you are in need of a good blood purifier try

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100 Doses One Dollar

A SCOUT'S ADVENTURES.

(Continued from 1st page.)

interest, while listening to the shrill scream of the engine, as trains would come and go, but it did not come. As half of the night had gone, I decided to undress and get rid of my blankets, as they were anything but comfortable. After dressing myself again, I spread out the blankets and turned in for the night.

About 3 o'clock I was aroused by a noise at the door. Looking up I saw several men, with a lantern, and, as the massive iron-grated door swung open, Hall and Davis were thrust in, Davis wearing a chain around his neck fastened with a padlock. Under the circumstances we could not congratulate each other upon our successful escape.

They had been captured about 30 miles from Bast's house, and were chained together by the neck and driven back to Concord. The key to the lock fastening the chain around Davis's neck having been lost, they left it on him at the time of his incarceration in the jail.

At breakfast we were informed that we would be sent to Salisbury at 9 o'clock. I tried to prevail upon Hall and Davis to each take a blanket, but they were afraid of detection. Being a little fearful myself I only took one, which I doubled as before and wrapped around my body, then around each leg and tied at the ankle.

At the time stated we were marched out and halted while a blacksmith cut the chain from Davis's neck. While walking down the sidewalk toward the depot, carrying a boot in each hand, I was several times accosted thus: "Say, Yank, why don't you put on your boots?" Giving a different answer to each as we passed, we soon reached the depot, where we were put on the cars, and, after a short ride, arrived at Salisbury.

From the depot we were marched to a little pen about 12 feet square and three and a half feet high, with a little hole in the bottom to crawl in at. Here we found several more men, and a short conversation with them developed the fact that they were all Union men who had been conscripted, or deserters from the Confederate army.

I was uncomfortable with the blanket wrapped around me, and I broke the strings and took it off. Hall and Davis told where I got it and all commented upon it, saying: "If that wasn't a Yankee trick we don't know what is, for no one but a Yankee would have thought of that way of hiding a blanket."

Our quarters were very uncomfortable, as we had to sit or lie down all the time. About sunset we were called out and notified that we would be sent to Raleigh. A soldier stepped up to me, saying that he had orders to put shackles on two of us. They would not go around my old boot, and he threatened to cut the legs off, but I strenuously objected, and they decided to shackle Hall and Davis together, as they wore shoes. As I was congratulating myself with the thought that I would not be hampered in any manner, a Sergeant came out of the tent with a small rope about 12 feet long, and walking up to me ordered me to hold out my arms.

HE TIED IT AROUND ONE ARM

just above the elbow, passed the rope across my back and tied the other arm. I made a great many complaints about their tying me too tight, and after they had completed the job they put the blanket over my shoulders, as I requested. I was partially successful in my efforts, and began to think of getting my arms free.

In my haversack was an old caseknife, nearly worn to a point and pretty well nicked up. To get the knife was but a moment's work, and holding it with my thumb and forefinger I managed to reach the rope. Hacking at it a few moments, the rope parted and my arms were once more free.

Arriving at the depot, and learning that the train was two hours late, we decided to lie down upon the floor and take a nap. I managed to keep the blanket well over me and my arms covered. As the train came thundering in the Sergeant ordered us to get up. Hall and Davis complied. I made an effort to get up as a man naturally would without the use of his arms, and the Sergeant, thinking I was tied, helped me up, remarking, "It is hard to tie a man in that way, but I could not help it, for I was ordered to do so, and at daylight I will untie you."

Thanking him, I said he was in duty bound to obey his orders.

We were put into a car and seated as follows: Hall and Davis in one seat, with two guards in front and two at their right; a conscript and myself sat behind them, two guards to my right and the Sergeant and one guard to my rear.

We slept most of the night, but just at daylight I was aroused, arose to my feet and stretched myself, never thinking about my arms. Shortly after the Sergeant reached over and punched me in the back, saying:

"How did you get that rope off your arms?"

"As it was somewhat annoying," I jokingly answered, "I shed it in a short time after you put it on."

"What did you do with it?" he asked.

"As it was of no particular use to me I threw it away," was my reply.

"Well, you ought to have brought it along, so that I could have taken it back," said the Sergeant.

"Probably," was my answer; "but I never carry a rope with which to hang myself."

A little after daylight they took the shackles off from Hall and Davis.

Arriving at Raleigh, we were marched through the city to a place known as Camp Holmes, where we met Littlejohn and several other men who had escaped from different prisons. I embraced my first opportunity to give Mr. Littlejohn a piece of my mind for his remarks about me when he was captured, and the information he gave that there were two more, which assisted in the capture of Hall and Davis; most of which he denied, even when I informed him I was secreted close by in a cabbage-lot and heard him tell Old Fatty.

The next day we were marched back to the depot, put into an old box-car, and started for Salisbury. During the afternoon I saw one of the guards hang his haversack on one side of the car, and as it had the appearance of being pretty well filled, I could not easily forget it—in fact, I became very much interested in that particular haversack, so much so that I took up a position as near it as I could. A little after dark I decided to confiscate its contents, and a minute sufficed to complete the job. I found one onion, a piece of rusty pork and a quantity of bread, or biscuit. Not daring to take the onion or pork for fear of detection by the sense of smell, I contented myself with the biscuit, and, after eating all I could, hid the rest by unbuttoning my shirt-bosom and tucking it away for future use. The guard soon missed his rations and swore that if he could find the "——Yankee that stole his biscuit he would dig it out of him with his bayonet." Under the circumstances I became anxious for him to look in some other quarter for his rations.

Arriving at Salisbury about 4 o'clock in the morning we were marched to the regular prison and put in with about 600 deserters. As soon as we were safely lodged in our quarters, I unbuttoned my shirt, took out the biscuit and divided with Hall and Davis. Several of our men were robbed of every loose article by the deserters, who were, without exception, the worst lot of men I ever saw together, and for several days our squad was kicked and cuffed around by them at will, and taunted in various ways, they asking us if we did not wish we were deserters. The scale soon turned, however, when we were reinforced by seven or eight thousand

PRISONERS FROM RICHMOND.

Then the deserters were in a minority, and became as sociable as one could ask.

It soon became known that they were deserters, and they learned that those they kicked and cuffed around had not forgotten the treatment received at their hands. As they mixed in with the prisoners someone was sure to recognize and point them out to some fellow who was equal to the occasion, who, without ceremony, would walk up and knock him down, then call out "Deserter." The cry would be caught up by others, and the deserter would be forced to run the gantlet, getting a blow from anyone who felt disposed to give it. It only took two or three days of this kind of work to convince them that they had better keep in their quarters. The authorities threatened to turn their artillery upon the prisoners if they persisted in thumping the deserters, but that had little effect upon us, and they were removed to other quarters in a few days.

CONCORD, N. C., Aug. 15, 1889.

MR. J. E. FARNSWORTH, Bazine, Kan.

DEAR SIR: Your kind letter of 9th inst. to the P. M. was handed to me for attention. I find that the man who kept the prison was named Bundy. His wife being an invalid, his daughter, Mrs. Samuel Marr, had charge of the prison, and was the lady who fed you. Her husband was at Point Lookout at that time, and tells me that he was guarded by negro troops. Mrs. Marr remembers the circumstances of your jumping out of the window, but don't remember your name. They are very nice people, and in moderate circumstances.

Mrs. Marr has pleasure in knowing that she is remembered for an act which was prompted only by the kind feeling in her heart, doubtless also aided by the thoughts of her husband, also a prisoner far away.

If I can aid you any further will do so with pleasure.

Yours, very truly, JAS. C. FINK.

CONCORD, N. C., Aug. 24, 1889.

MR. J. E. FARNSWORTH.

DEAR SIR: Having seen a letter published in our town paper in which you were making inquiries about the lady who lived in the jail at the time some Federal prisoners were placed there for a few days, and afterward taken to Salisbury, I will state that my father was Sheriff at that time, and during my mother's illness I attended to the household affairs. My father's name was Bundy. I lost both parents in the Spring of 1875. I remember the circumstance now very well. I had a great deal of sympathy for the soldiers, and especially for all prisoners, for my husband was a prisoner at Point Lookout at that time.

Respectfully, MRS. SAM. MARR.

CONCORD, N. C., Sept. 14, 1889.

MR. FARNSWORTH.

DEAR SIR: Yours of recent date received and read with great pleasure. Your first letter was quite a surprise to our little village, and greatly commented on. We are sorry to hear of your bad luck, for Southern people have a great deal of that kind. Our property most all consisted in slaves, and when we lost them we had to start from the ground, and owing to bad health and misfortune we have scarcely got above the surface. Some time ago my husband had a stroke of paralysis; he has partially recovered, and we hope he'll never have another. We have always thought his health was impaired by lying in prison so long, as the climate at Point Lookout was so much colder than ours. I have tried to see Mr. Bast and find out some more particulars about who those men were, but have failed. He is getting to be an old man, and don't come to town often. If I find out the name of the Provost-Marshal I'll write you. There are only one or two men living here now that did not go to the war, and it seems that no one can remember who he was; but 25 years is a long time, and I can't remember who he was. Speaking about the negroes, they are not special favorites of mine, for they are not growing any better as time goes on.

One of the ladies that came to see you was a Mrs. Lindsey