THE QUININE TRAIL.

A Trip Through One of the Most Wonderful Regions in the World.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

IF the reader will take a map of Peru and study it, he will note a network of rivers covering a part of the Land of the Incas—rivers that sweep through that part of the country near the frontier of Bolivia. This is the Montana of Peru, and here is to be found the bark which is worth its weight in gold. Here grow, tall and sky-seeking, those trees for whose leaves hundreds of men have lost their lives in the trackless forest and in whose dying ears rang the wild screech of the jaguar or the whizz of the Chuncho's arrow.

The Quinine Trail, as it is called, is traveled yearly by a set of daring men, some of whom are sepia-colored fellows as agile as the roebuck and as fearless as the tiger. They come out after the trees that produce the quinine bark, and some of them perish while looking for the leaves that tell them where the rich clumps are. Beyond the base of the Andes, deep in the forest of this terra incognita of northern Peru, the savages find the gray trees covered with their garments of liana, or climbing vines, and for centuries hidden from the keen sight of the cascarilleros.

It was my fortune to go out with a party whose quest was the bark of the quina-quina trees, and for weeks we tramped the wild unknown, seeing the Quinine Trail in all its parts and at last coming back loaded with the precious bark to say that we had had enough of sport in the Montana.

We left a little city named Loxa deep in the mountains and, well supplied with guides and bark hunters, besides an expert examinador, whose duties were to examine the bark found and to direct the operations of the quinine camp, we climbed the high hills or descended into strange valleys, now crossing streams on frail bridges of ropes made by Indians and now turning aside for a brush with the jaguar or the wilder Chunchos.

The Quinine Trail runs through one of the most wonderful regions in the world. The Montana covers nearly two thirds of Peru and much of it is as unknown to-day as when the banners of the Pizarros shone in the hills around Cuzco. A few years ago an attempt was made to settle the country, and some adventurous men who thought they could get along with the Indian went thither and erected homes in the wilderness, raising flocks and so forth; but all at once, as if by a preconcerted signal, the Chunchos swooped down upon them

A CHUNCHO INDIAN.

all like a herd of bisons and in a day, as it were, the settlers vanished. We saw the ruins of the plantations on every side. Here and there were ruined huts and the remains of a patch; now and then a skeleton bleaching in the sun, or the remains of farming implements told how terrible had been the swoop of the red savages.

The men who spend their lives looking for quinine trees are called cascarilleros. They are sepia-colored savages, good natured most of the time, but always ready to fight when they think they have been wronged. They are, for the most part, Indians from the interior, men who are wiry, tireless and absolutely without fear. Now and then they will go out on their own hook and, after traversing hundreds of miles of wild forest, will set up their ajoupas, or four-stilted huts, and proceed to gather bark by peeling the cinchona trees. In order to endure the fatigues of the tramp through the forests, the labors of climbing the mountains and the long days of thirst and hunger, they carry with them little leathern bags which contain leaves of the cocoa plant, which they chew, mixed with lime. This is a wonderful stimulant, and the fatigue which a cascarillero can endure when using cocoa is something wonderful.

We had in our band several of the best bark hunters known to the quinine hunters of the region. One in particular, Juan, the terrible, (terrible on account of his voice,) was a man of 40, as wiry as a withe. He seemed to smell the cinchona blossoms long before we reached the forest that contained the trees, and to the jealous disgust of his rivals he would go straight to the clump, and picking up leaves where the others saw none would carry his find in triumph to the examinador.

The quinine tree often deceives the hunter. The leaves are not always found where the tree is, but are blown for miles through the forest by the wind. Sometimes the tree itself is so covered with creepers as to be entirely hidden, and the keenest barkers will pass and repass it without finding it. I recall an instance of an old cascarillero who, after stripping all the trees near his camp, was about to remove, when happening to cut down some vines that had encircled another tree, discovered the father of all the quina-quina trees in the forest—one that netted him a small fortune.

The most precious of the cinchonas are those that produce the grayish bark, and these are the most sought after. Often I have been almost overcome by the fragrance of a clump of quinine trees, for they bear sweet-smelling blossoms and the whole forest is filled with odors like those wafted from the bowers of "Araby the blest."

The scenes of a quinine camp are vivid and interesting. The cascarilleros are a jolly, devil-may-care lot of fellows who want to make enough to enable them to have a good time when they get back to the cities, where they can while away the time drinking chicha or making love to the dark-eyed and dark-haired damsels of the same. They work with a vim while they do work. The tall trees fall beneath their axes and the bark is stripped off by willing hands. The method of taking the bark has not changed since the days of old. The bark itself is divided into stems of uniform length, after which the outer rind is removed without injuring the precious wood or severing any of the fibers.

The bark is taken from the main trunk of the tree in flat pieces, but that stripped from the smaller branches is allowed to retain its form and has received the name of quill bark. The natives, who have a separate name of their own for everything, call it canuto. The bark is next sewn up in canvas bags, with perhaps an outer covering of fresh hide. Thus shaped, it is called seroons, and is ready to go back to the coast on the backs of mules and natives for shipment.

This brief description gives no one an idea of the labor necessary to get the gray powder, which is used all over the world, into the drug stores of civilization. It gives no one an idea of the trials, the terrors and the sufferings of those who go out to look for the quina tree.

If the Countess of Cinchon had not fallen ill more than 200 years ago, the quina tree would not have been brought into the prominence it holds to-day. If the bark had been known to materia medica when Alexander the Great lay ill of his last fever in the Palace of Babylon, the whole face of the old world might have been changed. Oliver Cromwell died of a malady which would have yielded to quinine, and if it had been known to his physicians perhaps the excesses of Charles II. would not occupy the room they take up on the pages of royal history.

Everywhere along the Quinine Trail are scenes met with in no other quarter of the globe. The forests are filled with the most beautiful flowers, some of which have never been described by the most ambitious botanist. I have seen whole acres of verbenas, lupines, parti-colored salvias, and fuchsias. Everywhere bloom in all their loveliness the most fragrant heliotropes; the creepers that reach to

A CASCARILLERO DANCING.

the tops of trees that seem to lose their majestic forms in the sky, are covered with wild flowers which sometimes deceive the most careful. I remember one morning while breaking camp, I strolled into the forest and found standing on a knoll a tree which was covered with a network of vines, some of which encircled the trunk like cordage. All over this mass of creepers were flowers of a dozen hues, and they were seen far up among the lofty branches of the tree. I admired a flower that looked strange and fairer than its neighbors, and calling a cascarillero I asked him to ascend and bring it down.

The man went up the vines as the sailor ascends the ropes on shipboard. He found not only the flower seen by me, but one worth two of it in beauty and botanical value, and bringing it down laid it at my feet as if the feat was an every-day affair with him. Yet this man had risked his life in the service, for some of the vines of the Quinine Trail exude a deadly poison when pressed, and it is death to bruise them with the naked hand.

The Montana is inhabited by bands of the most savage Indians. These red demons live along the streams that flow through the region, and are to be seen at odd hours watching you through the dark parts of the wood. They carry arrows tipped with a deadly poison which they obtain from a tribe far northward. This poison is so virulent that a monkey shot by them in the tallest tree, though but slightly wounded, is dead in less than 10 seconds. The Chunchos, the most savage of all the natives of the Montana, have a fashion of wearing the black quills of a porcupine through their lips. These quills stick out in every direction and render the wearers hideous. They march to war in small bands, and as they wear no clothes at all they have no modesty.

The Chuncho is dreaded by everything in the quinine region. The jaguar, which will fight any other Indian, seems to have a wholesale dread of this savage monarch of the trail, and will flee with a cry of fear when he approaches. One of our men picked up an arrow in the forest, and in examining it pricked his finger until the blood came. In less than five minutes he was rolling on the ground in the most torturing agony and the finger had swelled nearly to bursting. What was to be done we did not know, but Juan, the Terrible, coming up, seized the hand, and while the sufferer shut his teeth till they seemed to crack he severed it at the wrist and threw the severed member into the fire.

The cascarillero recovered, but will never forget the day he picked up a Chuncho arrow in the forest.

The animals that live on the Quinine Trail are many, but few are dangerous to human life. The most ferocious is the jaguar, which is the lion of South America. He reposes his spotted body in the forks of some tree, and, as he never seems to sleep, will lie in wait for his prey. Woe to the man or animal that passes under his ambush. He leaps downward with a shrill cry, which the victim hears too late, and in an instant the teeth of the brute are buried in the throat and he is drinking the warm blood. Now and then the jaguar and the ant-eater come together in mortal combat.

Now the spotted pest finds his match, for the great ant-eater is no mean antagonist, and his terrible claws have disemboweld more than one confident jaguar. Juan and I were witnesses of one of these duels one morning. The jaguar, sure of victory, had sneaked up on the ant-eater, and at one wild spring had gained the old fellow's back. But in the twinkling of an eye the ant-eater whirled, and in another second the black claws, which he uses for tearing open the homes of the ant, had fastened in the jaguar's back.

It was a contest worth looking at; the two combatants seemed to shake the earth with their struggles, but at last the bullet of Juan found the jaguar's skull, and as he rolled from the ant-eater there was a rush toward the nearest thicket, and we saw the bleeding form of the jaguar's enemy vanish there.

Some of the most beautiful birds of the world make music all along the Quinine Trail. The forest is filled with macaws and parrots; trogons look down upon the bark hunters from their homes on the hollow trees, and along the rivers and around the marshes gather troops of herons and egrets of the richest plumage imaginable. The natives secure the birds by the long-bow, which they bend with their legs, lying down on their backs and picking off the birds as they rise from the lakes and soar through the air in flocks. These bows are so strong that the average man cannot bend one

A QUININE TRAIL SIESTA.

by hand, but the Chunchos and Purus bend them with ease with their feet, and the arrow that is released hurtles through the air with the swiftness of a bullet.

The saddest sights that greet the eye of the bark hunter is the abandoned ajoupa, which tells the tale of some unfortunate cascarillero who preceded him to the forest in quest of the quina tree. Here is the little shelter which the barker erected in the wood, and near by his water-jug and the image of his saint; for the bark hunter always sets out blessed by some priest, and carrying in his bag the image of his guardian saint. He found the trees, perhaps, or mayhap died far from the objects of his quest. Now and then the scattered bones of the poor fellow tells his true fate, and in the sand near by one may find the track of that terror of the woods, the jaguar—man hunter of the quinine wilds.

When the cascarillero wants to look for trees he will ascend a tall monarch of the forest, and from its topmost branches look over the foliaged waste until he sees a dark-green spot, which tells him that the quinine tree is there. Sometimes these spots are hard to find, even after being sighted, and I have heard of barkers who saw a group of quina trees from one of the natural lookouts, and then hunted for it for days, only to give up the quest and turn in another direction. The cascarillero will stand and look at the examinador as he turns the lanceolate and heavily veined leaves over and over in his hands, and the expression which sometimes comes to his face is actually painful. He may have forded rivers for that particular leaf; he may have had a brush with a tapir, or fought the jaguar to reach the prize, and if it should turn out to be an inferior leaf, or the leaf of a tree practically worthless to commerce, he will walk away saying nothing, but with his teeth hard set and his eye ablaze.

Some barkers tear up the roots of the cinchonas, in order to get every mite of bark. Others let these remain, for in some regions the roots will produce new trees in six years; in others, the colder lands, it requires 20 to produce a new tree. The barker is eager to get all he can out of the trip. He may never come that way again, and is afraid that some other might come after him and reap a rich harvest from his mercy.

The homeward journey from the quinine country is accompanied with jollity. The rich voices of the merry cascarilleros ring out on the night and around the campfires they tell their adventures, and if the "long bow" is drawn again the story tellers can be pardoned, for they are licensed characters. Suddenly the scene is broken by a cry, the lie is passed, and the tall figures of two barkers stand in the firelight with knives drawn. The name of some dusky Cleopatra has been mentioned by a rival; he may have slighted her charms in his remarks, and if some examinador does not spring between the rivals the knife becomes red, and there is another grave along the Quinine Trail.

Fortunately we returned to Loxa without the loss of a single man. The barker who lost his hand by picking up the poisoned arrow was rewarded above the others by the house for which we were gathering bark, and this seemed to compensate him for the loss of the member. I parted with the little company with genuine regret, for when you have camped out and shared dangers with men—no matter if some of them are sepia-colored savages—you form friendships that are endearing; you learn to respect the dark fellows who take their lives in their hands when they go over the mountains and thread the death-strewn trails of the Montana for the bark which has blessed the world ever since the Countess of Cinchon felt the powder in her system.

There are trails and trails, but the trackless forests that yield the quinine bark afford the most adventure and present the most alluring scenery of them all.

ANARCHY AT COAL CREEK.

Severe Fighting in the Mining Regions of Tennessee.

All this past week anarchy has reigned supreme in the mining regions north of Knoxville, Tenn. The mob took actual possession of the East Tennessee Railroad in the neighborhood of Coal Creek and Oliver's. They cut the wires, tore up the tracks, and captured every locomotive in the mining regions.

On Tuesday night about a thousand miners captured three locomotives at Coal Creek, took them to Oliver's Springs, and at 7 o'clock the next morning attacked the stockade where the convicts were confined.

The stockade was defended by 50 picked guards and a company of 38 militiamen. Two companies of National Guards en route from Chattanooga via Harriman were compelled to take the side track a few miles from Oliver's on account of displaced rails. Hundreds of shots were exchanged, but, strange to say, no one was injured. Guards and militia, seeing that it was useless to combat a force of 1,000 infuriated and determined men, quietly surrendered. The convicts, guards, and soldiers were loaded on a train of flat cars, and the engineer, at the point of a Winchester rifle, was compelled to pull the train out in the direction of Knoxville. The stockade was then burned to the ground, and the convicts and troops were sent to Nashville, where the convicts were again imprisoned.

Meanwhile the people in Chattanooga were in a most excited state. Fear seized upon Knoxville. A political scheme is said in a large measure to be responsible for the outrages. Gov. Buchanan, it was charged, refused to call out the entire State militia to quell the riot, solely to boost his independent canvas for re-election. He appealed to the rioters for votes, and declined to call out the troops against them. However, at last Gov. Buchanan ordered out the entire State militia, under Gen. Samuel T. Carnes, and made requisitions on the sheriffs of the neighboring towns for 500 men or more. The militia were in a badly-organized state, and not particularly willing to go after 3,000 desperate miners, men who in the past have been known as hard fighters and sturdy mountain-men.

Word was sent on the morning of Aug. 18 to Gov. Buchanan that if he did not at once order the withdrawal of troops and convicts they would attack the fort at Coal Creek, where 130 soldiers were penned up, before daylight. The Governor evaded direct answer in his dispatch replying, and they sent word again. The Governor this time answered that he would remove the soldiers and convicts in a few days. The miners at Coal Creek that day received large reinforcements from Kentucky.

Col. Woolford departed from Chattanooga Thursday morning with a small detachment of the 3d regiment to relieve the sodiers at Coal Creek, who, by the way, had been there since the troubles of last year.

In the meantime the little garrison at Coal Creek fought and beat off the 3,000 miners, killing several and wounding many. This was as a result of a demand upon Gen. Anderson to surrender and to deliver up the convicts. Gen. Anderson then determined to hold the fort until the arrival of the 1st and 2d regiments under Gen. Carnes, and 3,000 men under six Sheriffs, who were speeding in the direction of Fort Anderson on special trains.

But Gen. Anderson on Thursday night was enticed into the village by five men coming to him under a flag of truce. The party met a mob, who took him to a hotel and tried to make him sign a paper for the surrender of the fort. Though threatened with hanging he held out.

At this juncture Brig.-Gen. Carnes arrived at Coal Creek. The miners in the telegraph office and in the village surrendered. The General then marched for the fort, and on the way had a sharp fight with about 300 miners, who surrendered after about 10 minutes. Anderson was delivered to Gen. Carnes, after 100 miners had been taken into custody and the General had threatened to burn the town and shoot the prisoners. He also caught Bud Lindsay, the miners' leader, a desperate character.

Several skirmishes took place at different points, and the men who left Knoxville for Coal Creek Thursday had a fight in which they lost three men killed, and two miners were also killed. Woolford,s men got nearly to Fort Anderson after a hard climb over the mountains, and were caught in an ambush and returned to Offutt's badly demoralized.

The War Department on Friday, in response to an appeal from Gov. Buchanan for aid, sent from Rock Island arms and ammunition to the scene of trouble. Six hundred rifles and 30,000 rounds of cartridges arrived at Knoxville Aug. 21.

The State Board of Prison Inspectors has resolved that in accordance with the contract with the Tennessee, Coal, Iron and Railroad Company, all convicts in excess of 400, and women and hospital inmates, must be removed from the penitentiary, in which there are now 1,070. The Board agrees to furnish guards for the safe keeping of the convicts wherever the company may desire to locate them.

Gen. Carnes telegraphed the Governr yesterday that on Monday trials of all his prisoners against whom cases could be made out would be begun before a Civil Magistrate at Clinton. Adjt.-Gen. Norman replied: "Procure best counsel obtainable and send all prisoners bound over to Knoxville jail for safe keeping." The charges against the prisoners will be murder, attempted murder, assault and battery and resisting officers.

Wisconsin Sawmill Men Strike.

About 1,000 sawmill employes at Eau Claire, Wis., struck for 10 hours and 11 hours' pay on Aug. 22, and the plants of five lumber companies, including all 11-hour mills, are idle. No definite reply has been made by the mill-owners to the committees, but there are no indications that the demand will be granted. The strikers are orderly.

The customary price of G. A. R. cards is $2 per 100, but THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE will furnish you with 100, having a fine picture of you.

THE GREAT REBELLION.

Chronological Record of Operations from March 12 to 20, 1862.

NEW BERNE, N. C.

Organization of Corps, Army of the Potomac.

POUND GAP, KY.

Operations About New Madrid, Mo., and Island No. 10.

(Compiled from the Official Records of the War.)

1862.

March 12.—The U. S. S. gunboats Tyler and Lexington, under Lieut. Wm. Gwin, engaged the Confederate battery at Chickasaw, Ala.

Reconnoissance by the U. S. gunboats Winona, Kineo, and Kennebec, under Comdr. H. H. Bell, up the Mississippi River to within five miles of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, cutting the telegraph lines along the river and chasing two Confederate gunboats above the forts.

Co. E, 8th Kan., lost one man wounded in a skirmish near Aubrey, Kan.

The British schooner Fairplay, of Halifax, N. S., was captured by the U. S. bark Gem of the Sea off Georgetown, S. C.

March 13.—The active portion of the Army of the Potomac was formed into army corps, as follows: First Corps, Maj.-Gen. Irvin McDowell, to consist of the divisions of Franklin, McCall, and King. Second Corps, Brig.-Gen. E. V. Sumner, divisions, Richardson, Blenker, and Sedgwick. Third Corps, Brig.-Gen. S. P. Heintzelman, divisions, F. J. Porter, Hooker, and Hamilton. Fourth Corps, Brig.-Gen. E. D. Keyes, divisions, Couch, Smith, and Casey. Fifth Corps, Maj.-Gen. N. P. Banks, divisions, Williams and Shields.

Gen. Robert E. Lee assigned to duty at Richmond, and, under the direction of the President, charged with the conduct of military operations in the armies of the Confederacy.

Maj.-Gen. H. W. Halleck assumed command of the Department of the Mississippi.

President Davis requested the Governor of Louisiana to proclaim martial law in his name over the Parishes of Orleans, Jefferson, St. Bernard, and Plaquemine. On the 15th martial-law was declared by Maj.-Gen. Lovell, C. S. Army, over the Parishes named.

Detachments of the 6th Mo. Cav. and 3d Iowa Cav. lost four men killed, 18 wounded and one missing in action at Spring River, Ark.

March 13-14.—Expedition of the U. S. S. Potomska and Pocahontas, under Comdr. S. W. Godon, up the Altamaha River to within sight of Darien, Ga., removing two sets of obstructions across that river.

March 14.—Brig.-Gen. W. S. Rosecrans assumed command of the Mountain Department.

Brig.-Gen. J. H. Trapier, C. S. Army, was assigned to the command of the Department of Middle and East Florida; the western boundary of this department to be the Choctawhatchie River.

NEW BERNE, N. C.

Brig.-Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside, U. S. Army. Comdr. S. C. Rowan, U. S. Navy. Brig.-Gen. L. O'B. Branch, C. S. Army.

COMPOSITION OF FORCES.

U. S. ARMY—*First Brigade*—Brig.-Gen. John G. Foster—23d, 24th, 25th and 27th Mass., and 10th Conn. *Second Brigade*—Brig.-Gen. Jesse L. Reno—21st Mass., 51st N. Y., 9th N. J. and 51st Pa. *Third Brigade*—Brig.-Gen. John G. Parke—4th, 5th (1st battalion) R. I., 8th and 11th Conn. *Unassigned troops*—1st N. Y. Marine Art. (detachment), 99th N. Y. (Co. B).

U. S. NAVY—Gunboats Philadelphia, Stars and Stripes, Louisiana, Hetzel, Delaware, Commodore Perry, Valley City, Underwriter, Commodore Barney, Hunchback, Southfield, Morse, Henry Brinker, and J. L. Lockwood.

C. S. ARMY—7th, 19th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 33d, 35th, 37th N. C.; Whitehurst's N. C. Heavy Artillery, Clark's N. C. Militia, Brem's and Latham's batteries.

STRENGTH.

There is no definite statement in the Official Records of the number engaged on either side, and the returns furnish no satisfactory basis for an estimate.

CASUALTIES.

U. S. ARMY—90 killed, 380 wounded, and one captured or missing.

U. S. NAVY—Two killed and 11 wounded.

C. S. ARMY—64 killed, 101 wounded, and 413 captured or missing. Gen. Branch, in his official report, says of the missing: "About 200 are prisoners and the remainder at home."

A Union force consisting of the 2d E. Tenn., Co. A, 1st E. Tenn., Co. B, 49th Ind., and a detachment of 1st battalion Ky. Cav., under command of Col. James P. T. Carter, encountered a Confederate force under the command of Lieut.-Col. John F. White, at Big Creek Gap, and after a short skirmish of about five minutes, routed them, killing five, wounding 15 and capturing 15 prisoners. The command then proceeded to Jacksboro, Tenn., distant five miles, overtook the enemy, killed one and captured Capt. Edward Winston, of the sappers and miners. Union loss, one man wounded.

An expedition consisting of the division of Brig.-Gen. W. T. Sherman embarked on 19 steamboats at Savannah, Tenn., and escorted by the U. S. gunboat Tyler proceeded up the Tennessee River to the mouth of Yellow Creek, at Tyler's Landing, Tenn., where six companies of the 5th Ohio Cav. were disembarked and ordered to a point on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad near Burnsville to tear up the road and destroy trestle-work. The expedition failed on account of the severe rains and returned. On the 16th the command dropped down to Pittsburg Landing and disembarked and occupied that point.

New Madrid, Mo., was occupied by the Union forces under the command of Brig.-Gen. John Pope. The Confederates evacuated on the night of the 13th, leaving all their artillery, field batteries, and siege guns, amounting to 33 pieces, magazines full of fixed ammunition, several thousand stand of arms, boxes of musket cartridges, tents, and other properties. The Union loss during the operations against New Madrid was eight killed, 21 wounded—and three missing.

Flag Officer Foote, U. S. N., with the flotilla under his command, left Cairo, Ill., for Island No. 10 in the Mississippi River. The same day he arrived at Hickman, Ky., having been joined by the transports with 1,200 troops under Col. Buford.

Flag Officer Farragut, U. S. N., reports that he had succeeded in getting the U. S. S. Brooklyn over the bar at the mouth of the Mississippi River.

March 14-16.—The 57th N. Y., 3d Pa. Cav., McClellan Dragoons, and 5th and 6th U. S. Cav., under the command of Brig.-Gen. Geo. H. Stoneman, went on a reconnoissance to Cedar Run, Va. Six men wounded, three by the enemy and three accidentally.

March 15.—The States of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida constituted a military department, to be called the Department of the South, and Maj.-Gen. David Hunter assigned to the command. The expeditionary forces under Brig.-Gen. T. W. Sherman included in the command.

Flag Officer A. H. Foote, U. S. N., with the gunboats Benton, Cincinnati, Carondelet, Conestoga, Mound City, St. Louis, and Pittsburg, the ordnance boats Judge Torrence and Great Western, and 14 mortar boats under Capt. Henry E. Maynadier, U. S. A., arrived above Island No. 10, Mississippi River. The same evening two mortar boats got into position and opened the bombardment of Island No. 10 and fortifications on the Tennessee shore, which was kept up by the fleet, without a day's intermission, until April 7.

Co. D, 7th Mo. S. M. Cav., engaged in a skirmish at Marshall, Mo.

March 15.—Capt. John H. Morgan, Confederate Cavalry, with 40 men, left Murfreesboro for Gallatin, Tenn., reaching that place about 4 p. m. on the 16th. They succeeded in intercepting the mail, destroyed a large quantity of the rolling stock of the railroad, water-tanks, etc. They reached Shelbyville on their return on the 19th.

March 16.—Brig.-Gen. James A. Garfield, U. S. Army, with 600 infantry and 100 cavalry, attacked a body of rebels at Pound Gap, on the summit of the Cumberland Mountains, under Maj. John B. Thompson, 21st Va. battalion, routed them after a fight of less than 20 minutes, occupied and destroyed their camp. No casualties on Union side; Confederate loss reported at seven killed and wounded.

Co. L, 4th Ill. Cav., lost three men wounded in a skirmish near Pittsburg Landing, Tenn.

Co. A, Booneville battalion M. S. M., while on a scouting expedition in the neighborhood of Marshall, Mo., routed a Secession camp, killing three men and capturing some prisoners.

The Confederate schooners Eugenie and President, loaded with cotton, were captured by the U. S. S. Owasco off the mouth of the Mississippi River.

March 17.—The embarkation of the Army of the Potomac, en route for the Virginia Peninsula, commenced at Alexandria, Va.

Maj.-Gen. John A. Dix notified the Police Commissioners of Baltimore that the police force established under the authority of the Government would be placed under their control on the 20th.

The ironclads under Flag Officer A. H. Foote, U. S. Navy, made an attack on the forts near Island No. 10. The flagship Benton received five shots, a rifle gun burst aboard the St. Louis, killing and wounding 14 officers and men, and the Cincinnati had her engine injured by a shot.

The C. S. S. Nashville escaped from Beaufort, N. C. The same night she ran into Georgetown, S. C., where she was sold, and afterward called the Rattlesnake.

March 18.—The 7th Ind. engaged in a skirmish at Middletown, Va.

Five Confederate gunboats engaged for one and one-half hours the batteries below Point Pleasant, Mo. Gen. Pope reports one gunboat sunk and "several badly damaged."

The British ship Emily St. Pierre, Capt. Wilson, loaded with gunny cloth, was captured by the U. S. S. James Adger, off Charleston, S. C. A prize crew was put on board and she was ordered to Philadelphia. On March 21 her Captain, with his cook and steward, who had been left on board, recaptured and carried her to Liverpool, England.

March 19.—Battery H, 1st Ohio L. A., and the 8th Ohio engaged in a skirmish at Strasburg, Va.

Co. C, 3d W. Va., lost two men wounded and one missing in a skirmish at Elk Mountain, W. Va.

The 1st Iowa Cav. engaged in a sharp skirmish four miles southeast of Leesville, Mo., killed two, wounded one, and captured 10 men, with some guns, horses and saddles. Casualties, four men wounded.

Lieut.-Col. John H. Jackson, 3d N. H., with a detachment of his regiment went on a reconnoissance up May River, S. C. They were accompanied by a detachment from the 3d R. I., with a 12-pounder howitzer. The Confederates were encountered at Buckingham and on Hunting Island, and some pickets captured. The command returned to Hilton Head, S. C., on the 24th.

Brig.-Gen. J. R. Anderson, C. S. Army, superseded Brig.-Gen. R. C. Gatlin in command of the Department of North Carolina.

Col. W. S. Dilworth, C. S. Army, was assigned to the command of the Department of Florida, relieving Brig.-Gen. J. H. Trapier, who was directed to proceed to Decatur, Ala., and report for duty to Gen. A. S. Johnston.

March 19-20.—Lieut.-Col. Powell Clayton, 5th Kan. Cav., with a detachment of his regiment marched from Dry Wood to Carthage, Mo., dashing into the town on the 20th, capturing 15 or 20 prominent rebels. He lost three men wounded, and while out with a foraging party one of his men was captured.

March 19-23.—Capt. Thomas W. Houts, Mo. S. M., on the 19th sent 15 men of his command to the plantation of Mrs. Sarah B. Brinker, near Warrensburg, Mo., where they found 125 kegs of powder. On the 22d a detachment of 20 men were sent to arrest some men supposed to be concealed in the house of a Mrs. Burgess, 10 miles southeast of Warrensburg. They killed three and burned the house, losing one man killed and one wounded.

March 20.—Brig.-Gen. O. O. Howard, U. S. Army, with 81st Pa. and 8th Ill. Cav., made a reconnoissance along the Manassas Gap Railroad to Gainesville, Va.

Maj.-Gen. N. P. Banks, U. S. Army, assumed command of the Fifth Corps.

A detachment of the 1st N. J. Cav. made a reconnoissance to Dumfries, Va.

The 1st W. Va. Cav. lost one man wounded in a skirmish at Philippi, W. Va.

Maj.-Gen. Benjamin F. Butler assumed command of the Department of the Gulf.

March 20-21.—Expedition of the U. S. gunboats Louisiana, Delaware and Commodore Perry, under Lieut. A. Murray, accompanied by the 24th Mass., under Col. Stevenson, to Washington, N. C., discovered the batteries abandoned and guns removed. They took possession of the town without resistance.

You will have to pay $2 per 100 for ordinary G. A. R. cards, but THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE will furnish you 100 with a fine picture of yourself on each for only $3. See advertisement in another column.

Interviewed the Outlaws.

A Pittsburg *Times* reporter interviewed the notorious Cooley gang in Fayette County, Pa. He got word to them that he wished to visit them. After waiting six days, during which time he was watched and questioned, a messenger came to him, telling him that he would have to go unarmed, permit himself to be searched, and if anyone followed, the reporter and the followers would be killed.

In the midst of a forest, the reporter was blindfolded and led into the presence of five of the gang who were assembled in a natural opening. Frank Cooley, the leader, is about 25 years of age, and is one of a family of 15.

In the interview Frank Cooley said that he would give himself up if guaranteed that he would not receive more than four years' imprisonment. Jack Ramsey has no thought of giving himself up, and says he will not be taken alive.

Confederate Veterans.

Gen. J. B. Gordon, of New Orleans, Commanding Confederate Veterans, Association, made the following appointments in conformity with a resolution unanimously passed by the late Convention of the United Confederate Veterans held at New Orleans, April 8, 1892, as a committee whose duty it shall be to memorialize the Governors and Legislatures of the several States and Territories which composed the late Confederate States (which have not already done so), requesting that adequate provisions be made for maimed and helpless Confederate veterans and their widows: Lieut.-Gen. Wade Hampton, Columbia, S. C., Chairman; Hon. John W. Daniel, Richmond, Va.; ex-Gov. Robert Lowery, Jackson, Miss.; ex-Gov. D. S. Ross, College Station, Tex.; ex-Gov. James Eagle, Little Rock, Ark.

No Trouble With Turkey.

The Turkish Minister says that the Sultan will make reparation for any injury to persons or property that may have been committed by his subjects at Konia. His Excellency has not received any information himself directly about the reported troubles in Konia, involving the persons and property of any Americans, but he hopes that they are not true. He says that the Sultan will immediately investigate the matter.

The Cholera.

The cholera is spreading. The municipality of St. Petersburg, Russia, continues very active in its endeavors to control the epidemic. The prejudice against the doctors which prevails among the masses of the people is so deep rooted as to have called forth a formal and categorical denial from the authorities of the absurd rumors of cholera patients in the hospitals being buried alive. It is believed that the alleged burial alive of cholera patients can be traced to the fact called attention to by the Vienna physician that the corpses of those who have perished by cholera are for some time after death subject to convulsive movements of some muscles, or even of whole groups of muscles. These phenomena appear about three hours after death and last longer than three hours.

During the past week some 10,000 people have died in Russia, and thousands of cases are reported every day.

All the European countries are exercising every precaution to prevent the spread or entrance of the disease.

Don't put off your orders for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE Portrait Cards a single day. It is only a few weeks now until the Encampment, and there will be a great rush for them as the time nears. First come, first served.

OUR RURAL TOPICS.

Some Practical Suggestions for Our Agricultural Readers.

EARLY AND LATE LAMBING.

Sheep raising as a business is dependent upon forethought and calculation. There are certain principles to be observed and carried out, and these constitute systematic sheep husbandry.

The breeding season will soon be here again, and it would be well to carefully arrange for next year's lamb crop. Presuming that this subject has been thought out so far as purposes and the means to secure the ends sought, the intention of this paper will be to discuss the propriety and feasibility of breeding for early or late lambs. Much must depend upon the climate, the artificial preparations in the way of adequate shelter, proper food supplies, the Winter management of the ewes, the breed, somewhat, and the industry and sagacity of the shepherd.

To the man who gives his efforts to raising Spring or house lambs, the question of early breeding is all-important. The stud-flock breeder finds an advantage in breeding early, and uses the utmost precautions that every lamb shall have the attention necessary to its welfare and thrift.

The average sheep raiser and wool grower who makes the flock a secondary consideration on the farm; who does not expect to lose any sheep nor to sleep in the sheep barn during lambing time; whose preparations for saving the lambs are poor, and who expects to trust to "luck and Providence"—to such the question has vital importance.

There are arguments and advantages on both sides of this question. Where the climate is liable to variations and storms that a new-born lamb would perish, unless wise precautions for its safety were made, the conclusion for Winter lambs is improvident, cruel, and criminal. Where food rations and some pasturage are secured and possible that favor the healthy and indispensable supplies of milk, much of the losses and anxieties of this critical period will be relieved. No period in the handling of flocks can compare with lambing under unfavorable and adverse circumstances, as can be referred to by any experienced and anxious shepherd. Nothing can compare with the worry of a man who has been caught by misfortunes at a time when cold storms prevail, lambs coming, and a lot of ewes without milk.

There is more time on the farm to give to the flock in early Spring or late Winter than later on. An early lamb that survives gets a big send-off when grass comes, goes through the Fall, and passes the weaning period in better shape than a late lamb. As sheep are ordinarily handled after they are returned to pasture, a March lamb will be worth two or three June lambs in the Fall after they are weaned. Lambs that come after the ewes are sheared and on pasture give very little anxiety to the shepherd. Under such favorable circumstances very few losses need occur.

Late lambs that are pushed from yeaning to weaning may be expected to enter sheephood in excellent shape, and with uniform certainty of making good, useful sheep. Late lambs, though, that are subjected to short feed and starvation, become stunted, and cannot resist the sure attacks of parasites, and often die in the Fall and Winter. Such lambs are a shame and loss to the farmer.

In Illinois it was a good rule to breed the flock after Nov. 3. The lambs began to come April 3, when the weather was usually more settled than earlier. "Circumstances alter cases," and the flock owner must be governed by experience and circumstances that favor the safety and convenience of his case.—*American Farmer.*

FRUIT FOR THE FARMER.

Prof. Honeycutts, of Georgia, in an address before a recent meeting of the American Nurserymen at Atlanta, expressed his deep regret that so many farmers in different parts of the United States entirely neglected fruit-tree planting for home supplies. They appear not to be aware that the health of their families and the happiness of their children depend very much on these luxuries. There is no reason why they should not have a good supply of excellent apples, peaches, pears, plumbs, strawberries, and raspberries, where now they are never seen. The plantations may cost but little, and the conveyance of the ripe fruit from the trees to the table will not be attended with the labor and expense of assorting, packing, shipping, railway conveyance, and commission required for those who raise fruit for money. It is lamentable that such is the fact, yet, nevertheless, it is true in many instances.

HOG CHOLERA SYMPTOMS.

Symptoms of hog cholera are described by the Iowa State Board of Health as follows: The presence of the disease is indicated by a cold shivering, lasting from a few seconds to several hours; frequent sneezing, followed by a loss of appetite; rough appearance of the hair, drooping of the ears, stupidness, attempts to vomit, tendency to root the bedding, to lie down in dark and quiet places, dullness of the eyes, often dim; sometimes swelling of the head, eruptions of the ears and other parts of the body, dizziness, laborious breathing, vitiated appetite for dung, dirty and salty substances, accumulation of mucus in inner corner of the eye, discharge from the nose, fetid, offensive odor of the discharges from the bowels, offensive exhalations; diarrheal discharges are simi-fluid, of grayish-green color and often mixed with blood. In many cases the skin on the belly between the hind legs, behind the ears and even on the nose has numerous red spots which toward the fatal termination turn purple. As the disease progresses, the animal becomes sluggish, the head droops with the nose near the ground, but usually will be found lying down with the nose hid in the bedding. If there has been costiveness, about two days before death there will be offensive, fetid discharge; the voice becomes faint and hoarse; the animal is stupid, emaciation increases rapidly; the skin becomes dry, hard and very unclean, there is a cold, clammy sweat, and death soon follows with convulsions, or gradually by exhaustion, without a struggle. In chronic cases or those of long duration, the animal becomes weak, lies down most of the time, eats but little, and has the diarrhea. These cases may linger for weeks, scattering the poison of the disease in the discharge wherever they go.

HARNESS CLOSETS.

We do not know who wrote the following, but we know it holds a good deal of truth and some suggestions that, carried out, would save many a dollar now spent for harness: "The regulation horse stable generally contains a parallel row of stalls, back of which is a partition or outer wall, to which are attached pegs for harnesses, halters, blankets, etc. A little shelf above may hold curry-combs, brushes, and a few bottles of lotion. The harnesses frequently drop to the floor and are trampled on by the horses, or even if they are securely fastened to the pegs the leather catches all the flying dirt, which gives them a dingy appearence. They are also exposed to the corrosive ammonial gases. Why not keep them suspended in tight closets as we do our wearing apparel? Such closets can be made to utilize space which would otherwise be unoccupied, and not in the least interfere with the convenience of the stable. There are at least two vacant corners in nearly every stable in which the closets may be placed. Measure from the corner each way on the wall about five feet. At each terminal point strike a plumb line from ceiling to floor, marking it plainly so that boards can be accurately matched to it. Tack to the floor a square-edged cleat, running from the line on one wall to that on the other. Measure the desired width of a door in the center of the cleat and set in two light uprights, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, using matched lumber. Saw it in lengths to reach from door-casing to outside corners, sawing the farther ends beveling to fit neatly against the stall-wall. Above the door full-length boards can continue to the ceiling, and, with a door hung, the closet is nearly complete. All that remains is to fasten the pegs or wooden hooks to the wall inside, whereon are to be hung the harnesses. The whole is a simple job, which any farmer with a saw and hammer can do in half a day."

Instantly Killed.

[*New York Sun.*]

At Stone River I saw an infantryman struck between the shoulders by a solid shot. He was flung forty feet or more and reduced to a pulp, and yet he was gasping thirty seconds after being struck. At Second Bull Run the man next to me on the right was shot through the center of the forehead. We were kneeling. He had his gun to his face and had fired the shot and cried out, "My God, I'm hit!" before he fell over on his side.

While we were forming a battle-line in the streets of Fredericksburg a rifled shell exploded in the ranks about 20 feet away. One man was blown to fragments—so completely wiped off the face of the earth that not a finger of him was to be found. The shell probably exploded just as it hit him. The man on his right had a leg and an arm blown off and was flung 10 feet away, yet he was living and trying to speak half a minute later. The one on his left was cut in two above the hips and one of his arms blown over the heads of the second line just forming. This man's eyes did not close for 20 seconds.

At Spottsylvania a Sergeant on my right was shot through the heart as the lines were advancing. The body was afterward examined by the Surgeon, and he said the bullet had passed through the heart. The man advanced at least four steps after being hit, and then clutched at a sapling and said: "Keep right on; I've been hit!" He must have lived fully 30 seconds after receiving the shot. In the cemetery at Gettysburg three of us were lying down behind a monument which had toppled over and were using it as a breastwork. The man on the left was struck by some missle, probably a fragment of shell, which uncovered the whole top of his head. He laid his gun aside, stood up at full hight, and then shrieked out and fell. As we turned to him he raised his right arm and his lips moved as if he were trying to give us some message.

Just What He Was Looking For.

[*Boston Courier.*]

Uncle—Mornin', sah! Hain't dis de mos' hottes' wedder dat yo' mos' ebber spe'unce?

Passer—It's been intensely hot, uncle, but it isn't the heat that prostrates; it's the unusual amount of moisture in the air.

Uncle—Mysture? Why, boss, I's been lookin' fo' dat all de mornin' an' I hain't foun' ernough ter toxicate a shrimp. P'int me ter some dis mysture, gentermen, and I 'low yo' I make der road 'pear zigerzag on de way home.

A Dark Secret.

[*New York Weekly.*]

Algy—I say, Cholly, how do you manage to get such nice-fitting clothes, don't ye know?

Cholly (mysteriously)—Don't you tell.

"'Pon houah."

"I have 'em made in this country."

A Long Time.

[*Boston Courier.*]

Will Poet—How long is it before one can enjoy the first fruits from a poem?

Old Author—About 40 years.

Will Poet—Forty years?

Old Author—Yes. Twenty minutes to write it, and 39 years, 11 months, 30 days, 23 hours, and 40 minutes to get a publisher to take it.

Signs of Greatness.

[*Boston Herald.*]

Gravely—I have been examining your boy on the results of his schooling. I think I can say that he has, beyond question, the germs of greatness in him.

Wantart—Indeed! I am delighted to hear you say so. But what was there in the examination that emphasized the conclusion you have drawn?

Gravely—The illegibility of his handwriting.

A Great Breach of Friendship

[*Boston Courier.*]

On the death of a celebrated French journalist the following story was told of him.

He was once very sick and the visiting physician gave him up as lost. "I cannot do anything for you," he said," you must die."

Another doctor was, however, called in, who succeed in curing him.

The first time the convalescent took a stroll he met his first doctor, who—greatly surprised—said he thought him no more among the living.

"Well, you see," said the patient, "when you left, Doctor V. was called in and he succeeded in building me up again."

"Oh! well! well! A man whom I thought my friend! Really it was not at all nice in him."

How Quick Things Changed.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

Slumper—Did you go clear up to the top of the peak?

Jimpson—Yes, indeed.

Slumper—And did things really seem changed in the rarefied air?

Jimpson—Well, I should remark. A $5 bill I started with entirely disappeared before I had been there 10 minutes.

The Best for the Blood.

[*Chicago Inter Ocean.*]

Miss Hitone—I see by the paper that Miss Catchon gave a lovely golden-rod tea

Aunt Samanthy—Poor thing; I reckon she didn't know it, but dandelion tea is a great sight better for the blood.

The Mysteries of the Telephone.

[*Chicago Inter Ocean.*]

Josiah—Mandy, I've heerd of them city folks bein' greedy, but this beats me.

Mandy—What is it, Josiah?

Josiah—A little plainly-dressed feller walked in en rung a bell and told 'em to give him New York City, and I reckon they did fur he said all right.

Unsatisfactory Fare.

[*Street & Smith's Good News.*]

First Boy—Goin' to th' Sunday-school picnic?"

Second Boy—No; went las' year."

"What was the matter with it?"

"Too much talk 'bout th' goodness of our Heavenly Father, an' not enough ice cream."

Advice to Summer Outers.

[*New York Herald.*]

Cover the bottom of your boat with barbed wire before starting. It will be easier to cling to.

Take several extra oars. You will find them better than straws to catch at.

A private gas machine and a small balloon may often come handy. Get a machine that will work under water.

Never wear your best clothes in a boat. Save them to be buried in.

Taking Care of the Hands.

[*Peterson's.*]

A soft nail brush should be used in washing the hands. If any instrument be needed for the nails it should be of ivory, not of steel; if you use a sharp steel instrument you roughen the under surface, and they soon get unsightly and are more easily soiled. About once a week is often enough to trim the nails. Do not cut them too much down at the sides, else you may have an in-growing nail. Trim them oval or filbert, whichever suits the shape of the fingers best. Do not, however, leave them too long, or they may easily be likened to claws by people who don't love you.

Boarding-House Amenities.

[*Boston Courier.*]

Voice from the attic—Mrs. Skinner! Mrs. Skinner!

Voice from the basement—Well, Mr. Neverpay, what's the matter now?

"I told Katie this morning to put some oil in my lamp, and she never did it, and now it's gone out. This is the third time it's happened this week."

"Well, I thought you liked Mr. Kipling's stories."

"What in heaven's name have Kipling's stories got to do with my lamp?"

"Why, that's 'The Light That Failed.'"