battery service, in charge of Capt. M. F. Maury. Branch stations for manufacture and distribution of torpedoes were established at Wilmington, N. C.; Charleston, S. C.; Mobile, Ala., and Savannah, Ga. Several lives were lost by the enemy while experimenting with torpedoes in the early part of the war. A citizen named Theodore Stoney, of Charleston, S. C., at his own expense constructed the torpedo which was used in an attempt to destroy the United States Steamer New Ironsides, on the Charleston blockade, Oct. 5, 1863. Capt. M. M. Gray commanded the torpedo station at Charleston when Lieut. Glassel destroyed the United States Steamer Housatonic, Feb. 17, 1864. Glassel died in California, Jan. 28, 1879.

An act of the Confederate Congress, approved April 1, 1862, provided that the inventor of a device by which a vessel of an enemy should be destroyed should receive 50 per cent. of the value of vessel and armament. By an act of the same Congress, approved May 1, 1863, $20,000 was appropriated for torpedo service. Another act, approved Feb. 17, 1864, appropriated $100,000; and still another act, approved June 13, 1864, appropriated $250,000. And it is estimated that over $6,000,000 was expended in the

TORPEDO BUSINESS DURING THE WAR.

Col. E. C. Cabel, connected with Kirby Smith's army in the Trans-Mississippi Department, contracted with the rebel Government to destroy our gunboats and transports in the Western waters for a certain per cent. of their value. His offer was accepted, and he began operations in connection with Price's army, at Jacksonport, Ark., in 1862. The gunboat Baron de Kalb, destroyed near Vicksburg, is supposed to have been his first victim, and many others met the same fate on the Mississippi and its various tributaries. But the greatest havoc, perhaps, created by the torpedo was in Mobile Bay in 1864 and 1865, where more vessels and lives were lost than at all other places combined. Their depredations on the Roanoke River were conducted on an extensive scale. The U. S. Ship Harvest Moon was blown up by a torpedo in the Cooper River, near Georgetown, S. C., Feb. 26, 1865. And Admiral Dahlgren, who was on board at the time, had a very narrow escape.

A number of torpedoes were discovered and removed from the Rappahannock River in May, 1864, by the vessels attached to the Potomac Flotilla.

SEVERAL TRANSPORTS WERE DESTROYED

by torpedoes on the St. John's River, near Jacksonville, Fla., on one of which five persons were killed and 20 wounded. After the evacuation of Charleston by the Confederates, over 100 torpedoes were found in the harbor, and while searching for them two of our vessels, the Bibb and Jonquil, were severely injured in the Ashley River.

When Admiral Porter's Fort Fisher expedition entered the Cape Fear River, in January, 1865, we encountered torpedoes, 200 of which had been sent down by the Confederates at Wilmington, N. C. Considerable difficulty was experienced in trying to avoid them. Several lives were lost, and two vessels, the Osceola and Shawmut, were injured. On Dec. 9, 1864, the gunboat Otsego was destroyed by a torpedo on the Roanoke River, N. C. No lives were lost, but many of the crew were severely injured.

During the siege of Vicksburg the enemy resorted to the use of torpedoes in large numbers, resulting in the destruction of several gunboats of the Western fleet. Torpedoes were also found in the Red River on the ascent of the Banks expedition, and two gunboats, the Eastport and Signal, were destroyed by them.

In January, 1865, an attack on Charleston, S. C., was contemplated by Admiral Dahlgren, in anticipation of the arrival of

GEN. SHERMAN FROM SAVANNAH.

The rebel authorities placed in the harbor 16 large torpedoes, one of which soon afterward struck the monitor Patapsco, and she went down in a few moments, taking seven officers and 60 men in an iron coffin to a watery grave.

An attempt was made to destroy the U. S. S. Powhatan on the Charleston blockade, by means of a torpedo, which was fortunately discovered by the vigilant crew in time to prevent serious results.

On Feb. 28, 1863, the U. S. Monitor Montauk was severely injured by torpedoes in the Ogechee River, Ga. After this date navigation in the Southern waters became exceedingly dangerous, and the hidden torpedoes were only discovered when too late to avoid the disastrous explosion sure to follow.

The U. S. S. Commodore Barney was damaged, and several of her crew killed by explosion of a torpedo on the James River Aug. 8, 1863. The drift torpedo used in the James River, usually contained about 80 pounds of powder. It was one of those which destroyed the Confederate States Steamer Gen. Schultz while

UNDER FLAG OF TRUCE,

near Cox's Landing, Feb. 17, 1865. Four men were drowned. A torpedo of this kind was found by the U. S. Steamer Essex, Capt. W. D. Porter, near Baton Rouge, La., in January, 1863, and several of them were found on the James River by Capt. Ganesvoort, of the U. S. S. Roanoke in November, 1863.

The torpedo boat David, which sank the U. S. S. Housatonic off Charleston, went down, with its victim, and it was a total loss, with a crew of seven men. Five men were killed on the Housatonic.

On recommendation of Gen. Beauregard, the Legislature of South Carolina in 1862 appropriated $30,000 to aid in developing the torpedo business in the waters of that State.

The great explosion at City Point, on the James River, Aug. 9, 1864, was due to a Confederate torpedo, and a missile of that character was used to destroy the U. S. S. Greyhound, used as headquarters for Gen. B. F. Butler.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to destroy the U. S. Frigate Minnesota in Hampton Roads April 9, 1864, and the U. S. Frigate Wabash off Charleston, April 18, 1864. The David torpedo system was used on both occasions, but was fortunately discovered

IN TIME TO PREVENT DAMAGE.

The most serious casualty on the James River was the total destruction of the Gunboat Commodore Jones on May 6, 1864, at Deep Bottom. About 50 of the crew were killed, and about the same number was lost on the monitor Milwaukee near Mobile, March 28, 1865. The greatest loss of life on any one vessel caused by the torpedoes was on board the Monitor Tecumseh, in Mobile Bay, Aug. 5, 1864, when 110 men, as brave as ever trod a quarter-deck, were hurled into eternity without a moment's warning.

In anticipation of an attack on the defenses of Mobile in the Summer of 1864, the Confederate authorities organized a naval force, consisting of the Tennessee, Baltic, Selma, Gaines, Crescent, and Morgan; also, a torpedo boat, called the St. Patrick. These were commanded by Capt. Franklin Buchanan. In his encounter with Farragut's fleet, Aug. 5, 1864, he was taken prisoner and sent to Pensacola.

His successor in command was Ebenezer Farrand, who surrendered all the forces to Admiral Thatcher at Nanna Bubba Bluff, on the Tombigbee River, May 10, 1865.

The enemy placed 180 torpedoes in Mobile Bay and the adjacent waters.

SEVERAL HUNDRED LIVES WERE LOST

in our advance to Mobile, some 35 miles up the bay.

The following are the names of vessels destroyed between August, 1864, and May, 1865: Tecumseh, Narcissus, Milwaukee, Rodolp, Osage, Ida, Althea, Sciota, Itasca, Rose, St. Mary's, Hamilton, and Philippi. Some of the crew of the Seminole, Cincinnati, and Galena were also lost.

Some of these vessels were lost in action, others while moving about the bay, and some while at anchor. That the torpedo interfered with our plans and retarded our movements must be admitted; and it may be safely asserted that the lively and festive torpedo destroyed more lives and property than did the shot and shell of the enemy during the four years of the war.

The United States Government discountenanced such a barbarous system of warfare, and its use was resorted to only once by our forces, that occasion being the destruction of the Confederate ram Albemarle, on the Roanoke River, by Lieut. Cushing, Oct. 28, 1864.

To what extent the torpedo may figure in future conflicts it is, of course, impossible for the writer to predict. But the whole civilized world should consign to lasting infamy the cause that resorted to such desperate measures, which can only be excusable on the thin plea that everything is fair in war and love.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

An ex-Rebel's War Recollections.

Conscript Camps and the Ruses Resorted to to Keep Out of the Army.

II.

URING the Spring of 1862, in north Mississippi, sitting on the porch of an old-fashioned farm-house, looking over broad acres of fertile fields, listening to the carols of the birds, thinking of the past, and trying to solve the problems of the future, a newspaper was placed in my hands, and I read that the conscript act had passed the Confederate Congress at Richmond. From that moment, in my imagination, a change seemed to have come over the masses of the Southern people. Up to that time they were willing to fight, and furnish of their means all they could spare for the vindication of what they deemed were their rights; but now that coercion was to be used, and the Confederate Government had said, "You must," hundreds of thousands said, "We won't," and many and various subterfuges were resorted to, many of them most laughable, to evade the law.

Also about this time Gen. Van Dorn declared what he termed "marshal law," which was promptly sat down upon by the authorities at Richmond; and, poor fellow, he was afterward murdered by Dr. Peters, who escaped into the Federal lines. As to whether he was innocent or guilty of what he was accused of—the wrecking of Dr. Peters's domestic life—it is not my purpose to discuss. But, to return to the subterfuges resorted to to evade the conscript act, Van Dorn's proclamation as to "marshal law" strengthened their purpose to evade it if possible.

Two conscript camps were opened in Mississippi, one at Enterprise and the other at Brookhaven. The proclamation was published far and wide, giving those liable to the act so many days to report in, and if they did not report in the allotted time they would be declared deserters and treated accordingly, which meant death by shooting. Sad, sad, scenes followed; they were sad enough when brave men and true went to the front voluntarily; but when parents, husbands, brothers and sisters saw their loved ones torn from them by ruthless law, it created a feeling of horror almost indescribable, and I believe, and always shall believe, that the passage of the conscript act by the Confederacy did it more harm than good. "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't compel him to drink," and I know in battle that many conscripts evaded and shirked their duties in every way possible.

Those reporting to the camps, before they would go up to be examined by the Surgeons, would smoke the strongest cigars or tobacco obtainable and get their hearts palpitating like two flutter-wheels going in opposite directions at the same time; and many were the men who were discharged for heart disease. I heard more than one Examining Surgeon say that they had examined men and found them with such terribly-diseased hearts that they expected them to drop dead before they got out of the office. If my information is correct, many of those parties who were discharged on account of diseased hearts are alive, happy and prosperous to-day.

The piles were another subterfuge. Artificial piles were made of chicken gizzard, and many an Examining Surgeon had the wool pulled over his eyes, and was deceived in that way.

A certain party had stiff fingers and thumbs that were doubled from the second joint. He had a peculiar way of holding them that no one could open them. He was an Israelite and a great trader, and his stiff fingers and thumb gained him his discharge again and again. I met him after the surrender. I noticed that the aforesaid fingers and thumb were very supple and pliable, as well as his tongue. Remembering his war condition, I simply asked if he had had an operation performed by which his hand was cured. I never shall forget the look he gave me and the remark he made, namely, "You're very s-l-low to catch on," and then he showed me how he could at will stiffen them. I am a pretty stout man, and I tried my best with both hands to open his grasp, but I could not. That man now is a great merchant in the South, and worth at least a half million.

I wish to tell of a bright young man who was a great actor or mimic, and at the last moment, just before going up to be examined, after spending many weary days and sleepless nights over how to evade—as he termed it—the great oppression (conscript act). Upon the instant he conceived the idea that saved him. Passing along by a store in the country village where was located the conscript camp, he espied some eggs, and at the depot he saw numerous bales of cotton. He afterwards told me that as soon as he saw these two articles it flashed into his mind as to how he would beat the Board of Examining Surgeons. Securing a rotten egg and a small amount of cotton, just before going up to be examined he retired to a thicket, and there in the bright noonday sun, surrounded by lovely nature and nature's God, he coolly, calmly, and deliberately, and with extreme caution and cunning aforethought, broke that rotten egg, and turning his head downward, the right ear was filled with a portion of its contents and securely corked up with cotton. The left ear was treated in the same manner, and then he took his place in the long line of trembling, dejected conscripts to await his turn.

In the course of time his name was called, and in one moment he was in the presence of the arbiters of his fate. His name, age, color of his eyes, and a general description of his person was taken, and the place of his birth, residence, and residence of his parents, so if mamma tried to shield him the authorities would know just where to find him. Then he was placed under the standard and his hight taken and duly recorded, as though he were a horse; was made to step on the scales and weighed, as though he were beef or pork for market, instead of food for powder. Then came forth the Chief Examining Surgeon, pounded him all over, placed his ear to his heart, felt of his muscles, and he went through the same ordeal as many a negro did when he was being purchased by Simon Legree.

"Well," says the Great Mogul, the Surgeon, "young man, wouldn't you make a pretty good soldier?"

Then that young man put on that peculiar idiotic look, superior to any professional that I have ever seen posing as an idiot, and he drawled out: "I recking I would."

Says the Surgeon: "Is there anything the matter with you at all?"

Then came from the young man a peculiar sneeze and sniffling at the nose, as he again drawled out: "Not much, though I've got a mighty bad risin' in my ears, and sometimes they run mighty bad, 'specially arter I've had a cold."

Then for the first time the Surgeon discovered the cotton in his ears, and curtly and sharply he told him to stand up by the side of him and commanded him as though he were a galley slave to take the cotton out. And he did take it out, and it sounded almost as though it was a cork extracted from a soda bottle. (More like Aunt Betsy Trotwood as she extracted the cotton from her ear the night David Copperfield was born.)

That Surgeon got a whiff of that aforesaid decomposed egg, and throwing up his hands in holy horror, turning deathly pale, catching his breath by short and convulsive gasps, he fell back, not in good order, but actually tumbled back; chairs, tables, etc., being scattered to right and left flank on the line of his retreat.

When he came to himself he peremptorily ordered the young man discharged, and handing his papers to him, emphatically remarked as though he distinctly wished to be understood: "Young man, go home and tell your folks to bury you; for, —— it, you are dead now." And the aforesaid young man went.

That was his first and last experience with the conscript camp, as he was never thereafter notified to appear. He is a well-to-do and prosperous man, enjoying fine health, residing still in Dixie, and is known to this day as "Egg ——."

(To be continued.)

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic.

A Nautical Gladiator.

[Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.]

In point of size the swordfish has few rivals among fish. The average length of specimens taken on the Atlantic coast is 11 or 12 feet, including the sword, which is three or four feet long. The maximum length known to have been attained has been about 16 feet, although specimens so large are quite rare, and are seldom seen. The weight of a fish 11 feet long is between 300 and 400 pounds, while a 16-foot monster would turn the scales at 700 or 800 pounds.

About the 1st of June swordfish make their appearance in large, scattered schools off the southern part of the New England coast, being attracted, like bluefish, horse mackerel, sharks, and other predaceous species, by the presence of weaker fish, upon which they subsist, notably menhaden, mackerel, and herring. During the Summer months they range over a wider area, extending from Block Island to Nova Scotia, and, exceptionally, Newfoundland. Toward the end of October they begin to move off our shores, and by the advent of cold weather they have all disappeared. The fishery terminates some time before the fish withdraw from the coast, as the lowered temperature and boisterous elements cause them to seek more congenial haunts at greater depths, where it is impossible to capture them.

As a rule, the swordfish leads a lazy, peaceful life near or at the surface, and is seldom observed except under fair skies and on calm seas, when it may be seen gliding leisurely through the water, apparently without the slightest exertion, with the long caudal and dorsal fins projecting above the surface in a way that is sufficiently characteristic to distinguish the fish even at long distances. In the midst of such a state we may often see a sudden change in the nature of the movements; restless activity takes the place of listless wandering; the water is all in commotion as the fish darts here and there with apparent rage, jumping half out of the water, diving, spurting again to the surface, and lashing the waves into foam. After a time, perhaps, we see the remains of small fish floating about in the water, and we come to the proper conclusion that our gladiator has fallen in with a school of luckless herring or menhaden and has been using his skillful weapon in providing the means to assuage the pangs of hunger, which we may well imagine are frequent and pronounced in a body of such proportions.

Modern Armaments.

[Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.]

The notable features in the changes of the armaments are the innovations in the matter of small arms, cannon, and death-dealing weapons in general. The French were the first to supplant the existing repeating rifle with the Lebel magazine gun, and it was they also who took the initiative in the adoption of melinite, or smokeless powder. These unexpected innovations produced something resembling a scare on the other side of the Rhine, and the German Government forthwith began the task of turning the Mauser repeater into a magazine gun, the latter having failed to give satisfaction. The Mannlicher rifle has since been adopted for the German army, as well as an imitation of the melinite. As to artillery, the Germans have adhered to the Krupp system, although according to most experts the French Range gun is a far more serviceable weapon than any furnished by the great Essen foundries. The Mannlicher magazine gun, although of a different caliber, is also the arm of the Austrian service, while Russia, on the other hand, is rearming her forces with a rifle of the Lebel pattern. Russia's artillery is still supplied by Krupp, to a great extent, but some of it is manufactured in Russia. Italy has the Vetterli-Vitali, and also gets its artillery from Essen.

Great strides have also been made in rapid-firing artillery, and it is with some pride one notes the fact that in this field American ingenuity and inventiveness stands unrivaled. The Gatling, the Maxim, and the Hotchkiss guns take precedence over all other inventions of the kind. They are in use in every large European army, and will play a prominent role in the forthcoming great conflict. Ballooning is another modern feature of warfare, and if the French experiments now making prove successful, the possible annihilation of entire armies at very little risk and cost may be confidently looked forward to by all those who believe that the greater the slaughter the nearer the approach of the millennium of universal peace.

Political Campaigning in Georgia Before the War.

[Savannah News.]

An employe of the *News* composing room, while looking over the effects of his father a few days ago, came across a Democratic campaign card of the Presidential contest of 1856 between Buchanan and Fremont which is quite a relic.

The card is illustrated. On each of the upper corners is a cut of an unusually long man's face, the mouth of which is wide open. In the right-hand corner is a large cut, representing a small parade, headed by Gen. Fremont, dressed in military uniform, marching toward a steamboat named "Reed, Gibbons & Co." in the lower left-hand corner. The reading on the card is as follows:

"Free ticket to Saline Springs for all 'Wooley Heads,' 'Nigger Thieves,' 'Underground Railroad Directors,' and 'Black Republicans.'

"Pass the Bearer Through to Salt River on the Wooley Horse, Fremont, Captain; Jessie, First Mate; Greeley, Pilot; F. Douglass, mourner; 'Isms,' undertaker. State Rooms reserved for the colored voters of New York."

At the bottom of the card, in small type, pointed with an index, is:

"Reed, Gibbons & Co. will be provisioned on 'Wooley Offal' and 'Fusion Hash' during the trip, in consideration of their extinguished services during the campaign. Lloyd Garrison and Luc Mott will lead the party in the steam scow 'Disunion.'"

The card is a curiosity in its way, as nothing like it is now used in campaign literature.

Deputy Sheriff R. D. Wheeler
of Burlington, Vt., says he
Does Not Care to Live
If He Cannot Have
HOOD'S
Sarsaparilla

Rheumatism is caused by accumulation of uric acid in the blood, owing to the failure of the kidneys to properly remove impurities. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures Rheumatism by neutralizing the acid and invigorating the kidneys and liver to regular action so that all impurities are expelled. Read this:

"Dear Sirs: If Hood's Sarsaparilla cost
$10.00 a Bottle
I should still keep using it, as I have for the past ten years. With me the question as to whether life is worth living depends upon whether I can get Hood's Sarsaparilla. I don't think I *could* live without it now, certainly I should not wish to, and suffer as I used to. For over ten years I suffered the horrors of the damned with
Sciatic Rheumatism
for if ever a man suffers with anything in this world it is with that awful disease. It seems to me as if all other physical suffering were compressed into that one. I took about everything man ever tried for it but never got a dollar's worth of help until I began taking
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Which I have taken pretty regularly and have no more pain and can get around all right. I have advised a good many to try Hood's Sarsaparilla." R. D. WHEELER, Dep. Sheriff, Winooski Falls, Vt.

CAMPAIGN THROUGH THE CAROLINAS.

(Continued from first page.)

stood the negro-shanties. From them we learned that Dickens was also a rebel conscript agent, and had taken an active part in the war from the first, and held the rank of Captain. Maj. Stratton, who was in command, informed Mrs. Dickens as to the nature of the expedition, and that his orders were to burn all the buildings on the plantation, and however unpleasant the task might be, his orders were imperative; that, if she desired, he would give her time to remove from the house such clothing, bedding, and furniture as she wished to save.

This woman, I think, was the most resolute and self-possessed person I ever saw. When told that we must burn the house within a half hour, she never uttered a murmur or made a single request of us, and at once went out on the back porch and commenced taking down an old hand loom and carried it to a place of safety. We had taken with us several empty wagons; these we filled with hams, bacon, and sweet potatoes, also corn and fodder for our horses, leaving a supply for the negro families, who aided us in gathering the horses, mules, and stock from the plantation; all of which was taken. The negro quarters were not disturbed, but all the other buildings were burned. This is the only act of vandalism that I recall of personally taking part in during the war. Had we been successful in getting our victim, I doubt if he would have escaped without greater loss.

The right wing, having utterly ruined Columbia, began its march northward in the direction of Winnsboro; from thence eastward toward Cheraw, crossing the Catawba River at Peays Ferry, while the left wing were to concentrate and cross at Rock Mount.

Heavy rains had delayed Slocum nearly a week. On the 22d the cavalry drew a fresh supply of rations for a forced march toward Monticello. A part of Hood's army, after his defeat at Franklin, Tenn., had for two days been marching on a parallel road to our left, into which our foragers had often run, taking some prisoners; but as yet he had failed to make junction with the forces immediately opposing us.

The cavalry reached Black Stocks on the morning of the 23d, after considerable skirmishing. We found during the day the bodies of 18 men who had been killed the day before while out foraging, three of whom were strung up,

WITH THEIR THROATS CUT.

On each of them was placed a card, on which was written "Death to all foragers." Kilpatrick was greatly enraged at this horrible crime perpetrated upon his men, and at once informed Wheeler, demanding that the perpetrators be arrested at once and sent to him; else he would, within 24 hours, shoot a like number of prisoners then in his hands, in retaliation.

The next day we crossed the Wateree River on the pontoon bridge at Rocky Mount Ferry. It was midnight before the division all got over. Three men and their horses were drowned while crossing. We marched all night in one of the worst storms we had seen since leaving Savannah. Men and horses were completely drenched and covered with mud. We stopped at daylight for breakfast and to feed our jaded horses, waiting for wagons to come up. About noon we moved out toward Manchester, 10 miles distant, and arrived there in the midst of a heavy rain, and while the 160 prisoners which we had were preparing to draw cuts, by Kilpatrick's order, to determine who of their number should compose the unlucky 18 who were to be shot at sundown in retaliation, a messenger came to our lines with a note from Wheeler, requesting that the execution be delayed, as he had no knowledge of so barbarous an act as had been charged upon his command, and asking for time to inquire into the facts. Wheeler's request was granted; but so far as I have knowledge he failed to find the guilty ones, or if he did he never gave them up. It was understood that several letters were exchanged between Wheeler and Kilpatrick relative to such atrocious acts of warfare, which had the desired effect, after which we heard no more of their threats, "Death to all foragers."

While at Manchester news reached us that Charleston and Wilmington had been evacuated and were then in our possession; that Hardee was moving his troops by rail to Cheraw, where great quantities of stores, both public and private, had been sent from Charleston. We afterwards learned as he withdrew from that place that he set fire to a large quantity of cotton stored in the warehouses in and about the city, and that a storeroom filled with powder and ammunition blew up, killing 200 of the citizens crowded about the conflagration.

About this time we also heard that Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had been assigned to the command of all the troops in the Department of South Carolina and Georgia, and that Gen. Beauregard, whom he was to relieve, was then at Charlotte.

HOOD'S DEFEATED ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE,

amounting to about 11,000 men, was then strung along on our left between Augusta and Charlotte, commanded by Stewart, Stevenson and Cheatham.

We remained near Manchester until the 26th, during which time the division captured 50 horses, while a part of the Twentieth Corps came up, following and destroying the railroad. Leading out of Columbia was a branch running northwestward toward Abbeville. This road was committed to Gen. Slocum with the left wing and cavalry, who destroyed over 50 miles in the direction of Charlotte, thus creating the impression that Sherman designed continuing his march on that city.

On the 28th Kilpatrick and Wheeler made an exchange of prisoners (160), the first exchange made since leaving Savannah; several of whom had received wounds. Poor fellows, they had seen hard times; half starved, stripped of everything—arms, horses and equipments, money, watches—returning with empty pockets. They were soon provided with horses and equipments, again taking their places in the ranks of their companies and regiments. Now that both armies were constantly to a great extent living off the country through which they passed, both provision and forage became scarce. It was not uncommon that our foragers came in late at night, and often empty-handed, having engaged those of the enemy on the same plantation. At this date four from the 10th Ohio Cav. returned wounded.

We had now made nearly two-thirds of the distance from Savannah to Goldsboro, where both armies were concentrating. At this date, March 2, the storm still continued, the country becoming hilly and the roads almost impassable, our horses giving out and our men suffering for want of rest and clothing, and we began for the first time to fully realize that we were in an enemy's country; that sooner or later a decisive battle must take place. But, notwithstanding the many obstacles we had to contend with, we were steadily advancing from 10 to 12 miles each day, and at this date were within 15 miles of Chesterfield.

On the 31 we changed our course northward toward Wadesboro, leaving Chesterfield on our right. During the day the enemy made a sudden attack on the Third Brigade, which was acting as our guard, and for two hours gave us quite a brisk racket. Among those mortally wounded was Lieut. Griffith, commanding the scouts, who died during the night. He was a brave officer, often leading his men into the thickest of the fight.

On the morning of the 4th, between White Station and Wadesboro, while waiting for the Fourteenth Corps to come up, the pickets of the 10th Ohio were attacked by a body of mounted troops, supposed to be the

ADVANCE OF CHEATHAM'S CORPS.

During the night, on a parallel road not over a half mile in front of our picket-line, we had heard the sound of wheels and the voices of mule-drivers, and, supposing it was the advance of the Fourteenth Corps, made no report of the same. Several of our foragers after daylight had gone over in that direction, and we afterward learned they were taken prisoners. This body of the enemy's troops, under cover of the forest, had moved around on our right flank and made the attack in our rear. At the same time we observed another body of the enemy's cavalry moving on our left. Very soon their skirmishers opened on us in front. Capt. Stratton, commanding the skirmish-line, after firing a few rounds, fell back on the reserve and to the support of the regiment, when the Second Brigade soon became engaged. The action lasted most of the forenoon. The enemy were concealed by thick underbrush, and had thrown up barricades, in front of which was a swamp or quicksand, in which we got badly cut up in a saber charge. The enemy were finally driven back, but not until we had lost 75 men and quite a number of horses.

The First and Third Brigades had also been engaged on our right, and when night came the enemy had been driven back within five miles of Wadesboro. The next day we succeeded in taking the town, with a number of prisoners. The next day two out of seven prisoners which the 10th had lost found their way into our lines and joined their companies.

At Wadesboro we struck the Wilmington & Fayetteville Railroad, and during the 5th destroyed seven miles of track, burning the depot and freight buildings. On the 6th the division turned directly east, following that road toward Fayetteville, distant about 55 miles,

DESTROYING THE ROAD

as we advanced. During the afternoon the division reached Sneedsboro without much opposition. In the evening a part of the Fourteenth Corps came up, who threw their pontoons across the Pedee River, over which we crossed the next morning and advanced as far as Rockingham, driving the enemy's cavalry through the town. During the day we lost quite a number killed and wounded. Our ambulances were already filled with the wounded. Here we learned that Gen. Howard had entered Cheraw on the 3d, capturing 28 pieces of artillery and 3,000 stand of small-arms, and an immense quantity of ammunition and stores.

On the morning of the 8th, the infantry having come up, the division continued the march in the storm, with rebel cavalry on our left and their infantry on our right—both moving on parallel roads. Several times during the day we were attacked on our left flank while in column. The Second Brigade had the advance, followed by the Third, while the First was rear-guard. We found the roads more or less obstructed by fallen timber. During the afternoon we came upon one of those almost impassable cyprus swamps, through which the road passed; the old corduroy road was covered with water and the passage through the swamp for over a mile completely obstructed by large fallen trees. These had to be cut away and cleared out before we could cross. Our Pioneer Corps was at once set to work clearing a passage. This detained us until long after dark, during which time the enemy's cavalry made a dash on our rear, and it was with great difficulty that the artillery and wagons were got over. One section of Capt. Beebe's battery got stalled and had to be drawn out by hand; the boys, working waist-deep in water, put shoulders to the wheels and dragged them out. The artillery and wagon-trains with the Second and Third Brigades got over during the evening.

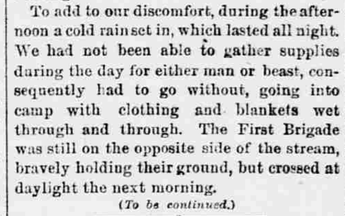
To add to our discomfort, during the afternoon a cold rain set in, which lasted all night. We had not been able to gather supplies during the day for either man or beast, consequently had to go without, going into camp with clothing and blankets wet through and through. The First Brigade was still on the opposite side of the stream, bravely holding their ground, but crossed at daylight the next morning.

(To be continued.)

A Very Heavy Hand.

In an interior city (says the *Bazar*) lived a family who had one of those domestics of the familiar heavy hand. A few years ago the town experienced a slight shock of earthquake. Pictures were thrown down, crockery and furniture rattled about. In the midst of the tumult, the mistress went to the head of the basement-stairs and called out, in a would-be patient tone:

"Mary Ann, what are you doing now?"



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