BY JOHN McELROY.

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VII—(*continued*).

Basil Kanaris saw at once that with Ida in the citadel all hope of rescue by land was at an end. Intense feeling sometimes gives rapidity and sureness to judgment, and he had determined upon his plan while still unable to move. Dismissing all but sailors among his companions, he besought them to send any sea-going volunteers they might find to an appointed rendezvous, and, mounting a messenger on one of the ponies freely tendered by sympathizing acquaintances, sent him off to where his comrade, Michael Zagros, boldest of contraband traders, lay, with his swift Tartan, securely hidden in a small land-locked bay upon the eastern coast.

Next afternoon, while the Aglæ's crew of reckless mariners, trained in many a deed of hardihood and heart-stirring experience, were idling on board or resting under lofty cliffs that shaded a strip of grassy beach, they heard the shrill Sphakiot signal cry, and saw Kanaris's courier climbing down towards them with the agility of a mountain goat.

His tale was soon told, and met with a ready and fierce response. Not a man hesitated. Here was vengeance and booty combined, with nothing to risk but life. None on board the Chumpa knew them, and if any witnesses should be there they had their knives. Curses on the Turks and thanks be to the Saints at whose shrines they had offered. Away! Away! Thus they shouted in the same spirit with which their Corsair ancestors had boarded their galleys.

No delay was necessary. The beautiful little vessel was in perfect trim for a run to Negroponte, and while some sharpened swords or loaded firearms, others manned her long sweeps and she soon moved out to sea. But it was almost a dead calm even when they had got an offing, and the Tartan, light as she was, and with everything spread, crept slowly towards the point where Kanaris had appointed to meet her. What Homer calls the "infinite laughter" of the sparkling Ægean mocked their impatience. Finally, when the sun was low, that same southeaster which wafted Mehndi Ali's ship away filled their red-brown sails, and, bearing up from her outward board, the Aglæ flew onward along her course.

It was a long way round the eastern end of Candia, however, and hours before the awaiting party were on deck; but then Zagros himself steered his ship, and she swept over the white-crested waves like some dark-plumed swooping sea bird, sailing four feet to the Chumpa's two, and certain to overhaul her whenever the pursuers chose.

Marcus Kallimakis was with the rescuing crew. The young men urged him to stay behind and trust them to the work, but he declared that he could not live without his daughter, and he must know her fate at once. So the old man thrust a long dagger into his girdle and was assisted by Zagros to clamber up the Aglae's side to her deck.

Papa Demetrios, also, would be of the party, though still weak from the crushing blow of the sword of the kavass.

Meanwhile Mehndi and Suleiman sat on deck puffing chibouques while the latter explained to his morose companion what had kept him so late. It was the Pasha's custom, he said, to get drunk privately on most evenings—a reprehensible habit worthy of a Gaiour. He had done so on this occasion, and being asleep nobody dared wake him to sign their sailing orders. Then Suleiman observed that the siege of Kars had ruined his stomach, and on account of this, a holy Moolah advised an occasional dose of that liquor which those chattering, dancing devils, the French, called *eau de vie*. Pulling out a small flask they shared its contents, and then as both felt perfectly secure, now that the ship was on her way towards Stamboul, these worthies went to sleep.

Within the deck-house, faintly lighted by a swinging-lamp, their captive slumbered also, thralled in the death-like oblivion of perfect rest. The rose-tinted pillows imparted no tinge of color to Ida's pallid face, and, but for the slow, soft heaving of her breast, she might well have been taken for a sculptured form—some fair young goddess of that earlier day when Hellas realized ennobled beauty in its unsurpassable and perfect types.

Her women, Lanat and Ayesha, sat drowzily on watch, for they had been warned with direful threats that Greek girls often killed themselves rather than embrace fortune and pleasure. These sensuous creatures were as incapable of pitying Ida as they were of appreciating her lovliness; for to them, as to most Turks, there could be nothing attractive in a figure not overloaded with flesh. Therefore they wondered at the Pasha's perverted taste, compared Ida to a lean camel just back from the pilgrimage to Mecca, and prophesied that she would fail to find favor at Constantinople; but consoled themselves with visions of its gorgeous bazars and busy streets, with anticipated picnics in "the valley of sweet waters," and those delightful intrigues, scandals and gormandizings which the Seraglio would surely provide.

Days without events succeeded. The Chumpa sailed that storied sea, and in none whom she carried did its scenes revive a single memory. Zagros, his own less lofty ship invisible to those who kept no lookout aloft, perched himself on the yard, and studied her through a good old-fashioned English glass until all that was unseaworthy in this "ocean tramp" he was chasing fully revealed itself. Then he and Kanaris definitely determined to rescue Ida off the coast of Skyros. They knew that Mehndi Ali must have too little confidence in his vessel's weatherly qualities not to keep its western shore close aboard, now that the sirocco was blowing itself out and a levanter seemed to be brewing. Therefore when towards nightfall an easterly wind began to blow, the Aglæ's wings were spread under the murk and gloom of a threatening sky, she passed the chase unseen, and bore up for where Skyros sprawls upon the sea, its outstretched promontories horribly resembling the extruded body substance of some mighty protoplasmic monster lying in wait for prey.

There they lay concealed behind a little islet close to its southern extremity, placed a lookout on the cliffs, and possessed their souls with such patience as each could command.

Open sea rolled around, except where across a narrow channel the waves broke on Psara's dangerous reefs. Skyros, meaning rugged, showed no sign of human occupation. Its multitudinous peaks rose above a primeval forest of holm-oak, lentinsk, and myrtle. Those Dolopes, of whom Plutarch said that they were "poor husbandmen, but eminent pirates," now live in sequestered valleys and fight among themselves. Truly there has been but little change in Skyros since Achilles wedded Deidamia there, or Theseus was cast down from its rocks.

While the Chumpa, with everything close-reefed, wallowed and plunged along to leeward of Polyandros, Paros, and Lyra, the Aglae's crew riding at ease in a secure nook of that fantastically-shaped little peninsula on its south, which looks like one of the finials on a Gothic cathedral, listened to the levanter booming overhead, and only regretted its violence because it would delay their enemy's approach, which, nevertheless, was not now far distant. The furious gale subsided into a moderate breeze, and when the sun came out, it gleamed on the Chumpa's unfurled topsails far down upon the sky-line. Then, as her hull was fast rising into sight, their own vessel stretched out into the channel. There were some among these Greeks who made vows or prayed, while others blasphemed, but not a man was capable of shrinking or ignorant of what he had to do; which latter fact, be it remarked, gave them a great advantage over an unprepared enemy.

Zagros tacked across the strait, and then steered straight for his foe. But this was not the trim and saucy Aglae we have seen before. Mehndi Ali, as he stood watching her draw near, and cursing the man at her wheel for not altering his course, saw only a disorderly looking trader, with a row of swabs hanging over the port side, her mainyard not swayed up, and a jib set in such lubberly fashion that it told of the "longshore sailor" as far as one could see. He thought this Tartan wanted to trade, and having become enough of a Mussulman to care nothing for time, backed his topsails. Fatal mistake! for the Greek sloop coming up on his starboard bow, and conned to a hair's breadth, slightly shifted her helm, let go everything at once, and as both vessels lost way and glided alongside.

What followed at once was like some tragic transformation scene. Those apathetic figures on the Aglae's deck started into sudden and fiery activity. Grappling-irons were flung over the Chumpa's bulwarks fore and aft, while her assailant's open hatch belched forth a crowd of fierce Sphakiots, who threw themselves on board. No men taken by surprise could have stood before the swing and dash of that assault. Several were killed or wounded before the Turks fully realized their situation. Then they drew together in front of the deck-house, prepared to fight till the last man fell, for, whatever else they may be, these Moslim are not cowards. As for the crew, when they saw Kanaris leap down and sweep their Maltese Mate's head off with his heavy sword, all but the renegades, who knew there would be no mercy for them, ran below; and then, as the Cretans gathered and came on, there rose from Suleiman's soldiers that deep, stern battle-cry, ominous and terrible in every land to which the Turk has brought tears and blood and mourning: "Alla hu Akbar! Victory to Mohammed!"

No one stopped to reload—there was no time for that. The adversaries closed, steel in hand, reeled and swayed in the eddies of one of those desperate close fights so often called a series of single combats. Absurd! In a scene like this no duel can take place until the conflict is almost over. Before that the struggle is like a grim and bitter riot, where men strike, parry, and stab indiscriminately, as their opponents change at every instant.

After their first recoil the Turks never yielded a foot of that rocking deck. They fought and fell, each man where he stood, but fell by far the fastest, for in these Sphakiot hearts rankled an immemorial hate, and gratified vengeance possessed them like a madness. Few Musselmen were left where Mehndi Aii dropped dead cloven to the teeth, and these soon shared their companion's fate. Those who lay wounded on deck were massacred; the Cretans drew their long knives, and, with some gasping, sobbing cries, all was, indeed, over.

At length Ida, who, in inexpressible dread and anxiety, had listened to the din of what she knew must be an attempted rescue, saw the cabin door thrown open, and, with one long cry of joy, was clasped in her lover's arms.

When their disabled comrades had been carried on board the Aglae her prize was thoroughly plundered. The Tartan was literally freighted with spoil.

By this time evening had come, and Zagros noted a shift of wind northward; indeed, the first gusts of what promised to be a heavy tramontane gale were already blowing down the Archipelago. He knew his light vessel could not lie alongside such a ship as the Chumpa during stormy weather without grinding herself to pieces; so her grapplings were cast loose, the canvas reefed, and she headed for that harbor from whence they sailed.

It was a tempestuous night, but the Aglae, buoyant as a gull nestling on the waves, floated along her course, and in the comfortable little cabin Kanaris and Ida sat side by side. What did she care then for the hooting of the storm or their little bark's swift rush down watery declivities. Her heart rose exultant as it soared again to each billow's crest. The light of happiness rekindled itself in her glorious eyes, for her lover and her father were once more safe with her.

The second night wore away, and as the sun rose red out of the eastern sea the third morning the Aglae pointed merrily toward a familiar mountain-peak in Crete. The little vessel to cover her tracks had kept away to the west, Capt. Zagros intending to round the farther end of the island and strike the southwestern side, a hundred miles from the point where the Cretan party had been taken on board. Basil Kanaris and Marcus Kallimakis had counseled long during the night with Zagros, and they had come to this decision. It would become known to the Turks sooner or later what had happened to the Chumpa. The rage of the Turkish Governor would naturally arouse him to renewed activity to recapture Ida and vent his spleen on Basil Kanaris and Marcus Kallimakis. Should they not go back to their own neighborhood they would have time to secure safe quarters in the mountains under the protection of the insurgent forces who were defying the Turks. Again, Capt. Zagros had a valuable cargo to dispose of, and he knew where to place it. He had a customer in Algiers whose trade was with the caravans that trailed away to the south across the Sahara, and certain luxuries that had come out of the Chumpa were just the thing for this market. He and his men therefore wished for business reasons to work toward the west, so the plans of all coincided well, and it was a fortunate circumstance, and one that changed the whole career of Basil and his friends.

As the sun mounted to his mid-day place the lookout on the Aglae raised a sail on the weather-quarter, apparently bearing down for the coast of Crete. The stranger was a sloop yacht, and at her top she flew the flag of Italy. She had mainsail, topsail and jib set, and was coming on at a rattling gait with a "bone in her teeth," as the sailors say when the white foam curls up under the prow. The stranger also showed that she had noticed the Aglae and stood boldly across her course. The Cretan Captain was at a loss to know what to make of the Italian's action, for as he scanned his deck through his glass he made out a full complement of men apparently well armed. Capt. Zagros thought of that booty between his decks, and his men looked to their rifles. Still, the craft was plainly a clipper-built pleasure yacht of not over 25 tons, and not designed for war.

On she flew, and in half an hour her name in gold letters could be made out. She was The Parthena of Naples. She swooped down to within a hundred yards and came to, while a stalwart gray-bearded figure rose on the quarter and hailed the Aglae.

The man spoke in Italian:

"Ahoy! May I speak to a Christian Captain?"

"Aye," called back Zagros. "What do you wish?"

"I am bound for the shores of Crete," responded the stranger.

"So are we," shouted Zagros.

There was a little stir aboard the Neapolitan yacht, and a moment later a boat put off from her side and pulled toward the Aglae as she lay-to, her sails shivering in the wind.

The boat was manned by six Neapolitan sailors in the picturesque costume of their class. Their white duck trousers were girdled with a red silken sash, in which was thrust a dagger. They wore white shirts and short green velvet jackets, while on their heads were long, drooping red bag-like caps that hung down their backs, and were tipped with a gaudy tassel.

It was a brave crew. In the boat sat a man with the air of a soldier. His beard was gray and close cropped. His head was erect and his eye dark and bright. On his breast gleamed the Order of Victor Emanuel, and a diamond in the hilt of his dagger listened in the noonday sun.

A few long pulls drove the boat alongside of the Aglae, and the stranger stood up. Said he:

"I recognized the accent of men I have not heard for 40 years. I see you are fellow-countrymen. I am Pietro Cyclopiada. I was born a Cretan. I am a subject now of Umberto, King of Italy. I fought for his father, Victor Emanuel, and I became an Italian because I would not live under the dominion of a Turk. I have heard of the troubles in our dear island of Crete. I could not content myself, for years ago, when a youth, I left those near to me in the mountains near Retimo, and I have come to see if perchance they need succor. Know you aught of one Marcus Kallimakis, a worthy man; of his wife, Elene?"

"By the thunders of Olympus!" exclaimed Zagros, "let Marcus Kallimakis answer for himself."

Hearing his name spoken, Marcus came forward to the rail and said, in the dialect of the Sphakiot:

"What wouldst thou, friend?"

"I would board thy vessel, responded the Italian, speaking in the same tongue and with great emotion.

Capt. Zagros gave the stranger his hand, and said:

"Come up on my deck. No enemy of mine speaks in that tongue."

The stranger did not reply, but, throwing his arms about the neck of Marcus Kallimakis, cried out:

"Marcus, do you not know me? Forty years ago we hunted the wild goats together, and then, when you married my fair sister, I went away, and you have not seen me since. How fares it with my sister?"

"I know thee, my brother," sobbed Marcus Kallimakis. "My blessed wife is asleep in the churchyard, but her daughter lives. Ida," he said, speaking to his daughter, who had pressed forward to join her father, "this is thy uncle Pietro, of whom you have often heard your mother speak. Like your father, the snows of years have touched his hair, but his heart is as warm, I'll warrant, as when we were boys together."

"Ah," exclaimed Pietro, "you are my beloved sister made young again. You are my sister Elene as I remember her."

He kissed the girl fervently, and, turning again to Kallimakis, asked:

"But what does this all mean? Are you refugees?"

Then, at the suggestion of Capt. Zagros, the party repaired to his cabin for an interchange of news.

First Marcus Kallimakis told of all that had passed in Crete; of the death of his wife several years before; of the recent troubles, including the destruction of his farm and the capture and rescue of Ida, and the relation of Basil Kanaris to it all.

Basil had been presented and the old soldier looked him over with a critical eye and with evident signs of approval, which grew more cordial as the hours passed, while the family consultation proceeded. The two vessels lay to and the Sphakiots and the Neapolitan sailors fraternized on deck.

At last Pietro Cyclopiada said: "I have a plan to propose. Know you that when you, Marcus, married my sister Elene I left Crete to join the patriots in Italy. I found favor with the King. I became an officer with Garribaldi, and when Italy was united I was granted a rich estate on the slope of Mt. Vesuvius. I am getting old. I have never married, and I am rich. I want a son and a daughter badly, the son to look over my vineyards and oil presses, and a woman's footstep about my villa. Let us, Marcus, have a wedding on this deck and then let us all board the Parthena, which is my fast sea-bird, and bear away for the blue waters of the Bay of Naples. You and I, Marcus, can smoke our pipes under my olive trees, and if you long for mountains, there is grim Vesuvius behind us and the blue Mediterranean in the distance. No Turk can disturb us. Our children will be with us, and we have plenty. When the days of peace come we can claim your estates in Crete, and if it should never come what matters it, I have enough."

"So be it," said Kallimakis.

That afternoon good Father Demetrios, standing on the deck, performed the rites that made Basil and Ida one for life, and amid the huzzas of the Sphakiots, the Kallimakis party went off to the Parthena, after affectionate leave-takings had been said.

Father Demetrios said he would not go, but would continue on the cruise with Capt. Zagros, and in time rejoin his people on the island.

Basil and Ida were happy, and scarce a week had passed before they felt at home in the great villa where their uncle Pietro insisted they should live with him. If Basil now and then looked wistfully toward the east and thought of his native mountains and his mill, it was but for a moment, for a young man with a bride is easily weaned from old scenes. He soon learns that his home is where his wife is, and where she lives his country.

[*The end.*]

Osterhaus's Division at Lookout Mountain.

Abraham Ford, Co. A, 32d Mo., Ozone, Ark., writes: "Hooker's Division has always been given the credit of climbing Lookout Mountain, although Osterhaus's Division moved up at the same time. Under cover of a thick fog we approached within 40 yards of the enemy's work. Our Major told us to lie down, and a volley fired by the rebels passed harmlessly over our heads. Taking advantage of trees and rocks, we charged and captured three prisoners."

PICKET SHOTS

From Alert Comrades Along the Whole Line.

J. R. Pilkington, Sergeant, Co. H, 2d Conn., West Newbury, Mass., writes: "Comrade Ward, Veteran Corps (69th N. Y.), twitted me of talking through one of the silk hats my regiment laid hold of at Germantown because I wrote something about the 69th's good luck in finding many ducks, chickens, etc., on the road to Centerville, Va. I would say I did not 'swipe' a silk hat at Germantown. There was not enough to supply Co. G, New Haven Grays, and the 'Laddie Bucks' of Co. I. However, I caught a 'Jim-crow' chip hat, but did not hold it long. A red-neck fellow of the 69th called out: 'Sargint, where did yez win the hat?' I said I borrowed it over at the store. He wanted one. He had in his haversack about a dozen duck eggs and a duck. I swapped hat for eggs, and considered it a good deal."

The Twentieth Corps at Bentonville.

Thomas R. Devor, Co. D, 13th N. Y., Newark, N. J., writes: "Having read some articles in your paper regarding the battle of Bentonville, and one writer intimating that the Twentieth Corps was 'not in it,' I wish to say that the Third Brigade, Twentieth Corps, saved the army from great disaster on that occasion. On March 19, 1865, the Brigade was ordered to move rapidly in the direction of Bentonville, near which place Gen. Slocum had developed nearly the whole of Johnston's army. The command halted in rear of the Fourteenth.

"While waiting for orders a forager reported the enemy in large numbers coming up the road on the extreme left. Gen. Williams at once ordered the brigade beyond the left of the Fourteenth Corps. The brigade had no sooner taken position than the 13th N. J. was ordered across a ravine. Temporary works were constructed. The left of the Fourteenth Corps, which had been sorely pressed, gave way, and exposed the right of the 13th N. J. The regiment changed front and formed at right-angles with the main line.

"Hardly had the move been completed when the enemy appeared in front of the 13th, moving forward at a double-quick, being unconscious of the presence of the regiment, and thinking themselves on the left of the line.

"Waiting until they had approached to within easy range, the 13th opened on them, instantly throwing them into disorder. They kept up a brisk fire, causing the enemy to seek shelter in the woods, and finally to disappear from our front. A battery on our right did splendid service on this occasion.

"Col. Hawley, commanding our brigade, addressing the regiment, said, openly and unqualifiedly: 'You are entitled to the thanks of the whole army, for you have saved it.'"

Capture of Raider Morgan.

N. K. Mackenzie, M. D., Surgeon, 104th Ohio, Wellsville, O., writes: "I read the recent story of the capture of Morgan. Capt. Harvey Hibbetts, of the 3d Ohio, should be given more credit, as he with 90 men home on furlough turned out. Capt. Hibbitts gained the high ground at Bethel Church, and from the dust that rose in clouds over the treetops located the raiders. He then marched to Hanover road. His men were divided into three sections of 30 men each. One section blocked the road, while the others took positions on opposite sides. Morgan did not see Hibbitts until quite close, owing to a turn in the road. With the Kentucky cavalry in close pursuit, Capt. Burbick and 500 Lisbon Home Guards on the side of the road next Lisbon, and the men under command of Hibbits in front, the rebels found escape impossible. I saw Morgan taken prisoner. He had a handsome pair of silver spurs and $30. While I was guarding him at the Whitacre House, in Wellsville, one of the 3d Ohio, who had been with Hibbitts, took one of the spurs, and still has it."

Some Mistakes Corrected.

J. T. Robb, Co. A, 16th Ky., Sardis, Ky., writes: "Comrade G. R. Clift, Co. E, 8th Ky. Cav., in writing of the Morgan raid, makes some mistakes. He says Morgan's men chased Hobson's men, July 4, 1863. Morgan ran one company of the 9th Ky. Cav. on July 2. Our cavalry met Morgan's rear-guard after they had crossed the Cumberland at Burksville, and were driven back 10 miles. My regiment formed, and the retreating cavalry fell in on our right. The rebels retreated.

"At Tebbs Bend and Green River five companies of the 25th Mich. held the bridge and whipped Morgan's whole command. This is the fight which Comrade Clift speaks of as at Columbus. It was at Columbia, the Countyseat of Adair County, Ky."

Helped by the Sixteenth Corps.

H. B. Booth, Co. H, 27th Iowa, Canning, S. D., writes: "There recently appeared an article from Comrade Moorhead, 48th Ohio. He says, in closing, that the Nineteenth Corps fought the battle of Pleasant Hill, April 9, and defeated the Johnnies. I have a very vivid recollection of being present at this engagement. A brother was at my side, and received a wound that made him a cripple for life.

"When the battle opened Gen. A. J. Smith, with part of the Sixteenth Corps, held the front line and received the Confederates. Shaw's Brigade was the first to open the ball on our side. The 32d Iowa sustained the heaviest loss of any regiment in this fight. Had not the Sixteenth Corps been present, the Nineteenth would have been defeated."

One of the Oldest Comrades.

Carlton Felch, St. Johnsbury, Vt., writes: "We have a comrade in Chamberlain Post, 1, St. Johnsbury, Vt., who will be 94 years old Dec. 7, 1897. His name is Loren W. Young. He served three years and 20 days in Co. D, 1st Vt. Cav."

A Very Young Soldier.

John W. Daley, Adjutant, John W. McLean Post, 21, Department of North Dakota, Hunter, writes: "I read of Comrade Bayless, who claims that he entered the service at the age of 14 years, six months and 15 days. I can produce the facts under oath that I was only 15 years, two months and 29 days old when I enlisted, Jan. 8, 1864, in Co. G, 142d N. Y. I joined the regiment at Gloucester Point, Va., opposite Yorktown, and the next day we engaged the rebels. I was discharged June 8, 1865."

Answered Lincoln's First Call.

Franklin Hobart, Co. F, 1st Iowa, and Co. F, 17th Iowa, Ventura, Cal., writes: "I second the suggestion of Comrade H. M. Kellogg, 5th Ohio, that a roll be made of the veterans who answered Lincoln's first call, and that a medal be given each. I was enrolled in the 1st Iowa, April 23, 1861; was at Dug Springs and Wilson Creek, and fought on Aug. 10, 1861, 17 days after the expiration of my term of service."

Scattering.

V. J. McElheney, Black Creek, N. Y., wants by mail the poem that begins "Let me lie down here in the shade."

Lewis Green, Somerset, Ky., in renewing his subscription, writes: "I served in Co. A, 3d Ky., three years, re-enlisted in the 1st Ky. L. A., and was mustered out at the close of the war. I hope this will be noticed by others who served in the same organization."

Comrade John McGaugh, Co. F, 16th Kan. Cav., wants some comrade to write the history of the regiment.

OVER-EXERTION OF BRAIN OR BODY.

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It is a wholesome tonic for body, brain and nerves. Wonderfully quick in its action.

HOW THEY MET "STONEWALL."

More About the New Jersey Brigade's Experience at Manassas Junction.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In your issue of May 13, J. S. Jones gave a very interesting account of the unexpectedly warm reception the New Jersey Brigade, of the Sixth Corps, received at Manassas Junction in August, 1862, from Stonewall Jackson.

Gen. Pope was then demonstrating the truth of the order he had issued to his army, to the effect that "disaster and shame lurked in the rear."

In connection with Comrade Jones's description, the account of the same given in Gen. Longstreet's new book is of especial value in the interests of justice and truth of history, as a recent historian of the Kanawha Division entirely ignores the part the Jersey Brigade had in the action, or even that it was present when it took place.

Longstreet's account is as follows:

"A brigade of New Jersey infantry, under Gen. Taylor, just landed from the cars from Alexandria, advanced and made a desperate effort to recover the lost position and equipage at Manassas Junction. Fields's, Archer's, Pender's and Thomas's Brigades moving forward toward the railroad bridge met Taylor's Brigade and engaged it, at the same time moving towards its rear, threatening to cut off its retreat.

"It was driven back after a fierce struggle, Gen. Taylor, commanding, being mortally wounded; Gen. Scammon, with part of the Kanawha Division, only arriving to assist in its retreat."

Gen. Longstreet further states that Stonewall Jackson, in reporting this affair said of the Union troops that the advance was made with great spirit and determination and under a leader worthy of a better cause. —W. GEORGE, Co. E, 139th Pa., Second Division, Sixth Corps.

CAVALRY AT CEDAR CREEK.

Comrade Who Claims the Men on Horseback Saved the Day.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In your issue of March 25, I see my name mentioned by Edward Armstrong, who claims to have served in the 139th Pa. and at Cedar Creek. Armstrong says the Confederates were checked long before Sheridan's arrival on the field.

The Sixth, Eighth and Nineteenth Corps fought well at Cedar Creek; but why not tell that the Confederates drove them, also the Cavalry Corps, about four or five miles, and thrashed them well, capturing prisoners and artillery?

There are not two men of the gallant Sixth Corps who agree as to what took place that day. One says that there was no cavalry there; another, that there was a very thick fog; a third, that there was no fog at all.

The cavalry fought before and after the Sixth Corps were engaged. The cavalry saved the day at Cedar Creek, and kept many of our infantry from paying a visit to some prison pen. I say positively that the Confederates were not checked before the arrival of Sheridan.

Yes, Comrade Armstrong, the 1st Mich. Cav. fought from right to left of that battle-line, and we had our eyes continually on the enemy, and don't you forget it. We used our sabers on their heads quite often. I do not wish to say one word but praise for the soldiers of the Sixth, Eighth and Nineteenth Corps, who stood the brunt of the battle of Cedar Creek. If the skedaddlers had stopped at the front things might not have been so bad that day.—CORNELIUS O'DWYER, Co. C, 1st Mich. Cav., Custer's Brigade, Detroit, Mich.

MAKING A RECORD.

Services Various Regiments Rendered the Union.

The 1st N. J. was organized at Trenton, May 21, 1861. It arrived at Washington, June 29, and was assigned to the First N. J. Brigade. It remained near Fairfax Seminary, Va., during the Winter, and in April, 1862, moved to Yorktown, where the brigade, commanded by Gen. Taylor, became the First, of First Division, Sixth Corps. It saw hard fighting at Gaines's Mill, where it lost 21 killed, 80 wounded and 56 missing. Maj. David Hatfield was killed in this action. The brigade was hotly engaged at Manassas, Aug. 27, 1862, losing nearly 340 out of 1,100 taken into action. The loss of the 1st N. J. was 132. At Salem Church the regiment lost seven killed, 71 wounded and 27 missing. Among the killed was Col. Mark W. Collet. During the Wilderness campaign it suffered heavy losses. Col. Wm. R. Montgomery and Col. Alfred T. A. Tolbert, both West Point graduates, who commanded the regiment during its earlier services, were promoted Brigadiers, and rendered distinguished services. After the death of Col. Collet, Willian Henry, jr., was in command. The First N. J. Brigade was composed of the 1st N. J., 2d N. J., 3d N. J., 4th N. J., 10th N. J., and 15th N. J., and lost in killed 900 men. The 1st N. J. had an enrollment of 1,224, and lost 153, or over 11.5 per cent., in killed, besides one officer and 91 men by disease, accidents, etc. Col. Fox gives the command among the 300 fighting regiments.

The 9th N. J.

The regiment was organized at Trenton, N. J., in the Fall of 1861, to serve three years; re-enlisted on the expiration of its term, and was not finally mustered out until July 12, 1865. Col. Joseph W. Allen was drowned at Hatteras Inlet, Jan. 15, 1862; Col. Charles A. Heckman was promoted Brigadier, Nov. 29, 1862; Col. Abram Zabriskie died at Chesapeake Hospital, Jan. 3, 1864, and when mustered out the regiment was commanded by Col. James Stewart, jr. The 9th N. J., the 25th Mass., the 27th Mass., the 23d Mass. and the 55th Pa. formed the "Star" Brigade, Eighteenth Corps, commanded by Gen. Heckman. The total loss of this brigade was 686 killed, of which number 96 were members of the 9th N. J. At Port Walthall, Va., the regiment lost seven killed, 26 wounded and one missing. It also suffered heavy losses at Drewry's Bluff, Kinston, Whitehall and Goldsboro. Besides those killed the regiment lost three officers and 163 men by disease, accidents, etc.

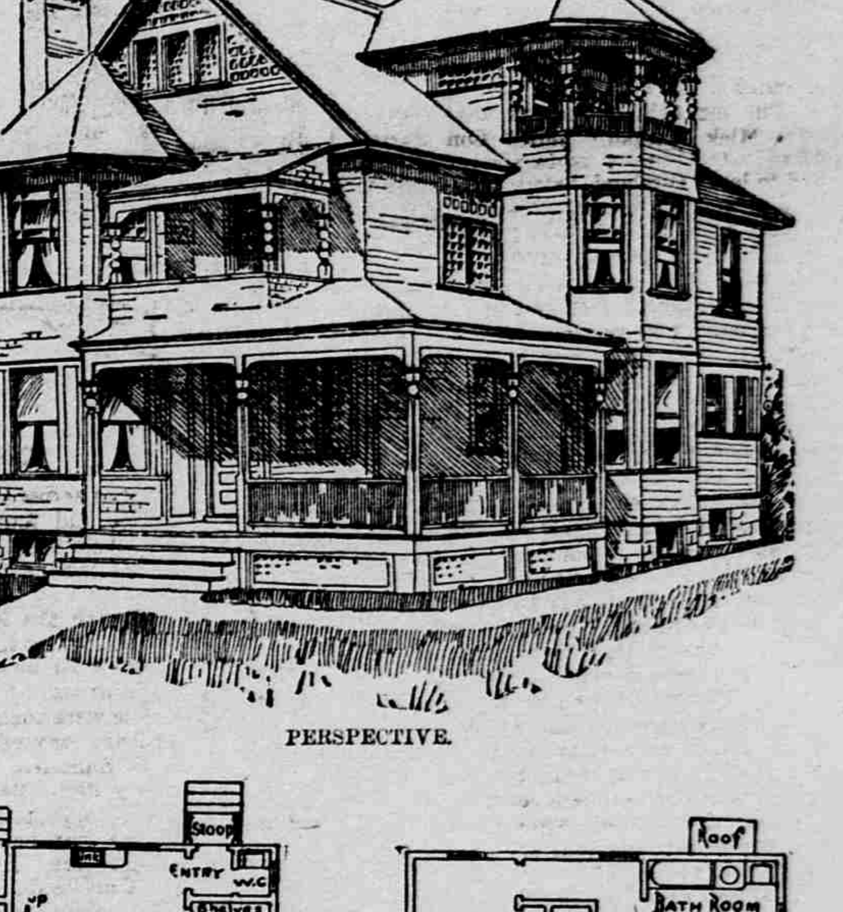
The 188th N. Y.

This regiment was organized at Dunkirk, N. Y., in October, 1864, and mustered for one year with John McMahon as Colonel. It left the State Oct. 13 under Maj. Christopher C. Davis, and served in the Second Brigade, First Division, Fifth Corps, until honorably discharged under Col. McMahon, July 1, 1865. At Boydton Road, Va., Oct. 27, 1864, the command lost six killed, 46 wounded and two missing. Its total loss was one officer and 36 men killed in action or died of wounds and 53 men from disease and other causes.

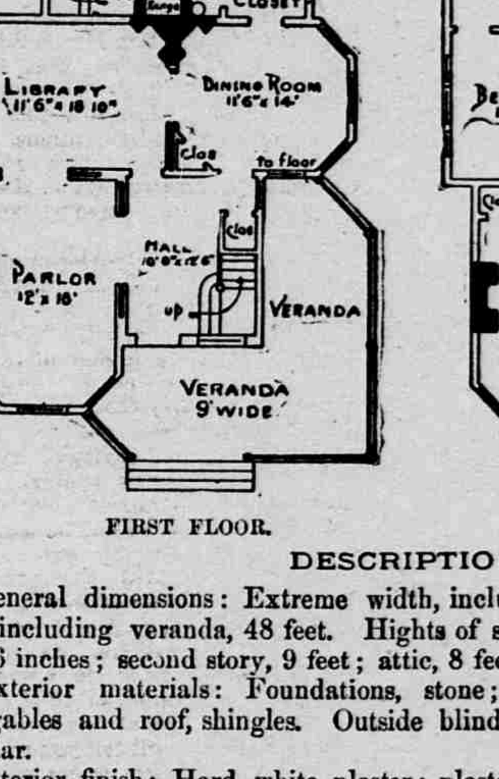
Relic of the Rebellion.

P. D. Wall, Co. B, 1st Ala. Cav., Victory, Tenn., writes that a friend has an old Enfield rifle, on the guard of which is the name of J. A. Thomas; on the butt is "Co. E, 96th Ills." Comrade Wall would like to hear from some veteran of the 96th Ill. in regard to J. A. Thomas, and how his gun happened to be left in Tennessee.

A MODERN HOUSE OF GOOD SIZE.



PERSPECTIVE.



FIRST FLOOR.

SECOND FLOOR.

DESCRIPTION.

General dimensions: Extreme width, including veranda, 36 feet 2 inches; depth, including veranda, 48 feet. Hights of stories: Cellar, 7 feet; first story, 9 feet 6 inches; second story, 9 feet; attic, 8 feet.

Exterior materials: Foundations, stone; first story, clapboards; second story, gables and roof, shingles. Outside blinds to all windows except those of the cellar.

Interior finish: Hard white plaster; plaster cornices and centers in main hall (first and second story) and parlor, library and dining room. Hard pine flooring in laundry, pantry, china closet, water closet and kitchen; remainder of flooring, soft wood. Ash trim in first story, soft wood trim in remainder. Ash staircase. Panels under windows in library, parlor and dining room. Wainscot in bath-room, laundry, pantry, china closet and kitchen. Interior wood-work finished in hard oil, except attic, which is painted colors to suit owner.

Colors: All clapboards and panels in gables, olive drab. Trim, blinds, rain conductors and frames of gable panels, olive-green. Outside doors, dark-green with olive-green panels. Sashes, dark-red. Veranda floor and ceiling varnished. Wall shingles oiled and stained a little darker than natural color of wood. Roof shingles dipped and brush coated in red stain.

Accommodations: The principal rooms and their sizes, closets, etc., are shown by theplans. Cellar with concrete floor and inside and outside entrance under whole house. Three bedrooms finished in attic. Laundry under kitchen. Sliding doors connect principal rooms of first story. Four open fireplaces and hard wood mantels, and set range, included in estimate. Balconies in second and attic story.

Cost: $4,865. The estimate is based on New York prices for materials and labor. In many sections of the country the cost should be less.

Feasible modifications: Hights of stories, colors, sizes of rooms and kinds of materials may be changed. Cellar may be reduced in size and concrete floor omitted. Attic finish, open fireplaces and mantels, sliding doors, set range and a part or all of plumbing may be omitted. Sewing room may be somewhat enlarged by a slight re-arrangement to serve as a small bedroom. Front balcony may be omitted. Attic balcony may be enclosed with glass or may be re-arranged to form part of adjoining room.

Escape From Misery

That dread condition, blood impurity, that turns the sweetest temper into crabbedness, makes the young feel old, and the old feel superanuated, and paves the way for all kinds of diseases, can be cured.

Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer

is an honest Swiss-German remedy which has been in existence for more than a century. It is a blood-cleansing, invigorating preparation of pure roots and herbs—a cure for impure blood and sluggish circulation. No drug store medicine. You can get it only of local retail agents or by sending $2.00 for twelve 35c trial bottles to

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RELIEVES AT ONCE

All Feverish Conditions. When used promptly, in the first stages, will prevent Malarial Fever, Typhoid Fever, Yellow Fever, and quickly relieves all serious conditions in Measles, Scarlet Fever and Diphtheria.

Guaranteed to Break up Chills and Fever, Ague Colds and LaGrippe at once. No Bad Effects.

A Medical Record without Paralel:

Yellow Fever, Jacksonville, Fla., 1888; Typhoid Fever, Negaunee, Mich., 1889; Malarial Fever, Chills and Fever, Colds, Scarlet Fever, Measles and Influenza or LaGrippe.

The Proprietor's guarantee with $1 bottles.

Sold by Druggists at 50c. and $1 per bottle.

Prepared by Diffusible Tonic Co., Sturgis, Mich.

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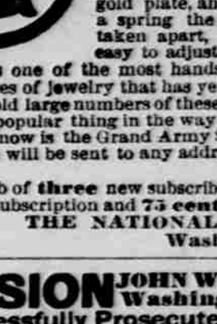
Grand Army Sleeve Buttons.

Thousands of Comrades are Wearing Them

These Sleeve Buttons are no cheap imitation.



The disk is pearl-tinted enamel, and upon its face, in raised work of heavy rolled gold plate, is the eagle, cannon and cannon-balls constituting the upper portion of the Grand Army badge, with the letters G.A.R. engraved in a scroll beneath. The setting is also of gold plate, and by pressing on a spring the button can be taken apart, thus making it easy to adjust it in the cuffs.

In short, it is one of the most handsome, useful and valuable pieces of jewelry that has yet been devised.

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The most popular thing in the way of Grand Army jewelry just now is the Grand Army Sleeve Button, a pair of which will be sent to any address, postage prepaid—

For a club of three new subscribers.

For one subscription and 75 cents additional.

Address, THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since. Mention The National Tribune.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and new list of one thousand inventions wanted.

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WANTED—ADDRESSES.

Subscribers to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE may insert a three-line advertisement under this head at the rate of 50c. for one insertion, three insertions for $1. This rate is less than one-quarter of the regular rates charged by the paper. The privileges of this column is strictly confined to our subscribers.

WANTED—By J. R. Sherwood, of Hollywood, Clark County, Ark.—The address of any comrade of the 2d battalion, Co. F, 18th U. S. Inf., who served in the war of 1861 and 1865 under Lieut.-Col. O. L. Shepard. 824-3t.

WANTED—The address of Comrades Wescott, Burn (or Burns), Summett, Joseph Miller, or any other comrade who knew Joseph Commett, (while in the army), of Co. B, 8th Vet. battalion, N. H. Vol. Inf. Address Rev. H. D. Selby, Kingscroft, Quebec, Canada. 834-3t.

WANTED—The addresses of John Sheehan, Henry Maynard, and Fred. Sunman, late members of the New York Marine Artillery, Col. Howard commanding, are desired by William Hoag, P. O. Box 3, Aspen, Colo. 824-3t

WANTED—By A. C. Benedict, M. D., Syracuse, N. Y.—The address of any officer on duty at Camp Scott, Staten Island, N. Y., from July to October, 1861. 823-3t.

WANTED—If John B. Faucher will write me, he will hear of some important news; or if any comrade can give reliable information as to the living or death of John B. Faucher, he will favor the undersigned very much. Any trouble and expense will be thankfully repaid. J. G. Sonderman, Co. A, 1st Minn., Pembina, N. D. 817-18t

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